

AIMS AND OBJECTS
OF THE
TORONTO —
HUMANANE —
— SOCIETY



THOROUGH BRED.

From a Painting by H. Hardy.

AIMS AND OBJECTS

OF THE

TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY

IN FIVE PARTS:

- I. WHAT THE SOCIETY WILL SEEK TO PREVENT.
- II. CARE OF THE WAIFS AND STRAYS OF OUR CITIES.
- III. LESSONS IN KINDNESS TO ANIMALS AND BIRDS.
- IV. THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.
- V. MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED BY J. GEORGE HODGINS, M.A., LL.D.,

A VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

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1888.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

This publication is issued by the Toronto Humane Society in the hope that the perusal of its pages will be the means of awakening and keeping alive a genuine and practical interest on the part of the Toronto public and the public generally in the aims and objects of the Society.

The general scope of the work is indicated in the five parts into which the publication is divided. Each part is complete in itself, and teaches its own lesson.

In connection with each part will be found a statement of reasons why the subject of such part has been so fully treated. It was felt that if this were not done, and, in a sense, somewhat exhaustively, and with a varied series of facts, anecdotes and stories—in prose and poetry—the lesson sought to be taught, and enforced, would fail to impress the mind of the reader as fully as was desirable.

The Society felt, too, that, without full information on the subject of the work of a Humane Society, it could not expect that a general appeal for the necessary funds to carry on its operations would be so successful as it would be after that information was furnished. Without these funds the reader will see that but little can be accomplished. This will be the more apparent to those who look over the extensive field which a Humane Society should occupy, and which is sketched out in this publication. To half do the work proposed would be to invite failure, and to discourage the willing workers and helpers in such a highly-benevolent cause.

It will be noticed, by referring to the Index, that quite a number of the selections made, in prose and poetry, are from Canadian sources. Each one is marked with an asterisk. This shows that the humane sentiment is largely diffused among our people, and that it is the theme of many of our writers.

The two noted engravings—the frontispiece and that on page xiv.—illustrate, each in a beautiful manner, the fact that in the most refined, as in the simple child of Nature, sympathy for God's dumb creatures is equally strong and tender. How true it is that—

“One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.”

The Society had hoped to have been enabled to distribute this publication gratuitously, or at a merely nominal charge. The cost, however, of the numerous engravings, added to the cost of stereotyping and printing the large edition of 10,000 copies, absolutely prevents the Directors from doing so. The price has, nevertheless, been fixed by them at the low rate of 25 cents per copy, or five copies to one address for \$1. To kindred Societies, and to other parties, the price, in packages of not less than 100 copies, will be \$15 per 100.

The Society hopes that the publication of such an array of facts, incidents, anecdotes and sketches, as are contained in this work, will induce every reader, by a natural and kindly impulse, to become an active and earnest helper in this preëminently good and noble cause.

With such an object in view, and with the prayer that a blessing may attend the efforts of the Society to prevent cruelty to dumb animals and to aid in the rescue of homeless waifs and neglected children, this publication is sent forth by the Society on its mission of kindness and mercy.

J. G. H.

TORONTO, July, 1888.

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The very cordial thanks of the Humane Society are due to Miss Gwynne, of Parkdale, for her most munificent gift of \$500 to the funds of the Society, without which this publication could not have been issued. The Society has also received donations of \$25 each from the Hon. Senator Macdonald, W. R. Brock, James H. Pearce, Edward Gurney, and others.

It is earnestly hoped that other of our generous citizens will follow these examples so that the Society may be enabled to prosecute its work with energy and vigor.

To Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co. the Society are greatly indebted for their presentation to the Society, free of charge, of a drawing of the beautiful and suggestive cover for this publication, from which the Society have had an engraving made.

The thanks of the Society are also tendered to the Chicago and other Humane Societies, and to The Century Company, New York, for the use of a few of the beautiful engravings in this publication.

A FORM OF BEQUEST TO THE SOCIETY.

I give and bequeath to the Board of Directors of the Toronto Humane Society the sum of _____ dollars, to be used for carrying on the benevolent objects of the aforesaid Society.

NOTE.—The Toronto Humane Society is incorporated by Provincial Charter.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO PROCEED IN TORONTO.

As soon as anyone is aware of any act of cruelty to animals, or of cruelty to or of neglect by parents of their children, a notice should at once be sent to Mr. J. J. Kelso, the Secretary of the Society (Post Office Box 2654); or, if the case is one requiring immediate attention, notify Inspector Archabold, at Police headquarters. In each case all the evidence possible should be procured.

Give name and residence of offender, when known; time when, and the place where, the offence was committed.

Get name of owner or receiver of animals driven or carried in a cruel manner; name of owner and driver of horses or other animals used in unfit condition, or otherwise abused.

If prosecution is required, furnish names of two or more witnesses, and a full statement of facts.

All communications are regarded as confidential by the Society.

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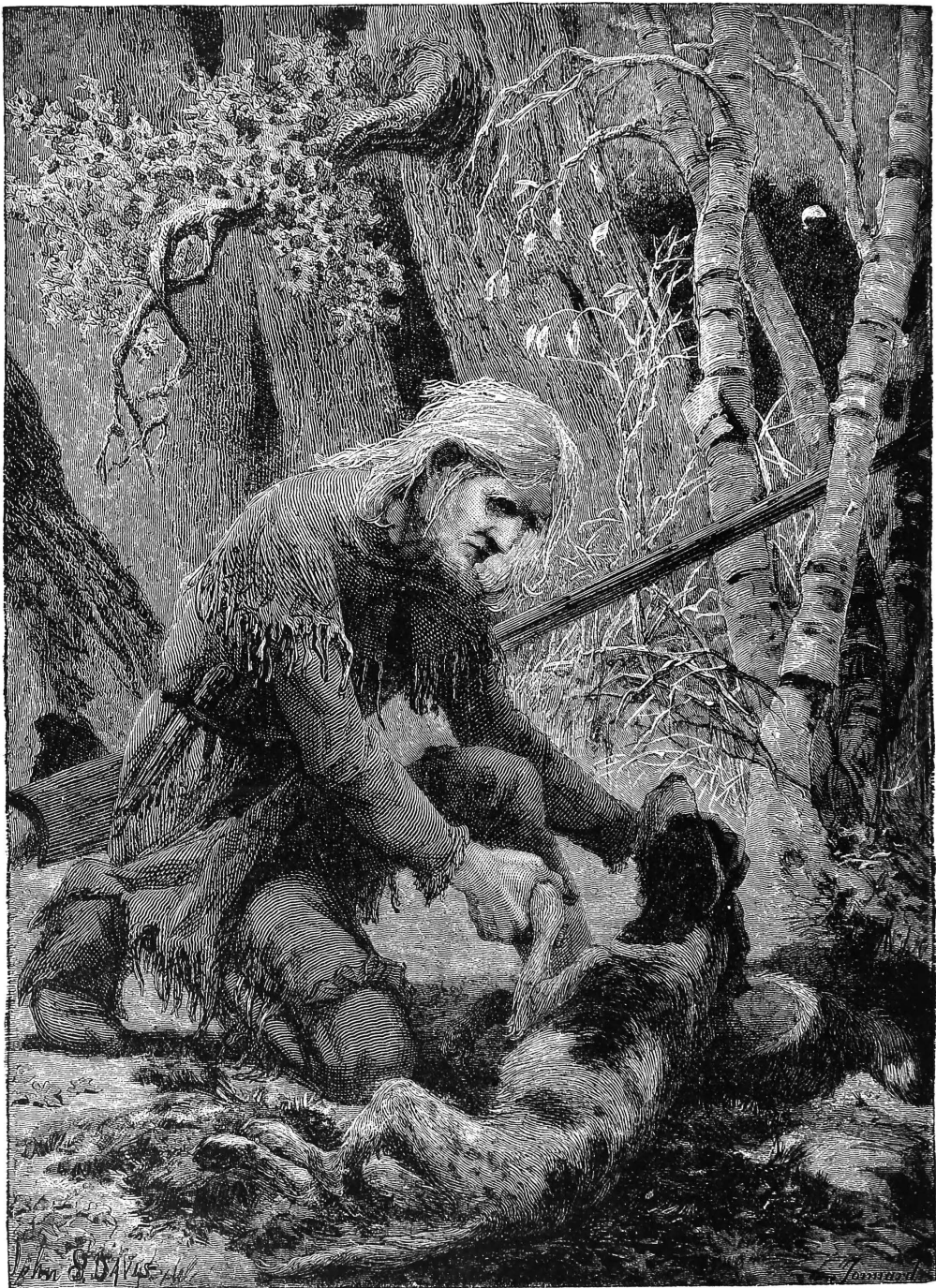
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THE INDIAN SCOUT AND HIS DYING HOUND.



THE TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY.

"Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one.
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun."

—Wordsworth.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—Coleridge.

ORIGIN AND OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The present Society was organized on the 24th of February, 1887, and active operations were commenced soon after. The first public meeting of the Society was held in January, 1888.

In July, 1873, a somewhat similar Society was established in Toronto, named "The Ontario Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." It issued reports for a few years, but finally, for want of funds, ceased to exist.

In November, 1887, a deputation of this Society waited on the Toronto City Council, and, by petition and personal explanation and appeal, brought the claims of the Society before it. The matter was referred to the Executive Committee, and, in December, 1887, another deputation went before the Committee and urged the prayer of the petition which had been presented to the Council, and by it referred to the Committee. The result was that the following recommendation was made to the

Council by the Committee in its Report, No. 48, dated 2nd of December, 1887:—

"Your Committee have had under consideration a letter from the President and Secretary of the Toronto Humane Society, asking the Council to authorize the Board of Police Commissioners to appoint a special permanent officer to assist in the work of the Society; also, stating that, under the authority of the Commissioners, a constable had been detailed for a few months to aid in the work, the effect of which has been the prevention of a great deal of cruelty and the punishment of the more persistent offenders, the fines imposed going into the city treasury, and being almost sufficient to pay the constable's salary.

"The matter was further referred to the Police Commissioners for an estimate of the cost of the proposed service, which has been reported at \$630 per annum, and your Committee, being in hearty sympathy with the objects of the Society, beg to recommend that the Police Commissioners be empowered to detail a special officer, as requested, and include his salary in the annual estimates."

This recommendation was concurred in by the City Council at its ensuing meeting.

Chief Objects of the Society.

The objects of this Humane Society are identical with those of other similar Societies in England and the United States. They may be briefly summarized as follows:—

- The prevention of cruelty to animals.
- The protection of insectivorous birds, etc.
- The protection of children from cruelty and neglect.
- The establishment of children's Bands of Mercy.
- The erection of drinking fountains.

What the Society will Seek to Promote.

- The Society will also seek to promote—
- The circulation of humane literature in the home and schools.
- The duty of kindness to all dumb animals.
- More humane methods of killing animals.
- The feeding, watering, and protection of animals on stock trains.
- And generally a more humane and merciful treatment of God's creatures, remembering that He has declared that :
 "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

The Humane Society wants every individual citizen to help them in this good cause.

"Ye who think the truth ye sow
 Lost beneath the winter's snow,
 Doubt not Time's unerring law
 Yet shall bring the genial thaw.
 God in nature ye can trust;
 Is the God of mind less just?"

"Workers on the barren soil,
 Yours may seem a thankless toil.
 Sick at heart with hope deferred,
 Listen to the cheering word:
 Now the faithful sower grieves;
 Soon he'll bind the golden sheaves."
 —*Fritz and Leolette.*

The objects of the Society are thus summarized by the Rev. Dr. Wild, of Toronto, in a sermon preached by him in January, 1888:—

Its General Objects.

"The Toronto Humane Society desires to aid in the suppression of cruelty, especially to animals; first, as far as possible, to see that they have proper shelter, enough food, and necessary care—which three things some men, through their avarice, or through their viciousness, will neglect, and punish their horse and cow in the most brutal manner. We want to stop them. Again, to see that they are not

abused in their daily labor by being excessively loaded and overtaxed, straining every muscle in order that a man may drag a little more, making a few cents extra in coming up the hill from the station; they have to make him keep his whip by his side and to see that he does not overload the beast, and also that he does not add any other affliction, such as the lash or the whip; we want to teach him humanity.

Suppression of Brutalizing Exhibitions.

"We want also to suppress all those exhibitions that are brutalizing in their influence and effect, such as dog fights, cock fights, or any other kind of fights that are of a brutal order. Surely we ought to have advanced far enough in the centuries to take pleasure from something else than these brutal methods of contest.

Prevent Indiscriminate Bird Shooting.

"More, to suppress the excessive and unnecessary cruelty of sportsmen, not to suppress proper and legitimate sports; but are you not aware that people go forth with a gun and promiscuously shoot our songsters, and anything that almost comes in their way, when they cannot make use of the feather, or the flesh, or the claws? They shoot them just out of sheer passion. I have seen them come on my farm, and, when they could not see a bird, they would shoot a goose, a duck, or a hen, and the foreman would come round to me perhaps the next day, and say: 'I found this or that dead by some means.' It makes me feel like being a tyrant, and saying to the Toronto and Hamilton dudes that come there, 'Stay at home and shoot in your own back yard at a miniature duck or hen, and see how you can aim at it.' Some will kill for mere sport, and leave the poor bird struggling on the ground. There is no sense in such things.

Care of Cattle in Transportation.

"This Society also seeks to provide for the proper treatment of cattle in transportation. The American Humane Society have been very successful in this line, in persuading the railway companies to make better and more wholesome accommodation."

The Humane Mosaic Laws.

As to the obligations of these laws, Rev. Dr. Wild said:—

"The Mosaic laws were very humane toward the animal world; even the bird in her nest is protected by inspiration, and on the Sabbath it says: 'Thou shalt rest thine ox and thine ass.' God comes down with His protecting power for the dumb animal. They were not to be unequally yoked together, because the smallest as well as the largest would suffer through the chafing of the yoke. Neither were they to be mixed: 'Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together.' (Deut. xxii. 10.) The oxen were not to be muzzled at the treading out of the corn: 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.' (Deut. xv.

24.) The law provided also for the proper slaughter, and even an inspection of meat."

"Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them. Thou shalt surely help to lift them up again." (Deut. xxii. 4.)

"If thou see the ass . . . lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help with him." (Ex. xxiii. 5.)

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." (Prov. xii. 10.)

"The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works." "Thou openest Thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." (Psalm cxlv. 9, 16.)

"Open thy mouth for the dumb." (Prov. xxx. 8.)

In the Book of Genesis it is stated that "God made the cattle"; a little farther on, "God remembered the cattle"; and again, "He caused grass to grow for the cattle"; and still farther on, "The cattle on a thousand hills" are His.

The Care of God's Creatures.

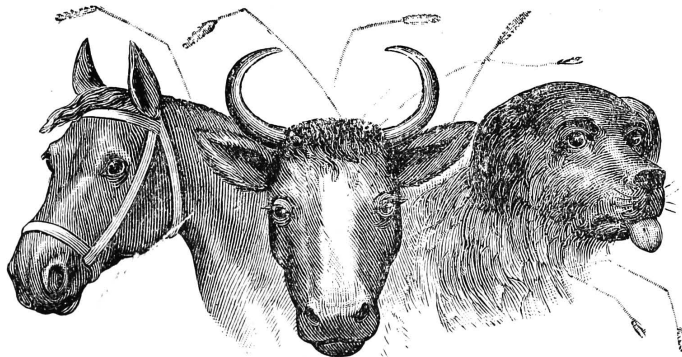
Some may ask: "Why take all this trouble to care for and protect animals which have neither intellect nor reasoning faculties? Were they not given for 'the use and service of man'? Was he not also given 'dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth'?"

True, as to this complete sovereignty of man over all of God's creatures. But with this "dominion" did He not connect, as in all things else, a personal responsibility to Him for all of

our acts towards these, His dependent creatures? Did He not assert His supreme ownership over them when He said, "The cattle on a thousand hills are mine"? And did He not declare His care for them when He said, "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them," and "not one sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father"?

Then, as to intelligence. Have not all observers and writers on natural history given example after example, striking and almost conclusive, of the extraordinary sagacity and instinct—amounting to dumb reason—in the case of all kinds of animals, birds, fishes and reptiles? At all events, as they are God's creatures, and as such, the Christian men and women of the community should not be unmindful of their duty towards them.

Whether you love to work for animals or children best, you soon fall in love with mercy itself, and the mantle which was almost too scanty to cover your dog and your horse, stretches by some divine process in the weaving until it amply covers your neighbor's desolate orphans, too. Or, you think all the tenderness you can put into practical use is not more than enough to shield a poor waif, girl or boy, who has come into your charge, when the very infection of loving young life makes all other life sacred to you, and you draw up into your embrace the humbler companions and helpmates of man's labor and pain as well. The thing itself is infectious, and compassion spreads from high to low and low to high by a holy contagion, which seems to carry the lesson that all life is one and inseparable, like all love.—*Rev. G. E. Gordon.*



SOME OF THE OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY'S CARE.

PART I.

WHAT THE SOCIETY WILL SEEK TO PREVENT.

Prevalent Forms of Cruelty.

The Society will seek to prevent the following acts of cruelty :—

- The unnecessary and cruel beating of animals.
- The driving of galled and disabled horses.
- The overloading of cart horses and teams.
- The neglect to provide shelter for animals.
- The clipping of horses, and the docking of their tails.

- The use of the check-rein and burr-bit.
- Matches for cock and dog-fighting.
- Matches for the shooting of pigeons, etc.
- The clipping of dogs' ears and tails.
- The exposure uncovered of horses in cold weather.

- The under-feeding and over-driving of horses and cattle.

- Neglect and cruelty on cattle stock trains.
- The tying of calves', sheep's, and fowls' legs.
- Bleeding live calves periodically, and plucking live fowls.

Further, its mission is to remedy universal cruelties by general remedies, and to foster a general recognition of the duties we owe those who are helpless, especially waifs and strays, and other unprotected children. Its mission, further, is to spread knowledge on humane subjects in the community.

Definition of Cruelty.

"The earliest British Colonial Statute passed in what is now the United States, was in 1641. Later statutes differ from earlier enactments, and from the common law, regarding this class of offences, in proceeding more clearly upon the principle that animals have *rights*, which it is the province of the legislature to recognize in its laws, and of the courts to protect by judicial proceedings; and the act of *cruelty* alone, irrespective of any other element of crime that may accompany the act, is more plainly indicated as criminal. What, then, in the view of the law, is cruelty to animals?

Motive for Cruelty.

"If an animal is cruelly beaten or tortured for the gratification of a vindictive or malignant temper, such an act would everywhere be held to be cruelty. But is this all? Must such an

express purpose be shown to exist, in the mind of the offender, to constitute the statutory offence of cruelty? By no means. Torturing an intractable animal, or beating it in an unnecessarily cruel manner, by way of training or correction—pain inflicted in wanton or reckless disregard of the sufferings it occasions, and so excessive in degree to be cruel—torture inflicted by mere inattention and criminal indifference to the agony resulting from it, as in the case of an animal confined and left to perish from starvation—would all be punishable under the statute, even if it did not appear that the pain inflicted was the direct and principal object. It certainly is not true, as an abstract proposition, that it is immaterial what may be the motive of a person who inflicts pain upon an animal, in determining the criminality of the act.

What is not Cruelty.

