

Family Reading.

For the Christian Messenger.

Lines on the death of Willie Pattison.

A youth of fourteen years, of Windsor, N.S., who was drowned on the 22nd May, 1884, by the upsetting of a bark canoe, while fishing on the St. Margaret's Bay Lake, in company with his father and another gentleman, who providentially escaped. The occurrence was a very sad one, and great sympathy for the afflicted parents was shown by the whole community.

Sad is the hour when death's unsparring hand, Snatches our loved ones from our hearts and home, Even though forewarned we wait the stern command, And hope hath died, as dies the day in gloom; Even then we mourn, for none the place can fill, Of him or her, called to an early tomb;— Oh God! our breaking hearts will not be still, Even though we bow submissive to thy holy will.

But when death comes like thunder burst at noon, When youth is buoyant with supreme delight, And in one moment brightest hopes are gone, Like brightest day dashed into darkest night Oh! then we shriek with anguish and affright, Earth yawns and trembles, heaven is ever-spread, And even Faith, though painting visions bright, Cannot bring back the loved, the lost, the dead, Nor wholly heal the pangs that rack the heart and head.

'Tis thus we mourn, and shed the bitter tear, For him all buoyant with the charms of Spring, Who left his home, no thought of danger near, Care, lessons, labour, to the wings to fling, Where wild flowers bloom and wilder warblers sing; Where sport the finny tribes, oh happy boy! Who would have dreamed what grief thy joy would bring? That one slight move would life itself destroy, And fill that home with woe, where all was peace and joy!

Why comes he back so soon, so sad and lone, That father? why those moans? that wail of woe? Why press the crowd with hurrying footsteps on, With eager faces, questioning as they go? Ah! death hath smitten with a sudden blow! That beauteous boy of yesterday is gone, Tossed from that treacherous "bark," that frail canoe, One sudden plunge, he dies without a groan, And sorrowing bleeding hearts, his early fate bemoan.

Go search the waters, find the lifeless clay; No labour spare—thank God! the boy is found! O carry him gently! mourn and weep, and pray! Place him all beauteous in the "hallowed ground," While sorrowing friends and mourners weep around, And solemn prayer ascends to God on high, That help divine may in this hour be found, And God all-gracious hear the sufferer's cry, That we may learn to live, to suffer, and to die. S. T. R.

Educated Girls.

The following graphic picture of Telugu life is drawn by Rev. John McLaurin in a letter to Mrs. H. J. Rose the Corresponding Secretary of the Canadian Central Board of the W. M. A. Societies and copied from the Missionary Link:

SOME OF THE HINDERANCES OUR EDUCATED GIRLS MEET IN AFTER-LIFE, AND SOME OF THE INFLUENCES FOR GOOD THEY EXERT.

I am not going to attempt to portray the life of an educated upper ten girl, but only Paria life—the life of one of our people.

If you were to slip into one of our boarding schools at almost any hour of the day you would probably find a row of girls standing upright, with arms folded across the chest and toes on the mark. They would range from ten to fifteen years of age, are nicely dressed in some plain calico, with faces washed, hair combed and maybe dripping with cocconut oil. Each girl has a book in her hand; that is the badge of her profession—a boarding girl. Some are dull, others are bright; some are really goodlooking, with pleasant, intelligent faces, while others are—well—not goodlooking. Some months ago many of these girls were unwashed, uncombed, unclothed, hideous-looking sprites of darkness out among the villages. It is difficult to imagine anything in the human form more repulsive than the little girls of a Paria hamlet. Thus far the change seems eminently satisfactory. Ask one

of them to read—she obeys readily, and reads more or less fluently. If it is a station boarding school she will have a pretty good idea of what she reads; if not, she will probably know but little. She knows a little of the world she lives in; knows about sin and salvation; about God the Father, Jesus the Saviour, heaven, hell, etc. She, with the help of her companions, will sing nicely (native fashion), and will also show you some of her sewing, which to say the least, is far in advance of what her grandmother could do. She has learned to keep the room occupied by herself and others clean, to cook rice, make curry, and do other household duties. If she has been in school five or six years, she will likely graduate a bright, healthy, clean, well-educated Christian girl. Thus far all is bright and fair sailing.

