

'Well, you won't let him be cross to me if he comes, will ye?' 'Oh, no! I'm sure he won't be cross,' said Hughie, with great assurance.

So Lisa stepped slowly forward and stood just within. She then gave him a full and particular account of her raid upon Matthew, at which Hughie was obliged to laugh in spite of his sorrowful heart, so graphically and so queerly did she tell her little story.

'Well, we couldn't bring her here, and I was obliged to run away for fear of being sent to the workhouse,' explained Hughie. 'And so Mr. Pedder took me in, and he's going to see that my mother has a nice burying. He's going to take me to-night, when the shop's shut, back to our lodgings to see if her coffin's come; and the day she's buried he's going to shut the shop and take me to the funeral, so that I can always know the place where she's buried; and he says he'll pay a lot of money for it so that it shall be mine, and nobody'll dare touch it. But I mean to pay it him all back when I grow up a man.'

'I should think you would, cos that's nothin' but fair!' said Lisa, promptly. 'I say,' she added, coaxingly, 'do tell me where's she goin' to be buried. I should like to go and see her funeral, cos she sung my hymn so sweet, and I've been thinkin' of her such a lot ever since.'

'I don't know, but I'll ask Mr. Pedder when he comes in,' said Hughie, 'and you can call to know to-morrow, if you like, if you don't see him to-day.'

'And are you really and truly goin' to live with him always?' asked Lisa, evidently thinking it too good or too bad to be true. 'I shouldn't like to, cos folks say he's such a bad old man; and he is bad to the birds, I know, though he was kind to your poor mother the other night, now wasn't he?'

'Yes, very,' answered Hughie, warmly. 'Mother talked about it after we got home, and about you, too: she thought you were very kind to give us that halfpenny, and that p'raps it was the only one you had.'

'Ah, I'm so glad I gev it to her!' exclaimed Lisa, colouring with delight at Hughie's words. 'I shall never forget how sweet she sung about the happy land, and now she's a-schally gone there! My mother's gone, too, and I wish I was!' The tears crept into her lustrous eyes as she passionately uttered these words.

'Haven't you any father, or anybody?'

asked Hughie, feelingly.

'Yes, I've got a father,' answered Lisa, shortly.

Hughie looked at her bare feet and thin, ill-clad form, and wondering for a moment thereat he said quickly, 'But p'raps he's ill and not able to work?'

'He's gen'ly able to work, but he don't always work,' said Lisa, with hesitation. 'But I shall work soon, and earn money for myself, so I can be warm and tidy. Teacher says she'll get me a place, as soon as dad'll let me go.'

'What teacher?' asked Hughie, with interest.

'The teacher at school where I goes Sundays and two week-evenings,' answered Lisa.

'Do they take boys?' asked Hughie, wistfully.

'Heaps of 'em, all sorts and sizes,' answered Lisa. 'Wouldn't you like to come? Oh, they teaches the beautifullest things! Why, I shouldn't never have knowed a word about the happy land, and Jesus, and all that, if I hadn't gone; father don't know nothin' about 'em, and he don't care a bit. But I do; I loves to learn about 'em, and all sorts of good and lovely things. I wish often as I was dead to see and enjoy 'em all, and to see Jesus, and please Him always. It's dreadful hard to do things as pleases Him down here, ye know; and I frets often cos I can't. But there's a bad lot in this world, and they're always makin' ye feel savage and say bad things, and then you've got to be sorry for it after, cos them's jest the things as the Lord Jesus don't like,—teacher says so. Oh, dear! everything seems rather dreadful jest now, and I've got to go without any food to-day, and it's bitter

cold, and it 'ud be a deal better to be in heaven. It was grand for your mother to go off so quick like, out o' the trouble and the cold, and you musn't go and fret about it, ye know. If I was goin', wouldn't I jest tell everybody not to fret for me! I jest would!'

Hughie stood lost in thought about his mother, and he could not manage to take Lisa's advice about not fretting. So, seeing that he was thinking, and that his eyes grew moist, she said in an old-fashioned way, 'Well, I'll be goin'. And will you please to tell Matthew Pedder that I'm sorry I was so saucy to him the other day?'

'Yes; but what name shall I tell him?' asked Hughie.

