

Along the Shore.

BY HANNAH CODDINGTON.

The tide comes in and the tide goes out,
In a constant ebb and flow,
But the old town's wrapt in dreams, and lives
In the glories of long ago.

Is this the land of the lotus-bloom?
Or noon of an endless day?
Nay, wives are wedded, and babes are born,
To the fisher folk by the bay.

'Mid the stagnant calm of daily life,
The toil and strain of the oar,
The passion-beats of the human hearts,
Are the tides of this quiet shore.

Ah! the sea's heart is not so; 'tis still,
As the dead upon its breast,
And only the waves that leap and toss,
Feel the sorrow of wild unrest.

But the touch of benediction falls
Upon ocean, earth, and air—
And the fever slowly ebbs away
From the throbbing pulses of Care,

As over the land, across the sea,—
Day's kiss so tender and bold,—
Streams the wondrous light of the sunset hour,
In purple, and crimson, and gold.

A Girl's Work.

TRUE AND SUGGESTIVE.

THE beloved German teacher, Tholuck, who won such numbers of students to Christ, when asked the secret of his success, said simply, "By seeking and following."

In this unvarnished story our readers will see that success means work, in our day as in his.

Our modest friend may look troubled when her eye falls upon this outline of a noble work, but she must remember that the candle has no right to object to giving light. The light of life can come only from the Great Source. Let it go back to Him, humbly and gratefully.

Several years ago a young girl took a class of boys in a certain Sunday-school. She was very young, had never taught, and therefore shrunk from the work; but with that instinctive sagacity which boys often show, they chose her, and persisted in their choice, and so, very doubtfully, she began her work. There were ten boys in the class, and they lived in a village of four or five thousand inhabitants—a village which boasted of forty drinking saloons! They were not the good sort of boys—not at all! but they had a cordial liking for their teacher, and a strong class spirit was soon developed, of which our slender girl did not fail to take advantage. She encouraged them to stand together, and she stood among them! They learned to tell her everything, and she was the hearty, sympathetic adviser, and personal friend of each.

Wise little woman! She was laying the foundation deep and strong; for well she knew that by-and-by the floods would rise, and the winds would blow and beat upon these precious human houses intrusted to her care! And so she dug deep into the solid confidence and affection of her boys!

The trial days did not delay to come. The boys were growing tall and manly. They were learning to smoke and taste beer, and what more natural than that they should find themselves too large to go to Sunday-school!

"I had a dreadful time with those boys for four years," said the teacher, "but I could not and would not let them go!"

"But how could you retain them? Boys at that age are pretty strong."

"Well, I followed them. As soon as a boy absented himself from Sunday-school I went after him. I had their confidence, which, of course, was a great help. They were wide awake, active boys, and wanted to try about every new thing, and they did; but I tried to keep along with them. At one time they formed themselves into a club, rented a room, and grew old very fast. I used to tremble in those days; and I had reason to! But I did not give up."

"It must have taken a good deal of time to follow them up."

"Well, yes, it did. There have been weeks in succession when I was out every evening, looking after my boys. But I thought it would pay."

"And has it?" asked the curious listener.

"I think so. Six of the ten remain; and I have no more difficulty in keeping them in Sunday-school. The others have moved away; but I hear from them. All but two are Christians, and these two are steady, and seem to be well established in principle."

"But they are men now. Do you still teach them?"

"Yes; I cannot induce them to go into a Bible class, though I have often tried to do so. They seem to dislike the thought of a change."

"And little wonder!"

So it comes to pass that in a certain Sunday-school there may be seen a class of young men, respectful, attentive, absorbed, listening to the low-voiced teachings of a tender young woman, as if they thought her words carried weight!

And so they do, the weight of a life, which means earnest purpose and faith in the work which is given us to do!

"But she had time to give to her class," some one says.

Listen: during all those years she was a hard-working school-teacher, with but slender stock of health and strength to draw upon! Yes, she had time to give to her boys, but where do you think she found it? Possibly some of the adornments and enjoyments of girlhood had to be given up. Did it pay?
M. V. M.

Love's Work.

A CENTURY since, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illumined, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvellous face, which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon

that face, they said, "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!"

In the great cathedral of the ages—the Temple being builded for an habitation of God—we shall all learn some time that love's work is the grandest of all.—J. L. Russell.

Power of Consistency.