Now comes the critical time in her history. Some young man, or some young man's mother or father has had her in mind for months. Leave is asked of the missionary to speak with her or her friends. If he thinks well of it, leave is granted, and a few weeks at most bring on the eventful day. She looks well, dressed in white muslin and wreathed in real orange blossoms. Congratulations are over and she goes home—ah, home (?) She may live alone with her husband in a separate house; then their home will be much what she will make it; but she may be taken to her mother-in-law's house, and then it is not likely to be as she would make it. In either case the temptations to indolence and slovenliness will be very great. No incentives to order or regularity, no clanging bell to arouse her at stated hours, no missionary's eye to see whether the face is washed or the hair combed or not, whether the clothes are clean or the floor swept. Maybe the mother-in-law will resent any attempt at change as an affront. Then there will be a quarrel in which the husband will likely take his mother's part. This will deeply insult the wife, and her business then will be to sulk—to sit on the floor for days with disheveled hair and unwashed face. During this time she will neither cook, eat, drink, nor dress herself. Very probably the hungry husband will make some uncomplimentary remarks and use vigorous language, to which she will likely reply with spirit, born in the school at the station and then—well, what then? Well then, it is time to draw the curtain,—they do it in England and America after more than a thousand years of training, and need we wonder if a few of them do it here.

If she is in a station, or teaching a village school, or rules her own house and is exceptionally studious, she keeps up her reading and other studies. But here too the temptations to neglect are many and great. The salary of her husband is small, and oil is dear, and the light poor, and she has so much to do. Then there are babies in quick succession; three or four in so many years. Can all these be cared for and kept clean as well as the house? Can her husband's clothes be mended, and his food cooked, and her books read beside? Oh, dear, no—that cannot be. Once a week perhaps she takes one of the urchins, sits down on a low stool, gathers her clothes about her, stretches out her nether limbs side by side, lays the scalling nudity on them and proceeds to scrub vigorously; the accompaniment is sometimes discordant, often irregular, but is generally vigorous. Why should she clothe her little ones? No others in the village are clothed. It costs something too; and even if, she did, would not the whole lot of them be rolling in the dust or wallowing in the mire the next minute. If she did comb their hair, it would not stay combed. If she oiled it, it would soon be filled with dust, and if not, the dry wind would blow it well about. The filthy nose and the sore eyes would be open to the same objection; they would not stay clean. How can she keep her doorway clean when it is so small, only a few yards square? Besides, is it not pig-stye, dog-kennel, fowl-house, stable and sink for half a dozen houses besides her own? How could you expect her to keep her house clean when there is but one room in it, and that has to serve for parlor, dining-room, sitting-room and bed-room for

the whole family, except when they sleep out of doors, which they do for a good part of the year.

Is this an extreme case I am painting? It is not a case at all; I am only setting before you some of the temptations to which almost all our girls are more or less exposed. Then I have only referred to those, to indolence and slovenliness.

I have said nothing of the band of village viragos who gird her on every side—of the foul mouthed "Billingsgate" which falls on her ear each hour of the day—of the unspeakable epithets applied to her, or the vile insinuations thrown out if she dare resent them. But surely there can be no temptation to indulge in such language as this? Not to you, gentle reader—not to you, but to her. Remember, that probably she was hushed to sleep as an infant with the refrain of such words as her mother's lull-a-bye song. Her early childhood had learned each villainous phrase but too well. Now as the hot blood rushes to her face, and these cankerous words leap unbidden to her lips, and the unruly tongue is ready to hiss them forth—Oh, thank God if his grace has sealed those lips and shut up the confit in her own soul. Thank God if she can turn back into the house, and there, by the aid of the Spirit, put to fight the tempting fiend within. It is a temptation you and I may never feel, but to her it is awfully real.