"Pain inflicted for a lawful purpose, and with a justifiable intent, though severe, does not come within the meaning of "CRUEL" as the word is used in the statute. Thus, a surgical operation, occasioning the most intense suffering, may be justifiable, and is not criminal. To drive a horse at a rate of speed most distressing to the brute, when the object is to save human life, for example, or to attain any other object of adequate importance, may yet be lawful. If a horse be overdriven by a person not knowingly or intentionally, but in the *honest exercise of his judgment*, as distinguished from mere recklessness of consequences, or wilful cruelty, the act is not within the meaning of the statute; and, in such a case evidence of the person's inexperience or want of knowledge as to the proper treatment of horses would be competent. In the instances just mentioned there is no crime, for there is no criminal mind.

What is Wanton Cruelty.

"But pain inflicted upon an animal, in wanton and reckless disregard of the suffering it might occasion, and of the consequences it might produce, would be criminal as certainly as if it were occasioned by an express purpose, formed in an evil mind, to inflict suffering and torture upon animals; the two acts would differ only in being more or less intensely cruel. This, indeed, is only a single illustration of the principle that pervades the entire criminal law, according to which it is presumed that every man intends the natural, necessary, and even probable consequences of an act which he intentionally performs."—*From a publication of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.*

An Appeal against Cruelty.

Will none befriend that poor, dumb brute,
Will no man rescue him?
With weaker effort, gasping, mute,
He strains in every limb.

Poor, jaded horse, the blood runs cold
Thy guiltless wrongs to see;
To heav'n, O starv'd one, lame and old,
Thy dim eye pleads for thee.

Thou too, O dog, whose faithful zeal
Fawns on some ruffian grim,
He stripes thy skin with many a weal,
And yet,—thou lovest him.

Shame! that of all the living chain
That links creation's plan,
There is but one delights in pain—
The savage monarch—man!

O cruelty—who could rehearse
Thy million dismal deeds,
Or track the workings of the curse
By which all nature bleeds?

Their lives thou madest sad; but worse
Thy deathless doom shall be;
"No mercy," is the withering curse
Thy Judge has passed on thee.

Good God! Thy whole creation groans,
Thy fair world writhes in pain;
Shall the dread incense of its moans
Arise to Thee in vain?

The hollow eye of famine pleads,
The face with weeping, pale,
The heart that all in secret bleeds,
The grief that tells no tale.

Oppression's victim, weak and mild,
Scarce shrinking from the blow,
And the poor, wearied factory child,
Join in the dirge of woe.

O cruel world! Ó sickening fear,
Of goad, or knife, or thong;
O load of evils, ill to bear!
How long, dear Lord, how long?

—*M. F. Tupper.*

Animal Suffering caused by Ignorance.

"Evil is wrought
By want of thought
As well as want of heart."

"A large proportion of the suffering is caused by the ignorance of masters as to the capabilities, habits and requirements of their animals; from exacting tasks which cannot properly be performed; from keeping them in an unnatural state, which, after producing much pain, ends by bringing on disease, often fatal to the animal, and always unprofitable to the master. Much injury is also caused by the indolence of servants, who omit to give proper exercise to the animals over whom they have control; also, by mistaken kindness, there being many persons who pamper and overfeed their dumb dependents, under the impression that they are behaving kindly to them, when, in reality, their conduct is the cause of disease and pain."

Will the reader help the Society to diffuse the humane literature in this publication, and thus dispel ignorance like this?

I. MR. HENRY BERGH AND HIS WORK.

Treating of the subject of cruelty to animals would not be complete without a reference to the noble career of Mr. Henry Bergh, late President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who died in March, 1888.

"Mr. Henry Bergh was born in New York in 1826, and received a superior education at Columbia College in that city. In 1862 he was appointed secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, and began there that active interference in the behalf of the right of animals to kind treatment, which has given him a reputation wide as civilization. Of course, his services to abused animals in the Russian capital were entirely unofficial, but they were effective, thanks to the distinguished character of his equipage and the fine livery of his coachman. Mr. Bergh resigned his position on account of ill-health.

On his way home he indulged in the luxury of leisure travel, and became acquainted with the Earl of Harrowby, President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London. The Society of which Mr. Bergh was the founder, is modelled largely after the English one presided over by this nobleman until his death. He returned to New York in 1864, and spent a year in maturing his plans for the establishment of means to check and prevent cruelty to animals. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was instituted in 1865. In 1866 it was given by statute the power of prosecution and even arrest, which it still possesses. Mr. Bergh had been its President since its inception. He received no salary for his services, but freely gave his time to the cause he had so much at heart. By the law of 1866 he was made Assistant District Attorney in New York city, and Assistant Attorney-General of the State in the enforcement

of the laws against cruelty to animals. During 1873 he made a lecturing tour in the West, which resulted in the formation of several societies similar to that in New York. At the beginning of this reform, no State or Territory in the United States contained any statute relating to the protection of animals from cruelty. At present thirty-nine States of the Union have

head was covered with a dingy brick-red crop of hair, combed puritanically straight, and his Yankee cut, cadaverous face harmonized well with the whole physique. No matter whether he was after a poor horse drawing a fish waggon, and dying at the same time, or stopping a street car being painfully dragged by two sick, overworked, half-shod horses, or sitting in his office



AN INCIDENT OF MR. BERGH'S HUMANE WORK IN NEW YORK.*

adopted substantially the original laws procured by him from the State of New York. In 1874 he rescued a little girl from inhuman treatment, and this led to the founding of a society for the prevention of cruelty to children. . . . Personally Mr. Bergh was a man likely to attract attention anywhere. He was over six feet high, very slender, with angular anatomy at best, and a long neck. Mr. Bergh's

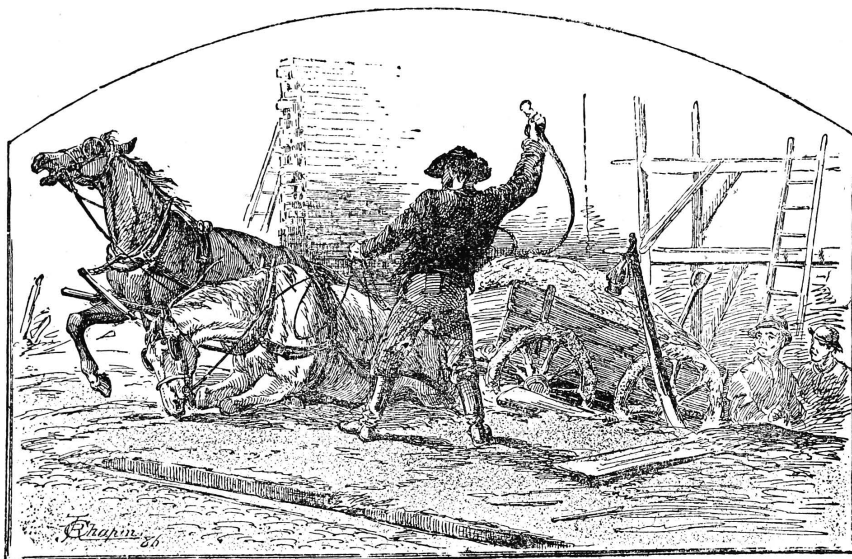
looking at the prod he had taken from an elephant trainer, he was always very neatly and remarkably well-dressed—always in a black frock coat, buttoned in ministerial style; high standing collar, invariably with a handsome necktie in pronounced colors; shirt and sleeve buttons of the best, and pantaloons usually of some dark color, seldom black. He was, after all, a dignified, rather cavalier-appearing gentle-

* This and some other valuable engravings are used in this publication by the permission of The Century Company of New York.

man, and so well dressed was he, so tall and emphatic in personal bearing, he seemed a fitting target for all eyes on the street, and just the figure to call forth the question, 'Who is he?' When he spoke, his eyes would light up, and the whole face assume an expression of kindness and good cheer. While dogs and horses attracted, perhaps, the largest share of his attention, no living creature was too insignificant to claim his attention. Rats could not be killed in a pit if he knew of the intention. Pigeons could not be shot from traps, nor foxes chased over the country by lady and gentleman

riders. He was called a 'crank' by many; but it is long since he ceased to be regarded otherwise than with respect. Thousands who never saw the kind old man will regret his death, and creatures that cannot speak will owe to him everlasting gratitude for reforms in the manner of their treatment, which his death will not cause to go backward."—*Boston Transcript*.

Those who may not be able to emulate Mr. Bergh in his noble deeds, can, nevertheless, aid this Society in prosecuting humane work like his.



THIS PICTURE TELLS ITS OWN TALE OF CRUEL TREATMENT.

II. CRUELTY TO HORSES.

Cruelty to horses takes various forms. The most common are:—Overloading and driving them when the neck and other parts, where the harness presses most, are sore and raw. This soreness is often produced on the neck when the collar is not of the right size for the horse—when it is too small or too large. When it is too small it produces a feeling of strangulation, and presses unduly on parts of the neck. When it is too large its looseness tends to chafe the neck, and rubs it unequally at every movement which the horse may make.

Overloading of Carts and Waggon

Takes place chiefly in towns and cities, where excavations for foundations of houses are made. In the rural parts overloading often takes place when the steepness of a hill is miscalculated or the badness of a road is overlooked. In such

cases, rather than take off part of the load, which might cause inconvenience, the horse is vehemently urged by voice and whip to do what it manifestly is not able, and what it should not be forced, to do.

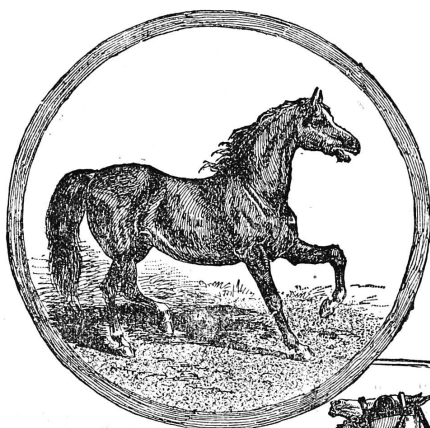
On one of the most travelled roads, just out of the great city of London, England, at the foot of a hill is hung this sign:—

HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER.

“Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not,
In the stable forget me not,
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clean water stint me not,
With sponge and brush neglect me not,
Of soft, dry bed deprive me not,
When sick or cold chill me not,
With bit or rein jerk me not,
And, when angry, strike me not.”

The Cruel Check-Rein.

Another species of cruelty to horses is the unnecessary use of the check-rein. The following engravings, which are full of spirit, are designed to illustrate in a striking manner the torture to which horses are put by the use of this barbarous invention. The first or upper engraving of these two shows how much at ease and free in their graceful movements horses are in their natural state and when they are under no such galling restraint as when a check-rein is used.



THE HORSE FREE
AND UNRESTRAINED.

The second group, or set, of engravings is equally striking in its delineation of the condition of horses, first in the easy conventional of driving them in ordinary harness, as is seen in the lower engraving; and secondly, when horses in the hands of ambitious drivers or coachmen are cruelly tortured by the check-rein, in order, it is said, to show off their spirit and mettle! To the horse it is a false and cruel device.

Mrs. Ellen Snow, of Hartford, Connecticut, in the appendix to the Rochester Report of the American Humane Association, uses the following touchingly eloquent language in her appeal to the fashionable ladies who take little interest in the care, condition or treatment of the noble creatures which minister so much to their pleasure in driving stylishly through the parks, avenues and streets of their cities. She says:—

“We wish that every woman, as well as every

man, who feels the slightest interest in horses—and where is the man, woman or child who is devoid of such interest?—would think of the duties they owe to these faithful dumb servants.

“Women have deep sympathies and universal influence. If they will only stop to realize how needlessly horses suffer in many ways, we are certain that they will do everything in their power to have that suffering done away with. Let every woman consider what it must be to an animal whose nerves are fully as sensitive as her own, to have his neck pulled back until the muscles are strained and cramped, to be obliged to wear a bit, which at any sharp pull half dislocates his aching jaw, and then to crown his misery, have his eyes blinded—his beautiful, imploring eyes, which express all his sense of injury and all his helpless agony! If any lady of fashion, instead of lying back against her carriage cushion unconscious of the distress she is permitting, will go in front of her horses, where she can look beneath the blinders and see their speaking gaze, we know that her sympathy will give her no rest until she has secured their rightful comfort.”

As illustrative of the practical common sense of one driver, and



THE HORSE UNDER TORTURE.

the thoughtless no-sense or carelessness of the other, I give an ordinary example, by no means uncommon in such cases:—

“A few weeks ago two horses were drawing each a load of coals up a rising ground in the suburbs of our city. The hinder horse had the check-rein swung loosely on his neck, and the animal was hanging his head forwards, and, by throwing his weight into the collar, was dragging his load steadily and without undue strain on his muscles and joints. The foremost horse, with his load, was braced up with a tight check-rein, his head cramped and raised, his mouth fretted, and every joint and muscle starting and

strained at each step he took. The two men were talking to each other, and the carter of the hinder horse was heard to say, 'Bill, go and give thy horse his head; he'll pull that load easier.' Bill went and let down the check-rein. The horse immediately did his work in a way which conveyed the relief he felt as clearly as if he had said, 'There, thank you; I'm all right now.' We would advise everyone who has the charge of a draught horse when he is at work to follow the advice, 'Give thy horse his head; he'll pull that load easier.'

fortable, and he becomes restless and irritable; in fact, his head aches and pains him, and he gets many a violent jag and blow, just because his driver cannot understand the cause of his restlessness. I have seen many horses standing at public-house doors and other places, in this uneasy state, and by-and-by set off, in their desire to get home and be unharnessed, when the driver has rushed out and punished the horse for his own error.

"*Third*—The check-rein inflicts unceasing torture upon the animal in another way. By holding the head upwards, it puts the muscles of the neck on a constant strain. They become painfully uneasy and tired. If the horse cannot bear it he rests the weight of his head upon the rein, and his mouth is violently stretched. Thus he only exchanges one torment for another. I am not making fancy sketches; every word of my description is true. I have seen many splendid and valuable horses, worthy of a better fate, tossing their heads incessantly, and champing their



AN AMBITIOUS
COACHMAN'S
SHOW-OFF.

Dr. Kitching, of New York, an eminent English writer on the subject, says:—

"*First*—If a horse pulling a load has his head held in by a check-rein, he cannot throw his weight into his collar, and is hindered from giving his body that position which is the most natural and effective. He has to pull by the strength of his muscles only; the weight of his body is lost, and so much pulling strength thrown away. What remains is exerted at a great expenditure of the horse's powers and health, to say nothing of his comfort. The consequence is, that his limbs and muscles become strained and distorted. His knees are bowed forward, and his hocks backward. If a man pulls a load by a strap across his shoulders, he bends his head and chest forward, and relieves his legs; a horse does the same when he can, and ought always.

"*Second*—It injures the horse not only in the way described, but the confinement of the head in a constrained position, whilst the heart and lungs are excited by work, hinders the breathing, and the circulation of the blood in the head. These effects make the horse uncom-



A HUMANE DRIVER'S HORSES.

mouths into a foam, from the intolerable uneasiness of this cruel check-rein. To sum up in a word: the check-rein lessens the horse's strength, brings on disease, keeps him in pain, frets and injures his mouth, and spoils his temper."

Mr. Fleming, Veterinary Surgeon of the Royal Engineers (London), says:—

"I think nothing can be more absurd than check-reins. They are against reason altogether. They place the animal in a false position. The horse stands with a check-rein exactly as a man would stand with a stick under his arms, behind his back, when told to write. It is ex-

tremely cruel, also. I have no doubt, if the public could only realize the fact that it throws away a large portion of the horse's power altogether, and is very cruel besides, this rein would be discontinued. It is not only the head that suffers; but from his head to his tail, from his shoulder to his hoof, and over his whole body, he suffers more or less."

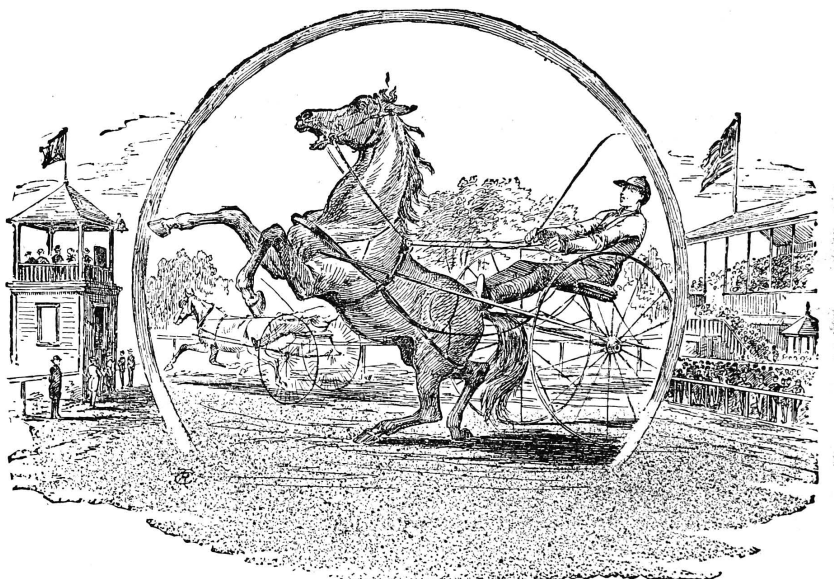
It would be just as reasonable to use such an instrument of torture in the case of a man carrying parcels or drawing a hand-cart. It is well known—

"That if a man has a heavy load to push or draw, he lowers his head by bending forward, and throws the weight of his body against, so

"There is an important difference between a tight check-rein and a tightened rein, although not generally understood. The first is injurious, and cannot help the horse, while the latter is often useful. *Because*, the latter is a steady support to the animal's head from a distinct and intelligent source—the driver; whereas, the former is only the horse's head fastened to his own shoulders. That the check-rein is inconsistent with the action of the horse's head is clearly shown by the fact that when a horse falls it is always broken."

Professor Pritchard, of the Royal Veterinary College (London), says:—

"I would say that, instead of preventing



VIOLENT RESENTMENT OF MAUD S. TO FORMER ILL-TREATMENT.

as to propel, the load, as does the ox or horse under similar circumstances, if permitted.

"If the man's head were tied to a belt around his body, so that he could not bend forward, he would lose the advantage of his weight, and could only pull or push with his muscles; so also with the ox or horse.

"A horse's check-rein should also be so loose as to let him put his head where he wants to when going up hill, and draught horses should never have check-reins."

The London "Horse Book" says:—

"When, from some defect in the animal, or other cause, the check-rein is used, it must be slackened. *Because*, in addition to the easier position of the neck, a greater portion of weight can be thrown into the collar, especially going up hill, thus saving a great and unnecessary expenditure of muscular power.

horses from falling, the check-rein is calculated to render falling more frequent. Other not uncommon results of its use are, distortion of the windpipe to such a degree as to impede the respiration ever afterwards, excoriation of the mouth and lips, paralysis of the muscles of the face, etc. It is a useless appendage, supported only by fashion. I feel that if this were more generally understood, numbers of excellent persons who now drive their favorites with check-reins would discontinue to do so."

The Torture of Burr-Bits.

Burr-bits are another cruel invention to torture horses, with a view, as the ambitious and ignorant coachman says, "To show off their spirit and mettle." It was against this terrific irritant that Mr. Henry Bergh, of New York,

among other things, waged incessant warfare. The illustration on page 14 shows him in the act of stopping a fashionable carriage, the horses of which had these terrible instruments of torture attached to their head-gear.