'Lisa Maurice is my name, England is my nation,' answered Lisa, quite seriously. 'And now, tell me what's yours?'

'Hugh Haldane; but mother called me Hughie,' he replied.

'Well, so shall I then, whenever I see you,' said Lisa. 'So good-bye, Hughie Haldane; and don't forget to tell Matthew.'

She was about to leave the shop when Hughie said, 'Stop, here's Mr. Pedder coming; now tell him yourself.'

Matthew entered with his little bundle under his arm, and having listened to Hughie's explanation of Lisa's being there, he said, 'So you want to ax my pardon for railin' at me about what didn't concern you, eh?'

'Yes, please, sir,' replied Lisa humbly.

'I'm sorry as you've seen fit to fret about it, my little lass,' added Matthew.

'But don't fret no more for my sake: I haven't thought no more about it 'cept to have a good laugh once or twice; so you see good came out o' that, and you needn't fret.'

'Please, sir,' replied Lisa, with diffidence, 'I wasn't frettin' about you, sir. I was only so dreadful sorry cos I'd vexed the Lord Jesus, bein' so angry, and settin' you a bad example, when I ought to have spoke soft and kind.'

Matthew threw his head back and laughed aloud at the idea of her setting him a bad example. When he had recovered himself he said, 'Well now, who'd he thought that day as you was a religious little cove, and could talk about the Lord? Why, there wasn't no difference to my eyes between you and the most rampageous little sinner about these parts.'

'I know, sir,' replied Lisa with tears in her eyes; 'and that's jest what I've been frettin' about ever since. I ought to show a difference, cos I've been taught good things, and I love 'em too, as lots o' the folks about here knows nothing of.'

This gave Matthew food for reflection as he sat beside his fire after Hughie had gone to bed that night.

'Yes, I s'pose there's somethin' in what she said,' he remarked to himself.

'Christians and otherwise often shows the pretty same front to the world in the matter of temper and such like; but I suppose the one set goes their way and thinks no more about it, as I do, no matter what a sinner I am; and the other set goes their way and frets in secret, like little Lisa, because she's grieved the Lord with her naughty ways, all the while as she loves Him and wants to please Him. Well, I don't know nothin' about these things, and I don't want to bother myself. So I think I'll be off to bed.'

(To be Continued.)

Miss Rye returns to Canada on the 31st May in the Allan steamer Sardinian. She states that she is now prepared to receive applications at her London home, Avenue House, High-street, Peckam, on behalf of children, especially girls, from five to eleven years of age, whose friends are willing that they should be sent abroad. Destitute cases are received, and there are openings also for a few working women able to pay £3 for their passage, and whose ages are from fifteen to thirty. Miss Rye strongly insists upon the importance of taking away the girls while they are young, and before they have become hardened by misery and crime.

Italy has declared its fifteen universities open to women. A like action has been taken by Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. A ministerial order has been issued in Holland opening every university and gymnasium to women. France has opened the sorbonne, and Russia its highest schools of medicine and surgery to the female sex.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. SYDNEY, C. B., April 24, 1877.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY AID SOCIETIES.

My Dear Sisters,—

My want of devotion to the Foreign Mission cause, my indifference to this grand work in which we are engaged, and which forms so pleasant a bond of union between us all, alarms and distresses me often. I wonder how I can for an hour forget the needs of the heathen and my duty to them, I wonder how I can be a Christian and yet so careless of the condition of the millions beyond the sea. Why do I not cry night and day unto the Lord God that salvation may come to the perishing, and why do I make so few sacrifices of comfort and convenience that they may have light and life? By such thoughts as these I am led to pray more fervently for a missionary spirit and the answer comes in an increased and deepened interest leading to greater prayerfulness for Missions, and a corresponding desire to do all in my power to hasten the day when "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Dear Sisters, why do we become so careless in this work? Why so often think that it matters little whether we perform these duties or not, that we may do as we like? We profess to be followers of Him who pleased not Himself, and to do His will as we find it in His word. Some of His commands we are very careful to observe fully and accurately. No Christian would long consider himself deserving that name who lived in habitual neglect of the plain precepts of our Saviour, but here is the greatest of all the command that ever fell from His lips, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." How can we disregard it? A plain, positive command of our Saviour ought, from the simple fact that it is such, to be a sacred and binding obligation to all His people. But this is greater than any other because of the superlative greatness of the work to which it summons us. The evangelization of the whole world is required by it. The destiny of many souls may be dependent on our personal observance of it. And it should be more sacredly kept too because it was His last request. We all know how carefully remembered and how fondly cherished are the last words of a loved friend, and with what devotion and fidelity his latest wish is executed. Let us not be more careless of our Saviour's words than those of an earthly friend. Obedience to this command is necessary to a happy Christian life to an extent unknown by one who disregards it. A whole-hearted devotion to the cause of missions brings to its possessor one of the purest, most unselfish joys that can be experienced, and his growth in grace will be advanced as he becomes a blessing to others. Another incentive to obedience to our Saviour's commands is that He did what He requires of us, and so "left us an example that we should follow His steps." We have the most powerful example of missionary effort in that life which he spent in doing good, and in that death which secured salvation to all who will believe.

