VARIETIES.

PAYING FOR A TESTAMENT.

A hawkier once presented himself at the door of a hut situated on the shores of a remote district of France. A poor woman opened the door to him. No sooner had he offered her a Testament that she seized his hand with an air of gratitude, and said, "I thank you; I already possess this book, and have a debt to pay."

"I have never seen you before," replied the hawkier.

"I will tell you how it happened," said the woman. "Six years ago a hawkier passed this way; he offered me this book, but I had not sufficient money to pay for it: fifty deniers more would have enabled me to buy it; and still I had a great longing to possess the book. The man, who observed this, said to me, 'Take it. I leave it with you; if you have money to pay for it, you will pay it to the first hawkers who passes after me.' I accepted his offer. At first I thought the book sufficiently expensive; but when I began to consider it I considered it cheap. I have never since been without bread, but not for all the world would I have touched this money."

As she said this the poor woman produced the fruit of six years' economy. It amounted to five francs, which she consigned with joy to the hawkers, telling him that she did not consider that she could ever pay for the book its real value; that to her it was worth more than a thousand francs, but that she gave all that she had.

THE WEARY PLoughMAN.—The following lines from Gervis's "The ploughman's homeward plods his weary way," has been found to admit of eighteen transpositions without destroying the rhythm or altering the sense. The reader will perhaps be content with the following:

"The weary ploughman plods his homeward way;"
"The weary ploughman plods his homeward way;"
"The weary ploughman plods his homeward way;"
"The weary ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way;"
"The weary ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way;"
"The weary ploughman plods his weary way;"
"Homeward the weary ploughman plods his weary way;"
"Homeward the weary ploughman, weary, plods his weary way;"
"The homeward ploughman plods his weary way;"
"Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way;"
"The ploughman weary, plods his homeward way;"
"The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way;"
"The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way;"
"Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way;"
"The weary ploughman, weary, plods his weary way;"
"The weary ploughman, weary, plods his weary way;"
"The weary ploughman, weary, plods his weary way;"
"The homeward ploughman plods his weary way;"
"The homeward ploughman plods his weary way;"
"The homeward ploughman plods his weary way;"
"The homeward ploughman plods his weary way;"
"The weary ploughman plods his weary way;"
"The weary ploughman plods his weary way;"
"The weary ploughman plods his weary way;"
"The weary ploughman plods his weary way;"
"The weary ploughman plods his weary way;"
"The homeward ploughman plods his weary way;"
"Homeward the weary ploughman plods his weary way;"
"Homeward the weary ploughman, weary, plods his weary way;"
"The weary ploughman, weary, plods his weary way;"
THAMES CHURCH MISSION.
By Anne Beale.

"Mon Dieu, protégez-moi, mon navire est si petit, et votre mer est si grande!"
Breton Fisher's Prayer.

Shall we all go together to the offices of the Thames Church Mission, at 35, New Bridge-street, Ludgate Circus, and learn, vrai bon sec, what is being done for our sailors? Silence gives consent; Mr. Mattle, the secretary, accords us a hearty welcome, and it is well pleased to direct our attention at once to two rows of sailors' library bags, which are suspended against the wall, and reach the whole length of the room. The readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will remember how hard many of them worked about two years ago to manufacture these or similar articles, and will rejoice to learn that their handiwork has gone to all points of the compass, and has been fully appreciated by Jack Tar. Indeed, the embroidered bags with their motto, "Thames Church Mission," are well deserving of admiration, and are calculated to attract the attention of their owners to the sacred literature they are intended to contain. Many ladies have followed the good example set them, and library bags continue to reach the mission, beautifully embroidered in crewel work, or marked with appropriate texts. Too many cannot be sent, and anyone desirous of contributing can obtain a pattern as to size from the very specimens we are contemplating.

We learn that so great are the vigour and industry of women that not only do they supply numbers of our sailors and North Sea fishermen with these bags, but also with comforters, two yards long, and with cuffs of suitable dimensions. These must be very welcome "when the stormy winds do blow," and when their wearers are ploughing the tempestuous waves. Quite lately the telegraph messenger boys of the Notting-hill post-office have presented a greasily number of these useful articles, and we congratulate them on utilising their leisure so well. Books and

The "Ensign" with the fleet.
magazines also arrive from numerous kind donors, and are added to the Bibles and Prayer-books with which each bag is furnished. One likes to think of the sailor, in the intervals of his dangerous labour, taking some instructive book from its pretty receptacle, and reading maybe of his Creator and Redeemer. And he greatly needs these reminders, for there is "only a plank" between him and greedy ocean, and he may be in a moment launched into eternity.

