

Send the Gospel.

BY MRS. SUE F. MOONEY.

HARK! the wail of heathen nations,
List! the cry comes back again;
With its solemn, sad reproaching,
With its piteous refrain.
We are dying fast of hunger,
Starving for the bread of life;
Haste! O haste ere we perish,
Send the messengers of life.

Send the gospel, faster, swifter,
Ye who dwell in Christian lands,
Reck you not, we are dying, dying,
More in number than the sands?
Heed ye not His words, your Master,
(Go ye forth, to all the world?)
Send the gospel, faster, faster,
Let its banner be unfurled.

Christian, can you sit in silence
While this cry fills all the air?
Or content yourself with giving
Merely what you can spare?
Will you make your God a beggar
When He asks but for His own?
Will you dole Him from your treasure
A poor pittance as a loan?

Hear ye not the tramp of nations
Marching on to day of doom?
See them falling, dropping swiftly—
Like the leaves—into the tomb.
Souls for whom Christ died are dying
While the ceaseless tramp goes by,
Can you shut your ears, O Christian,
To their ceaseless moan and cry?

Hearken, hush your own heart-beating,
While the death-march passeth by,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the beat of nations,
Never ceasing, yet they die.
When the Master comes to meet us,
For this loss what will He say?
I was hungered, did ye feed me?
I asked bread, ye turned away.
I was dying in my prison,
Ye never came to visit me.
And swift witnesses those victims
Standing by will surely be.

Myra Ogden.

BY CHARLOTTE HAMMOND.

"We won't give up! I, for one, mean to go to H—Academy next fall!" exclaimed Myra Ogden to her sister in a very determined manner.

"But what can we do?" was the dubious question from Belle. "Father can't help us, and we certainly can't go without money."

"Then we must earn it," declared Myra. "Oh, if we could only have got the two schools we hoped for! But we'll find a way to do it, somehow."

Belle and Myra Ogden lived in that part of New England where school-teachers are hired by the school-agents of districts from term to term—commonly a man for the winter-term and a woman for the summer; so there is a constant change of teachers; and often a relative or friend of the school-agent secures the term of school in preference to the best teachers, so that teaching school is a precarious way of gaining a livelihood, and cannot under such circumstances become a profession.

Myra Ogden was twenty years of age, had taught four or five terms of school and was regarded as a good scholar, being almost fitted for college. Belle was seventeen, and had taught one term. Both had been disappointed in securing summer-schools, and, as can be inferred from their conversation, had at present no means of earning money to go on with their studies.

A few days after the talk related above, Myra came in from the post-office with sparkling eyes. "I've found the way, Belle! I've found the way!" she exclaimed to her sister, who was busy setting the dinner-table.

"Found the way to what?" asked Belle curiously.

"Go to the White Mountains!" exclaimed Myra. "We—"

"Go to the White Mountains!" interrupted Belle. "Are you crazy! Do you think we can do that?" And she laughed at her sister.

"No, I'm not crazy; and we can do it!" exclaimed Myra merrily, delighting to puzzle her sister. "Yes," she continued, "I've engaged two chambermaids at one of the big hotels there. Mr. Jarvis told me about the places and promised them to us."

"Really. How much can we earn?" asked the matter-of-fact Belle.

"Three dollars a week apiece," said Myra. "Heigho! that's better than teaching school at the same price, isn't it? For we'll see the grand old mountains."

"That remains to be seen," Belle replied. "But I'm glad of the chance."

In due course of time Myra and Belle Ogden found themselves in the great hotel at the White Mountains, installed in the large dining-room as table-waiters. Being entirely new in the business, they had to serve an apprenticeship of two weeks for which they received no remuneration. Their worst difficulty at first was to remember an order, which usually comprised from half-a-dozen to a dozen dishes, some of the names of which were wholly unfamiliar to them. Myra had more trouble in this respect than Belle, and made some ludicrous mistakes during the first week. They began the first of July. They both made excellent waiters.

About the last of the month there came a queer, fussy, elderly lady to the hotel. Mrs. Van Tassell—such was her name—seemed to take delight in snubbing people and finding fault with everything done for her. She was always in trouble about her table-waiter, and in two weeks had had five different ones to serve her. She had snubbed the head-waiter two or three times, and informed him in regard to his duties in the dining-room with some asperity.

One morning she dismissed her fifth waiter, telling the girl not to come to her table again, and then she requested the head-waiter to send some one to her who had some idea of what was required of a waiter.

The young man in despair went among the table-girls and asked some one to volunteer to wait on Mrs. Van Tassell. "She is fussy and particular, and never gives fees," he said.

No one responded for a minute, and then Myra Ogden said she would try. The head-waiter thanked her with a look of relief on his face.

So Myra took her place as waiter at Mrs. Van Tassell's table. She was always polite and pleasant, changing the old lady's order as many times as she demanded, changing her beefsteak six times one morning before she could be suited, and listening to all her grumbings with polite, attentive ear, but never replying other than to say, "I'm sorry it does not suit you; perhaps I can change it," though sometimes Myra's eyes would fill at some biting sharp word, and the quick blood mount to her face, but she controlled her tongue.

Myra had waited on Mrs. Van Tassell about two weeks, when one morning she was offered a silver dollar by the old lady.

Myra said simply as she returned the money, "I thank you; I'd rather not take it."

"Humph!" mumbled Mrs. Van Tassell. "You expected more, did you?"