Then again, the temptations to neglect her spiritual welfare are great. She has no closet to which she can go for communion with her God. How can she read the book in that one room with all her children hanging about her, and those rude boys peeping in at the door? At the little prayer-meetings held by her husband or the teacher everything is commonplace; no one knows more than she does—no new idea—no one can sing correctly, and if she sings she must sing incorrectly. They make such ludicrous mistakes that she would laugh were she not so tired and sleepy. There is no one to help her and few to heed her. When at school it did her good, strengthened her and comforted her to hear the strong confident way in which the missionary spoke about the love and faithfulness of Jesus. Who is there here to dry her tears and cheer her desponding heart? Then again, I have said nothing of the dread that seizes her as she sees her little one writhing in the agonies of cholera, the fear that maybe—oh yes, only maybe it is true, what her neighbors are telling her, that Amma Varu is angry with her because she has forsaken her ancestral god, and so is killing her child. They tell her that if she would only offer a fowl the goddess would leave the child alone. She feels surely the blessed Lord Jesus would not be very angry if she tried it, only as a peradventure, for the sake of the child. The intensity of her love gives point to this terrible temptation.

How do our young women stand in the face of this formidable list of temptations? None escape them all, and yet few, if any, fall into all. Some are a great trial to the missionary, but after all a great advance on what they else would be. Some on the other hand, are a constant source of joy and thankfulness, Bright beacon lights they are in the surrounding gloom; clear and steady their light shines.

It is seldom that you cannot pick out the house of the boarding girl in the village. Her clean, smiling, intelligent face is an inspiration. She feels a proprietary interest in the missionary, and readily yields him a daughter's love. There are lines on her face which tell of conflict and conquest. She has conquered with love and kindness the prejudices of her neighbours, and they listen to her words as to those of an apostle. She has won the respect of all, and the man must be angry indeed, or the woman exasperated very much who will not stem the vile torrent and give her a respectful salaam as they pass. She moves a queen in her little realm. Her children are known on the street; they are cleaner, better behaved, more respectful and more intelligent than their fellows; they are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and by His grace and Christian privileges will grow up useful men and women

not many days hence. The people have before them a constant example of the power of Christianity. They have sense enough to admire even if they do not readily follow; but to admire is to follow to some extent, and this living example does tell in the long run. She very often teaches the little boys and girls to read and sing, and sometimes the old men and women come too. It is wonderful the influence a wise woman can exert even in a heathen village; of course her influence in elevating and refining the Christians of the village is very much greater.

This is the kind of work being done by girls' schools among our Christian and heathen villages. These girls are, I believe, never married to heathen husbands; this would be both sinful and impolitic; God's word forbids it. In this way an educated man and woman as husband and wife can do, if living pure and holy lives, an untold amount of good. But you can see that it will not do to push our girl's work beyond our boy's work, else we destroy the necessary balance, and we would have to marry her to an uneducated Christian, or maybe a heathen; this would hinder our work, and do her an injustice as well. There are no unmarried old women among the Hindus; no one dreams of it.

For this reason I am anxious that we should carry on all departments of our work in due proportion to their importance, and therefore I am thankful that you take so much interest in this Seminary.

It is much more difficult to write as interesting reports or as stirring incidents about a school as about a mission. The work is more monotonous, more humdrum. I must confess that I have been agreeably disappointed with the interest taken by Boards, Bands, Sunday-schools, churches and individuals in our Seminary. I am constantly receiving letters asking for students to support, and indicating the liveliest interest in our work. These letters do us a world of good, they are medicine to both soul and body. Once more I thank you for your generous consideration, and solicit a continued interest in your prayers.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

Samulocotta, March, 17, 1884.

An Old-time Revival.

(2 CHRON. 15: 1-15.)

