

years ago, and more especially of those churches who have hitherto done little or nothing to aid them in this object. As soon as the Committee have finally decided on the course to be pursued, our friends will be sure to hear of it. Meanwhile, we hope that without any direct appeal being made to them, the churches who have not materially helped in this movement will do so without delay.

The meetings held during the past month have not been numerous, at least so far as we know. Mr. Trestrail and Mr. Makepeace have been the deputation to Oxford, Abingdon, Chipping, Norton, and Banbury, the latter going thence to Windsor, Staines, Wraysbury, and Datchet, in which latter places he was joined by Mr. Bowes; and Mr. Millard has visited Faringdon.

We regret to learn that the appearance of the outside of the *Juvenile Herald* does not satisfy our young friends. We confess that it does not satisfy us; but whether it shall have a coloured wrapper or not, is a question of *some shillings a thousand*; and as the wrapper is not a part of the book itself, but thrown away in the binding, we would kindly ask our young friends whether they care about the mere appearance of the *outside* month by month, when by using the present form so large a sum is saved to the society, and the cause which they themselves wish to promote. We shall feel particularly obliged if the teachers in our various schools will kindly explain this matter to the children, for we are sure if they will do so, the children have enough of good sense and good feeling to say, we don't care about the outside if the *inside* be good, especially as a large sum is saved every month to the mission.

### ARE YOU A LADY?

From the New York Evangelist.

The term lady is an abbreviation of the Saxon word "Leofday," which means bread-giver. The "lady of the manor" was accustomed once a week to move among the poor as an alms-giver, enriching their tables, and bearing away the poor man's smile. She moved in queenly beauty, and to her queenly robe clung the children of the lowly, looking at her as if their little eyes could never be satisfied with seeing.

*Their little hearts could never utter  
How well they loved her bread and butter.*

But they loved her smiling face more. They needed not that any tell them how priceless is a smile. It was May-day with them whenever she came among them with smiles and bread, and it was always May-day with her, for the smiling poor loved her, and crowned her queen of all the year.

Reader, are you a lady? Are you a queen among the poor? Do the children of the poor put a crown on your head? Do they make your hair gleam with gems, or is it burning with diamonds that the fingers of the poor never set there? Do the poor man's children cling to your gown, and find a protecting shadow in its folds?

Do you wear a robe that "dirty little fingers" have never touched? Or is it pure and snowy with the touch of unwashed poverty?

Oh! there are garments that in the eye of God are very white, because the soiled, tear-stained cheeks of crying, starving children have pressed them. There are pocket handkerchiefs that in the eye of God are of great price. The practised eye of the woman of the world says they cost neither ten nor a hundred dollars, and are not fit for a lady to carry, but God says they adorn the hands that carry them—they are a precious ornament, and fit for the hand of a

queen on her throne, because they have wiped away the tears of those who sigh and cry in the home of want.

Let me ask every lady, Do you carry such a pocket handkerchief?

Do you wear a dress that in the eye of God is a robe of light, because the weary, aching little heads of hungry children have leaned against it?

Are your jewels the grateful hearts of the poor? If they are, then they will never lose their lustre, but shine brighter and brighter the longer you wear them. I would rather have one grateful tear from a famished child I had fed, than all the jewels that glisten on a queen's brow. I would rather carry light and joy to one desolate home, than call the kingdoms of the world my own.

They are all God's poor—they are *my* poor.

Let me turn aside from the crowded paths of the world, where only the rich and the gay, and the pleasure-seekers walk, and let me take the dark and unalluring path that leads to the door of the poor man's home.

It's a cold winter. Warm fires, warm dinners, and warm hearts must protect us all from the snow and the cold. The poor are shivering over their last stick—weeping over their last crust—sighing for one warm heart to give them a blessing. Woman, sitting in a rich house—on a rich carpet—in a rich chair—by a rich coal grate—sitting there luxuriously dressed—clothed in the "purple, and fine linen" of life, let a thought of God's suffering poor start you.

The richest gifts of life warm your head and adorn your body. God has given you a bright cup to drink. 'Tis well—drink it—you may.

But let the poor man's children gather round—let them press their lips to the cup—let them share with you life's sweet draughts.

God is good to you and you must say,

*As sweetly falls his love on me,  
I'll let it fall on all.*

You are sitting by your warm fire, and I see you looking with a taste-illuminated eye at a bouquet of house-plant flowers standing on your sideboard. It is a dollar bouquet. You paid that for it yesterday. It's all right enough. God made the flowers—He gave you money, and you may buy them, but oh! buy something for the poor. Whenever you spend a dollar for yourself spend one for the poor, and children shall gather round a bright fire, and laugh merrily over their warm clothes, and warm meal. If you have a woman's heart in you it will make it thrill with joy to know that the pangs of hunger are quelled—that wet eyes are dry again—that sad little faces smile again—that pale, thin cheeks are plump and rosy again with health.

But give something more than your money—give yourself, and God will love you, and his poor will love you.

You are sitting in a downy chair, close to your bright, warm fire—the air is full of snow, and the wind blows cold. It's a long way to that suffering house—if you go, you must walk. How can you? Your snug parlor is so pleasant—the pleasant heat of your fire steals upon you so deliciously, and then the sky is so cloudy, and the wind is so cold.

Oh! it's a keen winter—how can you go? You can. Let the love of the poor, and the poor man's God sustain you.

Draw away from your fire—get up—put on your overshoes—draw on the long over-stockings—wrap around you the ample and well-wadded cloak—pin snugly around you that warm hood—put on your furs—take off that gold brooch (it may be lost in the snow) and hang on your arm a basket of delicacies