The duty of every saved soul to engage in this work by earnest, unceasing prayer, by giving of his means as the Lord hath prospered him, and in many cases by giving his own life also is just as binding as obedience to any other command of Christ. And inasmuch as it is the same cause in which He spent his own life, and for which he laid it down, it appears the noblest, the most Christlike in which mortals are given the honor of sharing. The extension of the blessed work begun by the Master is thus committed to us, the servants. Faithfulness in the performance of our part must rejoice His heart as nothing else can, because it is His own work, the means by which the world is to be saved, and His name glorified among all nations; and by our obedience we show our love and gratitude to Him, our Leader and Redeemer.

Sisters, are we doing faithfully and with our might what our hands have found to do? Are we so devoted that of each of us our Master may say "She hath done what she could?" The responsibility of not praying, not giving, and perhaps not going is too heavy for

any of us to assume, and, that the eternal death of heathen souls may not be chargeable to any neglect of ours, let us each examine herself, her prayers, her words, her acts, her sacrifices, and then with God's help, solemnly and resolutely set ourselves to make them all that he requires. We put a dollar a year into our Treasury—is that the extent of our ability? If not, neither is it the extent of our duty. Many of us are mothers. Let us train the little ones to love our Missionaries and the work they are doing, let us educate them to cheerful self-denial, that their cents may be made a blessing to the world instead of a gratification to themselves, let us teach them as they slip their evening prayers to ask God's blessing on his cause in all lands. All are not mothers, but all have relatives, or at least friends, about them and over each of these an influence. If we are conscious that that influence is not all that it should be, let us ask our Great Prophet to come to our hearts and cast into its waters the healing, that with a pure spring the entire fountain may be sweetened. May He help us each to make a new and complete consecration of self, time, talents and means to Him and this blessed cause, so near His heart.

And now one word more before I close. Is there among us one Church in which every sister is a member of the Woman's Missionary Aid Society? I have not heard of one such, and fear that it does not exist. Truly "these things ought not so to be." To work for Foreign Missions is to us both a sacred duty and a delightful privilege, and we ought not to be satisfied until all our sisters realize that it is their duty too, and enjoy with us its blessedness. How shall we prevail upon them to come in? Can we not tell them of their degraded, unhappy sisters in India, and their duty to them, and show that the religion of Jesus alone makes their lot a happier one, until they desire to aid in every way possible the work of preaching Christ to all? Let us, dear sisters, make an earnest prayerful effort at once to perform our whole duty well—not forgetting that part which consists in going after those who are yet careless, and compelling them to come "to the help of the Lord, to the help of Lord against the mighty."

Your sister in the good work.

F. E. BOGGS.

In Memoriam.

