

Select Serial.

From The Day of Rest. DORA'S BOY.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS.

CHAP. LIII.—TWO SORROWFUL GIRLS.

Colton Hall was fully a mile-and-a-half from Matthew Pedder's cottage; and as Lisa retraced her steps towards it, she felt the way to be interminable. As she re-considered Mrs. Barnett's words about Hugh, she tried to persuade herself that it was an impossibility that he could so far fail in his allegiance to his conscience as to become the frequenter of a public-house, even out of his love for the publican's daughter. But she admitted to herself, with a sore heart-pang, it was by no means impossible or improbable that he should love Alice Reany; and as this idea took complete possession of her, and all sorts of remembrances helped to strengthen it, she felt that henceforth life would be different to her from what it had ever been before; for Lisa had, for a long time, been loving Hugh with all the strength of her ardent nature; and many a word spoken during their occasional meetings, and written in letters, strengthened her in the belief that she was occupying the chief place in his affections.

But now she told herself that she had been mistaken, that her affections had been misplaced; and she resolved to go back to London, work diligently at her business for a living and think no more of Hugh,—a resolution very easy to make in the heat of the moment: but how would it be to carry it out? First of all she would call at the cottage, and wish them all good-bye for the last time. So on she trudged with weary step, and sick at heart, and now the white cottage was in sight, surrounded by its trim hedge, above which rose clusters of white and coloured chrysanthemums, and fading hollyhocks and dahlias. There was a green lane running at right angles to the road; and when this was passed, the cottage would be reached. As she crossed the road past the lane, she turned her head carelessly to look down it, and for a moment her steps were arrested by the sight of two persons, a tall young man and a girl. They were standing sideways to Lisa, facing each other; she with downcast head, and he slightly bending towards her, holding her hand in his, and evidently speaking earnestly. It was Hugh and Alice, and with her heart beating, Lisa would have choked her, Lisa hurried on, glad that she had not been seen by them. When she reached Matthew's little green gate, she leaned over it for a moment, hurriedly debating with herself whether she would go in or not. But she passed on. Tears crept to her eyes as she hurried away past the little chapel, and on to the Station, arrived there, she found all quiet; but on enquiry she was told that the evening express from London was due in ten minutes, and five minutes later she could start for town. She sauntered up the little platform, and in passing a seat placed behind an open door, whom should she see but Matthew Pedder? He was reading a newspaper through a pair of thick-rimmed spectacles; but as Lisa passed he looked up, and recognized her at once. 'Hallo, Lisa!' he exclaimed, drawing off his spectacles, and getting up to greet her. 'Is this the day you was to come, then? Sit ye down, and tell me all about it. But perhaps ye want to be going your ways?'

'No, Mr. Pedder,' she answered, sadly; 'I'm going back to London, but my train isn't due for a quarter of an hour. So I'll sit down and tell you everything.' When she had told the story of the afternoon's doings, omitting any mention of Hugh, however, Matthew remarked feelingly, 'Well, I'm sorry for your disappointment, Lisa, heartily sorry I am; but of course it was the only thing you could do. It's singular now that my little chap refused an offer from the same Mr. Barnett years ago.'

'Did he?' said Lisa, with interest. 'Yes he did, for certain, and I'll tell ye about it,' answered Matthew, proud to tell anything that should redound to Hugh's honour. When he had finished Lisa remarked absently, 'Ah, but that was years ago,—as if she thought there was doubt of his doing so now. But Matthew responded earnestly. And that same he

do this blessed minute, if bread and life depended on it, even. Well, Lisa, he added, 'you'd better come back with me to-night, and by to-morrow you'll have thought out what you ought to do. You can sleep with Dorothy, ye know.'

But Lisa refused in a calm, decided manner. She had resolved what to do, she said, and in a few days she would write to him and send her new address, if he would care to have it.

'Care to have it?' echoed Matthew. 'Why, Lisa what's come over ye? You're fair put about over this bit o' business. But cheer up, my good lass, there's a better time comin', and remember, however cold folks may seem to ye in London, there's hearts that loves ye dearly in this place.'

