

"Thank you, sir; I see. I believe; I am satisfied. By God's help, I shall come."

He came. And it was a thing to thank God for, to see his serenely peaceful face as he left the house of God after his first communion. From that time, all who were much with him "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus."

Soon after that Sacrament Sunday, William went to Deptford to work at the docks. But the first Sunday in every month was spent in Beckenham. The two services in the Church, and the Sacrament, seemed to be a deep and sacred delight to him; and he never returned at night until after meeting for prayer and reading the Bible at the cottage, which, he said, always seemed "like his cradle in the new life."

On the first Sunday, he dined with the servants at the Rectory; but afterwards ate his own dinner on a stile in one of the meadows. On being pressed to say why he would not come in to dine every Sunday when he had walked over to Beckenham, he replied, "Why, you see, ma'am, the world talks! And if they said, 'Here is your Sacrament man coming for his good dinner!' don't you see the harm it would do to the Name by which I am called?"

One evening he visited, with me, a man with whom he had worked at the Crystal Palace grounds; and finding he was in distress, slipped back, unperceived by me, to put a sovereign quietly into his hand.

This must have been an effort of faith, as well as a mark of generosity and kindness; for he believed he had then just discovered the loss of thirty shillings, and did not remember that he had left them in the pocket of his working-clothes until after his return to Deptford. This he mentioned to me when I told him that James W—— wished to return part of the money, and enquired whether he really could afford so large a sum. "Oh, fairly, thank you, ma'am, and find myself thirty shillings richer than I thought I was."

Henry Hunns, also, who had just been confirmed, was deeply affected by his first communion. It was some weeks afterwards that he said to me, "Them tears that Sabbath day were pleasanter than the best smiles I ever had on." He was a much more demonstrative character than William, and had none of his peculiar composure and self-possession. The warm heart was in his glowing face and ready speech, and, that day, in his fast-flowing tears. He seemed only just able to check a sob under the remembrance of the quiet solemnity of the service and the place.

During the winter, the attendance of the navvies at Church continued to be large and regular; and the cottages where "readings" were given were thronged.

On the last day of 1853, the Sergeant of the Police, stationed at Beckenham, called to

return thanks for the interest that had been taken in these noble fellows.

He said that his duty had never been so easy before in Beckenham, for their example had restrained the wilder young men of the place, and had even shamed a few into attendance at public worship. So we wrote, at the close of our first year's intercourse with the navvies, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—From "*English Hearts and English Hands*."

—o— Evangel.

Sow, sow in the morning light,
Sow in the hush of the falling night;
Walk the world with an open hand,
Scattering seed o'er the loam and sward,
Never hoping or asking need,
Ever sowing the Master's seed.

Sow in the wild and desert plain.
Sow in the depths of the pathless main,
Sow o'er the waste of Arctic night,
Sow in the hot Sirocco's blight,
Sowing, yet never hoping to see
What the reward of the work may be.

Till the dry and parched ground,
Furrow the rough and stony mound,
Water the sultry glebe with tears,
Labor and pray with trembling fears.
Rest not, labor thy life away
Sowing, tilling by night and day.

Preaching the word with an earnest heart,
Strive that thy labor may love impart,
Toil for the peace of that stricken band,
Toil in the shadow of sorrow's land;
Labor, not in hopes to see
When may the day of thy reckoning be.

Sow, sow, and right onward keep,
Willing thy harvest another may reap,
Only contented to scatter the grain
In the early dew and the latter rain;
And the harvest that springs from thy labor
Of love.
Shall ripen for thee in the garners above.

—Selected.

—o— A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

Little Ellen and her Father.

"MAMMA, I wish I could go to Sabbath-school," said little Ellen, looking up into the face of her parent.

"Well, my child, I have no particular objections myself, but I have often heard your father say that his children should not attend those places."

"Not let us go, mamma? Why? Mary Jones goes, and Sarah Morton, and Julia Holmes, too. Everybody says Mr. Morton is a wicked man; but he lets Julia attend the Sunday-school, and I wish I could go. Won't you ask papa when he comes to dinner? Please, mamma, will you?"

"I will ask him some time, my child; but whether I ask him to-day or not, must depend upon how he happens to feel."