The burr-bit is attached to the bit on each side of the horse's face, with the nails penetrating to the flesh on pressure by the reins. The object being to make a weary horse seem lively !

Evil of Blinds, or Blinkers.

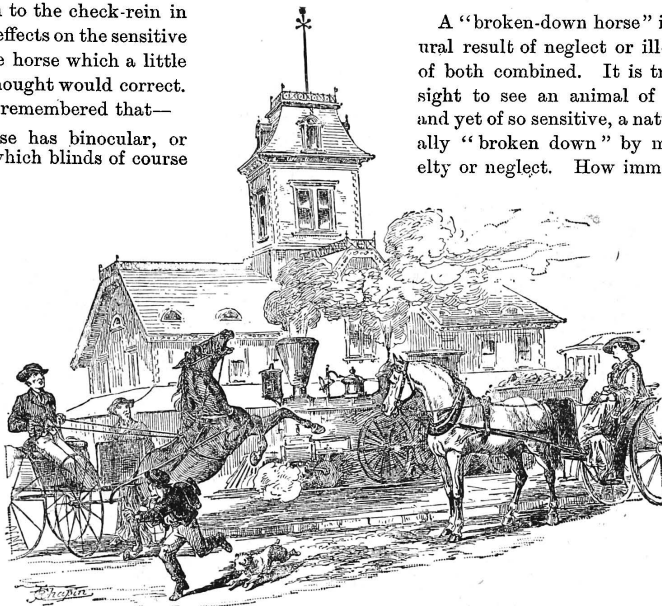
The use of blinds or "blinkers" is another traditional species of cruelty, passive in its form, and yet akin to the check-rein in its injurious effects on the sensitive nature of the horse which a little intelligent thought would correct. It should be remembered that—

"The horse has binocular, or side vision, which blinds of course

The other, to the left, has both blinders covering his eyes and a torturing check-rein to still more worry him. He hears the puffing and hissing and movement of ponderous things, apparently, as it were, moving towards him. He is, therefore, in terror, and knows not which way to move; so he has to obey the cruel power over him, and rears in an affrighted manner, to the manifest danger to life and limb of him who shows neither wisdom nor compassion in his treatment of the poor, terrified horse.

Broken Down by Hard Usage.

A "broken-down horse" is the natural result of neglect or ill-usage, or of both combined. It is truly a sad sight to see an animal of so noble, and yet of so sensitive, a nature, literally "broken down" by man's cruelty or neglect. How immeasurably



TWO HORSES, WITH AND WITHOUT BLINDS, AT A RAILWAY STATION.

entirely intercept. The consequence is that horses often take fright and run away, and do great injury, simply because they cannot see what is going on around them. Moreover, blinders are often carelessly adjusted, and by their friction, or the pressure of their rough edges and their continued flapping, do the eye great injury. Most cases of blindness are caused by blinders. A horse is more easily broken to harness without blinders, and afterwards never needs them."

As a striking example of the ill-effects of the check-rein and of blinders, we give the above accompanying twofold illustration.

The horse to the right has neither the blinders over his eyes nor a check-rein to aggravate him in his nervous tremor. He, therefore, looks, with ears erect, at the puffing, moving engine.

such a man, in a Christian community, falls below the "Arab of the desert," whom we look upon as not half civilized, and especially as one not knowing anything of the kindness, humanity and mercy taught us in the Bible, and as the result of Christian civilization.

The illustration on page 20 gives us an example of the legitimate effects of thoughtless, heartless, or deliberately cruel usage. Horses the subjects of such usage—unfortunately for themselves—are usually owned by livery-stable keepers. And however much such keepers may warn, and even threaten, those who hire these horses, that, in case of injury, or wilful accident by their "contributory negligence," they will be held to account, yet it practically avails little

to the poor horse. Often, when out of sight of the owner, the whip is applied without stint or mercy, and the horse is driven at the top of his speed—and that too without regard to its ability or condition. The consequence is that in a short time the horse is utterly broken down, and is thus rendered useless for livery-stable purposes. The bent knees and lifted hind leg (in the illustration) shows how “weary and worn” the cruelly over-driven “livery” is when returned to the stable. As a rule, the

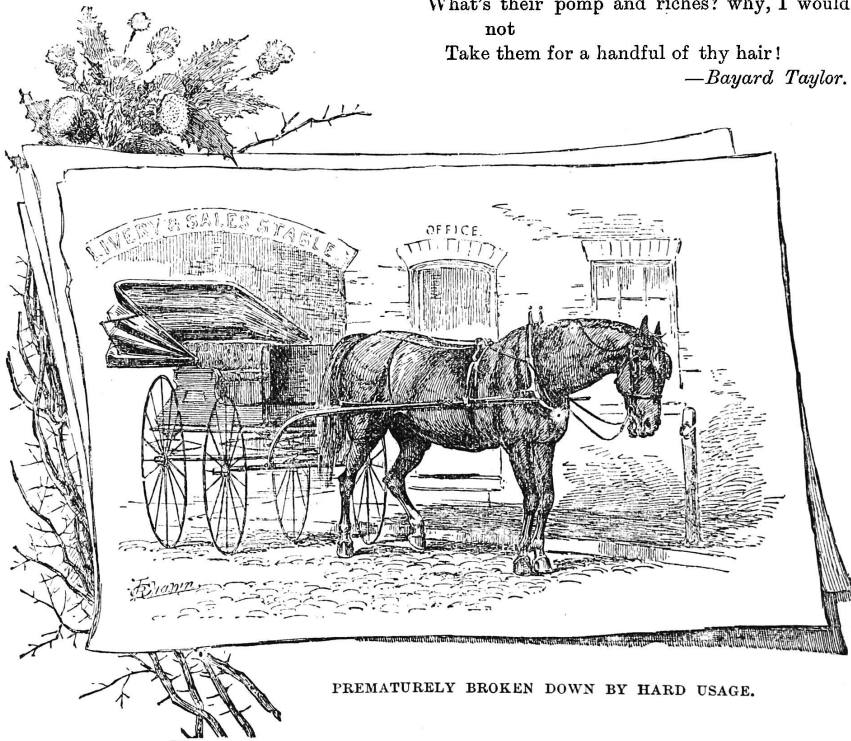
Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the saddle—
Thou art proud he owns thee: so am I.

Let the Sultan bring his boasted horses,
Prancing with their diamond-studded reins;
They, my darling, shall not match thy fleet-
ness,
When they course with thee the desert plains.

We have seen Damascus, O my beauty!
And the splendor of the Pashas there;
What's their pomp and riches? why, I would
not

Take them for a handful of thy hair!

—*Bayard Taylor.*



PREMATURELY BROKEN DOWN BY HARD USAGE.

keeper has little or no means of redress, and, alas, the ill-used horse has no champion!

The Arab to His Horse.

Come, my beauty! come, my desert-darling!
On my shoulder lay thy glossy head!
Fear not, though the barley-sack be empty,
Here's the half of Hassan's scanty bread.

Thou shalt have thy share of dates, my beauty!
And thou know'st my water-skin is free:
Drink and welcome, for the wells are distant,
And my strength and safety lie in thee.

Bend thy forehead, now, to take my kisses!
Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye;

Neglect to Water Horses.

Another kind of neglect from which horses suffer is a failure to water them at suitable times. Watering a horse should be done before and when they are at work, and not immediately afterwards—as that might be dangerous if the horse were too warm at the time.

This failure is frequently the result of careless neglect. It too often arises from the fact that the municipal authorities have neglected to provide drinking fountains in various parts of the city or town for that purpose.

In Toronto this omission is now likely to be supplied. The Water Works Committee of the City Council have, at the instance of Mr.

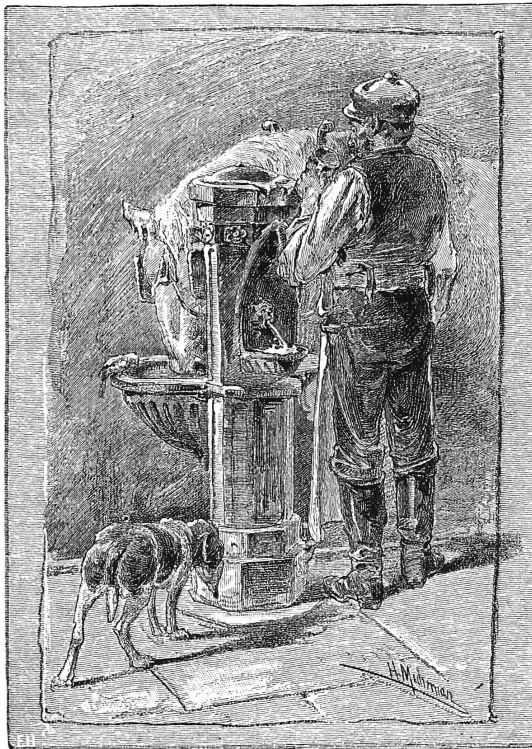
Kelso, Secretary of our Humane Society, reported favorably on the subject.

Persons driving horses with loads all day should carefully attend to the duty of watering their horses. The following hints on this subject may be of use :—

“If a horse is allowed to drink directly after eating, a portion of the food is carried through the stomach undigested, and is liable to do harm. Therefore, always water horses *before* feeding, and you will find they will do better,

tive part—of a horse's tail. This cruel operation is known by the name of “docking.”

It, as well as the practice of clipping the ears of dogs, is a cruel and reprehensible act. In the case of horses it deprives them of the means in summer of driving off flies and other troublesome insects. The hair of the shortened tail is not long enough to enable the horse to whisk off his tormentors from the fore part of his body. On this point see the admirable remarks



FOUNTAIN FOR HORSES AND DOGS.

drive better, sweat less, etc., and will drink all that nature demands as soon as they become accustomed to this habit.”

Fountains are an absolute necessity in the city both for horses and dogs. The Society appeals to generous citizens for help to erect some of them.

Docking of Horses' Tails.

A practice has grown up of late years, especially among those who affect the “style” of military men, not only of cutting, or shortening, the hair of a horse's tail, but also of cutting off the upper portion—often the most sensi-

of Mr. G. W. Curtis, in the “Practical Reflections,” on page 32.

The Massachusetts Humane Society has issued the following timely remarks on this subject:—

“The advocates of this caprice of fashion—for it is nothing more—advance in defence of this mutilation:—

“1. That it improves the appearance of the animal and increases its value.

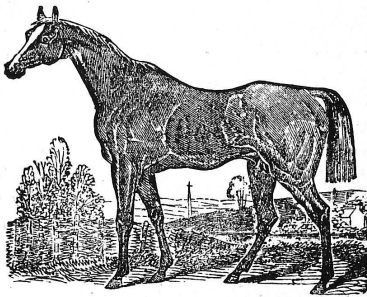
“2. That it prevents accidents which may be caused by the reins becoming bound down under the tail in driving.

"3. That it promotes cleanliness and saves labor in grooming.

"4. That it is customary, and therefore necessary.

"In answer, it may be said:—

"1. That the mutilation of the healthy and normal portions of any animals cannot improve



HORSE'S TAIL SLIGHTLY DOCKED.

the handiwork of the Creator or add to its value.

"2. That the removal of a portion of the bones of the horse's tail, so far from being a safeguard against the interference of the reins in driving, increases the danger of accident from this cause, inasmuch as the parts are more sensitive and the tail made less flexible by the operation.

"3. That the amount of labor saved or the additional cleanliness secured thereby, are excuses too trivial to be considered.

"4. That custom does not make such mutilation necessary or in any sense justifiable.

"5. That the animal is thereby *forever* deprived of the natural means of protecting itself against insects, while the delicate parts beneath the tail are unnecessarily exposed.

"6. That the operation is in itself cruel, inflicting pain and suffering for a considerable length of time, and is one not unattended by danger and fatal consequences."

The following remarks also briefly summarize the bad effects of this anti-humane custom:—

"The docking or cutting off the tails of horses is a cruelty that lasts through life. They can never, after this cruel operation, brush off the flies and mosquitoes that will make their life every summer a torment."

Clipping a Horse's Coat.

Clipping is even more barbarous than docking. By it, in cold weather, a horse can be chilled to death in a very short time. The late Mr. Bergh, of New York, issued a strong appeal on this subject, and against the practice as a cruel and disastrous one. He quotes the following to support his appeal:—

"Mayhew, in his great work, says: 'Clipped or singed horses are thereby rendered susceptible to many disorders. Any internal organ may

be acutely attacked, because the perspiration has, by exposure to the skin, been thrown back upon the system.'

"Youatt, another high authority, says: 'As to the practice of clipping and shaving the horse, it occasions chilling of the frame, exhaustion of vital power, and dangerous reactions of fever.'

"'A horse thus shorn,' as Mayhew says, 'is a deformity. The color is unnatural, the coat is dull and stubborn looking, most unlike that polished surface which is native to the beautiful quadruped.'

"It has been ascertained in Boston that a horse thus shaved or clipped will not live over *three years*. The shameful results of this abominable cruelty to the most useful of all the lower animals are too numerous to mention. A famous veterinary surgeon of Kingston told me some time ago that three fine horses had just died, to his knowledge, owing to clipping; and I will conclude this appeal to all humanely inclined people, who continually feel how indispensable to themselves are furs and cloth, to aid in putting an end to the abominable practice.

"Mr. A. V. Van Buren's horse fell dead a short time since in the streets of Rondout, N.Y. A post-mortem examination showed that the air-cells of the lungs were filled with clotted blood; otherwise the animal was in perfect health."

An Appeal for Dumb Animals.

Ye call them dumb, and deem it well,
Howe'er their bursting hearts may swell,
They have no voice their woes to tell,
As fabulists have dreamed.
They cannot cry, "O Lord, how long
Wilt Thou, the patient Judge and strong,
Behold Thy creatures suffer wrong
Of those Thy blood redeemed?"

Yet are they silent? Need they speech
His holy sympathies to reach,
Who by their lips could prophets teach,
And for their sakes would spare;
When, wrestling with His own decree,
To save repentant Nineveh,
He found, to strengthen mercy's plea,
"So many cattle" there?

Have they no language? Angels know,
Who take account of every blow;
And there are angel hearts below

On whom the Eternal Dove
His Pentecostal gift hath poured,
And that forgotten speech restored
That filled the garden of the Lord
When Nature's voice was love!

Oh, blest are they the creatures bless!
And yet that wealth of tenderness,
In look, in gesture, in caress,
By which our hearts they touch,

Might well the thoughtful spirit grieve,
Believing—as we must believe—
How little they from man receive,
To whom they give so much !

They may be silent, as ye say,
But woe to them who, day by day,
Unthinking for what boon they pray,
Repeat, "Thy kingdom come,"
Who, when, before the great white Throne
They plead that mercy may be shown,
Find awful voices drown their own—
The voices of the dumb !

—Good Words.

The Humane Society trusts that this "appeal" will find an echo in the hearts of all who read it.

Horses Uncovered in Snow and Rain.

It is a common practice, quite too common, for persons to leave their horses uncovered, even during severe snow, sleet or rain storms. This is often thoughtlessly done. And, as it is pleaded, in excuse, "only just for a few minutes, while I run in here." This is the constant excuse for such careless neglect. More frequently it is done by those who (as indicated in the engraving) frequent saloons or taverns in town or country. The frantic efforts of the horse to free himself from the inexorable post, to which he is too securely attached, cannot fail to awaken the sympathy of any one who has been caught in a driving storm of sleet or rain, and has had, even untrammelled by any such device, to fight his way through it to his comfortable home.

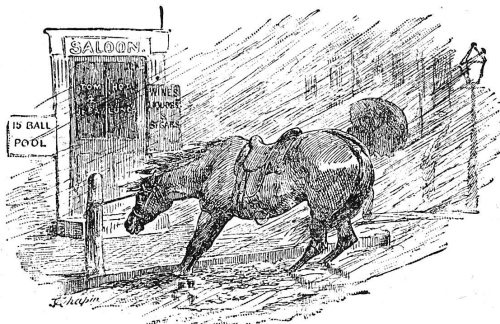
With a view to inform, as well as caution, persons against such a practice, the Toronto Humane Society has issued the following card :—

"The Toronto Humane Society cautions all drivers against the cruelty of leaving horses standing on the street in cold weather without proper covering. If the offence is persisted in, the officer of the Society is instructed to prosecute the party or parties offending."

Why the Quaker Bought a Horse.

During one winter in France the pavements became very slippery by the frost, and did not present any hold for the horses' feet. One of these animals, harnessed to a large cart heavily laden with wood, was utterly unable to advance a step forward, while the carter, a powerful fellow, was belaboring the poor brute with his heavy whip, striking him over the head with relentless ferocity. Breathless, and struggling violently, the poor horse was so exhausted by

his continued and severe efforts that, in spite of the cold, he was covered with sweat and foam. Now, throwing himself into his collar with desperate exertion, he tugged so that the stones beneath his feet threw out sparks of fire; now, far from being discouraged, he backed a few paces to take breath, and again tried, but in vain, to draw his load. Twice did he nearly fall, his knees touched the pavement; the carter raised him by the bit, leaving the mouth of the animal raw and bleeding. A third time, after a violent effort, he fell on his knees, one leg entangled beneath him; he could not recover himself, but fell on his side, where he lay trembling, bathed in sweat, and his eyes fixed on his brutal owner. The rage of his master then knew no bounds; and after breaking his whip over the head of the horse, which, kept down by the shafts, lay groaning on the stones, he began kicking the unfortunate animal on the nostrils. At this moment a Quaker stopped, and pushed



UNSHELTERED FROM THE STORM.

his way among the crowd. Unable to endure this scene for a moment, the Quaker approached the carter and took him by the arm, who turned with a menacing look. "Friend," said the Quaker in a calm tone, showing the carter fifteen *louis d'or*, which he held in his hand, "wilt thou sell me thy horse for this gold?" "What do ye say?" inquired the carter; "will ye give me that sum for the brute?" "Fifteen *louis*," said the Quaker. "But why should ye buy the horse?" "That is nothing to thee. If thou sellest thy horse, thee must unload thy cart, unharness the horse and assist him to rise." The carter said, "It is a bargain." "Then unshackle the poor horse, for he is crushed by the weight of his burden." The bystanders lent their aid to free the horse. The poor animal was bleeding in many places, and such was his terror of the carter that he trembled at his approach. "But I cannot tell why you bought the old brute," said the carter. "I can tell thee; it was to free him from thy cruelty that I bought him," replied the Quaker.—*Eugene Sue.*

III. ANECDOTES, APPEALS AND SUGGESTIONS.

The Bell of Atri.

A beautiful story is told that in one of the old cities of Italy the King caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it a "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city and ask and receive justice.

And when, in course of time, the bell-rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and, in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that, as this poor horse had rung the

Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose, [rose
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,



THE BELL OF ATRI.

"Bell of Justice," he should have justice, and that during the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food, and drink, and stable.

The poet Longfellow thus tells the story of the Knight of Atri and his steed in verse:

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?

Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a
wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,

And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.

Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his
own.
And thereupon the Syndic gravely read



THE HORSE PULLING THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

The Knight was called and questioned ; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,

The proclamation of the King ; then said :
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and
gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;

Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
 Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !
 These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear
 They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
 What fair renown, what honor, what repute,
 Can come to you from starving this poor brute ;
 He who serves well and speaks not merits more
 Than they who clamor loudest at the door ?
 Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
 Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take
 heed
 To comfort his old age, and to provide
 Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all

Filling souls with pity
 For the dumb and weak,
 Telling all the voiceless
 We for them will speak.

Ring the bells of mercy
 Over hill and plain,
 Let the ancient mountains
 Chant the glad refrain,
 For where man abideth,
 Or creature God hath made,
 Laws of love and kindness
 On each soul are laid.

Ring the bells of mercy
 Over land and sea,



STAY AND SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY.

Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
 The King heard and approved, and laughed in
 glee,
 And cried aloud : " Right well it pleaseth me !
 Church-bells at best but ring us to the door ;
 But go not in to mass ; my bell doth more :
 It cometh into court and pleads the cause
 Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;
 And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
 The bell of Atri famous for all time.

Ring the Bells of Mercy.

Ring the bells of mercy,
 Ring them loud and clear,
 Let their music linger
 Softly on the ear,

Let the waiting millions
 Join the jubilee ;
 Peace on earth descending
 Fill the human breast,
 Giving to the weary
 Sweet and blessed rest.

—Anon.

"Stay and Support of the Family."

The accompanying engraving illustrates a touching story in the early career of Mr. Henry Bergh, of New York. It is given in one of the early numbers of the magazine now published by the Century Company of New York.

In its account of "Mr. Henry Bergh and his work," the article states that one day he saw from his window a skeleton horse, scarcely able

to draw a rickety waggon. The poverty-stricken driver walked behind it. Mr. Bergh hastened out, and said to the driver:

"You ought not to compel this horse to work in his present condition."

"I know that," answered the man; "but," said he, "look at the horse and the harness and then look at me, and say, if you can, which of us is most wretched." Then he drew up the shirt-sleeve of one arm, and continued: "Look at this shrunken arm, past use; and, besides that, I have a wife and two children at home as wretched as we are here, and just as hungry. Come and see them."

So they went, both together, and saw the wife and children.

After a brief conversation, the wife, with the natural and untutored eloquence of grief and want, put the case even more touchingly to Mr. Bergh than did her husband, who stood by while she told their whole pitiful story.

"Come with me," said Mr. Bergh to the man, "I have a stable down the street. Come and let me give one good square meal to your poor horse, and something to yourself and family."

So they went, and Mr. Bergh placed hay and oats before "the stay of the family," and a generous sum of money in the hand of the man.

The Society would like to help in such sad cases, had it the means to do so. It needs money.

Dandy Jack, the Pony.

"The little white pony owned by the wife of Rev. Dr. Crane died recently. Years ago he was a favorite with children who attended P. T. Barnum's show. He was known as "Dandy Jack," and performed a number of tricks. He would nod yes or no in reply to questions, lie down and roll over, get upon his knees, kick when commanded to do so, and perform other antics. For several years he was driven about Asbury Park, Ocean Grove and Ocean Park, by Mrs. Crane. He was very fond of children, and would play with them like a big dog. He was more than twenty years old. He had been almost blind for about two years."

Be Merciful to the Horse.

Do the beasts of burden that strive and groan,
And writhe and crouch 'neath the pitiless rod,
Are they never allowed to lift their cry,
And lay their wrongs at the feet of God?

All day I've watched from my window high

The infamous street where the horsewhips
hiss,

And I ask myself will the day e'er come
When men will answer for all of this?

For I saw a horse with starting eyes,
With straining nerves and a throbbing flank;
I saw him strive till his strength gave out,
And he on the murderous pavement sank.

I heard a curse from a lower beast;
I heard his whip-lash crack like shot;
I watched and heard till my heart was sore,
And I felt the blood in my veins grow hot.

Thou wretch with the whip, remember this—
Remember, thou knight of the curse and rod,
The voiceless cry of a stricken beast
Is heard by the pitying ears of God!

—*The Khan, in the Toronto Telegram.*

Horses' Revenge for Cruel Treatment.

Mr. G. T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, gives these examples of horses' revenge:—

EXAMPLE 1.—"Horses know when they are badly treated. I used to drive a very spirited, but perfectly safe, horse, which I never struck with a whip. One day when the horse was tied at a neighbor's, some young people thought it would be a good joke to have a free ride. The horse would not have minded that; but the first thing they did was to strike him with the whip. He gave them a good deal faster ride than they wanted, and at the next street-corner upset the carriage and emptied them out; then he ran a few rods further, and then stopped and commenced quietly eating the grass by the side of the road. Those young people received a lesson on the importance of treating an intelligent and spirited horse kindly which they will never forget.

"I used to drive another horse as spirited as the one I have just told you about, and I always treated him kindly. One day he was trotting down a steep hill near Boston, with a heavy two-seated carriage, when both the hold-backs broke and the carriage came upon him. He stopped almost instantly, and held the carriage until all could get out. Do you think if he had been used to being whipped and cruelly treated, he would have done that?"

EXAMPLE 2.—A friend also sends the following illustrative description of a trick which is often played in the streets. Let employers and parents ask their boys if they practise it:—

"A mischievous boy, passing alongside a horse standing by the sidewalk, gives the horse a sharp punch in the ribs, apparently for the mere satisfaction of seeing the animal bite. This trick is generally performed by such boys as are employed by the city firms for errand boys.

"One consideration that strikes me in this connection is this: the teamster or driver uses all care for a long time to make and keep his horse kind and manageable. When this task has been fully accomplished, along comes one

of these youngsters, and spoils the work of months or years.

"Horses may in this way be taught to bite in a very short time, and their attacks in crowded streets become dangerous to persons not accustomed to watching for them."

EXAMPLE 3.—"Take a fine, noble-spirited horse, cut off the hair of his tail bob short, put him in harness with a short check-rein, hitch him in the sun where the thermometer is as high as ninety, and where flies are plenty. If he is a horse of common sense, he will take the first opportunity to run away and destroy your carriage, and possibly dash out your brains or disable you for life."

Deceiving a Horse when Catching Him.

A person near Boston was in the habit, whenever he wished to catch his horse in the field, of taking a quantity of corn in a measure by way of bait. On calling to him the horse would come up and eat corn while the bridle was put over his head.

But the owner deceived the animal several times at intervals, by calling him when he had no corn in the measure. The horse, coming up one day as usual, on being called, looked into the measure, and, seeing it empty, reared on his hind legs, and striking with his fore feet, killed his master on the spot.—*Marcus Willson.*

Catching Beautiful Beck.

With forehead star and silver tail,
And three white feet to match,
The gay, half-broken sorrel colt—
Which one of us could catch?

"I can," said Dick; "I'm good for that."
He slowly shook his empty hat.
"She'll think 'tis full of corn," said he;
"Stand back, and she will come to me."

Her head the shy, proud creature raised,
As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
Then down the hill, across the brook,
Delaying oft, her way she took;
Then changed her pace, and moving quick,
She hurried on, and came to Dick.
"Ha! ha!" he cried, "I caught you, Beck!"
And put the halter round her neck.

But soon there came another day,
And, eager for a ride—
"I'll go and catch the colt again:
I can," said Dick, with pride.

So up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill he trudged again;
And when he saw the colt, as slow
He shook his old hat to and fro,

"She'll think 'tis full of corn," he thought,
"And I shall have her quickly caught."
"Beck! Beck!" he called; and at the sound
The restless beauty looked around,
Then made a quick, impatient turn,
And galloped off among the fern.
And when beneath a tree she stopped,
And leisurely some clover cropped,
Dick followed after, but in vain;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flies, as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on again.
Down through the brake, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and around the place they passed,
Till, breathless, Dick sank down at last;
Threw by, provoked, his empty hat;—
"The colt," he said, "remembers that!
There's always trouble from deceit;
I'll never try again to cheat!"

—*Marion Douglass.*

The Horse Byron and Teasing Jack.

Jack was a boy full of fun and frolic. Byron was a large white horse. Both lived and worked on Grandma Hudson's farm.

Jack had a habit that Byron did not like. While he was eating his hay and corn Jack would stand in front of the stall and tease him by making all sorts of ugly grimaces at him.

Jack thought it fine fun to see Byron get angry and try to bite him through the bars of the stall.

Uncle George had often reproved Jack for this bad habit, telling him that the horse would hurt him some time if he continued such conduct.

One day, when Uncle George was away, Jack went into the stable to bridle Byron and lead him to the well. But, as he was reaching up to take hold of his mane, Byron opened his mouth, seized Jack by his thick, curly hair, lifted him from the floor, and walked leisurely out with him into the barnyard.

Grandma Hudson heard a loud scream, and ran to the kitchen door to see what was the matter. There was Byron, with Jack hanging from his mouth, marching across the yard; he was not trying to hurt the boy, but only giving him a vigorous shake now and then, to show him what he could do if he persisted in teasing him any more. When the horse had punished him sufficiently he dropped him on the ground and trotted away to the well.

In this novel but effective way Jack was taught to leave off the dangerous, if not cruel, habit of teasing animals.—*Lillian M. D.*

Unconsciously Cruel to a Horse.

On Madison street one day I paused to pat the nose of a beautiful horse which stood by the curb, and commiserate his misfortune; for this beautiful animal, though sleek of coat and shapely in body and limb, was apparently suffering most excruciating torture. His head had been checked inhumanely high, and the cruel bit, drawing tightly in his mouth, disfigured an animal face of unusual charm and intelligence. I was just fancying that the horse had begun to understand and appreciate my words of sympathy, when the lady who sat in the carriage holding the reins fumbled in her pocket, produced a lump of white sugar, and asked me to give it to the horse.

"He is very fond of sugar," she explained, "and I have quite won his heart by feeding it to him. I always carry sugar in my pocket while out driving, and give him a lump at every opportunity. Will you please give him another lump?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I see that you are quite as fond of the horse as he is of sweets."

"Yes, I think everything of him."

"Then why do you torture him?"

"Torture my Prince?"

"Yes, that is just what you are doing. Do you not know that the poor animal suffers agony because his head is checked so unnaturally high? His neck is drawn out straight, producing a most ungraceful angle, he holds his head awkwardly, the bit is hurting his mouth, and that graceful curvature of neck and carriage of head which are in his nature are now entirely lost. Why do you check him so high?"

She didn't know. She was not aware that high checking was a source of pain to horses, nor that it destroyed their natural beauty. She was amazed at the discovery.

"May I trouble you to loosen his check?" she asked.

"When the trap was unsnapped the horse immediately lowered his head, straightened the cramps out of his handsome neck, shook himself to make sure that he had actually been released from bondage, and then looked round with such a grateful, delighted expression in his intelligent eyes that his mistress declared no more checking straps should be used upon him.—*Chicago Herald.*

IV. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS GENERALLY.

"Maker of earth and sea and sky,
Creation's Sovereign, Lord and King,
Who hung the starry worlds on high,
And formed alike the sparrow's wing;
Bless the dumb creatures of Thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer."

—*Emily B. Lord.*

What Creatures are Generally Ill-treated.

The form which cruelty to animals in general takes may be briefly summarized as follows:—



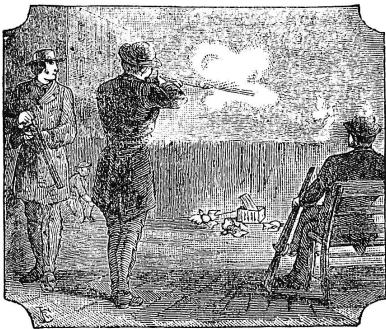
"1. TO CATTLE, SHEEP, SWINE AND POULTRY.—There is much thoughtless and some

malicious cruelty to cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry, in their keeping, carrying, and driving, and in their slaughter for the purposes of food. Cows and beef cattle are kept for months without exercise, or care. Suckling calves are shipped in close, filthy stables, without proper food, to market, and kept without food for from twelve to eighty and one hundred hours. Such cruelty reacts upon society, resulting in sickness, and sometimes in death, both to children who use milk and to adults who eat flesh.

"2. TO INSECTIVOROUS AND OTHER BIRDS.—The safety of our crops depends greatly upon the preservation of insect-eating birds, while the beauty of our homes and the pleasures of outdoor life are largely due to the ministry of our birds of song. Yet, through indulgence in wanton sport, and owing chiefly to an inexplicable caprice of fashion among ladies, which demands the bodies and plumage of birds for ornamental purposes, all birds are rapidly decreasing in numbers, and many varieties seem likely to become extinct unless they are properly protected.

"3. TO DOGS, FOWLS, RATS, PIGEONS FOR

SO-CALLED 'SPORT.'—Dog-fighting, cock-fighting, rat-baiting, pigeon-shooting, and other brutal exhibitions of the kind, are still occasional occurrences. Thus the natural instincts of animals are made to pander to the malicious



KILLING BIRDS FOR AMUSEMENT!

tendencies of man, and by such means the animals are tortured, while the spectators are deeply degraded and hardened.

"TO DIFFERENT KINDS OF ANIMALS.—There are many other forms of cruelty, abuse, and neglect, to which different kinds of animals are often or occasionally subjected."

Do Animals Suffer?

It needs no demonstration to prove that animals suffer greatly. Eight hundred thousand cattle are reported to have died on the Western plains in one winter—starved to death, because their owners provided no food; frozen to death, because they provided no shelter. In consequence of this terrible neglect, a Bill has been introduced into the United States House of Representatives by Mr. Collins to protect dumb animals in the Territories.

In a letter from Montana it is stated that—

"The overloading of work animals, and the total abandonment of the ranch cattle to their fate, whereby tens of thousands every year freeze and starve to death, call for the immediate attention of humanitarians. These cattle do not die suddenly, but linger for weeks, freezing and starving to death by inches, while their inhuman owners are by warm fires, and, in some instances I have heard of, gambling with each other on the probable percentage of loss. The great majority of our cattle men seem perfectly indifferent to the suffering of their animals providing a sufficient number survive to return a profit on the investment."

Hundreds of thousands of all kinds of animals are slaughtered for food in ways most barbarous, when all could be killed without foreknowledge, and almost without pain.

The Plea of the Suffering Creatures.

Oh! that they had pity, the men we serve so truly!

Oh! that they had kindness, the men we love so well!

They call us dull and stupid, and vicious and unruly,

And think not we can suffer, but only would rebel.

They brand us and they beat us; they spill our blood like water;

We die, that they might live, ten thousand in a day!

Oh! that they had mercy! for in their dens of slaughter

They afflict us, they affright us, and do far worse than slay.

We are made to be their servants—we know it, and complain not;

We bow our necks with meekness, the galling yoke to bear.

Their heaviest toil we lighten, the meanest we disdain not;

In all their sweat and labor, we take a willing share.

It may have been intended that we toil in servile stations,

To meekly bear man's burthen, to watch beside his door;

They are of earth the masters, and we their poor relations,

Who grudge them not their greatness, but help to make it more.

And in return we humbly ask that they would kindly use us

For the purposes of service, for to that end were we made;

That they would teach their children to love and not abuse us,

So that each might face the other, and neither be afraid.

We have a sense they know not of, or else have dulled by learning—

They call it instinct only, a thing of rule and plan;

But oft when reason fails them, our clear direct discerning,

And the love that is within us, have saved the life of man.

If they would only love us, and would learn our strength and weakness,

If only with our sufferings their heart would sympathize,

Then they would know what truth is, and what
patience is, and meekness,
And read our heart's devotion in the softness
of our eyes !

—*Altered from Mary Howitt.*

Would that this plea would touch every reader's heart, and lead him to aid our cause.

Pain Felt by the Lowest Organisms.

An English naturalist has made some interesting observations upon the nervous action in creatures of low organism. The result raises some doubt as to the common theory that keen pain is felt only by highly organized beings.

We may be too ready to excuse ourselves for the thoughtless injury we do by assuming that orders below us feel less pain in proportion to the distance they seem to be removed. Admitting that the nerves of these creatures are as sensitive as our own, we are yet apt to think that there is no strong nervous centre to have a consciousness of the pain. The phenomena reported deserve careful study.—*Youth's Companion.*

The above article refers to sea worms, and the naturalist cites experiments proving that they do suffer keenly.

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and
fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."
—*Cowper.*

Man's Cruelty to Creatures Subject to Him.

"The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hands are they delivered."—*Genesis ix. 2.*

Such, then, is the extent of man's jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton licence has he revelled amongst its privileges. The whole earth labors and is in violence because of his cruelties; and from all sentient nature there sounds in the ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are so constructed as to give forth all the natural expression of it. These poor animals just look and tremble and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demon-

stration of the menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They sicken, they grow feeble with age, and finally they die, just as we do. . . . The bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. . . .

When the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system . . . theirs is an unmixed and unmitigated pain, the agonies of martyrdom, without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. . . . And so in that bed of torment, whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance.

The brute animals have all the same sensations of pain as human beings, and, consequently, endure as much pain when their body is hurt; but in their case the cruelty of torment is greater, because they have no mind to bear them up against their suffering, and no hope to look forward to when enduring the last extreme of pain.—*Rev. Dr. T. Chalmers.*

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering frets a pang as great
As when a giant dies."
—*Shakespeare.*

Tom's Cruelty and its Repayment.

The following is a striking illustration of that divine truth, uttered by our Saviour, as He applied it to man's conduct, "With what measure ye mete, it *shall* be measured to you again":—

Tom sat at the parlor window,
Watching the people go by;
But what was he really after?
Why, plucking the legs from a fly.

Ay, there he sat in the sunshine,
Tormenting the tiny things;
First plucking their legs from their sockets,
Then afterwards clipping their wings.

He didn't know then that his father
Was waiting till Tom had a game;
Then he thought he would give him a lesson,
And treat him a *little* the same.

So catching his son of a sudden,
And giving his elbow a twist,
He pulled at his ears till he holloed,
Then doubled him up with his fist.

And didn't he twist on the carpet!
And didn't he cry out with pain!
But whenever he cried "Oh, you hurt me!"
His father would punch him again.

"Why, Tom, how amazingly funny!
You don't seem to like it, my boy;
And yet when you try it on others,
You always are singing for joy.

"Hush, hush! while I pull both your legs off,
And clip off the half of your arm;
What you practise yourself, sure, on others,
You can't think a sin or a harm.

"Now, Tommy, my boy," said his father,
"You'll leave these poor creatures alone?
If not, I'll go on with my lesson"—
"I will," cried poor Tom with a groan.

—Barr.

No Law to Punish Drunken Cruelty.

No more striking example of the effect of treatment like that narrated in the following paragraph could be given than is shown in the illustration on page 20 of this publication. It is only another of these too oft-recurring cases of drunken cruelty:—

"A gentle, high-spirited horse, which I had never struck with a whip in my life, was loaned by the man who took care of him to two young men, to be driven with great care, a short distance.

"They stopped at a tavern, got drunk, and drove the poor creature almost to death.

"He was brought back into the door yard, covered with sweat and foam, so weak he could hardly stand, and with such a look of despair in his eyes as I never saw in either human or animal eyes before, and hope never to see again.

"It was only by working almost the entire night that his life was saved.

"There was then no law to punish the men who did it, or the man who sold them that which made them do it."

Cruelty Cured by an Act of Cruelty.

