

her detection by her West End foes. The summer was very welcome to Don, and the long, light warm evenings were full of pleasure to him. Then, after the day's hard work was done, he could carry Dot down to the side of the river, and watch the ships passing up and down, with their gayly colored flags floating idly on the soft western wind, with the quiet wondering of ignorance where they were going to and where they came from. He had seen them sailing with all their canvas spread on the open sea, looking more beautiful and strange than on the river, and the sight of them brought back those pleasant days when he was growing slowly better from the fever, and was treasuring up stories to talk over with Mrs. Clack. The ships, with their tall masts and white sails, recalled to him some of the lessons he had learned about God and Jesus Christ and heaven—names which were little more than mere words to him, yet which had a power over him no other words possessed. They were like good seed buried deep in the good ground of his faithful heart, promising to bring forth a hundredfold at some future harvest-time.

Don was growing very tall during these lightsome summer days; but he grew thinner and weaker as if he was outgrowing his strength. He was always hungry, and hunger is a costly comrade to poor folks. It had to be tricked and put off and mastered, instead of being satisfied. What gave him more real concern was that he had quite outgrown his clothes, and was no longer decent-looking enough to be entrusted with errands. He grudged buying anything for himself which Dot could not share, or as long as there was any want of hers not supplied. Dot did not look as if she had any want; and he loved to see her pretty face look rosy and smiling. She never cried softly now, as if afraid of been heard; it was seldom that she cried at all, but if she did it was quite openly, and noisily enough to frighten Don. He would not let her suffer from hunger and cold, and the fresh air from the river made her strong and active, and gave her a ravenous appetite, which Don satisfied, while he put off his own sharp-set cravings. It was quite necessary to live on short commons, if he had to provide himself with larger clothes.

It was a proud day for him when he had saved enough to buy a new jacket and trousers second-hand, in Rag Fair. He had had his eyes upon them for some days past, and every time his work took him that way he had run through the market to see if they were still hanging up for sale. They had even had the price reduced by sixpence, which enabled him to buy them a day sooner. He drove a hard bargain for them, giving his old ones as part of the price. The salesman told him it was a man's suit, and that he stood up like a man in it; though Don's tall, thin frame, and his long, pale face looked very little like a man in his strength.

"Little Dot," he said fondly, as he took the child's small hand into his own and led her away from the noisy market, "to-morrow's Sunday, and now I've got some new clothes, you and me will go into one of the big churches, into the very biggest of them, Dot, where we've never been before. God is sure to be in the biggest of them, and I'm going to thank him for my new clothes and everything. We can't never see him, you know, but he will be there, and you and me well both say 'thank you,' won't we, Dot?"

"I'll say sank 'ou, old Don," said Dot, "and perhaps he'll give me some new clothes and buns and pies, and a pretty lady doll."

"It's God as gives us everything," said Don. Very early next day they were up and away out of the close atmosphere of the lodging-house, into the sweet fresh air of the summer morning. Don washed Dot's face in a horse trough, under a drinking fountain, and gave himself an unusually careful toilet, being very eager to present a creditable appearance at the door of St Paul's Cathedral. They were there an hour or two before the time for the morning service, and Don looked up with a new sense of interest and awe at the massive pile of building he was going to enter for the first time. As if he had never seen them till now he gazed upwards at the great statues, standing clearly out against the deep blue of the sky, and wondered who they

were, and why they should be placed up yonder. The golden cross, above the dome, raised highest of all, glittered brightly in the sunshine; but he did not know the meaning of it—it did not speak to Don of Jesus Christ, the Brother and the Saviour of man.

Nevertheless Don's soul was full of gentle and grateful feelings towards God. There was very much for him to give thanks for; he had saved Dot from her enemies, and from hunger and cold; Dot had never been very hungry, and had never slept out of doors on a bad night. And if he had suffered from cold and hunger himself, it was not worth thinking of—thousands of boys shared the same fate, and he must not grumble. He did not doubt that the good luck he had met with came from God, and now he had given to him a man's suit, which he never could grow out of. There was quite a tremor of gladness and thankfulness in his heart, which could only be calmed by giving thanks to God in his own house.