It occurred nearly three thousand years ago; revivals are no new thing under the sun.

It followed a season of great religious coldness and declension; it is often darkest just before day; there may seem to be little outwardly to encourage us but a revival of religion may not be far off.

It seemed to begin with one man; then another caught his spirit, and so it went on. When the Spirit of God comes upon one member of a church, a revival is begun.

It was marked by a general turning unto the Lord; not only the prophet and the king, but the people sought the Lord.

It commenced with a renewal of attendance upon public worship, and a care for the house of the Lord, and for the externals of religious worship.

It was helped forward by large gatherings and a 'meeting of days.' Excitement? Well, something of a one.

It began with the people of God, but soon reached others; the 'strangers' came, and 'they fell to him, [Asa] in abundance, when they saw that the Lord his God was with him.'

'It broke out in warm weather and at a busy season, just as the grape harvest was coming on; but the people would come to meetings.'

It was an occasion of liberal offerings to the service of the Lord; it not only reached men's hearts, it reached their pocket-books; when they joined the church they did not send their oxen and sheep around some other way.

It was accompanied by a sincere and hearty renewal of covenant before God. It was an occasion of great peace and joy; there was 'shouting' even, and a great deal of music; old feuds were forgotten, breaches were healed, mutual kindness and good-will prevailed. It was a blessed and glorious time; God was honored, His cause greatly strengthened, Satan beaten and many precious souls saved.

It was not followed by dangerous reaction; its good effects were felt for twenty years.

Oh for more such revivals! 'Lord revive the former days; Thine the power, and Thine the praise.'

D. F. L. Manchester-by-the-Sea. Watchman.

Monosyllable Poem.

The following remarkable poem, illustrative of the power of short words in the English language, was composed by the late J. Addison Alexander, D. D. Probably no other person in the United States could have written it. The wonderful linguistic stores, and the equally wonderful command over them, which he possessed to an unexampled extent, were required to write twenty-eight lines of poetry in monosyllables—poetry at once so natural, so nervous, so musical and so sensible. Perhaps many of our readers have never before seen it. Let the young preserve it and use it as a charm against the vice of using "big words."—Presbyterian:

Think not that strength lies in the big round word, Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak. To whom can this be true who once has heard The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak. When want, or woe, or fear is at the throat So that each word gasped out is like a shriek Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange, wild note Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength Which dies if stretch'd too far or spun too fine, Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length. Let but this force of thought and speech be mine, And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase, Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine; Light, but not heat—a flash without a blaze. Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts; It serves of more than fight or storm to tell— The roar of waves that dash the rock-bound coasts, The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell, The roar of guns, the groans of men that die On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well, For them that far-off on their sick beds lie, For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead, For them that laugh and dance and clap the hand. To joy's quick step, as well as grief's low tread, The sweet plain words we learn at first keep time, And, though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand, With each, with all, these may be made to chime In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

The Stone Lamb.

A German clergyman, Pastor O'Fenke, tells a story in a very interesting book of his about things which have really happened to him, or which he has met with in his travels. In 1865, he stood before the beautiful Roman Catholic chapel of Warden ander Ruhr, in Germany, waiting for the key to be brought that the door might be unlocked for them to enter. While they waited they saw something on the ledge of the roof, which they found to be a carved stone lamb, and began to wonder what it meant up there. So they asked an old woman who was hobbling along a little way off if she could tell them about it, and she replied, "Yes," and then related why it had been placed in that strange place.

