

Lisa. 'She've learnt us that a Christian is one that loves the Lord, and follows His example: well, didn't He go about doin' good? And wasn't He good to the poor and the wicked? I'll tell ye what it is, Hughie, if them folks as dad goes to, down at that Hall o' Sighin', haven't got somethin' better than that to tell him, they'd better keep their mouths shut, and not pretend to learn folks to be good and do good, when they only makes 'em all the miserabler, like they do my dad.'

'Nobody could teach anything better than that, Lisa,' said Hugh, thoughtfully. 'What can be better than knowing that the Lord loves us, and then trying to do what pleases Him?'

'That's jest what I'd like to know,' said Lisa. 'But there ain't nothin' better, Hughie: there couldn't be.'

They had turned into a narrow street, and a few more steps brought them to a turning leading to a court, the houses of which were tall, and had once formed suburban residences for the well-to-do, when fields stretched all around the place.

CHAP. XXVI.—A MISERABLE CHILDHOOD. A queer little thrill ran through Hugh as he followed Lisa into the court, and tried to realize that he was actually amongst the dwellings of thieves; and he felt something like a helpless lamb wandering into the precincts of a wolf's den. But he had as much faith in Lisa's protection now, as she had in his when she ventured within Matthew Pedder's portals.

The weather was very cold, and consequently there were but few children about the doors. Lisa took no notice of those as they passed; and in a few moments, she led the way through an open door, and said quietly, 'Give me your hand, Hughie. It's pitchy dark up these stairs, and I don't want ye to get your neck broke, ye know.'

Hugh allowed her to take his hand, and his strong new boots made considerable noise up the stairs, while her shoeless feet accomplished the ascent without a sound. But no one came out of the rooms, which they passed on their way, to see who was coming up.

Up three flights they went, and then Lisa unlocked the door of her home, and they went in. The atmosphere was close and stuffy, as if the window had not been opened for a year; a small fire of red cinders was burning in the grate, but there was no light from it to reveal anything. Lisa struck a match, and lighted a candle, which stood in a neckless bottle on the mantelshelf; and then Hugh could see the silk-loom over by the window, and a low narrow bedstead in one corner of the room, with nothing but the sacking to lie on; and on this lay Lisa's father, fast asleep and breathing heavily. In another corner of the room was some clean straw strewn thickly on the floor, and besides this there was nothing but a broken chair and a small stool.

'That's my bed,' said Lisa, pointing to the straw. 'I knows a kind man at some stables and he gives me a bit whenever I axes him, and so I've got together what makes me a comfortable bed, and I can sleep snug and sound on it. Sit down on this stool, Hughie,' she added, 'it won't let ye down, but this old chair's rickety; and ye see, we ha'n't got any table: we makes tables of our knees when we've got anything to eat, but we mostly can manage with our hands by themselves; for all we gets to eat.'

Hugh looked round, and his heart was smitten with pain as he contrasted this miserable place with his comfortable quarters at Matthew Pedder's, and then thought that poor little Lisa had to put up with it month after month, and year after year, also to be half-starved, and to endure that terrible presence in the corner there.

He did not speak for a minute or two; and she said, 'I can see that you don't think much o' my home, Hughie: it ain't so spiff as your fine kitchen at Matthew Pedder's, is it? But I shouldn't mind it a bit,—I shouldn't mind bein' poor and hungry, and havin' no clothes and furniture, if only it wasn't through that.' And she pointed to the corner where lay her drunken father.

'And I can't leave him,' she added, with tears springing to her eyes. 'No I wouldn't leave him if he was fifty times as bad! Why, bless you! he get pretty quick be burnt to death, or get choked the way as he lies down when he's tipsy,

or break his neck down the stairs when he's drunk: I watches outside for him and helps him up, and then I locks him in from goin' down again. And so, how could I go and get a place, Hughie, and get decent clothes and good food? Why, only by leavin' dad to himself; and that I ain't goin' to do. I shall stick to him as long as I lives if I die for it! It's my duty. It's what the Lord have gev me to do,—ah yes, He've gev it to me to do, and I'll do it, though it's hard, and it's what I hates, and it werrets me dreadful.'

'Yes, but it would be dreadful to go away and leave him to himself,' said Hugh, looking across at the wretched man with the deepest concern. 'You must try to bear it, poor Lisa; but I hope he'll grow better by-and-by. Is he very cross to you?'

No,' said Lisa, crying; for Hugh's pitying words brought tears at once. 'He's the kindest dad as ever was when he's sober; and he makes himself suffer a deal more than me. Why, d'you know, Hughie,' she added, dashing away her tears and speakin in a tone of awe, 'he achsally hates the horrors sometimes!'