At last, wearied out with standing, he sat down beside the door of the cathedral, with Dot on his lap, and waited patiently, until the little knot of people began to gather round the entrance. As the great bell struck the time of opening, they could hear footsteps within, and Don, with a beating heart, rose to his feet, and seized Dot tightly by the hand. He listened to the key turning in the lock, and then of all the multitude that entered St. Paul's that summer Sunday, Dot and Don were the first to cross the threshold.

But what a vast and solemn place it seemed to Don! After his first few eager paces into the cathedral, he stood awestruck and trembling, gazing upwards at the high roof overhead, and onward to the shining window in the east, which seemed very far from him. A verger passing by bade him sharply to take his cap off, and he not only hastened to obey him, but he removed Dot's old brown hat as well, and they stood bareheaded in this house of God. He felt frightened yet glad. It was some time before he ventured to take a seat, at the very end of a long row of chairs, upon which he sank down, with a deep sigh of bewilderment amounting to terror. He felt himself altogether in another world from the world outside. There was nothing here like his common life.

The deep-toned organ and the sweet singing of the choir bewildered him still more. He had never heard anything like it, and he could not understand a single word. He knelt down when those about him knelt, and stood up when they stood, why he did not know. When the chanting ceased, he could hear afar off a single voice, but what that voice was saying he could not tell.

It was all wonderful, all splendid, all vague to him. It seemed to throw him a long way off from God; for how could he ever learn to pray like this? For a little while his spirits sank very low within him as he listened and wondered watching the white-robed boys who seemed so much at home in that solemn place. Could he ever become like one of them? Who would teach him what he ought to do?

Yet when the service was ended, and the congregation were loitering inquisitively about the monuments which surrounded them on every hand, Don lifted up his eyes to the angels in the shining window in the east; and with a feeling that God must be very near to him in this strange and awful place, he whispered in a low, almost inaudible voice, "Thank you, God, for everything."

He turned away with a relieved heart, as if the dim dread of never knowing how to serve God had fallen from him. God was very good to him, though he did not know how to pray like the boys he had been wondering at. It was only noonday when he and Dot left the cathedral; but for all the remaining hours of that pleasant summer Sunday, as they lingered about the bridges, and by the riverside, Don was happy, happier than he had ever been in his life before.

An English boy, on being asked the other day who was Prime Minister of England, answered without hesitation, "Mr. Spurgeon."

If you desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

God wants the Boys and Girls.

God wants the boys, the merry merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys—
God wants the boys, with all their joys,
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure;
His heroes brave
He'll have them be
Fighting for truth
And purity.
GOD WANTS THE BOYS.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls—
God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
GOD WANTS THE GIRLS.

THE REV. AND HON. J. HYATT SMITH was once a Regular Baptist minister. He then began to drift into open communion. He has kept drifting ever since—drifted out of the Long Island Baptist Association, drifted into Congress on a drifting platform, and has now drifted into Universalism. He made a recent statement to his people of his views on universal salvation, baptism, and the possibility of being a Congressman and a pastor at the same time. He believes in a very broad universalism. This position surprised even those who are familiar with his vagaries. On the second point he states that immersion is the true baptism, but he is willing to sprinkle when that is desired. It is stated that his church voted to sustain him in his creed. It would be an interesting exercise to look back a few years and see whether the champions of open communion of that time have drifted.