"No, madam," respectfully answered

Myra, though her cheeks burned, "I am paid for my work, and I'd rather not receive a fee."

"Well, well," ironically from Mrs. Van Tassell, "not many waiters have such a high sense of honour;" and she looked curiously at Myra, bringing a scarlet flush into the girl's face.

The other waiters laughed at Myra for not taking the offered fee, telling her she had well earned it. "But of course," they said, "you hope to get a heavy fee by waiting."

On the whole Myra got on very well with the fussy woman, who found less fault as the days went by.

"When you get through with your work, come up to my room," said Mrs. Van Tassell one morning.

Wondering what could be required of her, about eleven o'clock Myra tapped at the old lady's room-door.

To the response, "Come in," the young girl entered. Mrs. Van Tassell was alone. She pointed to a chair and bid Myra be seated. "Do you know how to read?" was the surprising interrogation.

"Why, yes, I think so," stammered Myra, a little embarrassed by this unexpected question.

"Take that book there on the table and read a little aloud," commanded Mrs. Van Tassell. "Begin it."

Myra took up the book from the table and opened it. The book was "Doctor Lay." She began reading, while Mrs. Van Tassell listened.

At the close of about an hour she stopped Myra. "You read well," she said. "You don't mumble your words all together. Are you at leisure at this hour usually?"

"Yes, Mrs. Van Tassell," was the reply.

"Well, if I pay you for it will you come here and read aloud to me days when I want you?" asked the old lady.

"I don't know any reason why I cannot, if you wish it," Myra answered.

"This won't be a part of your table-work," said Mrs. Van Tassell. "I will pay you a dollar each reading."

"I fear—" began Myra.

"You needn't do anything of the sort," interrupted the old lady. "I set my own price. If you choose to accept it, come again to-morrow at the same hour." Myra thanked her and left the room. For several days thereafter she went and read aloud to the fussy old woman, who had evidently taken a liking to the young girl. Sometimes Mrs. Van Tassell stopped Myra's reading and questioned her of her past life, her future plans, and found out a good deal about her in general.

"How do you like it?" questioned Mrs. Van Tassell as Myra finished "Doctor Lay."

"Oh, I like it! It seems to me an ideal life and work, that being a physician," exclaimed Myra enthusiastically.

"The old lady's eyes twinkled. "May be it is," she said, "Perhaps you'd like to be a doctor yourself?"

"Oh, if I only could!" said Myra, with longing in her voice.

"Aren't you a lucky girl!" exclaimed the others, when they learned of her reading, "to get into the good graces of that rich old woman!"

"I wish the girls wouldn't say such things," Myra said to Belle when they were alone. "I only try to do my duty; and Mrs. Van Tassell is real kind to me now."

It was the 15th of September. Myra

tapped a usual hour at Mrs. Van Tassell's door.

"You needn't read to-day," said the old lady. "I've something to say to you. I suppose you think I'm a terribly cross, fussy old woman, don't you?" And she looked straight at Myra.

"Sometimes you are cross," answered Myra simply. "But when you are pleasant and kind you are very generous and nice, and I like you very much."

"Thank you," smiled Mrs. Van Tassell a little dryly. "Do you still think you'd like to be a doctor?" she asked.

"Yes, I should like it," was Myra's answer, "but I can't see a way at present."

"No," said the old lady, smiling, "but I can. I have taken a liking to you, Myra. I have a big house in Boston, near a medical school where young women are admitted. Now, will you come and make your home with me and read to me and amuse me occasionally? I will advance you money to carry on your studies, and you can pay me when you are able."

"O Mrs. Van Tassell, how good you are!" and Myra kissed the old lady impulsively.

"I don't know about that," said the old lady. "It's mostly selfishness, I suspect; for I want you, my dear young lady, to brighten my dull house."

Mrs. Van Tassell made all arrangements, and obtained the consent of Myra's parents. And now the young girl gladly accepted the generous offer on the condition that all the money she should receive should be paid back.

And this good fortune came to Myra Ogden because she by her honest, cheerful manners and conscientious performance of duty won the esteem of the fussy but wealthy old lady who has since proved her generous friend. Almost two years Myra has been in the medical school, and is putting heart and mind into her study, and Mrs. Van Tassell is justly proud of her protegee.

Belle Ogden is taking a course at a normal school, fitting for a teacher, and Myra's good friend, Mrs. Van Tassell, has recently made Belle a generous offer about fitting herself for a high-grade teacher by taking a course at Wellesley College. I think the offer will be accepted.

All those who honestly and conscientiously do their duty are not rewarded so liberally as Myra Ogden was; but it pays every time in clear conscience, pure, sweet life, and self-respect, if no more.—*Children's Friend*.

As we go to press, the Eastern question is so much improved that the indications now are favourable to a peaceful settlement by arbitration of the difficulties which have appeared so threatening. This, if accomplished, will be to the lasting honour of the "Grand Old Man" who, while thoroughly preparing for war and placing before his country's enemies her capability to enforce her rights if the conflict must come, has not for an hour relaxed his efforts to avert so dread a calamity.

With a patience and fortitude equally firm and which have won for him the admiration of the civilized world, he has determined to accept war only as the inevitable. It is true there is yet an element of uncertainty as to the final result of the negotiations, but Earl Granville stated on Saturday, after a meeting of the Council, "that from its latest advises the Government have every reason to believe a pacific settlement will be arrived at."—*Guardian*.