'And what's that?' asked Hugh, who fancied that it must be something as bad as the plague.

'Why, he thinks he can see awful things, and that somebody or somethin's goin' to do dreadful things to him; and he fights about at the walls till his hands is sore, and, oh dear! it breaks my heart, that's what it does!'

And Lisa sat down on the floor, and sobbed quietly.

'Don't cry, poor Lisa,' said Hugh, with tears in his own eyes. 'If he's kind and good when he's sober you must talk to him then, and try to get him to keep from drinkin'.'

'Ah, you've never had nobody to talk to about it, I can see,' replied Lisa, quickly; 'and now you've fell in with old Matthew, as is as sober as a bobby; and so you don't know nothin' about it. Why, I've talked to him till my heart's sick and more'n sick; and he's so sorry as he've vexed me, and he promised fair and true as he won't have another drop; and off he goes, as I told ye afore, and comes back as drunk as ever. Why, see how he've stripped this place; and he'll sell the loom first chance he gets. But it's out o' gear, somehow, and he've got a trouble with it when he tries to work, and he've put too long a price on it for folks to buy, and most of 'em about here have got looms o' their own. Dad ain't much for work now; his eyes is goin' through workin' with bright colours all these years, and, sometimes, I think he'll go blind out-and-out; well I wish he would, cos then he couldn't find his way to the ginshops.'

'But he couldn't earn anything at all then,' observed Hugh. 'And no matter, either,' replied Lisa. 'Tain't much as he ever earns. I has to see to the rent myself, else we should be turned out o' this in a minute. But whatever we've got to go without I sees as the rent's paid, and I don't mind tellin' you how I does it.'

She went and foraged under the straw close against the wall, and brought to view a much-worn broom.

'There, that's the thing as pays the rent,' she said, rather excitedly.

'Do you sweep crossings them?' asked Hugh, astonished.

'That's what I does,' answered Lisa. 'And ain't it honest? Yes, Hughie; I goes a good march away from home, and then I sets to, and so the rent gets paid; and I ain't ashamed of it, cos I knows I does it well: there ain't a boy little or big in all London as can sweep a crossin' cleaner than me. So ye see if I worked a bit harder I'd manage to keep dad with this and other sorts o' work; and I shan't break my heart if he do go blind, jest for that very reason of keepin' him from the ginshops.'

Hugh felt that he could say nothing but 'Poor Lisa!' so he did not respond.

After a silence Lisa went on, 'When I thinks what dad, and heaps more like him, 'ud be if it wasn't for them ginshops, oh, you don't know how I hates 'em! I'd burn every one down if I could! And then I axes myself why on earth do they put them big smart places with beautiful gasses and lookin'-glasses, amongst poor houses like ours? Why, there's that great big place just at the corner of our street afore ye turns into this court: well, what's it put there for, when there's only poor folks all round it like we, as can't get enough to eat,

and nothin' to wear? Oh dear! what awful money it is as they takes over that counter! money as ought to be spent on the poor children in these houses, for food and fire and sech like. Oh, if you could see 'em pinin for some, thin' to eat, and froze up in the cold,—if these people at the gin-shop could see 'em when they takes the money of their fathers and mothers for gin, why, I should think it 'ud burn their fingers; and the splendid clothes they buys with the money ought to werret 'em to death, and the nice food they buys ought to choke 'em. I'd rather die of starvin' than eat what was bought with drink-money! I'd rather be poor Lisa Maurice up here than the grand landlady at the corner who's got the money as made my dad like that!'

Lisa spoke with flashing eyes, crimson cheeks, and dramatic gestures which bespoke most earnest indignation. The iron had entered her young soul, as it has done the souls of tens of thousands of unchildlike children in this Christian land; and as Hugh walked thoughtfully back to his cosy home that evening he felt that he would for ever hate that which caused Lisa Maurice so much misery.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
To the Mediterranean and Back.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