A LADY PASTOR—MISS ANNA OLIVER has been for two years pastor of a Methodist Church in Brooklyn. She has really been quite successful in her ministry. The church she occupies was purchased under a foreclosure sale, and Miss Oliver bought it in her own name for \$14,000, and gave a mortgage for \$13,000. She saved the building from being turned into a beer garden. She is a lady, twenty-seven years old, has much business ability, and impresses all with her religious earnestness. She was brought up in New York in an elegant home, was trained in the Episcopal church, and for years was disowned by her family because of her religious zeal. Her family are now reconciled to her, and even proud of her, but she has not yet taken again her full name, which, out of respect to their feelings, she dropped. Her pews are all free; she has no faith in fairs to raise money. Her simple motto is, "Have faith in God." It was a great disappointment to her when the bishops of her church refused to ordain her. But she works right along, and certainly has done good. What the result will be the future must decide.—*Cor. of Canadian Baptist.*

ANOTHER CONTUMACIOUS PRIEST IMPRISONED.—The Rev. S. F. Green is not disappointed, but has attained the distinction and honour he coveted. It must have been a grievous hardship to the Miles Platting (Manchester) cleric to be left at large when Messrs. Dale and Enraght were promoted to the position of martyrs. A crumb of comfort fell to the lot of Mr. Green some short time ago, for did not a sheriff's officer take possession of his furniture as security for the payment of certain legal costs? On Saturday the reverend gentleman received his "crown," was added to the roll of Ritualistic martyrs, and is now, in the language of his party, "a prisoner for conscience' sake." Mr. Green is an inmate of Lancaster Gaol. Our readers need not be told that he is an inhibited clergyman, that he persisted in doing the things which one of Her Majesty's Judges—Lord Penzance—had declared to be illegal, and condemned and prohibited accordingly, and that he has treated the judgment of the Court with contempt. He is free to preach and to practise what he pleases in any place that he or his friends can rent or build, provided only that it is outside the pale of the Established Church. The question is not whether Mr. Green may celebrate the communion in a certain fashion, or adopt a certain ritual in worship, but whether, as a State official in a State Church, he is under obligation to act as the State directs. He claims to interpret the law for himself, and defies the authority of the

Court which the Queen has constituted for the authoritative administration of the law. The claim is simply preposterous, and the defiance as insolent as it is disloyal. Mr. Green is a prisoner for refusing to obey the law in a law-made church, and for treating one of Her Majesty's Courts with contempt. Why cannot he be as submissive to "the powers that be" as the 2,000 were in 1662, and as Mr. Stannard was a few weeks ago?—*Freeman.*

SURVEY OF PALESTINE.—The preparations for the commencement of the survey of Eastern Palestine are now complete. The War Office have granted to the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund the services of Lieut. Conder, who executed most of the survey of Western Palestine, and Lieut. Mantell, both of the Royal Engineers. The party will include the two non-commissioned officers (now both pensioners) Black and Armstrong, who first went out in 1871. Lieutenants Conder and Mantell started for Beyrout on Tuesday evening, March 15, and the surveyors will follow with the instruments. The work will be commenced in the north—the Land of Bashan. It is to be hoped that the committee will meet with large and ample support in this great undertaking, the cost of which will be £3,000 a year.

Mr. C. Powell, of the Church of England Working Men's Society, writes to the *Echo*:—"Anent the statistics touching the value of curates' stipends, the lowest is stated at four shillings per week. Will you allow me to say that I know of one curate in the enjoyment of the munificent stipend of five shillings per annum? His name is Arthur Henry Stanton, senior curate of St. Alban's, Holborn."

Exeter Hall, London.

This world renowned centre of religious anniversaries has been undergoing extensive alterations, which render it far more commodious than formerly. The *Baptist* gives a sketch of the past history of this, what may be styled, "cradle of liberty":—"The exact site of the present hall was formerly occupied by Exeter Change, where in 1809, and some following years, a show of wild beasts was to be seen, including the wonderful elephant Chunee, who weighed something like five tons, stood eleven feet high, and was said to be worth a thousand pounds, and who finally, on becoming too obstreperous to live, received over 150 bullets before giving in to death. The skeleton of this fine specimen is preserved in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Having lost its chief attraction, Exeter Change itself soon passed away, and in two years the hall whose jubilee is now being celebrated, arose on the ruins, a more lasting temple to be devoted to a nobler use."