Lisa blushed a little and smiled, but it was only a sad smile. She said but little more while waiting till the train came up. Then shaking hands with Matthew, she wished him good-bye, and took her seat in the train. He was sorry to see her so sad and quiet: she was generally in the highest spirits when they met; but he accounted for her changed demeanour by the event of the afternoon.

When he reached home and told Hugh all about it he was pained and disappointed at not having seen her. 'I just ran up to the vicarage to speak to Mr. Smithson about this evening's work,' he said, 'and as I came back I met Alice Reany in the deepest trouble, and that hindered me, or I should very likely have been back to see Lisa. Of course she called and found no one at home. Poor girl! what a chapter of disappointments for her! I prevailed upon grand-mother to go for a little quiet stroll by herself while the sun was so bright: she looks quite ill to-day. So you see Lisa would have missed us all if she hadn't seen you at the Station.'

'She's plucky now, ain't she?' said Matthew, admiringly. 'Think of her with ne'er a friend in London, nor a bit of a home, to go and fling up a splendid situation like that for conscience's sake.'

'Yes, I'm proud of her!' exclaimed Hugh, quietly, speaking in the excitement of the moment as though she really belonged to him. 'But it's just what Lisa would always do,—act according to her conscience and leave the issue to God, no matter what a sacrifice it cost her. Poor Lisa! I wish she had stayed here till to-morrow, and then I could have taken her back to London, and seen her settled in comfortable lodgings somewhere. But we needn't be over-anxious about her; she has abundance of self-reliance and common-sense, and she will be sure to act wisely and prudently in all she does.'

'Ay, yes,' responded Matthew. 'She was trained in a hard school, was Lisa, and it have made a right-down woman of her. Well, Hugh, and what's the matter with Alice Reany?'

'Oh, everything,' answered Hugh, sadly. 'Would you believe, sir, she's half-tipsy at this moment? I met her wandering down the vicarage lane, crying pitifully. She has had a great quarrel with her father and mother, and she took a dreadful oath in my presence that she would never see them again. It was terrible to hear her; but of course she wouldn't have talked so if she had been sober. And she declared that come what may she would go back to London to-night.'

'And I guess she will go back to London,' said Matthew. 'She's a head-strong lass, and the drink'll drive her to mischief, sure enough.'

And she did go back to London, by the train following the one that Lisa went by.

(To be continued.)

RETURNING TO AFRICA.—The recent agitation on the subject of African colonization appears to be bearing fruit on a large scale. The American Colonization Society is said to have applications on behalf of a quarter of a million of colored people for passage to Liberia and aid in settling there. The applicants are chiefly resident in South Carolina and Florida. A considerable company will be sent out on the 2d of January. The number and size of future embarkations depends on the amount of pecuniary aid extended by friends of the movement.

A preacher, who arrived at the Kirk west through, asked an old Scotchwoman what he should do, to which she replied, 'Gang into the pulpit as sune as ye can. Ye'll be dry enough there.'

(From the Canadian Baptist.) What are our Rich Baptists doing for Denominational Objects.

BY REV. DR. FYFE.

'Rich' is a comparative term which has no fixed or definite meaning, and yet people are never at a loss about its practical signification. I shall not therefore try to define the term, but assume that its meaning is sufficiently well understood for all practical purposes. The exigencies of our denominational work have compelled the friends of the cause to study carefully our financial resources, and to find out, if possible, not only how they may be increased, but also, what is the cause of our straitened circumstances. We find that a very large portion of the Baptists have as yet failed to contribute anything steadily for the general work. Some perhaps because they are poor, and have not the means—and many more, because they have not yet been taught the requirements of the gospel of Christ. The pastors have not adopted the necessary means to develop the grace of giving among their people. If Christians would be Christ-like, they must suffer the word of exhortation about liberality. The necessity of teaching on this subject forces itself upon all who are endeavoring to spread the gospel, and who are seeking means to help them do their work. We are urged by every consideration—by our love for our brethren, who are suffering spiritually because the spirit of true liberality is not cultivated among them—by our compassion for our brethren in destitute localities, who have not the gospel preached unto them—and by our yearning pity for dying men, who cannot hear without a preacher, and we have no means of sending one to them—to put forth every effort to cultivate and develop the liberality of our churches. We must reach, if possible, every member in our churches.—We must get something from every farmer, every member, old or young, to help spread the gospel. But while this stands out before us as a duty—as an absolute necessity—whilst all admitted the need of this, all felt that something yet much more important, would require to be done ere we could free ourselves from our present pecuniary embarrassments, or materially enlarge the sphere of our operations.