Life gives force to oratory. The sermon that is backed by a consistent man is the most effective. A writer in the *Christian Union* tells an anecdote of Dr. Lyman Beecher, which illustrates the power of the life that harmonizes with the preacher's sermons:

One Monday morning he took his market-basket on his arm and went to Faneuil Hall Market to get provisions for dinner. He was followed and watched, as he often was, by a young man who was the chorister of the Universalist Church.

The minister soon came to the fish-market. Here Dr. Beecher picked up a fine looking fish and asked the fisherman if it was fresh and sweet.

"Certainly," replied the man, "for I caught it myself yesterday," which was the Sabbath. Dr. Beecher at once dropped the fish, saying, "Then I don't want it," and went on without another word.

The young man who was watching him was instantly convinced of the minister's honesty and sincerity in practising the principles which he preached, became a regular attendant and a true convert, and for more than a quarter of a century was known as Deacon Thomas Hollis, the druggist.

He was a prominent official in the Orthodox church, and a valued director in the benevolent and charitable institutions of the city until his death.

Mission Notes.

THE London Missionary Society owns five mission ships.

There are nine Christian Churches in the capital of Madagascar.

The one-hundredth birthday of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America will be celebrated next year.

Pilgrim's Progress has been translated into nearly all the languages of India, and it is as popular with Asiatics as with Europeans.

While there were, last year, some seven converts to each of our preachers in the United States, there were some seventy converts to each of the missionaries in Asia.

There is now an evangelical Church of 1,400 souls at Ur of the Chaldees, the modern Urfa. An Armenian weaver was converted at Aintab, and returning to Urfa combined evangelical work with his daily toil with the above result.

Christianity has 440,000,000 nominal adherents in the world, while less than 30,000,000 evangelical Christians are enlisted in missionary enterprises, and they contribute less than twenty-five cents apiece per annum for foreign missions.

Miss Leigh, known as the "English-woman's good angel in Paris," ten years ago, established in that city a home for friendless young women. From this has grown an orphanage, a church and parsonage, a mission-hall, a Young Woman's Christian Association, a Young Men's Institute, a free registry, a kindergarten and infant school, and a sanitarium.

Rev. Dr. Morris, of Cincinnati, has, from the statistics of the Presbyterian Church for the past thirteen years, found that three churches are organized every week in the year, and every week dissolves one, while every four days a minister dies.

Voltaire's house is now used by the Geneva Bible Society as a repository for Bibles. The British Bible Society's house in Earl-street, Blackfriars, stands where, in 1378, the Council forbid Wycliffe circulating portions of the Holy Scriptures, and where he uttered the words, "The truth shall prevail," and the Religious Tract Society's premises are where Bibles were publicly burned.

A Waldensian Church is in course of erection in the City of Rome. Surely the lapse of time brings wondrous changes. Twenty years ago there was not a Protestant place of worship within the walls of Rome. Thirty years ago the Madial were imprisoned and condemned to the penitentiary in Tuscany for reading the Scriptures. Italy has made immense progress in material wealth, in well ordered government within the past quarter of a century. Her religious progress, however, is painfully slow.

Thirty-six thousand ministers furnish spiritual instruction and consolation for the people of England and Wales, about 24,000,000 of people. About 28,000 of these ministers belong to the Church of England. For every 500 of the population there is a place of worship of some kind or other. Yet there are only about 500 missionaries to about 400,000,000 of people in China.

The most conspicuous pupil in the Public Schools of Pittsburg and the pride of the Chinese colony of that city is a Celestial lad of fifteen years named Lum Yum, who arrived last November, and went directly to his uncle in Pittsburg. The uncle had already come under Christian influence, and was glad to have his nephew follow his example. It was feared that the Public School children would make life a burden to the young Oriental, but their sense of manliness and fair play was deftly touched by the teachers and they at once became his champions. He wears his queue coiled on the top of his head, but dresses like the other boys, plays like them, and, to say the least, cuts as many capers. He obeys the rules, tells the truth, and makes extraordinary progress in his studies.

Thomas Powell placed on the little island of Nanumaga a native evangelist. He found the island full of idols of stone and wood; altars in every house, and temples almost as many as dwellings. He was kept two hours on the beach while the priests with absurd rites sought to avert the wrath of their gods for allowing the stranger to land. The men and women, almost as nude as the children, made a virtue of nakedness. Eight years afterward one-third of the entire population were members of the Christian Church, and two-thirds of the children were in Christian schools, and those new church members contributed to the support of the Gospel and its extension \$1 60 each, average. Not an idol is now to be found, nor an idol temple, and the people all clothed decently sit with delight to listen to the Gospel.