It was this consideration that induced five Christian gentlemen to assemble for prayer nearly forty years ago in order to devise some means that should correct the ungodliness of the sailors and boatmen on and about the Thames. The result was a floating and cruising church, a picture of which hangs above the library bags. This was a vessel called the "Swan," lent by the Admiralty, and provided with a chaplain and crew ready to "do battle for the Lord." She cruised from London to Gravesend, or lay alongside the tiers of colliers waiting to be unloaded in Hugby's Reach. The object was the holding of services for the seamen, and sending forth missionaries wherever they were needed. We can imagine the chaplain and his pious crew and helpers welcoming the seamen from ship, barge, or boat, to his church in the hold of the "Swan," and praising God for the many conversions from darkness to light, which, happily, owe their birth, under God's grace, to the ministrations therein. She was ultimately returned to the Admiralty, and younger vessels were employed to do her work; indeed, so surely has that work grown that now it is prosecuted from and on the shore by boats and mission rooms; and not only chaplains, but lay missionaries, Scripture readers, and seamen colporteurs visit all the vessels in the Thames, and even extend their visitations to that dangerous waste of waters known as the North Sea.

Now we must glance from the picture of the "Swan" to that of the "Ensign," a trim little smack, lent by her owner, to enable the mission to send the blessed Gospel to the thousands of fishermen always seeking their hazardous living in the North Sea. The "Ensign" holds services especially among the 1,200 fishermen employed by Messrs. Hewett and Co., of Yarmouth; in the deep sea fisheries off the Dogger Bank, and men from some 120 smacks come to her in their boats for religious teaching, which is given daily when the weather is favourable. Seven steamers ply constantly between this fleet and Billingsgate Market to feed the huge hark called London with all sorts of fish, and the fishermen remain all the year round, with an interval of a few days every two months, risking life to earn a poor wage. Many of them perish annually, and there are six similar fleets in the North Sea. Hitherto religion could not reach them; but now our "Ensign," bearing the Thames Mission flag, not only holds her services on board, but sells and lends books and tracts, supplies "library bags," comforters, and casks—when sent by the women who "stay at home at ease"—and even, thanks to a generous lady, has a medicine chest for the sick. A harmonium, also, lends the hymns that ascend to heaven amid the roar of waters.

So much for the "Ensign," and we can only glance at the remaining wall-ornamentation. Here is a picture of a service held on board ship, and here a curious piece of crewelwork, representing a North Sea smack, done by a sailor who employs his stray moments by embroidering ships at sea.

But our contemplation of the wall-pictures is suddenly arrested by the entrance of about a score of men. They seated themselves quietly
about thirty men came out on the Lord's side, and a few of them are still going about preaching the Gospel to others. Once when we were off Grimsby, a poor young fellow was at death's door. He sent for me, and said, 'I am dying; take me home.' We made sail for Grimsby. 'Master, pray for me,' he said. I did so, and asked him to pray for himself and look to Jesus. 'I have thrown away so many opportunities; He will not receive me.' Yet he cried to the Lord in the most earnest, piteous manner. Well, he got better, and I shall never forget that when I met him, some time after, he was standing up and preaching to others the Gospel that had saved himself.

Many of the men in the North Sea are great and sturdy fellows that you would not, maybe, care to meet in the dark; yet they are often broken down at the preaching of the Word, and 'Weep their way to the cross.' Becoming Christians, they are devout, God-fearing men. I will now relate something about the present master of the mission smack, 'Ensign,' now stationed in the North Sea, and may God bless her.

The Tilbury missionary is next asked to speak, and this reminds us that the editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is getting up an entertainment for the benefit of this missionary. His testimony will tell us all accompany him to the scene of his labours, and see how his navies like the entertainment, and what is being done for the mission through the Tilbury Port.

We have now only to wind up our pleasant and profitable evening by a stirring and kindly address to these, our sailor friends, given by a friend, and to join in Mr. Mather's earnest prayer for a blessing on us all. Finally we unite in singing, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,' and are able to conjecture what must be the volume of praise arising from the ship 'Ensign.' It is true that a brother of large success and land can thus loudly and heartily proclaim that they 'Crow Lord of all.'

(To be concluded.)
GIRL'S OWN HOME.

Girls need words, 18; Weymouth, 58.

