

**"Foundered."**

When the sun rose from the Northern port, in the dawn of the April day,

When the sunrise touched the Nab's black crest, and blushed over Whitby Bay

Father and two bold sons were there as blithe as the morn all three.

"What ails thee, mate," to the fourth they said, "does ought go wrong with thee?"

"By the birds that swoop round Kettleless there's fish where our lines we set.

And the brave new cable springs to her work, as no boat has served us yet."

"Ay the cable's tight, and strong onow, an' I know what the sea-gulls mean, But I left my missus had up there," and he glanced at the headland green,

Where a red roof hung like a marten's nest, and his bold brown eyes grew dim; With kindly cheer and honest jest his fellows heartened him.

Or ever the sun was high at noon, the bright blue sky was black, The wild white horses tossed their crests over the gathering wrack;

Over the gray seas fast and fierce, through the clouds of flying foam, The squall swept on from the cruel East—the boat was far from home.

Three women watched from the great pier-head thro' the black and bitter night; One lay and shivered to hear the blast, as it rushed o'er the rocky height,

And nestled closely to her side lay her little new-born son, While the women said, "He'll be back to see, long ere the day is done."

But over the pale cheek flushed and burned, and ever the eyes grew wild: She bade them take the babe away, "for he'll never see his child."

Many a boat in bootless search flew over the lessening waves, Many a keen eye strained its sight, from the Head with its crowded graves;

But the April days, in shade and shine, passed in a deepening pain, And never over the harbour bar came the *Whitby Lass* again.

Hope sank and rose, and sank and died; the fishermen knew at last, That from deep-sea harvest and busy staithees, four gallant "hands" had passed.

They found the boat on the flowing tide, ere the year to wintor grow; Her sails were rent, her block was jammed, her strop was half cut through.

That was all to tell of the desperate strife that for life and death they made, Who sank to the depths of the great North Sea, with never a hand to aid.

—All the Year Round.

**Enduring Hardness.**

It is often asked, Why do the churches in India not become self-supporting? Few men in India become Christians without suffering the loss of all things. Twenty years ago, in the town of Palamanair, a well-to-do merchant heard the gospel and became a Christian. A mob came to kill him. The carriage in which he and the missionary rode had to be guarded by a body of police. He was baptized, and it was expected that he would be a help to us financially. He had to be

taken into the missionary premises to guard his life. He went to his house and had to climb over the scullion-gate and go in by the back door; his brothers had built up the front door with masonry. His wife and child went home to her parents; she never would speak to him and never lived with him again. He tried to get possession of his property, which was in an undivided estate, shared between himself and his brothers; they would not speak to him, but spit upon him and kicked him out. He appealed to the courts, but his brothers—sons of the same father and mother—brought forward forged documents on old, discoloured paper, with faded ink, to prove that he had overdrawn his share of the estate several years before. They also produced notes made to them, and they and other false witnesses swore that they saw him make them. In the court it was believed that this was false testimony, but not a single witness dared testify for him, and the court had to decide that there was no share in the property that he could have. That merchant lost house and lands and bazaar and wife and child and friends—everything but the suit of clothes he had on—because he embraced the religion of Jesus Christ. Men of substance have joined us; their substance has not. Now you see why it is that our churches must yet be helped. But give Christianity time to effect the breaking down of caste and opposition, and you will have liberated the force which shall sweep through India and carry it all for Christ.—*Rev. Jacob Chamberlain.*

**A Noble Act of Heroism.**

I REMEMBER a little incident that happened many years ago. When I was in Cornwall, in 1854, I visited the mine where the incident occurred. Carlyle refers to the story in one of the chapters of his "Life of Sterling." Two men were sinking a shaft. It was dangerous business, for it was necessary to blast the rock. It was their custom to cut the fuse with a sharp knife. One man then entered the bucket and made a signal to be hauled up. When the bucket again descended the other man entered it, and with one hand on the signal rope and the other holding the fire, he touched the fuse, made the signal, and was rapidly drawn up before the explosion took place.