'Have our rich men for years past been doing their full duty in regard to denominational objects? Have their contributions been what they might be? Have they been as patriotic and ready as the poor? Have they been very, very far below what they should have been? Our rich men have not yet begun to realize their obligations in regard to giving. Their contributions for general denominational work have been insignificant and paltry,—such as have belittled and dwarfed the spirit of liberality throughout the denomination. It may be thought that this language is harsh and ill-considered, but I have carefully weighed each word.

Are there, among the more than 20,000 members of the Ontario Convention, one hundred persons who gave \$10 each last year for home missions? Are there twenty-five who gave \$25 each for the same object? Are there ten who gave \$50? Are there five who gave \$100? No man who has watched the gifts which came into the treasury, as some six or eight of us have done, would say that my scale is too low. He would say, 'You are above the mark.' Is not this utterly paltry, unworthy of our Baptists to whom God has given means? Let me indicate a view of the resources of the denomination, which I am sure no man who knows them will say is exaggerated. Among the 20,000 Baptists connected with the Western Convention, are there not five hundred who could, and should give \$10 each, yearly, for home and foreign missions together? I put these two objects together for convenience. Are there not two hundred more who could, and should give twenty-five dollars yearly for missions? Are there not one hundred more who could give \$50? Are there not fifty persons who could give \$100? Are there not twenty persons who could give \$250? Are there not ten who could give \$500? And are there not five who could give \$1,000 for these objects? In Providence, R. I., last summer, there were men who supplied

their annual contributions for foreign missions alone, by contributing \$5,000, \$3,000, \$2,000, add \$1,000, etc., and we have Baptists richer than some of them.

The Methodists in Canada gave on an average per member \$1.75 for home and foreign missions together. If the Baptists came up to this average, we should raise this year about \$40,000 for missions! And yet our 25,000 Baptists are as rich as the average Methodists to say the least of it.

How is the spirit of liberality to be diffused among our people? Not merely nor mainly by arguments, but by examples. The whole world is raised in this way, i. e., by high examples. How is the realm of taste and art raised? By illustrious models, as Canova and Raphael. They elevated the ideas of the world, by the grandeur of their deeds. Howard raised the conceptions of all men in regard to true philanthropy, by his example. So in regard to liberality, let our men of means, raise and stimulate the whole denomination by their large and generous gifts. Nothing will warm the heart and draw out generosity like an illustrious example of it.

And then who is to lead off in this matter unless it be the men of means? God has made them leaders. They cannot help it. If they do not lead off in the direction of liberality, they will, instead of stimulating and developing the liberality of the churches to which they belong, cramp and belittle it. I could name church after church, which has been cursed by her rich members. They have stood in the way of every aggressive movement of the church; they have tried up the liberality of their brethren, and the churches became like the heath in the desert that saw not when good came!

You brethren to whom God has given riches, whether very great, or comparatively small, permit me to say unto you that the Baptists cannot do the work which God has laid upon them, unless you take an entirely new view of the amount you owe to your Lord. Will you not consider this point? Will you not take these suggestions before God and ask him what he would have you to do?

Correspondence

For the Christian Messenger.

Sabbath School Work.

