

Out in the dreadful night,  
 By the hinge in the tavern-door,  
     In hope she sings  
     Of the pity that flings  
 Some pence on the beer stained floor.

Mothers who pass her by  
 Shudder with terrible fear,  
     Praying her fate may  
     Never be some day  
 That of their little ones dear.  
     Children who hear her sing  
 Stare at her features so wild,  
     O'er her life ponder,  
     Thinking with wonder,  
 "What, can she too be a child?"

Out in the damp, wet fog,  
 Out in the sleet and rain,  
     Out when the cold wind  
     Sends its blast unkind  
 Through her again and again.  
 Brought up in Satan's school,  
 Hell's abyss falling in,  
     Is there no pity  
     In this great city  
 To save her from shame and sin?

—*St. James' Magazine.*

**RELIGION VERSUS FASHION.**—The following from one of our exchanges, we commend to fashionable professors of religion, both in the country and the city :—

"A mother not long since was at the communion table on the Sabbath, and when an earnest appeal was made for an offering to help spread the Gospel abroad in destitute districts of our country, and in heathen lands abroad, she gave *five cents*, and afterwards complained before her children that calls of this kind were so frequently made. During the following week she paid out nearly *twenty dollars* for the merest shadow of a bonnet of the latest style for one of her children. A young woman, recently at a monthly concert of prayer for missions, gave a three-cent currency note into the collection box, and the next day paid several dollars for a more fashionable pair of ear-rings than those she was wearing. Not long ago a man, who had long been a member of a church, declared he had *nothing to give*, when an application was made to him for help to build a plain and much-needed house of worship, in a growing but poor district of one of our cities, yet in the course of the next few weeks he spent several hundred dollars at various fashionable watering places, entirely in pleasurable gratifications."

**FATHER HYACINTHE'S CREED.**—The following is an extract from a discourse delivered by the eloquent French Priest :—"Salvation in Jesus, by grace alone, through faith—salvation in Him, known and realized in blessed peace and power, lifts its possessor clean out of the world of superstition and delusion. It raises him above the reign of priestly mediatorship. The One High Priest above does all the proper priestly work for such a one. A house and bonds are snapped asunder in a moment when the soul of a poor sinner finds its full rest in Christ. You need not prove to him that pains and penalties, purgatorial fires and priestly indulgences and absolutions, pilgrimages, high masses, and beads and censers, are all empty, needless and vain. No ! the vital principle of all these has been nailed already to the true cross. The principle of them no longer triumphs in his heart. Grace reigns there now.