

## The Brink of the River.

BY HANS CORBET.

I have been to the brink of the river  
 That runs by the city of gold;  
 I have watched the flow and ebb of the tide  
 In the waters so deep and dark and wide,  
 So mysteriously dark and cold.

I have trodden there alone and silent,  
 On the bank of that unknown sea,  
 And I heard the song of the boatman pale,  
 I saw the gleam of the silver sail,  
 And knew it was coming for me.

You say, - did I shrink from his presence,  
 The boatman whom nothing can stay?  
 Did I cling to the good of this present life,  
 To its work and weariness and strife,  
 To my perishing idols of clay?

'Tis true that I trembled, beloved,  
 And shrank from the breath of the sea,  
 Whose current ran so swift and strong  
 As it bore the boat and the rower along  
 Which steered so straight for me.

That I thought of the days and moments,  
 So precious, I wasted here;  
 And all my life before me lay,  
 As 'twere a vision of yesterday,  
 While the boatman pale drew near.

But a wonderful love I remember,  
 A garden, a cross, and a grave,  
 A desert and fierce temptation there,  
 A judgment hall, and a dying prayer  
 Of One who is mighty to save.

So in death, as in life, will I trust him,  
 On whom all my burden was laid,  
 I take my place by the boatman's side,  
 And joyfully cross the rushing tide,  
 For O, I am not afraid.

And on the other side of the river  
 Lies the beautiful city of gold,  
 Already from over the crystal sea  
 Its wafted seraphic minstrelsey,  
 O the beauty, the glory untold!

## A London Missionary.

ON the northern verge of that labyrinth of squares lying between Oxford Street and the Euston Road, is the quiet little London street where the leader of the Forward Movement in Wesleyan Methodism has lately made his home.

Dull and possibly dreary it might be, but for the trees of Gordon Square and Endsleigh Gardens, which wave at either end. Yet the dullness may not be without its compensation, for it is quiet; and upstairs, in Mr. Hughes' dwelling, is a little room—quite silent for central London—where, surrounded by his books, and with an outlook on a little enclosure which does duty for a garden, he thinks out his work or transacts his business as director of that novel religious movement, the Wesleyan West-End Mission.

The position is characteristic. While by no means insensible to the charms of æstheticism, and of what may be called the hallowed romances and tender poetry which cling around many a minister's life and home, yet everything must be sacrificed for the successful prosecution of the work to which he has been called.

And what is that work? Briefly, it is the management of the new Evangelistic Movement which Wesleyans have recently begun in the West End of London. Further, he is one of the

leaders—if not the principal—of what he calls the "Forward Movement." This is a movement of which aggressive mission work is part and parcel, and which, as he himself expresses it, strives to show the people that Jesus Christ is the best Friend they ever had, and that his principles will do more for them than Socialism; that Christianity should influence all aspects of social life, and is not "played out," but that it has a message for men and women now—to-day—in this life as well as for the life that is to come.

He seems just the man for the new mission. Full of enthusiasm, earnestness, "go," he unites culture and learning with a popular style and a sympathetic voice. A somewhat tall, spare figure, dressed in ordinary clerical garb, with a fund of feeling and kindness in his calm eyes, which can yet flash out kindly on occasion, he is just the man to attract and control large audiences, without repelling the refined or sensitive. He is emphatically what our American cousins would call a "live man."

He is yet young, having been born in 1847, at Carmarthen, in South Wales, where his father is to-day a highly esteemed medical man, and, like himself, a staunch Wesleyan. His grandfather was a Wesleyan minister, and notable if only for this that he was the first Welshman ever elected a member of the Legal Hundred. After preaching in various towns, and for some time at Oxford, Mr. Hughes was removed to Brixton, in the south of London, and in the autumn of 1887 was relieved from the charge of a pastorate in order to devote himself to the special evangelistic work in the West End. And it is perhaps characteristic of the man that he then set to work to find a house, as he himself told us, within walking distance of St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, to avoid Sunday travelling.—*Quiver*.