When Exeter Hall was opened fifty years ago, England was in a transition state; the old order of things may, in a sense, be said to have closed at the death of George IV., while the era of modern progress set in with the accession of his successor. When the battle for reform in the representation of the people shook the country from end to end, the day of victory seemed only to embitter party rancour. England was asking to be released from the shackles that had long repressed individual energy and hampered trade; but the work was still a slow, painful process, every concession to the popular demands calling forth an opposition on the part of a heated minority which was actually ferocious in its selfishness. Railways were then eyed with something more than suspicion; for the Stockton and Darlington line was not only indicted for a nuisance, but a verdict of guilty was entered against the directors. Arson and machine breaking were rife. The lower orders, suffering from grievances the origin of which was misunderstood, were clamorous for relief.

When Exeter Hall was opened in times like these, and in a city so essentially differing from our modern metropolis, the place must have at first had a somewhat inglorious existence. The era of May meetings as we understand them had not set in, one of the grandest religious events of the year then being the annual sermon at Surrey Chapel, a building now about to pass away from the scene for ever.

"England was then a slave-holding state, the work of Knibb and his co-patriots not having been consummated until the year 1833, when the emblems of bondage were buried once and for ever. The manner in which children of tender age were treated in factories, and kept at their labour for fifteen hours a day, was a disgrace to a civilized nation; but not until continuous agitation had educated public opinion, and Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) had gone through the ten years' conflict of the Ten Hours' Bill, were the old abuses abolished."

"Less than a year ago a certain gentleman had just set his hand to the task of saving Exeter Hall from the fate of passing into the possession of those who might have devoted the building to unhallowed purposes. With the view of making the premises the headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association, he had himself put down £5,000, some others had done likewise, and inquiries were being made for others who would similarly advance the cause. In due time the money was raised, the hall was secured, and now the work of alteration and improvement is complete. A year of jubilee is a year of gladness—a time of starting afresh, when gratitude for the past inspires hope for the future."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Wood's Harbor, Shelburne Co.

Dear Brother,—

A sad calamity has befallen the Baptist Church at Wood's Harbor. On the evening of the 28th March, about dark, the meeting house on the east side of the harbor was discovered to be on fire. On breaking open the door the house was found to be so full of smoke that entrance was impossible. Holes were then cut in the back end where the fire was, in the hope of being able to extinguish it. This only gave vent to the flames, which were fanned by a strong breeze, and in a very short time the building was in a blaze. Not even an article of furniture could be rescued from the devouring element. It is supposed that sparks from the stove in which there was a fire on the preceding day, lodged in the soot around and below the stovepipe hole, which ignited and burned until it found some fissure communicating with the wood, or the intense heat cracked the flue and made a way for itself. At all events the fire commenced about the flues, which were nearly 40 ft. from the stores, and was not discovered until 26 hours after the house was left on the Sabbath. This house was completed ten years ago at a cost of about \$3,000. The people were at that time in poor circumstances, but by strenuous efforts and great sacrifices, aided by about \$600 from friends abroad, they accomplished the work free from incumbrance. The portion of the church on the west side of the harbor, engaged at the same time in building a house of their own, were unable to help, so that a few devoted workers were taxed to the utmost of their ability, and even beyond. It contained a sofa, three chairs, a communion table, a chandelier, two stoves, a pulpit Bible, and a hymn book. The building was substantial, commodious, comfortable, and handsome, and would have answered the requirements of the community for many years to come. Now nothing remains but the foundation, a few bricks, and a heap of ashes. Some hearts have ached and some tears have been shed over this sudden calamity. Hard times have crippled the resources of the people, and the prospect of getting another place of worship is so dark that scarcely any one as yet has had courage to say, "Let us rise and build." A meeting will be held on the evening of the 2nd of April to consider what is to be done. It is certain that a house of some kind must be obtained as soon as possible. But where are the means? Well, the Lord is rich, and his people have hearts of sympathy, and hands of helpfulness. And I now appeal to all who read these lines to help in this time of sore need. Brethren and sisters, imagine yourselves suddenly deprived of the sanctuaries you love, and without means to replace them. The Lord still stands by the treasury, and He "loveth a cheerful giver."