A few weeks ago I was spending the evening at the house of a prominent lawyer. He told me as many as fifteen years ago he was made a member of the Humane Society by an event. He said he had never given this matter of cruelty much thought; had gone through his young farm life thrashing his horse whenever he saw fit. He had quite a fine horse that,

when plowing, would once in a while turn around; finally he took a club and gave the horse quite a beating. At length he took up a large rock, weighing about three pounds, started again in the furrow, and said if the horse turns around to him again he would throw the stone at the horse, which he did, and knocked out an eye. He was so shocked at his inhumanity that he went to the house and cried. His father and mother cried also over the terrible injury which the horse had received. From that day he has never been aware of entertaining a cruel thought towards man, child or beast.—*Illinois Humane Society's Report.*

Practical Reflections on Cruelty in General.

Mr. G. W. Curtis, one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine*, in his "Easy Chair" for March, 1888, says:—

"The domestic animals are very silent about [the ill-treatment which they receive]. They make little complaint. The shaved horse which is left standing uncovered in the icy blast until he quakes with bitter cold, but still stands unflinching; or the same hapless animal whose tail is bobbed so that every summer insect can sting him at will unharmed, but which neither kicks nor runs; the dog whose ears and tail are cut and clipped to please the fancy or further the plans of his human owner, and which is teased and whipped and outraged under the plea of training—would they necessarily dilate seductively to their comrades, still doubting and delaying in the forest, upon the chances and advantages of human intercourse. Do they not, indeed, appeal mutely to intelligent human beings to consider carefully whether civilized man is yet civilized enough to be intrusted with the happiness and training and fate of animals? Mr. Bergh evidently thinks not; and he is a wise observer, and one of the truest of modern benefactors and reformers."

"That best portion of a good man's life—
His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love—
With fragrance will perfume his name."

—A non.

How to Secure Gentleness in Horses.

An exchange paper says that Senator Stanford, of California, has, perhaps, the finest collection of horses in America. A friend, who visited him some time since, told me they were so gentle they would come at once to visitors to be talked to and petted.

"How do you contrive to have these horses so gentle?" said my friend.

"I never permit any man to speak unkindly to one of my horses, and if a man swears at one of them I discharge him," was the answer.

V. TRANSPORTATION OF CATTLE, SHEEP, ETC.

So vast has become the number of cattle, sheep, swine and poultry, now sent by railway to various points for transshipment, or otherwise, that in doing so, much cruelty has been carelessly or wilfully inflicted on these helpless animals. The attention of Humane Societies everywhere has been called to this practice, and effectual steps have been taken to prevent its continuance. In an address at New Orleans on that and kindred subjects, Mr. G. T. Angell stated, that from seven to eight millions of animals in the great Chicago stock-yards are now annually protected from cruelty, largely through the influence of one man, whose teacher fifty years ago, away up in the mountains of New Hampshire, put into his boyish hands some verses on kindness to animals.

Extent of the Cattle Traffic.

It is estimated that from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 of animals are annually transported by rail in the United States and Canada.

Mortality of Transported Animals.

From a careful estimate made by Mr. George T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., a competent judge in this matter, it has been found that six per cent. of cattle and nine per cent. of sheep and swine annually, or 750,000 in all, die in the transport.

Sale of Dead and Diseased Animals.

A large portion of these dead animals, Mr. Angell says, are sold in our markets, either as meat, or rendered into cooking lard; while the cattle that get through alive, for the want of food and water, and by reason of the cruelty inflicted upon them, after losing on the average, in transportation, nearly a hundred pounds each in weight, from the most juicy and nutritious parts of the meat, come out of the cars full of fever, and many with bruises, sores, and ulcers; and these, together with smaller animals, to which the loss and suffering is, in proportion, equally great, are all sold in our markets for food.

Dishorning Cattle for Transport.

On the plea that it is necessary to deprive cattle of their horns, in order that they shall not gore and injure each other in the close rail-

way cattle vans, terrible pain is inflicted on these dumb and helpless creatures. The Illinois State *Veterinarian* thus points this out:—

“The bony process, supporting the horn, is more or less hollow and honey-combed. These open spaces communicate with the frontal sinuosities, or bony cavities of the head, which are lined with a very delicate and sensitive mucous membrane. In sawing off the horn these cavities are laid open to the free access of air, dust, chaff, etc. The operation is especially cruel during the colder seasons and in winter, when great irritation of the sensitive mucous membrane, thus laid bare, is unavoidable.”

Dishorning Cattle Punishable in England.

In the Toronto *Empire* of May 5th, 1888, an article on this subject appeared, as follows:—

“The interest that many Canadian farmers are taking in this subject makes it desirable to give the following information: It would seem that the work of dishorning cattle has been going on extensively in the United States. The following letters from the *Country Gentleman* speak of one man in Illinois who had himself removed the horns from 1,800 animals, and of professional operators who have dishorned their thousands each.

“President Morrow of the University of Illinois, says that cattle do not suffer pain in the process; but, on the other hand, there is the opinion of the London *Lancet*, that the operation ought to be prohibited by law, and that it is now punished in England as an offence under the laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals.”

Then follows a letter from President Morrow, of the University of Illinois. In it he says, that “it is evident there is considerable pain while the operation is being performed,” . . . “but there is testimony to the fact that animals will commence eating within a few minutes after the work of saw or pincers has been done, and that milch cows, as a rule, show scarcely a perceptible shrinkage of milk.”

The President significantly adds: “Personally I have not thought it advisable to have the cattle under my charge dishorned. I am not an advocate of the practice.”

Inhumanity in Loading Cattle.

Before the cattle reach the stock-yards they experience such rough treatment that they are filled with terror, and start at everything they see. It is when the loading begins, however, that cruel treatment is rather the rule than the exception. Armed with long poles, with barbs

or prods at the end, the cattle are driven and hustled into the cars with violence and shouting. Should they hesitate to enter, the long pole is freely used; and, the more timid the animal, the more it is assaulted with the goad!

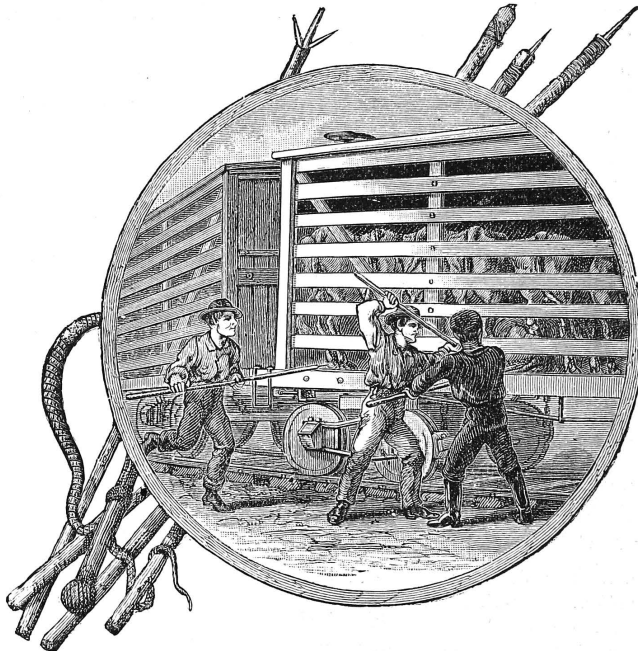
Mr. Little, agent of the American Humane Association, thus describes the process of loading cattle on the cars. He says:—

“I left Chicago Nov. 2nd on my line of duty and arrived at Genesee same day. I went directly to the stock-yards at that place, and found them loading cattle. I think they practise great cruelty, both by overloading and torturing them. In the first place, they are expected to put the same number into each car

prod as it enters the car, until there has in most cases about seventeen cattle entered, when the car appears to be full, and I think should be so considered; but the poor unlucky three cattle are still left on the platform trying to get in, and the prod is plied and their tails rung until they are finally got inside and the door closed.”

Mr. Angell, in his essay on “Cattle Transportation,” adds:

“At Chicago animals are driven, or (if unable to walk) taken from the cars, and fed, watered and rested a few hours. They are then reloaded for the East in the following manner: ‘The men employed to drive them into the cars are armed with saplings, weighing often from eight



INHUMANITY IN LOADING CATTLE.

that arrived there in a car, which, in this case, was twenty head of cattle, and, in order to do this, they claim they have first to get them excited by prodding them with poles eight or nine feet long, pointed with an iron prod about one-half inch long. The cattle are turned out of the pens into the alley, which is arranged with plank runs, or walks on either side of the fence, on which are stationed the cow-boys or drivers, who, by giving the cattle a punch whenever they get a chance, get them to running until they get down to near the platform from which they are loaded, where the alley narrows down to the width of a car-door, and here is where the greatest cruelty is practised. A man stands on each side and gives each animal a

to ten pounds, with sharp spikes or goads at the end. They rush upon the cattle, yelling, swearing and punching them with these spikes, often twenty, thirty or forty times, taking little care to avoid the eyes. Eighteen to twenty cattle are thus forced into thirty-foot cars, giving less than two feet space to the animal, and not unfrequently smaller animals—calves, sheep and swine—are crowded under them. In this way they are often carried for days without food, water, or possibility of lying down. And it appears from various authorities that this same system of loading and transportation prevails over the United States, as a rule; times of confinement and starvation varying of course with distances.”

Transported Cattle as Food.

A Boston gentleman, who has carefully investigated the subject of cattle transportation from the West to our Eastern cities, visiting, as he says, all places of importance where he could gain information in regard to it, writes that large numbers of cattle are trampled to death on the cars; that larger numbers at the end of these long routes "come reeling and tumbling out of the cars as though blind or intoxicated"; that these dead and diseased animals are dressed and sold in the markets, the carcasses sometimes "full of dark-stained holes," made by the goads used in loading. He saw in cold weather carloads of sheep without their fleeces, shivering with the cold. He was told by the editor of the *Live Stock Journal* that he had known a whole train of diseased sheep shipped to Albany and there slaughtered for the market; that large numbers of hogs die in transportation for the want of water. This gentleman states that he found the shrinkage of cattle on long routes to vary from fifty to two hundred pounds.

So deeply impressed was the American Humane Association on this subject that they addressed a memorial to Congress, praying that steps be taken to abate this evil and prevent this dangerous state of things to longer exist. They say:—

"Statements have been received of the barbarous cruelty to live stock in transit; of the cruel crowding, the struggle of the imprisoned beasts with each other for existence, the maddening hunger, the raging thirst, the goring and trampling, the bloody prod of the attendant,

of meat food in the condition described. These animals, mangled, festering with wounds, poisoned with fevers, are slaughtered and sold for food. Mr. Edwin Lee Brown, after years of observation, asserts as a well ascertained fact that considerably less than one-half of the beef consumed in the United States is unfit for human food; all the rest is more than unfit; it is



TORTURED WHILE BEING TRANSPORTED.

a dangerous and loathsome poison, producing a variety of terrible diseases. This grave statement, made by a highly respectable and intelligent gentleman, is sufficient to put the country upon prompt and earnest official inquiry into the facts."

Transportation of Sheep, Swine, etc.

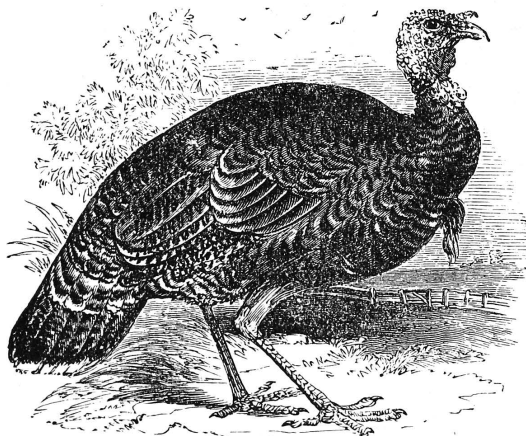
What is herein stated of cattle is equally true of sheep, swine, calves, etc. In the case of the

latter, as also in the case of calves and lambs, how often are they most cruelly treated by thoughtless, careless men and boys, while being transported in waggons to the place of slaughter. So also in the case of poultry. They may be often seen with their legs tied together, and with heads hanging down, carried carelessly in the hand (see page 36)—they all the while greatly suffering, and letting their misery be known only by inarticulate sounds of distress and pain. The other forms of cruelty to these poor creatures are:—

"Plucking fowls alive; packing live poultry so closely in crates that many of them die of suffocation; all of which things are not

only cruel to the animals, but also injure the meat, and to a greater or lesser extent endanger the public health.

On this subject, Mr. R. D. Whitehead, Superintendent of the Wisconsin Humane Society, Milwaukee, writes:—



THE TURKEY—HEAD UP AND FREE.

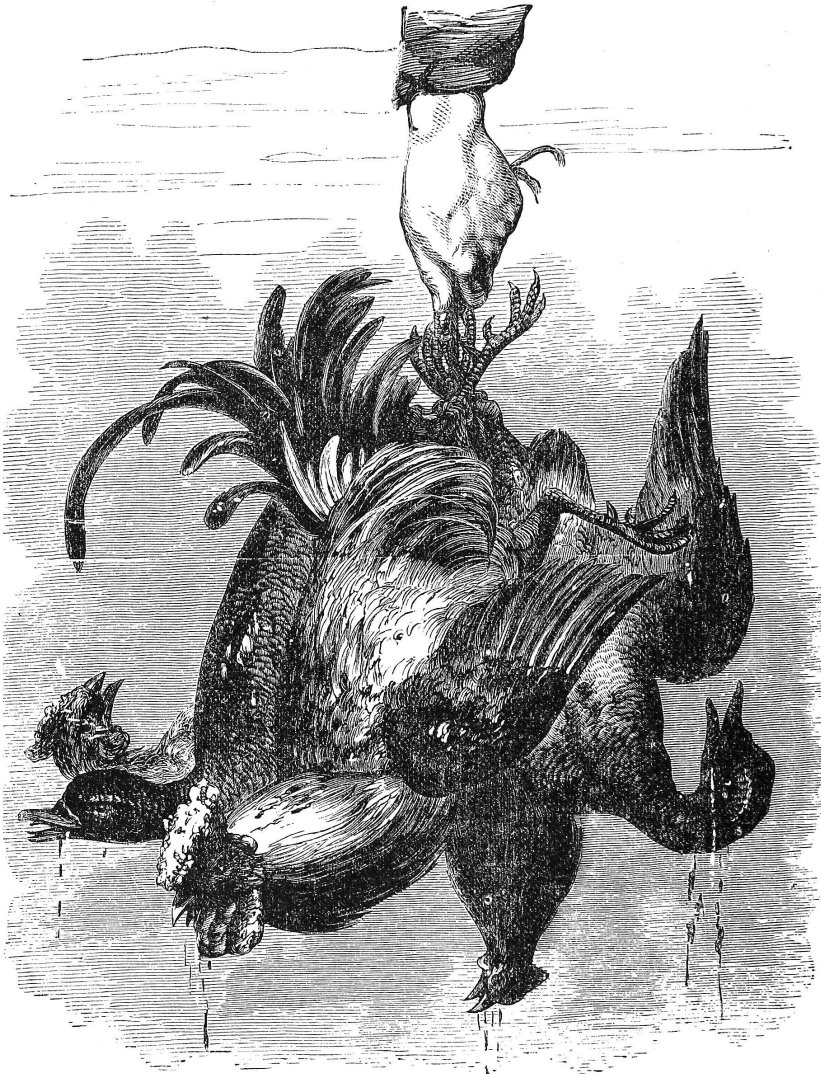
the manglings, bruising, fevers and deaths during the horrible journey. All these horrors appeal strongly to our humanity.

"But aside from the compassion aroused for the dumb brutes by a recital of these facts, we are brought to consider the grave question of the effect upon the public by the consumption

"The method of handling poultry now, is not at all uniform. Poultry that is destined for the market, is shipped in all sorts of store and shoe boxes, and, in fact shipped in anything but a well constructed coop, or crate of the proper size. I have seen in our own city, within the past year, full grown turkeys, forced

all the seams, making the box water-tight. The younger and weaker fowls were trodden down and drowned.

"The mode of handling poultry thirty years ago, especially in the South, was, with few exceptions, more humane than the present method. Turkeys and geese were driven along



"ALAS FOR THE RARITY OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY," EVEN TO FOWLS!

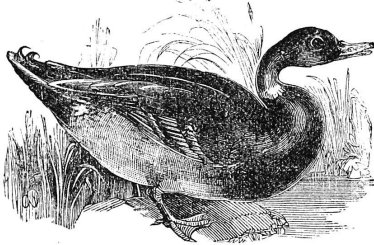
into a box four inches high, with the cover nailed down. Another case of extreme cruelty, was a shipper forcing twenty geese into a small box, throwing in a large quantity of corn-meal, and pouring in a large quantity of water, thinking thus to supply food and drink. The water and meal formed a paste, which closed

the common highways to market. They were also shipped on the decks of boats, which were 'railed in' for this purpose.

"The principal exception was when the wings of the fowls were locked and their legs tied, in bunches of from six to twelve, and strung on a pole, to be carried on the shoulders

of two men, or, thrown across a mule's back, behind and in front of the rider."

The Society trusts that every reader of these pages will aid the Society in trying to put a stop to these cruel practices. The Society craves the sympathy of the citizens, and their generous aid, in the prosecution of their humane mission.



THE DUCK AT HOME AND UNTORTURED.

Thoughtless and Cruel Treatment of Fowls.

From the generally thoughtless manner in which persons carry fowls with their heads downwards, it clear that the act is not dictated so much from "cruel intent," as from thoughtlessness, or convenience. Many such persons, if their attention were called to the fact that their treatment of these helpless creatures caused them great pain, often amounting to agony—as a look at their frightened and flashing eyes would show—they would at once desist from such treatment, and release the suffering fowls.

As a general rule fowls are brought to the market in Toronto either dead and plucked, or alive in crates, with slats nailed on them. The tendency is, in order to save space and secure convenience in transport, to make the crates too small. Very often, too, the fowls, even if in roomy crates, are made to suffer from want of food and water, or from neglect.

Necessity for Enlightenment on Humane Subjects.

The numerous painful facts, detailed in these pages, make it necessary to take some steps to counteract the evils pointed out. This is one reason why the Toronto Humane Society has decided to have prepared for extensive distribution this publication.

Amelioration in Cattle Transportation.

It is gratifying to learn from the report of the President of the American Humane Associa-

tion read at the Rochester meeting (1887), that a great improvement has taken place of late in the treatment of cattle in transit. He says:—

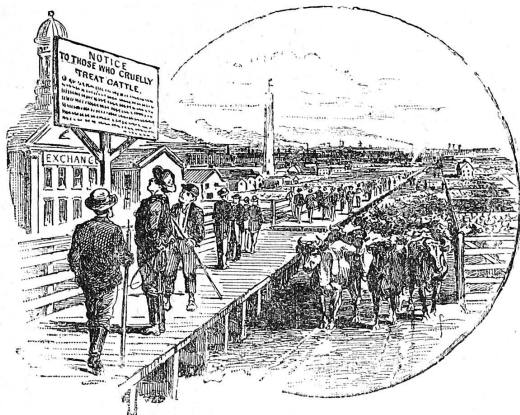
"With the exception of the case of one or two railroads, animals in transportation are rested and fed and watered in accordance with the law. In public slaughter houses, creatures destined for human food, are, as a rule, killed promptly and humanely; and in nearly all the larger fields of animal industry there is growing up a sense of responsibility to the public at large. One of the marked exceptions to this general rule is the hideous lack of care and callous indifference shown to range cattle on the cattle fields of the West and in the common cars. . . .