## English Public-School Fashions.

THE boys at Harrow all wear white straw hats with very wide brims, which they call "straws." These have either blue or black ribbons around their crowns, and an elastic, such as little girls wear on their hats, which the boys pull down a little way over their hair at the back of their heads. It cannot be of much use; but then, I suppose, Harrovians have always worn it, and so they still keep it, just as the Blue-Coats keep their yellow stockings. The cricket "Eleven," who are looked up to as the most important beings in Harrow, if not in the world, are distinguished from the others by their white and black "straws." The boys wear these hats all the year round, in winter as well as summer, changing them on Sundays for tall silk hats. The younger boys wear black jackets; but the older ones have coats made like dress-coats, and with these they wear any waist-

coats and trousers they like, so that they always look as if they were in half-evening dress. These coats, in the school slang, are always known as "tails." A story is told about them. Once, on a very dark night, the headmaster saw about half-a-dozen boys coming out of the village inn, where they had been positively forbidden to go. He could not see their faces, and as they all ran as soon as he spoke to them, he only succeeded in seizing one of the number. Pulling out his knife, he cut off a tail from this boy's coat and let him go, saying, "Now, sir, you may go home. I will know you in class to-morrow morning by this." The next morning came, and the headmaster waited at his desk, ready to punish his victim with great severity; for the offence was considered a very serious one. But when the boys of his form came in and passed, one by one, by his desk, each had but a single tail to his coat. They all had ruined their "tails" to save their friend.—*St. Nicholas*.

## The Text.

ONE Sunday morning, during their summer vacation, a party of girls occupied a pew in a small country church. Their place of worship in their city home was a beautiful edifice. Its painted windows, subdued light, and grand organ-tones produced a religious feeling in the mind of the congregant.

Perhaps it was this change from these impressive outward forms of worship to a bare little building with unpainted walls, carpetless floor, and glaring light which wrought a corresponding change in the behaviour of the girls, for in place of the decorum which they were in the habit of observing in the house of God, they exhibited a levity of which I think they were scarcely conscious. They whispered, criticised the clothes of their country neighbours, and finally scribbled little notes, which were passed from one to another with much rustling of garments, jingling of bangles, and subdued giggling.

All the party did not, however, indulge in this irreverent behaviour. Belle Wheeler, a gentle-looking girl, who sat at the head of the pew, preserved a quiet demeanour, in keeping with the place and the occasion. At length a card, bearing these words: "What a poky place! Don't you wish we had stayed at home?" was laid on her lap by one of her companions.

Belle read the words, smiled, let the card remain where it was, and again turned her eyes to the minister. But the girls were not satisfied. They whispered among themselves, regained possession of the card, wrote again on it, and passed it back to her. This time it said: "What's the matter with you? You look as solemn as an owl."

Belle read it, looked at her companions, and gently shook her head. They continued to lean expectantly

forward, each beyond the other, and to motion to the card. At length Belle held out her hand for the pencil, which was eagerly passed to her. She hesitated a moment; then a firm look settled on her face, and she wrote a few words on the card.

The girls seized it, and crowded their heads together to read these words: "Dear girls, remember the text."

A hush fell upon the group. At first they were somewhat inclined to be provoked at this reprimand from one of their own number; but they all loved Belle, and in a moment recognized the justice of her reproof. During the remainder of the service they paid strict attention, for they were thoughtless rather than wilfully irreverent.

Now, do not think Belle was a "goody-goody" girl, who never laughed, and was always quoting Scriptures. Laugh she did, merrily and often, and no one could wish for a brighter companion than was found in her; but she realized that there is a time to laugh and a time to weep, a time to be merry and a time to be grave.

My dear girls, whether you find yourselves in a magnificent cathedral or in a lowly country church, remember that one is as much the house of God as the other; and bear in mind the text to which Belle referred:—

"The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him."—*Forward*.

## His Bible Saved His Life.

SAMUEL PROCTOR was a soldier in the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and took part in the terrible scenes of Waterloo. He had received religious impressions in early life, and these were deepened in after years, so that he became identified with the few pious men of the regiment who met for devotional purposes. He always carried his Bible in his trousers pocket on one side, and his hymn book on the other. In the evening of the 16th of June, his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a certain wood, from which they greatly annoyed the Allies. While so engaged, he was struck on one hip with such force that he was thrown some four or five yards. As he was not wounded, he was at a loss to explain the cause. But when he came to examine his Bible, he found that a musket ball had struck him just where the Bible rested in his pocket, penetrating nearly half through the sacred Book. All who saw the ball said that it must have killed him but for the Bible, which thus literally served as a shield. He was filled with gratitude to his Preserver, and ever kept the Bible in his house, as David laid up the sword of Goliath as a memorial. He used to say: "The Bible has twice saved me instrumentally, first from death in battle, and second from death eternal."