We turn our back upon Odessa, just after she greets with floating banners, and streets of flame, and genuine hurrahs the haughty Czar of Russia, as he passes through the city on his way to his residence in the Crimea. The shore of Russia gradually recedes from view, and we again seek the dark surface of the Black Sea. Quickly are we borne by the north-east winds along the coast of Turkey; where now beneath the flag of the crescent assemble the faithful followers of Mahomet, even from the fertile valley of the Nile, from Arabia's desert plains, Asia Minor, and the more distant East, to drive back the ruthless invader of the North, who feign would plant his standard upon the seven hills that overlook the Golden Horn. More quickly do we pass those gateways between the seas—the Bosphorus and Dardanelles—as here in addition to a favoring breeze, a current swiftly rushes from the high and brackish waters of the Black Sea to the lower and saltier waters of the Mediterranean. The Isles of Greece, Attica and Sparta, the Maltese group, and fertile Sicily, are passed in turn. Cape de Gata, the south-east point of Spain, where sudden squalls sweep down from mountain peaks upon the sea to the terror of the mariner, is next viewed; the south coast of Spain skirted; and well-fortified Gibraltar, and loftier Ceuta on the African shore—ancient pillars of Hercules—are once again approached. Then,

"Through Calpe's strait survey the sleepy shore
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor,
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze."

and we are fairly beyond the straits believed by the ancients to be the boundary of the world, out upon the mighty Atlantic. We now sail across the scene of the great naval battle of Trafalgar, in which the English navy completely shattered the combined fleets of France and Spain, intended by Napoleon for the invasion of Britain. Trafalgar, alike associated with the death of Nelson in the heat of victory and with the utterance of those memorable words, as imperishable as the English language, "England expects every man this day to do his duty." The last point of land seen in Europe, when leaving the Straits of Gibraltar, is Cape St. Vincent, a lonely headland on the south-west of Portugal. This is also another of the many places where England's prowess upon the seas has been made known. Near here, her naval forces twice defeated those of Spain, once, in 1780, by Sir George Rodney, and again, in 1793, by Sir John Jervis, who was, in consequence, made Earl St. Vincent.

Sailing north, we pass Portugal, cross the Bay of Biscay, and enter the British Channel. For more than one hundred miles from England, the exact position of a ship can be easily ascertained by soundings, as the water deepens very

gradually from the shore and the bottom consists of white sand. At length Start-point in England is sighted, and with feelings of pride and joy we gaze for the first time upon the Mother Country. The Isle of Wight, with Osborne palace, one of the residences of the Queen, the Solent and the Spithead on either side; Beachy Head, the Royal Sovereign shoals, so called because a steamer of that name was wrecked upon them, and Dungeness, are seen in turn. Then a long range of chalk cliffs, Dover, with its castle, the North and South Foreland, and we have passed the south coast of England.

The great number of passing vessels, numerous shoals, and thick, foggy weather, frequently causes the Channel to be a very dangerous place for navigation. The Varne, the Ridge, the South Falls, and a succession of other shoals, run parallel with the Continent, from the Straits of Dover to Denmark. But pilots abound, English and French for their respective coasts. Texel, Antwerp, and other north sea pilots for the ports farther up, and mud pilots or fishermen for every place near at hand. Besides, on the shoals there are lightships and buoys, and along the coasts an efficient system of coast guards, fog signals, and the most brilliant electric lights.

From Calais we follow the French coast to

DUNKIRK.

This is the most easterly town in the north of France, and is within sight of Belgium. It stands upon a level plain surrounded by the historical dunes or sandhills, among which the great Conde disposed his troops in 1646, when he succeeded in taking the city from the Spaniards. In the 17th century it was the most frequented seaport on the German Ocean; but now, one large dock, extending from the roadstead through the town, is sufficient for its commerce. A sand bar across the entrance to this dock is a great drawback to the increase of its foreign trade. The carrying of petroleum from the States, and of guano from Callao afford considerable employment to about an equal number of Canadian and American vessels.

Earth forts encircle the city. The French are now erecting a new line of forts to enlarge this old boundary. The streets through the whole town are very narrow, and with the exception of an old Spanish Cathedral there is not a building of any importance.

From Dunkirk we cross over to Gravesend at the mouth of the Thames. Ascending the river we have on either side, for many miles, fine old manors, surrounded by well cultivated fields and lovely green meadows, with such beauty of verdure that these northern climes can well spare the vine-clad hills and olive groves of the sunny south. Then succeed two long rows of manufacturing, their great sign-boards facing the river; huge foundries, from whose tall chimneys are emitted dense clouds of smoke; and hundreds of acres of docks, covered with a forest of masts. On we glide, past coal hulks and scows, training-ships and men-of-war, boats of all descriptions and ships from nearly every maritime nation, forts and barracks, town and village, Greenwich Observatory and the Tower of London, until the steamer stops directly under London Bridge, within the metropolis of the world.

B. R.

For the Christian Messenger.
From Rev. David Freeman.