"Not only have the owners of humane cars been increasing the number of cars under their different patents, and, not only are shippers using more and more of these cars in the place of the old fashioned railroad car, but the railroads east of Chicago and St. Louis have agreed to haul and are hauling thousands of cattle in humane cars at the same rate of freight as in common cars.

"We regret to say, however, that the western roads still discriminate in this matter, backed up in their action by the Inter-State law," etc.

Steps to Prevent Cruelty in Stock-Yards.

The American Humane Association have taken steps to prevent cruelty to animals in the process of transportation. First, by plac-



HUMANE SOCIETY SIGNS IN STOCK-YARDS.

ing large printed signs on poles, forbidding it, as the law directs. Secondly, by appointing agents to see that the law on the subject is duly observed, and that no unnecessary cruelty is practised in the transportation of stock.

The Society solicits the co-operation and contributions of humane citizens for the prosecution of its noble work, herein described and illustrated.

Effect on Cattle of Cruelty and Neglect.

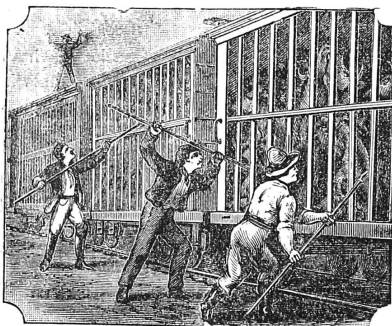
The *Chicago Stock Reporter* says:—

“There is great cruelty in transportation. Cars are terribly overcrowded, and animals are carried great distances without food or water. The result is, that they are taken out at Chicago with bruises and sores, and legs and horns broken; many of them dead, and more almost dead; and sometimes cattle and hogs, and sometimes cattle and sheep, are packed in the same car, which results in the smaller animals being trampled upon by the larger.”

The Toronto Cattle Market.

On the 15th March, 1888, Mr. J. J. Kelso, Secretary to our Humane Society and a reporter of the *Globe* newspaper, visited the Toronto Cattle Market, in company with Constable Whitesides, the Humane Society's officer. Mr. Kelso writes:—

“In a waiting-room a number of the drovers were having an exciting time over a dog fight, but they hastily dispersed when the constable put his head in at the window. The pens of



KEEPING TIRED CATTLE STANDING BY USE OF SPIKE POLES.

cattle and pigs were only half-covered and, as many of the animals are often left in them for two or three days, they must have suffered a great deal from cold during the past few months. The reporter was told that one pig was frozen to death, but Caretaker Walker states that it died from other causes, and the body subsequently was frozen. In other respects the animals seemed to be as well treated as could reasonably be expected, and where cruelty is inflicted it is generally by the young fellows employed as drovers. Dealers will find that it does not pay to neglect their stock. Beef cattle have a hard life of it at best. They are taken from a farmer's comfortable barn, driven to the station, put in poorly arranged cars, unloaded at the market with yells and goadings, left in the open stalls for about twenty-four hours, then perhaps reloaded and taken to Montreal, cold, exhausted and hungry. Mr. Walker stated to the reporter that much

needless cruelty has been prevented by the frequent visits of the Humane officer, and that no drover ever attempts now to use the spiked pole that formerly was in common use.”

Hard Treatment of Cattle on Shipboard.

On the 25th April, 1888, a deputation from Toronto waited on the Hon. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa. The *Toronto World* thus reports the interview:—

“In 1886 a departmental regulation was passed, providing that cattle on board ship were to be allowed a space not less than eight by two and a half feet. This arrangement worked very satisfactorily during 1886, but in 1887, it was not carried out, and the exporters of cattle by the Canadian steamship lines complain that the mortality among animals increased from 2-5 of 1 per cent. to 3 per cent. The animals were crowded on board in a shocking manner, and besides being unable to lie down during the voyage, were often bruised and maimed to such an extent, that the value of a bullock in Liverpool often depreciated by £5 owing to his unsoundness. In addition to being jammed together, none of the projections on the sides and ends of the ship were covered, and the poor animals were often thrown against chains, beams, and even against the boilers and burned.” (Mr. Carling promised to see to it.)

“At the American ports, where cattle are shipped, the Humane Societies have taken this matter up, and, as a result, they are sent on their long sea voyage under very comfortable circumstances.”

The Barbarity of Vivisection.

“O'er all our cruel acts and plans
A silent angel pitying stands,
And all the groans of those distressed
She treasures in her tender breast.

“She notes the burden borne by those
Who cannot speak their griefs or woes,
The hand upraised in anger wild
'Gainst faithful beast or helpless child.

“And when at last her soft white hand
Raised in compassion or command,
The cruel man disdains to hear,
Her Sword of Justice he may fear.”

Dr. Wm. R. Blackwood, of Philadelphia, in a paper on the subject of vivisection, says:—

“Vivisection is essentially and unavoidably cruel in itself. In order to obtain accurate results the animals must be healthy, strong, and in full possession of their senses and intelligence. The administration of anæsthetics of any nature vitiates the outcome of the experiment in any instance, and destroys its utility in the majority of cases. To stupefy an animal partially, to wait until that effect has passed off, and then to mutilate it, enables the operator to say that anæsthesia was employed, and this course is pursued largely for the sake of effect, because medical literature falls fre-

quently into the hands of the laity either in the shape of original reports or extracts culled from them, and republished in magazines or newspapers. Indeed, vivisectionists themselves abet the distribution of such reading matter, in order to advertise their profound wisdom as investigators, and to impress the public with the idea of their importance as teachers; and therefore as being, in consequence, more skilful than the ordinary physicians, of whom the public know nothing through this method of advertising.

"Vivisection is useless to mankind. No animal parallels man in anatomical structure, in physiological action, nor in mode or object in life. The most rabid experimentalist will not admit that he has the brain of an ape in his cranial cavity, the lungs of a dog in his thorax, or the skin of an ass beneath his clothing. . . . He argues from false premises, his deductions are wrong, and their application to the treatment of disease is illogical in consequence."

Mr. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Humane Society, in an address at New Orleans, said:—

"Useless and unrestricted vivisection has been practised so largely in this country many years; one man has taken already the lives of more than three thousand animals in his useless experiments; these animals are kept in suffering sometimes days, and sometimes weeks. Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, Harvard University professor of surgery, told me some time since that from all this animal torture and destruction not one useful fact has thus far to his knowledge been discovered in America."

Cattle Cars—Discussion and Conclusion.

The American Humane Association, after discussing this question in convention, came to the following conclusions:—

"1. That stock should be transported by weight.

"2. That stock should be taken from the cars once in twenty-four hours and fed, watered and rested.

"3. That two pairs of bars in the ordinary cattle cars, dividing the animals into three divisions, would be a great improvement over that now pursued, of having all the animals in the car crowding against each other.

"4. That dehorning cattle by sawing off horns close to the head, for the purpose of preventing cattle from hooking, was a barbarous cruelty."

Dominion Act against Cruelty.

The Dominion Act against cruelty provides that—

"Whosoever wantonly, cruelly, or unnecessarily beats, ill-treats, abuses, overdrives, or tortures any horse, cow, sheep, or other cattle, or any poultry, or any dog or domestic animal or bird, shall, upon being convicted before the police magistrate, be punished by imprisonment

for a term not exceeding three months, or by a fine not exceeding \$50, or by both."

In addition to this clause, it is gratifying to know that, at the instance of, and heartily indorsed by, several Humane Societies in Canada, Mr. Adam Brown, M.P. for Hamilton, Ontario, has introduced into the Dominion House of Commons a Bill containing several new provisions. The bill was carefully considered in Committee and reported by it as follows:—

"The expression 'animal' shall include any horse, mare, gelding, bull, ox, cow, heifer, steer, calf, mule, ass, sheep, lamb, goat, pig, hog, sow, dog or cat, and every other domestic animal, fowl or bird, or wild animal, fowl or bird, tamed or domesticated.

"Everyone who—

"(a) ILL-TREATING.—Wantonly, cruelly or unnecessarily beats, binds, ill-treats, abuses, overdrives or tortures any cattle, poultry, dog, domestic animal or bird; or—

"(b) DAMAGE WHILE DRIVING.—While driving any cattle or other animal is, by negligence or ill-usage in the driving thereof, the means whereby any mischief, damage or injury is done by any such cattle or other animal; or—

"(c) BAITING.—In any manner encourages, aids or assists at the fighting or baiting of any bull, bear, badger, dog, cock or other kind of animal, whether of domestic or wild nature; or—

"(d) STARVING.—Having the charge or custody of any animal, unnecessarily fails to provide the same with proper food, drink, shelter and protection from the weather; or—

"(e) ABANDONING.—Being the owner, driver or person having the charge or custody of any animal, wantonly and unnecessarily leaves disabled or abandons such animal; or—

"(f) CRUELLY CARRYING.—Wantonly and unnecessarily carries, or causes to be carried, in or upon any vehicle, or otherwise, any animal in a cruel or inhuman manner; or—

"(g) TARGETS.—Keeps or uses any live animal or bird for the purpose of being used as a target, or to be shot at, either for amusement or as a test of skill in marksmanship, or for any like purpose,—or shoots at such animal or bird,—or is present as a party, umpire or judge at any such shooting at any animal or bird,—or keeps, or knowingly rents, any building, shed, room, yard, field or premises, or knowingly permits the use of any building, shed, room, yard, field or premises, for the purpose of shooting at any animal or bird as aforesaid;

"PENALTY.—Shall, on summary conviction before two justices of the peace, be liable to a penalty not exceeding FIFTY dollars, or to imprisonment for any term not exceeding three months, with or without hard labor, or to both."

The following are the additional provisions of the Bill:—

"ANY PERSON MAY INTERFERE.—Any person may interfere to prevent the perpetration of any act of cruelty done in his presence to any

animal, and any person who interferes with or obstructs or resists any person so engaged shall, on summary conviction, be liable to a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars, or to imprisonment for any term not exceeding three months, with or without hard labor, or to both.

"DESTRUCTION OF DISABLED ANIMALS.—Any person may lawfully destroy or cause to be destroyed any animal found to be abandoned or not properly cared for, when, in the judgment of two justices of the peace, called by him to view the same, in his presence, it appears to be injured, disabled or diseased past recovery."

The passage of this Bill will be hailed with sincere pleasure by all those in the Dominion who, like members of our Society, are laboring

for the protection of these dumb creatures. They hope also to see the excellent Bill of Mr. John Leys, M.P.P., Toronto, to which reference has already been made, pass at the next session of the Ontario Legislature. Its provisions "for the better protection of insectivorous and other birds, squirrels and toads," are admirable and most humane. In Part II. of this publication will be found information as to the "Act for the Protection and Reformation of Neglected Children," the draft of which was submitted to Hon. Attorney-General Mowat by the Toronto Humane Society. He cordially approved of it and had it passed into a law in its present form.

VI. HUMANE SOCIETIES' DOINGS ELSEWHERE.

New York Humane Society.

The New York Report (the twenty-second) for 1888 gives the following summary of its work :

"The following tables show, in a condensed form, what has been done during the past twenty-two years :

Cases prosecuted in the courts	13,850
Disabled animals temporarily suspended from work	35,108
Horses, disabled past recovery, humanely destroyed	24,099
Disabled horses removed from the Streets in the Ambulances	4,444

"The aggregate result for the year 1887 is as follows :

Cases prosecuted in the courts	797
Disabled animals temporarily suspended from work	3,456
Horses, disabled past recovery, humanely destroyed	2,546
Small animals, disabled past recovery, humanely destroyed	1,202
Disabled horses removed from the Streets in the Ambulances	522
Complaints received and investigated ..	3,773

"Five hundred and twenty two sick and disabled animals were removed from the streets to veterinary hospitals in our ambulances, and the derrick was called into requisition to rescue several horses from drowning and excavations into which they had accidentally fallen. Any hour of the day or night they are available.

"All vessels carrying cattle and other animals to foreign countries have been visited by our representatives, and the regulations prescribed by President Bergh several years ago, with regard to space, food, and water, have been rigidly insisted on.

"DOG-FIGHTS, COCK-FIGHTS, AND RAT-BATTS.—These demoralizing exhibitions have been almost entirely suppressed in this city. It is most difficult to discover contemplated contests between animals, even in this and the more

isolated counties, by reason of the secrecy with which they are conducted.

"Miscellaneous, and every other detail of our work not heretofore mentioned, is embodied. Markets, night and day hack-stands, railroad and stage depots, ferries, places of amusement where animals are employed, the horse-market where worthless horses and mules are brought to be sold, likewise the city 'dog-pound' and 'dog-catchers,' have received official attention. All complaints received pertaining to the work of animal protection have been investigated, and when reported 'well-founded,' prompt official action has been rendered."

Massachusetts Humane Society.

President Angell, of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, reports legacies from various persons in aid of the Society's work during the past year.

Three prosecutions had been made for docking the tails of horses, and in each case a fine of \$50 and costs inflicted on the guilty party. A painting, ten feet by six, illustrating Longfellow's poem, "The Old Horse Ringing the Bell of Justice" (see page 25), was hung in the Mechanics' Fair Hall.

The monthly report of complaint shows 193 cases of cruelty dealt with by Boston agents, 32 animals taken from work, and 66 horses and other animals mercifully killed. In one of the cases presented, a teamster who twice knocked down a horse with a heavy cart stake was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment. Five thousand seven hundred and forty-three branches of the Society's Band of Mercy have been formed thus far.

In the Fourteenth Report of the Ohio Humane Society it is stated that during "the past year (1886-7) from 12,000 to 15,000 animals

have come directly under the care of the Society's agents, and a much larger number indirectly. The whole number of children to which attention has been given in the same time is about 1,500.

The "sports" and "roughs," who indulge in the most cruel pastime of dog-fighting and chicken-fighting, have been pursued relentlessly.

The practice of live bird-shooting from traps has been almost entirely prevented, and is becoming unpopular among sportsmen themselves.

A law was passed last year for the protection of our native birds, and its existence has done much to check the barbarous slaughter of our feathered innocents.

NOTE.—The other latest local reports which the editor has access to are for 1886.

The American Parent Society.

In the last Report of the meeting of the General Society, or "American Humane Association," held at Rochester, October, 1887, the President states that during the year he had

"Travelled many thousand miles, visiting ranches, stock-yards, slaughter houses, markets, and other centres of animal industry. Everywhere there is a marked change in feeling and in methods. Nowhere are animals regarded as mere chattels, to be treated as the objects of their owner's mere caprice or impulse. Everywhere, even in places where we would hardly look for it, there hovers over the speechless brute the angelic wings of a pervasive protection. The old question of the apostle, 'Does God care for the oxen?' has found its answer in this time and place, where law and public sentiment and active supervision have made cruelty, which was once the commonplace treatment of the animal, a disgrace and a crime."

The President states that the work done by thirty societies, chiefly in the United States, during the last year has relieved the misery, cruelty and abuse of a hundred and thirty thousand (130,000) animals, and a hundred and ten thousand (110,000) children.

He further states that there are sixty-one additional societies in the United States and Canada, from which no reports were received.

"These ninety-one principal Societies," he adds, "each with its many branches, have done much to ameliorate the condition of those helpless creatures, who, but for them, would have had no friend or deliverer; and they present a picture both unique and beautiful, of the power of a well-directed philanthropy and a noble enthusiasm."

The Audubon Society, formed in 1886, the object of which is the protection of birds, now numbers fifteen thousand members, drawn from every State and Territory of the Union, and

from Canada. The Society will assuredly achieve the ends indicated by its founders in enlightening the people on the importance of birds in the general economy of Nature, and in creating a healthy sentiment condemnatory of reckless bird slaughter.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

Mr. M. V. B. Davis, Secretary of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., writes to the American Humane Society at its Rochester meeting, thus:—

"Less than a quarter of a century ago the humane organizations of the world were fewer than ten. To-day they number over four hundred, and back of them stands ready for battle for the right a vast army of God-serving, high-minded men and women. Nothing can, nothing shall, impede the progress of a cause that is exercising the most favorable influence on the human race. 'A feeling of sacredness for life is natural to the heart of every human being, and it only requires cultivation to grow into a strong and endearing sentiment, which will guide the actions through each stage of existence.' Humane Societies, in teaching the lessons of kindness to animals, are forming the basis for the reception of religious instruction, and are leading the way to a higher civilization. Therefore with God on our side we cannot help but go forward; and this parent Association echoes the voice of humanity everywhere, that from the hearts of the people may come the strongest sympathy, and from their store may come the greatest financial help to sustain a cause of right and justice, and aid in carrying out a principle which God Himself has exemplified in all his relations with us—that those creatures which are under our dominion, and by whose labor and sacrifices we are benefited, have a claim in return upon our kindly interest, care and protection."

Humane Societies in England.

Mr. E. L. Brown of Chicago, in a recent address on this subject, said:—

"We should take pattern from the oldest Society of this kind in the world. The London Society, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, every year devotes a certain amount of money—I will say, before I go on, I think our whole work is educational, and on that line I am about to speak. Educate the children. The Royal Society in London devotes a certain sum of money every year to be given as prizes to those children of the public schools of Great Britain who shall write the best essays on kindness to animals, and that every year those prizes are given, and it is an occasion to be remembered. I remember well four years ago when I was in London, I went on purpose to go there. It was held in St. James' Hall, one of the largest halls in London, and it was full two consecutive afternoons with children—6,000 children. It was a beautiful sight to see those prizes given to those children. There were 800 prizes given to the children, one of whom was only eight years old. From eight to fifteen years of age were those who

had received prizes. They appointed a committee of judges of the first gentlemen and ladies of the kingdom, whose duty it was to read the essays over and award the prizes. It was a beautiful sight, all those thousands of children and seven or eight hundred of the first gentlemen and ladies in England on the great platform and the stage that run up behind the platform; and the prizes were given the first day by the daughter of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the second day by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

"These prizes were sometimes a book, sometimes a picture, but all simple things. I presume none of them cost over five dollars a piece, if so much. And as the children came up, if it was a boy, he bowed; but if it was a girl, she dropped a courtesy. The prizes for these particular children were handed to Princess Beatrice, and she handed it to the child, and said 'Your Queen gives you this prize,' and that child will never forget it as long as he or she lives. It was one of the finest sights I ever saw. Why cannot we do it? It is very simple. There are plenty of men who will give money, I think, for those prizes, and in that way will educate the children. It is wonderful, as Prof. Swing says, how far a word will go in this line. The Earl of Shaftesbury told me himself that the tutor of one of the largest schools in England wrote to him about his pupils that they were getting to be extremely cruel to animals and birds and to each other, and he wrote to the Earl of Shaftesbury, knowing that he took interest in these things, asking his advice. He wrote him that he had put in a certain bank a certain amount of money to remain there in perpetuity, the interest of which should go to give prizes to the children of that school—the boys of that school—for it was a boys' school, who should write the best essay on the subject of kindness to animals, and should practice what they preached. The effect was marvellous. Within two years that school, from being one of the worst schools in the kingdom, was the best. Why cannot we reach the children? If we do that, we will have no difficulty in reaching the adults.

The Humane Cause in England and France.

