

THE CHURCH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

DR. KENDALL AS A WRITER.

The statement of Dr. Hays, quoted in our October number, that Dr. Kendall had for thirty years directed the great work of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church "with the skill and organizing ability of the highest statesmanship," met, we doubt not, with the general assent of our readers. The cares and labors of that high statesmanship were too constant and too engrossing to leave him much leisure for contributions to our literature, of which nevertheless he did show himself highly capable. We have lately read some descriptive writings from his pen which we have often read before and which give striking illustration of the amazing progress of the great West within the period through which his brain was so busy studying and serving it.

His thorough acquaintance with not only the great geographical features but the minute typography of that interesting and vast region has often surprised those who have had occasion to converse with him. His early study of Home Missionary geography was undertaken with characteristic energy and perseverance, as our readers will perceive from some extracts which we

make from an article entitled, *Overland Travel to the Pacific Slope*, published in the monthly magazine, *Hours at Home*, July, 1865. The journey which it describes was made in 1864.—

Dr. Kendall wrote:

It may gratify many for one who has tried it to give his impressions of the perils, discomforts, and pleasures of an Overland Trip to California. When it becomes known to one's friends that he intends to take this journey, they hasten to assure him that he will certainly lose his scalp. Some reliable friend has told them of a whole stage-load of passengers slaughtered by the Indians *the day after* he passed. This is not pleasant for weak nerves.

One evening, when we were riding through the Indian country, and expecting to ride all night as usual, the driver put up his team, leaving the coach in the highway and us to sleep in it through the night, because, as he affirmed, there was a deep stream before us, which he dared not attempt to ford in the night. Knowing that the stage was due from the west in the course of the night, some one asked if there was no danger in leaving us where we were. "No danger," said he, as he gathered his buffalo robes and disappeared, "No danger at all—*except from the Indians!*" A fine hint to sleep on,

and Africa to-day. And every Sabbath School teacher who goes to meet his class on this November Sabbath may give the message with the same confident assurance that made Paul eloquent, that the offered salvation is large enough and free enough for all who will accept.

Nov. 27.—*The Apostles turning to the Gentiles.*—Acts xiii: 44—xiv: 7.

From the systematic persecution then brought against the disciples (at Antioch in Peridia), they retired to Iconium. Not through fear, but in accordance with the express instructions of Christ, they withdrew, in companionship with their invisible Lord. But the persecution that compelled them to flee did not harm the church they had planted. The same Lord who went with the rejoicing disciples to Iconium, remained with the new disciples at Antioch; so that they, too, were filled with joy in the Holy Ghost.

Persecution cannot injure the cause or set back the course of truth. The periods of sorest trial have often been those of greatest progress to the Church. Opposition stimulates true Christian principle; it nerves courage and strengthens faith by evoking the prayer that brings the power of the Holy Ghost

J. G. BUTLER.

Young People's Christian Endeavor.

MISS BROWN'S LITTLE GIRLS.

BY ANNIE E. WILSON.

[From the New York Observer.]

Only a plain little woman such as one meets any day on the streets of our crowded cities, with scarcely a passing glance, and yet if you had paused to speak to Miss Brown she would have looked up with clear, bright eyes and a smile that was sweet and winning, though it vanished into lines of patience, and left behind an impression of hopeless submission to inevitable drudgery.

"Life does seem hardly worth living,"

she was saying to herself that summer day, "when its sole aim is to keep soul and body together. Food to eat and clothes to wear, and for that I must toil and strive and plan. What was I born for, I wonder, and why need I live any longer!"

"Miss Brown, mamma wants to see you," chirped a sweet child voice, its owner running down to the gate to stop her. "She says, won't you come in a moment?"

It was one of the houses where Miss Brown sewed for a living, spring and fall. So she went in as requested and made an engagement for the next day. This relieved her anxiety for the bread and meat of several weeks to come, though it meant hard work and tired evenings with sometimes aching back and head.