Every little helps, 36; Collected by Miss Lottie Jones, / 25, 6d.; Collected by Miss Louisa Ashwin, / 1 1s. 4d.; S. E. F., 18s.; E. L., / 1s.; Annie, 28; Collected by Miss S. S. Reid, / 1 10s. 6d.; Emilee, 15s.; Bessie, 25; 6d.; S. D., 1 10s. 6d.; Miss D. P., 2 10s. 4d; the wise who wishes and more to give, 28; Jessamine, 28; Miss F. Compland, 18; Miss E. da Costa Rica, 25; Gertie E. C., 15s.; Emily, 15; Collected by Miss Jenifer Aysgarth, 25; Mrs. and Miss L. E., 1s.; E. B., 25; C. M. R., 25; J. G. M., 25; H. E. C., 25; J. C., 28; Mrs. Ainslie, 25; B. B., 28; Mrs. Elber M., 25; Collected Miss Kate Forand, 1s. 0d.; Collected by Mrs. Eslemont, 2 10s. 6d.; Marjorana, 15s.; A. Servant, 28; Collected by Miss Harwood, 15s. 4d.; Collected by Miss Clement, 25; 6d.; Collected by Miss L. Baron, 12s.; A. G. H., 25; 6d.; Collected by Miss Florence Newbold, 1 10s. 6d.; Miss Flowy Smith, 28; 6d.; Collected by Miss A. Walser, 2 10s. 3d.; Collected by Miss Clapp, 5s.; Nora and Besie, 15s.; A. M. W., 25; 6d.; W. W., 28; Collected by Miss Ada Bagnall, 2 10s. 4d.; Miss E. Welby, 5s.; E. B., 15s.; E. and K., 5s.; Miss Caroline K. Turner and Fellow Servant, 15s.; Collected by Miss Inverarity, 25; 6d.; Holyrood, 28; 6d.; Collected by Miss Marion Tyte, 5s.; Ivy, 5s.; Collected by Miss Barber, 15s.; A. K. L., 25; Collected by Miss Allin, 28; Miss Mary Haslam, 15s.; Collected by Mrs. Duncan and Friends, 15s. 6d.; Scotland, 5s.; Miss Nellie Fairley, 28; Mrs. Morison, 25; 6d.; Durford, 25; 6d.; Seven Ealingettes, 7s. 6d. Total, £2 10s. 2d. Total amount received to March 31, 1883. £2 6s. 2d.

CHAT ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

The new month of roses, and other lovely flowers, derives its name, it is generally assumed, from June, the wife of Jupiter; although the original word is derived from the Latin word juniperus, because it is considered especially the month for young persons. In our earliest Anglo-Saxon times the name for this month was Wyclaw Moon, because says a quaint old writer, "The beasts did then yield in the meadows, that is to say, go to feed there, and hereof meadow is a word in the Old English. In the fields and country lanes we charm our eyes with the delicate white rose and rambling honeysuckle, the meadow-sweet, and the foxglove, while the air is perfumed with the fragrant peas and beans and the delicious clover. The longest day in the year occurs on the 21st, which at Greenwich is sixteen hours, thirty-four minutes and seven seconds; the shortest day being seven hours, forty-four minutes, and sixteen seconds.

The 21st is Midsummer-eye, which used to be kept by the sailors in different parts of England, bonfires being lighted, and the doors of the houses decorated with St. John's work, long fennel, green-birth flowers, and candles and lamps, which were kept burning all night.

The following day, the 22nd, is called St. John's Day, being held in commemoration of the nativity of the Lord in the Baptist's gospel.

The ancient represented this month as a young man clothed in a green-coloured tunic, hands ornamented with a crown of flowers, while he held an eagle in his left hand, and bore a basket of summer fruits upon his right arm. The sign of the zodiac called Cancer, or crab, is also placed near him, in allusion to the sun's entrance into that sign on the 22nd of the month, to make the summer solstice.

THAMES CHURCH MISSION. By Annie Dale.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." — Eccles. x. 1.

PART II.—AT TILBURY.

"Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects; for therefore I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for my recreation and dispart, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you; fully to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even the dust in the field."—

This was spoken by Queen Elizabeth in her memorable speech at Tilbury, and we are well told her deeds were great as her words. Day by day she reviewed her troops in the camp on horseback, and heard and saw her words daily ministered to her. "She was saluted wherever she moved," says an eye-witness, "with cries, with shouts, with all tokens of love, of obedience, of readiness, and eagerness to fight, and unweariedly paned by divers psalms, put into form of prayers, in praise of Almighty God, no way to be mistold, which she greatly commended, and with very earnest speech and prayer." To this same Tilbury camp and fort flocked Englishmen of all ranks and creeds—noble and peasant, Protestant and Catholic—each offering their lives for their queen and country; for it was ascertained that the invincible Spanish Armada was to disembark in Essex, and hence the camp at Tilbury. We have heard how, on the 11th, "the fleet was chased from our seas by the Hoarders, Drakes, Hawking, Froshubers, and numerous others of our admirals and their dauntless sailors, until they reached Spain again, minus eighty-one ships and 13,500 soldiers. But we may not all know that the Queen herself composed a remarkable prayer, closing with the words, "Tho' that didst inspire the mind, we humbly beseech, with bended knees, prosper the work, and with the best forewinds guide the journey, speed the victory, and make the return the advancement of Thy grace in our behalf, fame, and surety to the realm, with the least loss of English blood. To these devout petitions, Lord, give Thou Thy blessed grant. Amen."