"Many, many years ago," she said, "where that lamb now stands a man was busy repairing the roof of the chapel, who had to sit in a basket fastened by a rope as he worked. Well, he was working in this manner one day, when suddenly the rope which held the basket gave way, and he fell down, down from the great height to the ground below! Of course, every one who saw the dreadful accident expected that the man would be killed, especially as the ground, just there, was covered with sharp stones and rocks which the workmen were using for building. But to their great astonishment he rose from the ground and stood up quite uninjured! And this was how it happened. A poor lamb had wandered quite up to that side of the chapel, in search of the sweet young grass which sprung up among the stones, and the man had fallen exactly on the soft body of this

lamb; it had saved his life, for he had escaped with the mere fright, and with not so much as a finger broken. But the poor lamb was killed by his heavy fall upon it. So out of pure gratitude the man had the stone lamb carved, and set up as a lasting memento of his escape from so fearful a death, and of what he owed to the poor lamb."

"Do you not think this a beautiful story? does it not remind you of the story of the Lord Jesus, the Lamb of God who was slain for us that we might live forever? Never forget that "he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." And let us copy the poor man's example in being truly thankful and showing we are so. He could not do anything more for the lamb which had so wonderfully saved his life than make a little monument or memento of what it had done. But there is much that we can do for the Lamb of God who was slain for us. We can love him for what he has done, and we can give him the one thing he wants from us. Do you ask what it is for which even the God of glory longs, he who has all the riches of the world, and to whom heaven and earth belong? He says, 'My son, give me thine heart.'—Religious Herald.

A Sermon to Seamen.

I once stood on the wharf watching a brig get ready for sea, began the Rev. Mr. Jones. The top-s'ls and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, and the halyards were stretched out ready to run up. Just at this moment the pilot sprang from the wharf to the quarter-deck, inquiring as he did so of the mate in command, 'Are you all ready?'

'All ready, sir,' said the officer. Then came the command: 'Stand by to run up that jib! Hands by the head-braces! Cast off your head-fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern-line! LET GO! Man the top-s'l halyards—run 'em up, boys—run 'em up! Does the jib take? Haul over that starboard sheet!'

'She lays off fine—there she goes, and—' 'HELLO! HELLO! WHAT'S THE MATTER? What's fast there? STARBORD TEEHELM! STARBORD!' shouted the pilot. 'What holds her? Is there anything foul aft there? Wair, LOOK AT THAT STERN-LINE! Heave it off the timber-head! HEAVE OFF THAT TORN!'

'It's foul ashore, sir!' says one of the crew. 'Then cut it, cut it! D'ye hear? Never mind the hawser! Cut it before she loses her way.'

By this time there was a taut strain on the hawser. A seaman drew his sheath-knife across the strands, which soon parted, the brig forged ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the brig Billow Allied away.

So, too, when I see men who have immortal souls to save bound to the wheel by the cords, the hawsers, of their sins; then I think of that scene and feel like crying out: Gather in your breast-lines and haul out from the shores of destruction. Fly, as Lot from the guilty Sodom! Oh, let go that stern line!

It is your Tongue.

It is your tongue; it belongs to you, and is the only one for which you are responsible. Your neighbors' tongues may care also, but that is their business; this is yours. See that it is properly attended to. Watch your tongue. It needs watching. It is a fire—watch it. It is a helm, which guides the vessel; let the helmsman keep wide awake. It can bless or it can curse; it can poison or heal; it can pierce hearts and blight hopes; it can sow discord and separate chief friends. Watch your tongue! No one but you can take care of that tongue. You are its only ruler. Your neighbors may hate it, or fear it, or wish that they could bridle it, but they cannot do it. You have the power—watch that tongue. That tongue has already got you into trouble; it may do it again. It is 'set on fire of hell.' It burns up peace, blessing, reputation, and hope. It causes sad days, weary nights, tearful eyes, and heavy hearts. 'If a man will love life and see good days, let him refrain from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.' Watch that tongue. It is the glory of man. It distinguishes him from brutes. It was bought with blood by the Son of God. He claims it as his. It should speak his praise; misemployed, it may degrade yourself and those around you. You are charged to attend to it. Watch that tongue. The Lord watches that tongue, 'There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord thou knowest it altogether. For every idle word we must give account in the day of judgment. What will be the record of that tongue then? Watch that tongue.—Watch Tower.