Once Miss Brown had had a home with father, mother and sisters. Even when they were all gone, she was still mistress of the little farm, and though alone, had managed very well with the old trusted servants, born and raised on the place, but somehow, being only a woman, it had all slipped through her fingers into the hands of the lawyers and a distant relative. Then she had come to the city to try to make a living, and the hard struggle of mere existence had left small leisure for anything besides. Her religion went with all the rest. Not once had she entered a city church. If her conscience had aught to say about it, she answered its upraidings with the well-worn excuse of "nothing to wear," and easily persuaded herself that this and her dread of going into a strange church fully justified her.

"I wish you would go with me just this once," said Mrs. Sedden, when Wednesday night came.

The same invitation had often been given before, for Mrs. Sedden was not too proud

and selfish to show sympathy and Christian interest in those in her employ. She was so unusually urgent this time that Miss Brown could not very well refuse; so she went.

"Man proposes, God disposes." Mrs. Sedden was filled with uneasy regret when she found a stranger in the pulpit, still more when it proved to be a missionary talk.

She had so hoped for a simple, earnest appeal to lead this poor soul to Christ. She did not know it was God's own message for the lonely, loveless heart.

"Why go! why send your money to heathen lands! do you ask? Ah, I carry in my pocket a little piece of paper which answers the question so well that whenever I look at it I wish I were a thousand men, every one ready to go."

He held up in sight of all a diagram giving the proportion of heathen and nominal Christians in the world.

"So many millions in the blackness of paganism, and only one tiny white spot—one million as yet rescued from its gloom."

His face was full of the earnestness of absolute sincerity and thorough consecration. Some who listened may have found nothing extraordinary in him or in what he said, but Miss Brown, who had gone without any expectation of being interested, was not only lifted out of her indifference, but carried along by his enthusiasm, and a little seed was dropped into her heart. At first it was only a question: "Is there anything I can do to help increase that little white square of human souls?" The seedling was near being blown away immediately by a counter question of doubt and unbelief: "Why think of it when I can scarcely manage to keep soul and body together?"

Nevertheless it had sunk too deep already to be lightly disposed of, and all the way home it was stirring within her like some

living thing taking root. As she moved about her empty, silent room queer little Chinese, Hindu and African faces peered at her from the blank walls pleading to be loved and helped.

Forgetful of the day's work and weariness Miss Brown sat out a long thoughtful hour before her meagre fire. An unwonted brightness shone out through her face at last and diffused itself through every movement as she roused herself to prepare for bed, murmuring: "It will be something to live for anyhow," and then for the first time for a long while she was not too tired to say her prayers. Just one simple petition sent up with childlike faith.

Father, I am no better than a heathen myself, but help me to do something for those who are worse off than I, who know not of the Savior whom I have forgotten.

Mrs. Sedden was surprised a few days after, when Miss Brown picked up a missionary magazine and asked if she might carry it home to read, but the quiet face gave no encouragement to questioning, so the little woman carried her secret away with her and talked it all out to herself, as she ran rapidly through the magazine with eyes that sought some particular item.

"Twenty-four dollars to support a little Chinese girl at school," she exclaimed in exultant tones, "about fifty cents a week, surely I could save that much."

Then pencil and paper went to work to count up the absolute necessities and see where the fifty cents could come from.

The result was evidently satisfactory, for the next move was to take from the bottom of her trunk a pretty little plush box, one of her few relics of former days. "This shall be my bank," she said, trying the key in the lock.

A year passes, and Miss Brown is hurrying home one Saturday night with a spring in her step and a light in her eye you have never seen before.

She carries in her pocket the last installment of her twenty-four dollars. The letter is written, has been for weeks, all but the date, and directed to the Secretary of Foreign Missions, asking permission to assume the support of a little girl in a China mission school, and Monday morning on her way to work she will get the money order and send it off.

To think of her being able to do it! Nor has she missed the half-dollars so very much.

"Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly." Miss Brown's Bible readings had not been very regular or systematic, for she was too hurried in the morning and too tired and sleepy at night. She had no idea from what part of the Bible the words came but she knew she was one of the people it meant, and when she sat down to supper it almost seemed as if there were a little olive-skinned girl opposite her, somebody to love, and that really belonged to her.