Dear Editor,—

During my late tour in Cumberland County, raising funds for our Vestry in New Glasgow, I found a willing response from friends there. I succeeded in obtaining cash, \$122.33, and pledges, \$85.70; total, \$208.03. This, when all pledges are collected, will enable us to pay the first contract of putting up the building and finishing the outside and laying the lower floor, and \$100 additional towards finishing the interior in readiness for occupation. To effect this we shall need about \$150 more. It will probably devolve upon myself to carry this out. If God will, it is my intention to do this as early as possible. As soon as the whole amount is pledged, and not before, will it be safe or possible for the Trustees to make another contract for finishing the inside, so that the building may be occupied early in the

autumn. The above amount was obtained as follows: Amherst, (including Head of Amherst, Amherst Point, and Salem,) cash, \$50.90; pledges, \$34.00. River Hebert, cash, \$14.25; pledges, \$2.00. Maccan, cash, \$8.50; pledges, \$3.50. Athol, cash, \$3.00; pledges, \$3.00. Spring Hill, A. G. Purdy, pledge, \$5.00. Glenville, J. W. Johnson, cash, \$1. Little River, cash, \$4.25. Oxford, cash, \$7.36; pledges, \$2.75. Centreville, J. W. Bigelow, Esq., pledge, \$2. Toney Bay, Alex. Bruce, cash, \$25. Goose River, cash, \$9.08; pledges, \$7. Pugwash, cash, \$14.75; pledges, \$21.50. Wallace Village, Mrs. Jos. Lantz, cash, \$1. Debert River, cash collection, \$3.49. Windsor, Bro. Cobb, \$1. Newport Village, cash, \$2. Acadia Mines, David Nelson, cash, \$1. Canning, Mrs. E. R. Starr, cash, 50c. I also collected in other places some old pledges previously reported. Bro. Albert Mills will collect and forward in River Hebert. Bro. Hans Mills, in Athol, Maccan, and Spring Hill. Mrs. Cyrus Eaton will collect in Pugwash, and Angus McDonnell, Esq., will forward monies to New Glasgow. I will send lists to those friends. We would still solicit aid to our little chapel. Please send to Michael C. Olding, Esq., New Glasgow, N. S. If some friend would pledge the amount needed, it would be a noble gift, and it would save me from further gratuitous work in raising the amount, and the name of the donor would be recorded not only in the memorial volumes of the New Glasgow Baptist Church, but in God's book of remembrance. It is pleasing to see God's truth advancing in those Eastern parts. Of some portions I spoke in my last. Bro. Steele is doing well in Amherst Village. His large class of young people who meet with him to discuss gospel principles, will, if I mistake not, be prepared to rebut the errors of the day. Elder Miles is preaching in various places, which are fast becoming important centres to radiate the truth of God. The field occupied by Bro. Boul seemed to me to be ripe and ready for the harvest. I hope he will reap abundantly. Bro. McKean is preaching with his accustomed power. Dr. Clay supplies at Pugwash and Wallace River with much acceptance. Rev. D. W. Crandall has removed to the splendid Baptist parsonage, lately procured in Tatamagouche, from which centre he ministers to a dozen surrounding places, including the important station at River John. When the American air-line railway runs from Moncton to Whitehaven and opens up this fine country along our north-eastern shore, there will no doubt be a mighty progress therein. It will be well for us if we shall be found ready to do our part in the work, and to share our part in the prosperity.

On returning to New Glasgow I found our little society under a cloud. One of our number had been called away during my absence, Mr. John Martin, a very worthy and industrious man. Though not a member, he was liberal, and did all he could to sustain the gospel. He died June 12th, aged 52. He leaves a wife and five little children. May the Lord provide for them.

Bro. C. H. Martell, lately from Newton, was to begin his labors in New Glasgow and Antigonish, June 24th. Our young brother will have a noble field to cultivate. I ought to state the vestry in New Glasgow is up and finished outside, and is a gem in appearance—plain, neat, and well suited to the wants of the church. I hope they will soon be able to have it finished, free from debt, dedicated, and occupied by many joyful worshippers, and that there the spiritual temple may be built up. In behalf of that branch of our Zion, I would ask the prayers of all, for "except the Lord build the House, they labor in vain that build it."

Yours fraternally,
D. FREEMAN.

Canning, July 2, 1877.

P. S.—Please acknowledge additional, in behalf of the New Glasgow mission, the following amounts from friends:—

Miner Roscoe, Esq., Centreville,	\$0 50
Cornwallis,	0 50
Job Seaman, Esq., Minudie,	0 50
Bro. Vance, Debert River,	1 00
Angus McDonnell, Esq., Pugwash, ..	1 50
Capt. Cox, Stmr. 'G. A. Good',	2 50

\$6 00

D. F.