The Massachusetts Humane Society states that—

"The Ladies' Humane Education Committee of the Royal Society of England, has sent at one time a humane publication to about twenty-five thousand schoolmasters in Great Britain, with an address asking their aid in the schools.

"The Royal Society of England, and several Societies in the United States, have given prizes to pupils in the schools who write the best compositions on the subject."

Another authority states that probably the largest society of boys and girls in the world is one in England, called "The Dicky Bird Society." It was started to protect the birds and their nests, but now includes other creatures. Over thirty-seven thousand boys and

girls now belong to this society, and they all promise to be kind to all harmless creatures, and to protect them to the utmost of their power, to feed the birds in winter, and to never take or destroy a nest; and that they will all try to get as many boys and girls as possible to join "The Dicky Bird Society."

Mr. Angell, in an address at New Orleans, thus referred to the Humane Societies in other parts of the world:—

"The wonderful growth of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals is a subject with which some of you are familiar; how they have stretched out their protecting arms, not only in this country, but in Europe, Asia, Africa, and many islands of various oceans, numbering among their members many of the noblest, and best, and most illustrious of the world's citizens. In England the Royal Society is under the patronage of the Queen, and its President, a member of the Queen's Privy Council.

"The first audience I had the pleasure of addressing there some years ago was presided over by one of the most learned men in England, the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and the gentleman who moved the vote of thanks was Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, very near the head of the British army; the second was at the house of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, probably next to the Queen the most highly respected woman in England.

"In France, Germany, and elsewhere, wherever I have travelled in Europe, I have found the same. One German society numbers among its members twenty-three generals and over two hundred officers of the German army."

The Massachusetts Society also states that—

"The French Minister of Public Instruction has ordered the publications of the French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to be circulated in French schools, and called the attention of the teachers of France to the importance of educating children humanely.

"The French Society gives medals of gold, silver and bronze to those who have shown the greatest kindness to animals. The Archbishop of Bordeaux, Mons. Dounot, in a recent address, states that in a number of the dioceses of France, it is the custom of the pastors of the churches, when preparing children for their first communion, to require from them a promise never to ill-treat any dumb creature."

A celebrated French teacher (M. DeSailly) has been teaching the children in his school, ever since 1851, kindness to animals. He says it has had the best influence on their lives and characters. He has found them "not only more kind to animals, but more gentle and affectionate toward each other," and he hopes that principles of kindness to animals will soon be taught in every school.

Mr. Angell adds:—

"In more than five thousand French schools regular lessons are now given the children on this subject, and as I have before said, in these papers, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of societies of children have been formed in the schools of England, France and other countries, to protect animals from cruelty. Out of about two thousand criminals in American prisons, inquired of on the subject, it was found that only twelve had any pet animal during their childhood."

Other Humane Societies.

The annual report of the Calcutta S. P. C. A. for 1886 shows for the year 7,126 prosecutions and 7,042 convictions, by far the largest number obtained by any society in the world.

Princess Eugenie, of Sweden, who takes a great interest in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the other day invited the cab-drivers of Stockholm to "afternoon coffee" in the large hall of the Exchange, where a lecture about the horse and its proper treatment was afterwards delivered. One of the Princess' ladies-in-waiting officiated as hostess. —*The Press*.

Mr. Angell mentions in *Our Dumb Animals* for May, 1888, that:

"In the winter of 1884-5 buildings and an amphitheatre were erected on grounds adjoining the International Exposition at New Orleans, and bulls and bull-fighters brought from Mexico, and a series of brutal exhibitions was about to begin, when we appealed through the New Orleans papers to the authorities and all good citizens to stop them. The Governor of Louisiana ordered that they should not be permitted. The bulls and fighters were sent back to Mexico, and the buildings and grounds stood vacant."

The Boston *Herald* publishes the following letter, dated Mexico, via Galveston, Tex., April 18, 1888:—

"Gen. Gonzalez, formerly President of the Republic, and now Governor of the State of Guanajuato, has taken a bold and decisive step in decreeing the suppression of bull-fighting in that State. He declares that the sport is demoralizing and leading the people into habits of wastefulness and disorder, and that the employment of large sums for constructing bull rings and maintaining them is entirely improper in the present state of civilization. He declares that educational interests and manufacturing enterprises suffer from the use of so much money in this barbaric sport, and that habits of public order and economy are destroyed by it. Accordingly he orders the summary prohibition of bull-fighting in his State."

The Toronto Humane Society is anxious to enlist the hearty co-operation of the citizens in its operations, so that it, too, with their aid, will have a good record of work done.

"There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God!
Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak or
stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil.
And ere one flowering season fades and dies
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God." —*Cowper*.

How often do persons say that they like animals "in their place," which generally means that they do not like them at all. The most original application of these words was made by the Empress of Brazil, who declared she liked feathers and wings best in their place —on the birds' bodies!—*Selected*.

Paley on the Happy World of Nature.

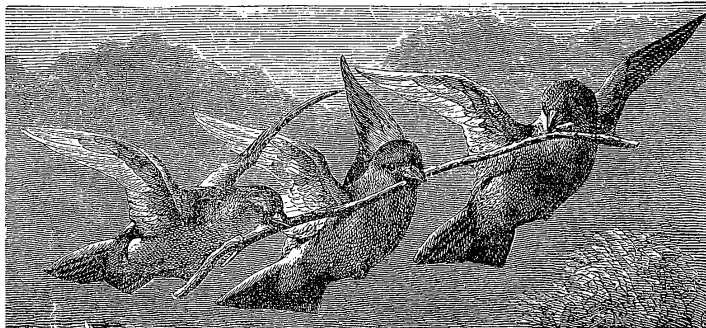
"It is a happy world," says Archdeacon Paley. "The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. The insect youth are on the wing. Swarms of new-born flies are trying their young pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their dancing mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place, without apparent use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties.

"Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere,
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast."

—*Longfellow*.

As we advance in this humane work towards animals, their world grows under our study, and the horse, the ox, the dog, seem to come nearer to man, and not to be the low brutes they once were. The pet dog of one of the New England poets understands many words, but is simply unable to speak them. We, who are a little better in language and power than the dumb animals, must come between them and all needless pain.—*Prof. Swing*.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise." —*Anon*.



“MANY HANDS” (OR EVEN BILLS) “MAKE LIGHT WORK.”

VII. INTERESTING NATURAL HISTORY FACTS.

As more fully explained in another part of this publication—where the object may be more clearly seen—it was thought desirable to devote some portion of the work to the characteristics and habits of animals. A perusal of the following extracts, taken from various sources, cannot fail to excite a deeper interest in the animals themselves, as well as a more widespread feeling of generous and humane sympathy in their condition and well-being. That their natural instincts rise almost to the level of dumb and silent reason, few, who have given any attention to the habits and ways of animals, can doubt. Those who will read the extracts in this publication, touching upon these subjects, will be particularly struck with the many interesting facts bearing on the point which is sought to be emphasized and illustrated by the writers.

Natural Characteristics of Animals.

The greyhound runs by eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred miles homeward by eyesight, viz., from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in its eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but, with a dash, reversing the action of his four wings, and instantaneously calculating distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and

down in the sun—the minutest interval between them—yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are.

A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet, somehow, they contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid, heavy, and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to the emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way—listen and look around before he takes his draught? No one knows.

A young student of Natural History conveys to the *N. H. Farmer* some of his observations in the stock-yard. He noticed that a horse in rising from a recumbent position, employed his fore legs as a fulcrum to raise his body, but that with the bovine tribe the system is reversed. It was noticed, too, that fowls, in flying from one place to another, unless frightened or hardly pressed, light upon the top of the fence or wall and take a brief survey of the new field before dropping into it. There is another characteristic of the hen family not readily explained, and that is a propensity to steal away to some blind place where an egg is to be deposited, but making a terrible cackling when leaving, thus betraying what she seemed so anxious to conceal. A dog, in seeking a place of repose, is very apt to circle around two or three times before dropping down, even though no bedding is there requiring this preparation.

A bird, in seeking rest upon the limb of a tree, almost invariably drops below the point selected, and rises to it by a gentle upward curve.

Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at, and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. In the Zoological Gardens I saw a baboon that always got into a furious rage when its keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him, and his rage was so violent that, as I witnessed on one occasion, he bit his own legs until the blood flowed out. All animals feel wonder, and many exhibit curiosity, the latter quality affording opportunity for the hunters, in many parts of the world, to decoy their game into their power. The faculty of imitation, so strongly developed in man, especially in a barbarous state, is a peculiarity of monkeys. A certain bull-terrier of our acquaintance, when he wishes to go out of the room, jumps at the handle of the door and grasps it with his paws, although he cannot himself turn the handle. Parrots also reproduce with wonderful fidelity the tones of voice of different speakers, and puppies reared by cats have been known to lick

their feet and wash their faces after the manner of their foster-mothers. Attention and memory are also present in the lower animals, and it is impossible to deny that the dreams of dogs and horses show the presence of imagination, or that a certain sort of reason is also present. Animals also profit by experience, as any man realizes who has closely observed their actions.

Effect of Music on Animals.

Almost everyone is familiar with instances of the power of music over the lower animals.

Deer are delighted with the sound of music. Playford, in his "Introduction to Music," says:—"Myself, as I travelled some years since, near Royston, met a herd of stags, about twenty, upon the road, following a bag-pipe and violin. When the music played they went

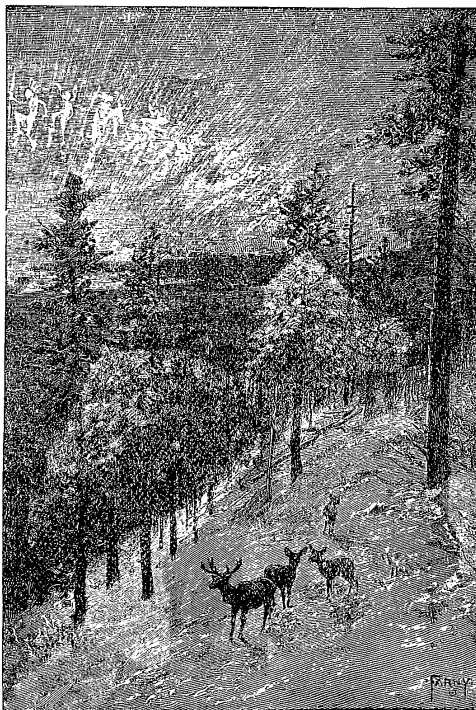
forward, when it ceased they all stood still; and in this manner they were brought up out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court."

Even lions and bears come under the charm. Sir John Hawking, in his "History of Music," quotes an author who speaks of a lion he had seen in London, who would forsake his food to listen to a tune. Bears, too, have, from the earliest times, been taught to dance to the sound of music.

Elephants have good ears, and may be trained as musical performers. An experimental concert was given to Hans and Margaret, a pair of elephants in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. The performers were all distinguished artists. The effect was unmistakable.

Melodies in a minor key especially touched their elephantine hearts. "Caira" fired them with transport; "Charmante Gabrielle" steeped them in languor. The spell, nevertheless, did not act alike on both. Margaret became passionately affectionate; Hans maintained his usual sobriety of deportment.

The cheering influence of music is seen in the



"Wild deer, in the forest glade,
Raise thy timid, graceful head;
In thy dark and lustrous eyes
Lo, what stirring beauty lies!
Live the life awarded thee,
Under the wild forest tree;
Hand of mine shall not destroy
Life so full of harmless joy."

case of camels. During the long and painful marches the conductors of a caravan often comfort their camels by playing on instruments. The music has such an effect that, however fatigued they may be by their heavy loads, the animals step out with renewed vigor.

Monkeys have a keen ear for rhythm, and have been taught to dance to music on the tight-rope.

Dogs often set up a whine or a howl when they hear music.

One horse the writer once possessed would stop in the act of eating his corn and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears and steady eyes, the instant he heard the low G sounded, and would continue to listen as long as it was sustained; while another horse he knew was similarly affected by a particularly high note. The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack gives tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between different sounds. They never mistake one call for another. The educated horse of the circus owes a great deal to the influence of music; he marches, trots, gallops, advances, retires, and even dances to the lively strains of the orchestra.

On sheep and cattle, music, both vocal and instrumental, has a highly beneficial effect. There is a poetic saying among the Arabs, that the song of the shepherd fattens the sheep more than the richest pasture of the plains; and the saying rests, no doubt, on a foundation of fact. Eastern shepherds are in the habit of singing and piping to quicken the action of the flocks under their charge.

When cows are sulky, milkmaids in the Highlands of Scotland often sing to them to restore them to good humor.

In Switzerland a milkmaid or man gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it is found that a cow will yield one-fifth more milk if soothed during the milking by a pleasing melody.

In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

The Trades of Animals.

The following observations, which we copy verbatim from an "Old Curiosity Shop," have reference to animals, and exhibit their least apparent knowledge of the sciences; also their professions, occupations and enjoyments:—

The marmot is a civil engineer; he not only

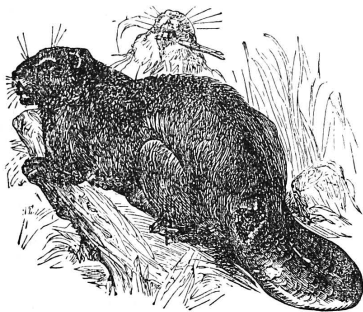
builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. The East India ants are horticulturists; they make mushrooms, upon which they feed their young. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk-spinners. The bird *ploceus textor* is a weaver; he weaves a web to make his nest. The *primia* is a tailor; he sews the leaves to-



gether to make his nest. The squirrel is a ferryman; with a chip or a piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants are regular day laborers. The monkey is a rope-dancer. The association of beavers presents us with a model of republicanism. The bees live under a monarchy. The Indian antelopes furnish an example of patriarchal government. Elephants exhibit an aristocracy of elders. Wild horses are said to select their leader. Sheep, in a wild state, are under the control of a military chief ram.

Bees are geometricians; their cells are so constructed as, with least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible loss of interstice. So also is the antlion; his funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation as if it had been made by the skilful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instruments. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the line-killer is an arithmetician; so, also, is the crow, the wild-turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel, are electricians.

The nautilus is a navigator; he raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs his anchor, and performs other nautical evolutions. Whole



tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder and wood-cutter; he cuts down trees and erects houses and dams.

How appropriate, in this connection, are the following lines by Pope:—

“Go; from the creatures thy instruction take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets
yield;

Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.”

Whittier, drawing his knowledge and inspiration from the old New England farm, thus versifies certain of the characteristics of animals, etc.:—

“Knowledge never learned at schools
Of the wild bee’s morning chase,
Of the wild flower’s time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell;
How the woodchuck digs his cell
And the ground-mole makes his well;
How the robin feeds her young;
How the oriole’s nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow;
Where the freshest berries grow;
Where the wood-nut trails its vine;
Where the wood-grape’s clusters shine;
Of the black wasp’s cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay;
And the architectural plans
Of grey hornet artisans!”

Longevity of Animals.

The average of cats is 15 years; a squirrel and hare, 7 or 8 years; rabbits, 7; a bear rarely

exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 to 16; lions are long-lived—the one known by the name of Pompey lived to the age of 70; elephants have been known to live, it is asserted, to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porpus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: “Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun.” The elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30; the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but average 25 to 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 100 years; the dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known to live 200 years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that lived to that age. Pelicans are long-lived; a tortoise has been known to live to 107.

Animal Telegraphy to One Another.

There are other and older telegraphs than those that are formed by electric wires. Even the lower animals—those that are social and gregarious—have carried the art of telegraphy to wondrous perfection ages ago; and one has only to watch them attentively to be amazed at their telegraphic doings. Watch the crows . . . the sparrows . . . and the doves, though they look so innocent, do not spend all their time in cooing love-songs or in pruning their rainbow feathers; they have a *Mark Lane Express* of their own, and by a peck or a ruffle of their feathers can direct to where [they can feast in plenty]. Mark, too, the swallows . . . I have seen some of them perched in long rows on the telegraph wires, and have fancied them saying, as they swayed their graceful bodies up and down and wagged their pretty heads, “These foolish men, with their nonsensical wires, a clumsy imitation of the spider’s web—what would they not give to know *our* telegraphic system!”

But this wondrous telegraphy is not confined to the feathered tribes . . . The deer-stalker, the elephant-hunter, the chamois-shooter, the lion-slayer, have all a tale to tell of their might-

ier prey. There is not a single tribe of gregarious animals, great or small, which has not some swift, subtle, perfect system of signals by which the wants of the community is expressed and its woes cured. And even among solitary creatures, who that has seen the geometric spider sitting at his central bureau, and receiving signal after signal along his spoke-like-lines, has not thought him reading off the symbols, "Fly market tight," "Blue-bottles looking up," "Midges easy," "Thunder in the air"?—*The late Dr. Geo. Wilson, of Edinburgh.*

The Alarm Bird.

Near the Coppermine River, which falls into the Hudson River, there is a tribe of Indians who derive their sole subsistence from game. The animals, taught by experience, shun the haunts of men, and conceal themselves in the most sequestered spots, and would with difficulty be discovered were it not for one of the owl genus called the alarm bird.

No sooner does this bird descry man or beast than it directs its flight towards them, and, hovering over them, forms gyrations round their head. Should two objects at once arrest its attention, it flies from one to the other alternately with a loud, screaming noise, resembling the crying of a child. In this manner it will follow travellers and attend a herd of deer for the space of a day.

By means of this guide the Copper Indians are apprized of the approach of strangers, or directed to the herds of deer and musk oxen, which otherwise they would frequently miss. Is it to be wondered at, then, that they hold the alarm bird in the highest esteem?—*British American Reader.*

Insect Food of Canadian Birds.

Nearly all the birds that frequent our orchards and nurseries are insectivorous, and well deserve the kind protection of the farmer and gardener. The services of our pretty and familiar friend the robin are invaluable, and the ill-feeling manifested towards this bird is quite unaccountable. The food of the robin consists almost exclusively of grubs, earthworms and those subterraneous caterpillars or cut-worms that come out of the earth to take their food; all these and many others are devoured by the robin, and if he should occasionally taste a cherry or a plum, surely the general interests of agriculture are of more importance than a few cherries. During the breeding season a pair of robins will destroy myriads of noxious

insects; and as the robin raises two and sometimes three broods in a season, the service he renders the agriculturist in ridding the soil of grubs and worms that would destroy his crops, certainly entitles this bird to more merciful treatment than it usually receives.

The elegant cedar bird is also another innocent victim of unfounded prejudice. This bird rarely touches fruit of any kind, unless it contains a worm or the larvæ of some noxious insect. Its food consists principally of caterpillars, beetles, and the canker worms that infest the fruit trees.

The brilliant oriole or golden robin, the gaudy scarlet tanager or red bird, love to build their nests and raise their young in the trees of the orchard, because there they find their food, which consists almost exclusively of caterpillars and the larvæ of insects. Our beautiful singers, the thrushes, destroy nearly all kinds of grubs, caterpillars, and worms that live upon the greensward or cultivated soil. The cat bird, that charms the ear with its rich and varied notes, seldom ever tastes fruit, but feeds upon insects of various kinds. The beautiful warblers pursue their insect-destroying labors from early morn till night; the active flycatchers capture the winged insects; the blue bird, that loves to dwell near the haunts of man, feeds upon spiders and caterpillars; the woodpeckers, nuthatches, titmice, wrens and creepers, feed upon the larvæ of insects deposited in the bark of trees; the swallows and martins feed entirely upon winged insects; the yellow bird and the sparrows feed upon small insects and the seeds of grass and various weeds; the food of the meadow lark and the cheerful bobolink consists of the larvæ of various insects, as well as beetles, grasshoppers, cutworms, and crickets, of which they destroy immense numbers.—*Canadian Ornithologist.*

"On Thee each living soul awaits,
From Thee, O Lord, all seek their food,
Thou openest Thy hand
And fillest all with good."