Time creeps on, adding month to month, year to year. Miss Brown still goes her round, making the pretty clothes for other people, whose money buys her bread and meat and simple wardrobe. But the part she earns does something besides, that sweetens all the toil and takes the bitterness out of her hard life. Instead of the all-aloneness that once marked her so pathetically, there is always a brisk, cheery way about her, and a quiet happy smile on her face as if something pleasant awaited her at home.

Let us follow her this Christmas eve as she wends her way homeward, her smile deepen-

ing at every step. It is not because Mrs. Sedden has invited her to take Christmas dinner with them, though she fully appreciates her kindness, nor has she any suspicion of a daintily laden basket awaiting her in that little third story room. Under her arm she carries an odd-looking bundle which may have something to do with it.

"When bonnet and wrappings are put away, a small fire kindled in the stove and the coffee made, she sits down with the bundle in her hand and three or four pictures rescued from the children's clippings at Mrs. Sedden's. She looked at them one by one with real fondness, and then proceeded to open her bundle. It contained a bunch of oat straw and a skein of bright worsted.

"I actually did go and buy myself a Christmas gift, but it was not very extravagant, was it?" she said as if speaking to the picture of a Chinese girl, which she singled from the rest as her oldest pet, and carefully smoothing out the dogs-eared corners and rubbing regretfully at the finger-printed edges, she proceeded to frame it with the oat straw, leaving the heads for ornament and tying at the corners with the zephyr, talking all the while to "dear little Ahlan" as if this common print from a tea advertisement had been her seal photograph.

Next came a small, dark-faced daughter of India, looking at her with large, languid eyes. "My little Hindu," Miss Brown murmured, as she decorated her in similiar manner, "how I would like to kiss those very lips."

Last, but not least, was a little Mexican girl. It is true these pictures were but scraps picked from trash gatherings, but to Miss Brown they represented three real little girls, to whom her earnings secured the privileges of a mission school, and so when she had hung them up on the wall in a pretty group, it was not only that the gay flecks of bright-

ness standing out from the dingy surface gave the weary eyes something to rest upon, but each individual face was as a living presence to the heart-hungry woman, and her one-plate supper became a feast of love with her precious little girls.

She was never too sleepy or tired to pray now, and the burden of her desires was their salvation, her sweetest hope to meet them all in heaven at last, and present them with joy to her Lord and Master, saying: "Behold, I and the children which God hath given me."

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

ADDIS OWEN.

The hyacinths had come and gone;
The daffodils were dead;
The violets had had their day;
The roses, white and red,

Spring time of life, as of the year,
And summer, too, must pass;
Fair youth is transient as fair flowers;
Your days are as the grass.

Had shed their fragrance on the air
Around and in our home;
The pansies and the daisies came
As merry school-girls come,

God gives you transient joys to cheer
Your transient youthful days,
But for your hoary age you'll need
A joy that bravely stays

And had departed from our sight,
As school-girls pass away
From halls and grounds they've brightened so,
On graduating day.

Mid autumn's chilly winds and frosts
And wintry snow and cold;
For frost and chill will surely come
When you are growing old.

All spring-time flowers and summer blooms,
Had perished from our grounds,
And summer's gentle murmurings
Had changed to harsher sounds.

Sweet girlish mirth and gayety
And boyhood's generous fun
Are like the transient summer flowers,
Bright children of the Sun.

October, whistling thro' the woods,
Shook chestnuts from the trees;
And falling leaves became the sport
Of every saucy breeze.

Truth, kindness, patience, fortitude,
Unselfishness in homes,
In schools and in society,
Are life's chrysanthemums.

But near our door, erect and tall
And decked in golden bloom,
Stood sentry in the frosty air
A brave chrysanthemum.

Thro' all the bright, warm summer days
They dress in modest green,
But in November's frostiness
Their blossoming is seen.

It warmed our hearts from autumn's chill,
And cheered from autumn's gloom,
And talked to us instructively
Our wise chrysanthemum.

Plant them, dear girls, along your walks;
Plant them around your homes;
Plant roses, lilies, violets;
But—plant chrysanthemums.