As at that time of extreme peril the prayer of sovereign and people was graciously answered, and no Spanish troops landed, either in Essex or elsewhere, so now God hears the prayers of those who call upon Him. At Tilbury, where, nearly three hundred years ago, those psalms arose in its ever-memorable camp, supplications continually awoke to heaven for the soldiers that man its fort, the sailors that leave its waters, and the navies that work in its docks. The Thames Church Mission prays without ceasing for all these, and there are many proofs that the Most High hears and answers its petitions. Vast docks with acres of warehouses have been, and are still being constructed in the Thames, and those now forming at Tilbury are of immense importance. While redeeming the East Tilbury vessels and framing the Thames Church Mission, the navies are not forgotten, and already the Thames Church Mission has done much for them, and hopes for abundant fruit, before the ships are finished and set to a mission room. This has only been opened a few months, and the missionary says, "I have been in three houses every week in addition to the six in the mission room. The preaching of the Word a man became deeply impressed. I was holding an open air
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

service near the house where he was in bed. A hymn was being sung, and he got out of bed, opened the window, and listened. He was told by his wife that he should get his chest made for the train as soon as possible. A child was ill, and he stayed in bed until it was dark. The next morning, he travelled to London by train and arrived by the evening.

On the train, he sat by the window. He was quiet and thoughtful. He was a man of few words, and he preferred the solitude of a journey to the noise and commotion of a city. He was a man of great dignity, and he carried himself with the grace of a gentleman.

The train arrived at King's Cross Station, and he walked through the streets of London, towards his office. He was a business man, and he had a strong sense of responsibility.

At the office, he greeted his colleagues and got to work. He was a man of hard work, and he was always busy. He was a man of great determination, and he never gave up.

One respectably-dressed man, surrounded by his children, has a broad grin on his countenance the whole time, and as to the young folks they are all greatly amused. The women too! You may paint artless and merry faces and the thriftless, who does not, like "Mary," keep a well-swept hearth, a cheerful fire, and a clean tablecloth.

Moreover, these are the considerations which testify to a consciousness of the benefit of temperance. Just as the moral has sounded in all our ears, and has been followed by much laughter, comes a gentleman who gives us a sermon, and then connects it with a story of temperance. The sermon is about the duty of temperance, and the story is about the benefits of temperance. The audience is very much impressed, and many of them enter into the spirit of the sermon and join in the singing. The sermon and the story are very well received, and the audience is greatly impressed.

We are somewhat surprised to find that the sacred portion is as well appreciated as the secular, indeed a man on our right talks about the "vote of thanks," because it is so serious. The sermon is about the duty of temperance, and the audience is very much impressed, and many of them enter into the spirit of the sermon and join in the singing.

It is very well received, and so is the second effort of "our contralto," "Rest in the Lord." "Twould be cruel to have her back again," remarks our stout friend, with much the same compassionate and patronising manner that a more cultivated auditory assumes at an entertainment.

However, there is no recall, and the remainder flows peacefully on. It has lasted two hours, from seven to nine, and "the moral hath been there, therefore there is a vote of thanks," and we are all well pleased to hear our editor receive and respond to it. The story is about the duty of temperance, and the audience is very much impressed, and many of them enter into the spirit of the sermon and join in the singing.

It is very well received, and so is the second effort of "our contralto," "Rest in the Lord." "Twould be cruel to have her back again," remarks our stout friend, with much the same compassionate and patronising manner that a more cultivated auditory assumes at an entertainment.

Let us all help to make it memorable by attending the Thames Church Mission both by hand and heart. Its work is of the utmost importance. Its chaplains and missionaries havelaboured since 1844 and have accomplished much. Fishermen and others from ignorance, degradation, and vice. Last year they visited 35,931 vessels of various classes and nationalities, and held 4,038 services, at which 11,782 attendants listened to the Word of Life. The colporteurs sold 5,095 bibles and testaments, and 2,029 prayer books, whilst 36,660 copies of the Holy Scriptures, tracts, books, &c., were freely distributed.

But there is one branch of work which especially claims our attention. During the year 1,412 vessels of every description, and 508 comforters were given to the North Sea fishermen, and we are informed that thousands of these articles are needed. Surely the self-sacrificing missionaries in this service are entitled to our hearty assistance. Parcels containing wool work or books and magazines should be addressed to the secretary of the Mission, 31, New Bridge-street, Lime- gate Circus, E.C.

"When we also consider the vast work being done by the Thames Church Mission, and by other kindred bodies, that great encouragement to do what we can to promote a similar mission in this city. I have the greatest respect and regard for the work done by the people on board ship in the North Sea is not only most remarkable, but most gallant in those who are conducting it. They are most diligent in their work, and the Gospel is spreading among the sailors who frequent the port of London."—Vide speech of John Burns, Esq., Chairman of the Union Steamer Company, at a recent meeting in Glasgow.