DEACON WM. McCULLY, who departed this life, April 21st, in the 75th year of his age. His wife had preceded him to the better land seven years previously. On his marriage in 1827 he settled at DeBert River, Londonderry. The place was subject to the various privations of a new settlement, but by industry and thrift he brought up his numerous family in comfort, and lived to see the nine children who survive him occupying respectable positions in society. He lived seven miles from the place of worship in Masstown, and in consequence of the badness of the roads, during the earlier years of his married life, was frequently debarred the privileges of the house of God; but he employed the Sabbath hours in the reading of the Word, although at that time he knew nothing of vital godliness. He had been brought up and instructed in the Presbyterian faith. His uncle, the Rev. Saml. McCully, at that time often itinerated through the Counties of Cumberland and Colchester and came occasionally to Londonderry. From his lips the subject of this sketch heard a discourse upon the new birth which produced impressions that subsequently resulted in his conversion. Under the ministry of Rev. Jas. Munro he was led to Christ. With these saving impressions sprung up in his heart the desire to know the will of God, and by a prayerful study of the Scriptures he became convinced of the doctrine of believer's baptism, and was immersed, according to the record of the church, at Onslow, August 8th 1830. The best mode of travelling in those days was by horseback; but difficulties yield to the resolute will, and our brother with his partner were for several years seen as regularly as circumstances permitted, on the Sabbath going together upon the same beast, towards the place of meeting, ten miles from their own residence. But few of the regular meetings of the church found him absent. A like punctuality characterized his

whole life, as long as he was able to be in his place in the Lord's house. The late John McCully and William McKinlay, now of River Philip, also embraced Baptist sentiments about the same time that our brother did; and these three held monthly prayermeetings alternately at each other's houses, two being seven miles apart. After a few years a union meeting house was erected at DeBert River, the Baptists owning one quarter. The Rev. D. W. C. Dimock was called to labor with them for a portion of his time. The church was organized in 1851, and Bro. McCully was chosen deacon, which office he worthily held till the day of his death. For the last seven years he was in failing health. Lately he was unable to take his place in the house of God. Yet his prayers were for the church, over whose low estate he felt the deepest concern. His last days were cheered by the assurance that his prayers were heard and in view of what God had wrought for his own family and for the community, he could, like the aged Simeon say "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Deacon McCully 47 years ago, previous to his conversion, became convinced of the evils of intemperance, and so decided was his attitude upon this question that he never after took a glass of any kind of intoxicating drink. As afterwards in matters of religion, so now he showed a good degree of moral courage in setting himself firmly against the prevailing current. At births and funerals it was customary to "treat" the friends and neighbors; and though his motives might be misconstrued he would take his stand upon the grand principle and refuse to sanction a usage so fraught with evil. The funeral sermon was preached on the 25th to a large assemblage by the writer, from Heb. ii. 4: "He being dead yet speaketh;" Revds. D. Freeman and Stephen March assisting in the services. Our brother will be missed. His memory will be fondly cherished by many. His works will follow him in their influence, not only upon the present, but future generations.—Com. by M. P. Freeman.

CARRIE BHEL MORSE.

Dear Brother,—

Upon my arrival in the City of Boston last Saturday, I called with letters of introduction at the residence of Samson Morse, Esq., of Charlestown, and to my surprise and sorrow found craps on the door, indicative of the sad fact that death was within. Carrie, his only daughter, a lovely and promising child, and a youthful disciple of Jesus, had on the preceding Thursday, at noon, been summoned from earth, at the early age of 13 years and 2 months. As Mr. Morse and his excellent wife were formerly of Nova Scotia and have many kindred and friends in that Province, and as many things in the life and death of dear little Carrie seemed remarkable, a brief reference thereto may be of interest—and especially to your young readers. It was my privilege to be in the large assembly of over 1000 persons, when the Rev. W. W. Boyd, the pastor, gave a most touching and appropriate address in connexion with her death. These facts were given:—Two years ago Carrie made a public profession of religion. Her profession was characterized by remarkable decision, faith, love and joy. She walked up to the baptistery with a firm step and with her countenance beaming with heavenly peace she was buried with her Lord in baptism, according to His command. That profession she maintained unsullied until called away by death "to be forever with the Lord." She was a worker for Jesus. In bringing new scholars into the Sabbath School, in raising funds for missions and for the support of the "Home for Little Wanderers," her successful efforts were often engaged. As consumption, the disease with which she died, was completing its work, she said to her physician:—"How much longer can I live, tell me the truth?" And when he replied, "not long," then too feeble to speak, she called for her writing desk and penned two beautiful letters of farewell—one to her father and one to her mother, giving directions as to her funeral and the disposal of her little treasures and admonishing them not to weep for her, as she was going to be with Jesus in Heaven. In one of these letters she wrote—"Give my love to the church." Her last utterance was to her father when her eyes were about closing in