One day they left the knife above, and rather than ascend to procure it, they cut the fuse with a sharp stone. It took fire. "The fuse is on fire!" Both men leaped into the bucket and made the signal; but the windlass would haul up but one man at a time; only one could escape. One of the men leaped out and said to the other, "Up wi' ye; I'll be in heaven in a minute." With lightning speed the bucket was drawn up, and the one man was saved. The explosion took place. Men descended, expecting to find the mangled remains of the other miner; but the blast had loosened a mass of

rock, and it lay diagonally across him; and, with the exception of a few bruises and a little scorching, he was unhurt. When asked why he urged his comrade to escape, he gave a reason that skeptics would laugh at. If there is any being on the face of the earth I pity, it is a skeptic. I would not be what is called a "skeptic" to-day for all the wealth of the world. But what did this hero say when asked, "Why did you insist on this other man's ascending?" In his quaint dialect he replied, "Because I knowed my soul was safe; for I've gie it into the hands of him of whom it is said, that faithfulness is 'girdle of his reins,' and I knowed that what I gied him he'd never gie up. But t'other chap was an awful wicked lad, and I wanted to gie him another chance." All the infidelity in the world cannot produce such a signal act of heroism as that.—*Selected.*

**Against Large Odds.**

A BOY, in dirt and rags, came into Mr. Wm. E. Dodge's Sunday-school class one day. The other scholars were not disposed to give him a seat, but their teacher arranged a place in one corner, and after school learned from the boy something of his history. It was the old story of a drunken father and wretched home. Mr. Dodge told the boy to come to his house the next Sabbath morning, and here he received a suit of clothes that made a marked difference in his appearance, and also in his reception in the school. But the following Sabbath he came again in the same miserable plight as at first, only, if possible, looking more woe-begone. His father had seized the clothes and sold them for rum. Mr. Dodge provided another suit, but took the precaution to have his scholar come regularly to his house before school, put on the Sunday suit, and stop to exchange it again before returning home. The boy showed an eager interest in the lessons, and was always present.

When summer came, his father took him out of the city for a few months; but on leaving, the boy asked for a New Testament, and said he would try to learn some verses while absent. In the fall he was in his old seat again, his face beaming with joy to find himself again in school. As the class was being dismissed he asked his teacher somewhat diffidently if he would be willing to wait a few minutes to hear him recite a few verses. Mr. Dodge gladly consented, and sat down, expecting the task to be soon over.

"Where shall we begin?"

"Oh, anywhere, sir. Perhaps at the first chapter of John."

For twenty minutes the boy continued to recite, needing only an occasional prompting of a word. The church services were about to begin, and they were compelled to go; but Mr. Dodge agreed to remain again the next Sabbath. This was continued for several weeks, chapter after chap-

ter being repeated with wonderful accuracy.

In the course of time the family moved away, and Mr. Dodge lost sight of the scholar who had so greatly interested him. Many years after, as Mr. Dodge was sitting in his office, a tall, fine-looking, well-dressed young man approached him, and, with a moment's hesitation, said:—

"You do not remember me?"

"No; I can hardly recall your face."

"Do you recollect a little ragged boy named —, who came to your Sunday-school class one day?"

"Certainly I do."

"I am that boy."

And then, with some pardonable pride, and to Mr. Dodge's surprise and delight, he told how he had succeeded in obtaining work in a large manufacturing establishment; how he gradually won his way up to a responsible and confidential position; and how, finally, the original partners relinquished one branch of their business, and handed it over to himself and one or two others of their principal assistants. He had now become a member and officer of a church, a teacher in the Sunday-school, and had a family of his own.—*Memorials of William E. Dodge.*

**An Orchard in Miniature.**

"SPRING," says Longfellow, "is the miracle of the blooming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches—a gentle progression and growth of herbs, fruits, trees." Now the sower goes forth to sow, trusting to the earth the golden seed of promise. Often this sowing is lonely, monotonous work, but if the sower be faithful and patient, he shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him. These brown, unlovely furrows are, to the eye of faith, already an orchard in miniature—a field of ripened, shining sheaves.

You who forego your Sabbath ease, your cosy leisure, to toil in rough places and amid unpromising lives, look away from surrounding discouragements to the everlasting Word, "Ye shall reap if ye faint not." Reap! Yes, an hundredfold.

In the year 1823, a Christian worker, passing through an Indian village, stopped to leave a New Testament in the shop of a native, trusting that someone might care to take it up and read it. Months after, three or four men from that village journeyed to some Christian missionaries, asking to know more of "that wonderful Book." They were instructed; and very soon six or eight in that village publicly professed Christianity, and began to work for God. One by one they were taken hence, but for years they published Christ to their countrymen with evident tokens of blessing, and their influence—set in motion by a stray copy of the Testament—will last through deathless ages.—*The Quiver.*