There is a very strong tie binding all true-hearted Sabbath School workers to those with whom they have been thus associated. This was proved to be true in the case of our parting from the Sabbath School with which we had been associated for many years. At the request of the Superintendent the following remarks were made, in substance, viz:—

'Fellow-workers,—Being about to remove my family from Bridgewater, and in so doing sever my connection with this Sabbath School, I willingly offer a few parting words. About twenty-seven years ago, at the age of twelve years, I became a teacher in this school, which was then a Union Sabbath School, held in the old Bridgewater Academy, superintended by the late Obadiah Parker, Esq., a most efficient Sabbath School worker. Since that period I have been connected with this school as teacher or superintendent. Some of the teachers and scholars of the past are to-day by the Master "in that happy land, far, far away." Others have removed to other parts, and are occupying honorable positions abroad. The influence of this school has even reached far-off India. Hundreds there have had the sweet story of "Jesus and His love" told them by means of the money raised in this school, more than a half dozen having professed conversion. By report of the late A. R. Crawley, to your honour, two at least of the former scholars have become able ministers of the Gospel. To-day we have the children of many former scholars present. Our hearts are entwined around this "little tree of life," and we all sever our connection with regret, felt more than expressed.

Four of our "little ones" lie peacefully at rest near by. Little "Iame Willie" is still fresh in the memory of this school: he loved the school, and often sang, "Shall we gather at the River." He lived and aided the mission

work; and better than all, he lived to pray and see that his brothers did likewise. We can never forget the Bridgewater Sabbath School, and now, as we say good-bye to one and all, I would offer the following words of counsel:

- 1. Let all the scholars consecrate their hearts to Christ as a first duty.
2. Always attend the school and be in time.
3. Respect the Superintendent and teachers.
4. Always pray to the Gentle Shepherd to grant you His watchful care and guidance.
5. Honor your parents, and love your teachers.
6. Be kind to the poor and sorrowful. ("Kind words can never die, God gives them birth.")
7. Always respect yourself, and you will command respect.
8. Be honourable and honest in all your dealings.
9. Keep good company.
10. Shun evil company, except to reform such.
11. Act a noble, manly or womanly part in life.
12. With your savings aid the cause of God, and thus encourage Christian workers.
13. Shun the first appearance of evil and thus escape harm.
14. Love your enemies, as the Master did before you.

Finally, dear friends, farewell, FAREWELL.

May we meet beyond the river, Meet with friends to part no more, Then behold our blessed Saviour On that bright and heavenly shore.

The Superintendent made a suitable reply on behalf of the teachers and scholars.

W. J. G.

For the Christian Messenger.

United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11, 1877.

Does it not seem a shameful thing that it should be necessary to make laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks in the Capitol building? A bill to that effect was introduced last week in the House of Representatives, and nearly a whole day spent in arguing the pros and cons. It would appear to be high time that some such bill became a law, and that the law should be enforced, for it has become no unheard-of spectacle to see men staggering through the corridors, and, if we may credit general reports, it is quite a common thing for Congressmen themselves to retire to the back rooms, and there sleep off a drunken stupor. I do not exaggerate when I tell you that there is no vice, but is practiced within the marble walls of that same Capitol, which ought to be pure and sacred to truth and righteousness. The drunkard ja, there and the glutton and the wine-bibber, the liar and the murderer ("Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer"). The doubtful, and the unbelieving are not lacking, and the lobbies tell tales of almost every variety of corruption and uncleanness. Tobacco juice and cigar stumps make the floors filthy, as well as the air of the whole place. Doubtless there are many clean-handed and pure-hearted members who would gladly change all this were it in their power, but they belong to the minority and are helpless. It is only the people of the country who hold the power to make our legislature what it should be by electing moral and conscientious men as rulers of our land. Congressman are seen in their true light in no place as clearly as in Washington. Here they shine forth in their true colors, and, sad to say, those colors are too often dimmed and soiled and faded. Oh, the wickedness that is carried on in this beautiful Sodom (for one may travel the world over and seldom come upon so lovely a city as our nation's capital!) And O, the heartache and sorrow that is suffered here! I suppose we ought to look on the good and bright side, but when one knows that the world all about him is fairly reeking with shame and misery it is hard to feel much of the sunshine if it does lend brightness to the poor earth. This touched my heart to the quick when I came across it the other day. A bank-note passed through the Treasury upon the back of which was written in a delicate hand, "This is the last of that which purchased my honor, virtue, happiness and all." But enough of so painful a subject. Of all the families in highest life here, none is better known and yet so little