—*Haydn's Creation.*

Great naturalists, who have studied into the habits of animals, birds and insects, have discovered that there is a place in the world of Nature for each and every one, and that each one fills its place beautifully and perfectly in its own sphere. We must admit, however, that noxious insects and dangerous animals sometimes get out of their "sphere," and then there is no doubt we may destroy them and do no wrong.—*Mrs. C. M. Fairchild.*

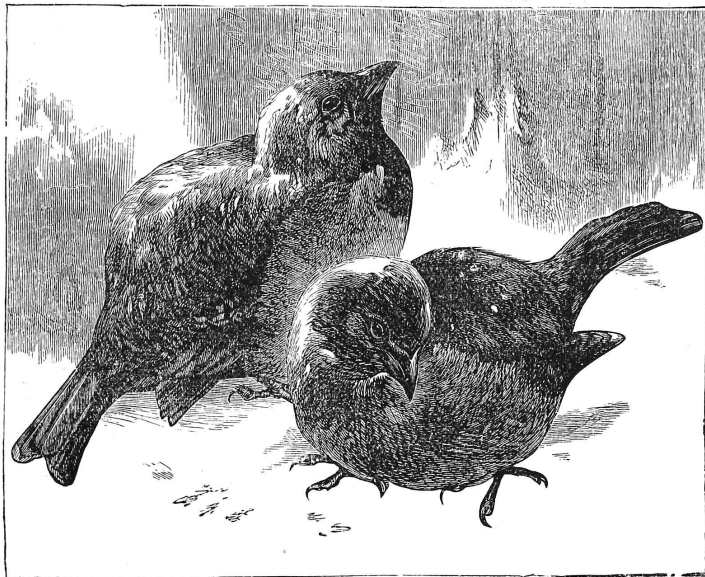
The Snow Birds and Birds in the Snow.

Where do the snow birds come from and where do they go? That is a question put by a friend who has been observing the movements of these little winter wanderers of the feathered tribe. He says a dozen or so of greyish white, brown, dear little beauties will come tittering and chirping for a few moments about the yard or near the door of a friendly kitchen, and then away they go. The sky—before cloudless—darkens, and soon the flakes fall thick and fast. Search for them, the yards—the woods—the swamps, but you fail to discover one of the little prophets. The falling mercury in the

Alas! how often fruitless is their search! And as for water, all is frozen; and then there are no fountains for them, or for dogs or horses!

The Bird and the Quadruped.

With what a glance of scorn may the weakest bird regard the strongest, the swiftest of quadrupeds—a tiger, a lion. The bird needs not to seek the air that he may be reinvigorated by touching it. The air seeks and flows into him; it incessantly kindles within him the burning fires of life. It is this, and not the wing, which is so marvellous. Take the pinions of the condor, and follow its track, when from the

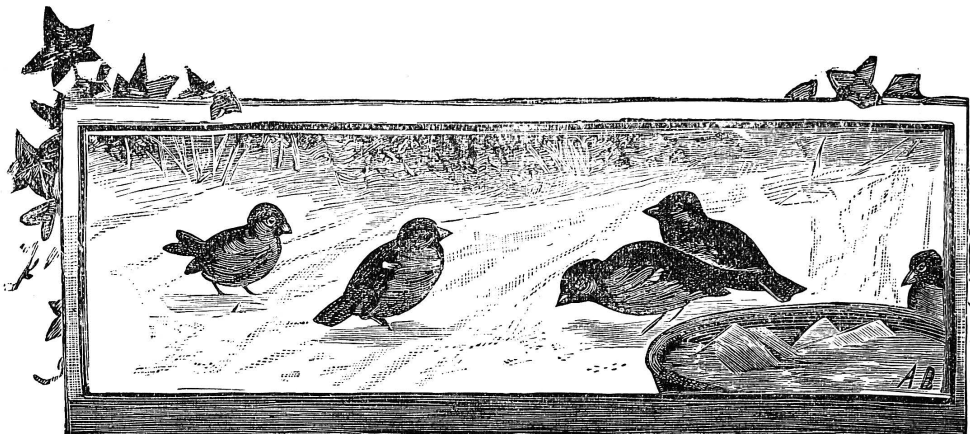


BIRDS IN THE SNOW—"OUT IN THE COLD."

barometer indicates that a storm of some kind is near, but the presence of snow birds presages a snow storm always. Each winter the snow birds are particularly zealous in giving their timely warning of the snow storms which often follow one another so rapidly, and have thus kept the highways so nicely covered for the convenience and pleasure of man.

Who has not often in winter noticed the poor little birds just after a snow storm vainly endeavoring to look for food? How forlorn they look, as one in this picture does! And how one longs to give them a few crumbs! They, too, on their part, eagerly dart about, seeking for the least sign of anything that looks like food on the road, or in the yard or stable.

summit of the Andes and the Siberian glaciers, it swoops down upon the glowing shore of Peru; traversing in a moment all the temperatures of the globe, breathing at one breath the frightful mass of air—scorching, frozen, it matters not. *You* would reach the earth, stricken as by thunder. Strength makes joy. The happiest of beings is the bird, because it feels itself strong beyond the limits of its action; because, cradled, sustained by the breath, it floats, it rises without effort, like a dream. The boundless strength, the exalted faculty, obscure among inferior beings, in the bird is clear and vital, of deriving at will its vigor from the material source, of drinking in life at full flood is a divine intoxication —*Jules Michelet.*



"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."—*St. Matt.* vi. 26.

"Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them."—*St. Luke* xii. 24.

"And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!"

—*As You Like It*, II. 3.

VIII. THE WANTON DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

GENERAL NOTE OF EXPLANATION BY THE EDITOR.

It will be noted that in this publication the Editor has varied the character of the articles in it, although in each case they are made to bear on the subject of the chapter itself.

The Editor has done so advisedly. The painful nature of some of the articles might, he judged, impose too severe a strain on the feelings and sensibilities of the reader. He has, therefore, intermingled with the specific articles, which form the subject-matter of the particular chapter in hand, others, both in prose and poetry, of a more pleasant, or even pathetic, character, which might have been more appropriately inserted in Part III.

The Editor's object was thus to relieve any painful strain on the feelings of the reader, which the facts or details given might cause. He also desired to awaken a deeper personal interest in the horse, or dog, or bird, whose

treatment was the subject of a chapter. There is no doubt but that by the reading of these intermediate articles, or extracts, a fuller insight into the kindly nature or lovable characteristics and fidelity of horse, or dog, etc., as the case might be, would be the result.

This twofold object will be the more fully apparent by referring to the preceding chapter, in which will be found a series of interesting extracts on natural history.

Her Majesty the Queen, in her address in July, 1887, on the anniversary of the Royal Humane Society, of which she has been not only patron, but a generous and interested member for over fifty years, uttered these memorable words: "No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy."

To promote, among other objects, this noble sentiment of our gracious Queen is the main purpose of this publication.

Promiscuous Shooting of Birds.

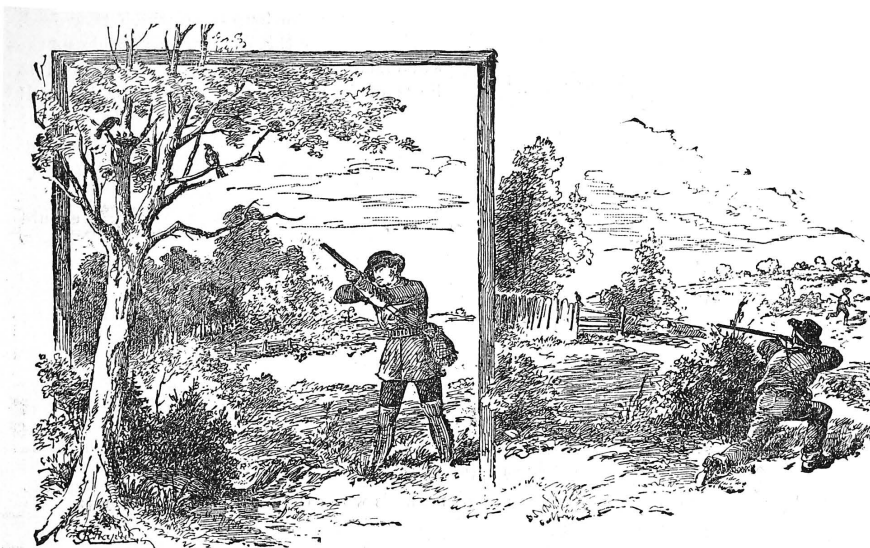
The destruction of birds takes various forms. Boys with catapults, and even men with guns, or other means of destruction, go out early in the spring—just when the birds are migrating back to us, to gladden us with their music and song—and, for “sport,” shoot and destroy all that they can get near enough to aim at.

“Are you not aware,” said Rev. Dr. Wild, of Toronto, in his sermon in January, 1888, “that people go forth with a gun, and promis-

some means.’ It makes me feel like being a tyrant, and saying to the Toronto and Hamilton dudes that come there, ‘Stay at home and shoot in your own back yard at a miniature duck or hen, and see how you can aim at it.’ Some will kill for mere sport, and leave the poor bird struggling on the ground. There is no sense in such things.”

Boys with Catapults.

Boys have many ways of gratifying their cruel propensity. Amongst others, a little instrument



THE “SPORT” OF SHOOTING SONG BIRDS!



ciously shoot our songsters and anything that almost comes in their way, when they cannot make use of the feather or the flesh or the claws? They shoot them just out of sheer passion. I have seen them come on my farm, and when they could not see a bird, they would shoot a goose, a duck, or a hen, and the foreman would come round to me perhaps the next day, and say, ‘I found this or that dead by

which they make with a small forked stick, a bit of string and a strip of rubber, called by various names, such as “catapult,” “rubber gun,” “bean shooter,” etc. “Many boys become quite expert in using them, and, by loading them with carefully selected pebbles, or buck-shot, they are able to do no little damage among the pigeons, sparrows, and other such birds; and occasionally dogs, cats, and other larger animals. The number of birds killed or injured by these instruments is quite large; and for all the little boys of our country, or for any large proportion of them, to grow up with this idea of indiscriminate killing and slaughtering of innocent animals, solely for their amusement, is a very serious matter. Of course, they often begin it thoughtlessly, but are naturally ambitious to become good marksmen with their new plaything. After a while the catapult does not

satisfy them, and they must have something more deadly with which to continue their destructive war upon the innocent birds. In Toronto there is a by-law against the use of these catapults; but it is evaded, and the destruction goes on unchecked. Toy pistols are most dangerous and foolish playthings, and should be prohibited. The character of a child's playthings have much to do with the forming of the child's character."

The Tournament—or Killing Doves.

(See illustration on page 54.)

There was loading of guns for a "tournament"
As forth the knights to the combat went,
With the "stern joy" we're told they feel
In foeman worthy of their steel.
See how they stand in martial pride,
With "the enemy" ranged on the other side!

But hold! Are they shooting prisoners there?
No! for the prisoners rise in air,
Only to meet, as they soar away,
The cruel shot on its whizzing way;
The shot that mangles and tears and dooms
The gentle bird with the soft, white plumes—
The emblem of purity from all time,
In sacred page and in poet's rhyme.
Such is the quarry our modern knight
Seeks, when he goes, in his manhood's might,
To show the cunning of his right hand!

"But hold!" they say; "don't you understand
That we show—since man was made to kill—
Hereby our clemency, pluck and skill.
Our pluck, since we meet, with unflinching eye,
The gaze of our innocent enemy.
We are marksmen sure, since we can slay
A bird, when 'tis not too far away.
And our clemency no one can deny—
Some are but wounded, and some let fly;
And if four of its kin are left alive,
What right to complain has the one in five?"

Oh, fire away; 'tis a noble deed!
But, methinks, in the hour of our greatest need
We shall look for nobler knights than they
Who win their spurs by the doves they slay!

In the good old times, when the ancient knight
Went forth to prove his good sword's might,
'Twas against some monster of frightful mien,
Or a knight all cased in glittering sheen;
Or to shelter the weak and oppressed from
wrong;

Not *such* are the knights of this modern song.

—*Agnes Maule Machar.*

KINGSTON, ONT., May, 1883.

Destruction of Birds Forbidden in Germany.

* The destruction of all birds, except game to eat, has been prohibited in many of the German states, on the Rhine, and in other parts of Germany. The motives urged are these—wherever the farmers have killed the rooks, jays, and even sparrows, the crops have been less than where they had been unmolested. Very able naturalists have examined this, and have reported that the vast quantity of noxious vermin which the birds destroy, greatly exceeds the small quantity of grain they destroy in searching for the insects on which they feed. Investigation in this country has developed the same fact. The destruction of the birds gives hosts of insect tribes a chance for life, and those feed upon the crops and cause a far more general destruction of fruits, vegetables and cereals than is occasioned by the birds themselves. As spring approaches, and with it the time of the singing of birds, measures should be taken to protect these warblers from murderous attacks of boys.

The late Rev. Professor Hincks, of University College, Toronto, in a lecture at Barrie, Ontario, said:—

"The wanton destruction of birds which devote their lives to our interests, such as swallows and others, which only threaten us with injury for short periods, and by taking advantage of their natural timidity may be kept from doing us much damage; the best of their time is employed in destroying the farmer's worst enemies."

Who Killed Cock-Sparrow?

Punch has the following, for the benefit of those "sportsmen" who scour the woods as soon as the snow has gone, and shoot at everything they can come within reach of:—

Who killed Cock-Sparrow?

"I," said those men of Crawley,

"With my club and my mawley.

I killed Cock-Sparrow!"

Who saw him die?

"I," said Caterpillar,

"And I blessed Sparrow-killer,

As I saw him die."

Who'll dance on his grave?

"I," said Mr. Slug,

"With Green-fly and Red-bug,

We'll dance on his grave."

Who'll weep for his loss?

"I," said young Wheat-shoot,

Fruit and flower—bud and root,

"We'll weep for his loss."

Don't Let Your Cat Kill the Birds.

Destructive of birds in springtime as boys are, the cat is almost as much so at all times. Especially is this feline marauder so in the breeding season, when the little fledglings first essay to try their wings. The cruel cat is at that time unusually alert and stealthy. It then requires equal alertness on the part of those who love pussy, and yet who still more appreciate the value and beauty of the birds, to be their active ally and protector, so as thus to circumvent the cat's cruel intent. In no other way can they hope to defeat the designs of the persistent enemy of the helpless nestlings.

reason of numbers, and the courage which numbers inspire, have compelled the cat to beat an inglorious retreat.

Effect of Domestic Jars on Sensitive Birds.

I know one of the best ladies in Massachusetts, near Boston, who had a canary bird which she dearly loved. She had never spoken to it an unkind word in her life.

One Sunday the church organist was absent, and she remained after service to play the organ for the Sunday-school.

It made the family dinner an hour late, and her husband, when she came home, spoke im-



TURNING THE TABLES ON PUSSY.

Often, too, when the older bird is busy and absorbed in the parental duty of seeking food, the cat steals silently upon the unsuspecting "bread-winner," and at one fell spring destroys almost as many lives as she herself is said to possess. Therefore don't let your cat kill the birds.

Otherwise the unequal task will be imposed upon them of defending themselves at the risk of their precious little lives.

In this picture they seem to have been left to the alternative of vigorous self-defence, or destruction. They evidently do not choose the latter, but are unitedly bent on "carrying the war into Africa." They have attacked their cruel foe on all sides, as will be seen; and, by

patiently. The dinner was put on, and they took seats in silence, and the little bird began to chirp at her as it always did.

To shame her husband for speaking as he had, she turned to the bird, and, for the first time in her life, spoke to it in a violent and angry tone, and then was silent. In less than five minutes there was a fluttering in the cage. She sprang to the cage. The bird was dead.

When I was at New Orleans, at the time of the International Exposition, Mrs. Hendricks, wife of the late Vice-President of the United States, said to a friend of mine, who told me, that she once knew of a mocking bird being killed in a similar way.—*G. T. Angell.*

Birds' Enemies Very Numerous.

The kindly and songful birds have enough enemies without human antagonism. No creatures of God have a harder time to live than they. First, they have enemies in the animal kingdom, as man has in his. The eagles, the crows, the squirrels, the weasels are their assailants. Then the hurricanes dash them against the rocks, and beat them against lighthouses, and tangle them in the telegraph wires, and toss them into the sea, and drive them back in their semi-annual migration. And they have their own distempers to contend against, and

Princess of Wales, a law was passed in England prohibiting pigeon-shooting as a sport in the three kingdoms. This kind of "sport" is now made unlawful in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and is about to be made so in Canada.

Always kill a wounded bird, or other animal, as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, more or less poisons the meat.—*Geo. T. Angell.*

The Society requires subscriptions and donations to aid it in suppressing this heartless practice. It cannot be called amusement.



CRUELLY WOUNDED AND DISABLED PIGEONS AND DOVES LEFT TO THEIR FATE.

what a gauntlet of earth and sky they run before they come within range of sportsman or taxidermist. For the Lord's sake, and for the sake of the harvests and the orchards and the gardens, of which they are the natural defenders, let them live.—*Rev. Dr. Talmage.*

Bird-Shooting Matches.

Another form of cruel "sport" consists in bird-shooting at matches arranged for that purpose. The matches include the shooting of pigeons, turkeys, etc. It is gratifying to know that, mainly through the instrumentality of the

A Dis-humanizing "Amusement."

"Not once or twice only, at the sea-side, have I come across a sad and disgraceful sight—a sight which haunts me still—a number of harmless sea-birds lying defaced and dead upon the sand, their white plumage red with blood, as they had been tossed there, dead or half-dead, their torture and massacre having furnished a day's amusement to heartless and senseless men. Amusement! I say execrable amusement! All killing for mere killing's sake is execrable amusement. Can you imagine the stupid callousness, the utter insensibility to mercy and

beauty, of the man who, seeing those bright, beautiful creatures as their white, immaculate wings flash in the sunshine over the blue waves, can go out in a boat with his boys to teach them to become brutes in character by finding amusement—I say again, dis-humanizing amusement—by wantonly murdering these fair birds of God, or cruelly wounding them, and letting them fly away to wait and die in lonely places?”—*Arch-deacon Farrar.*

A Plea for the Sea-Birds and Water-Fowl.

Stay now thine hand!

Proclaim not man's dominion

Over God's works, by strewing rocks and sand
With sea-birds' blood-stained plume and broken
pinion.

For, though kind nature from the rocks and sand,
Washes the stains each day with briny water—

Yet, on thy hand,
Raised against God's fair creature,
Beware, lest there be found a crimson brand,
Indelible by any force of nature.

—*R. Wilton.*

The Boy who was a Good Shot.

Mr. Kirkland tells the following touching story in *St. Nicholas* :—

“There was a boy who was a good marksman with a stone or a sling-shot, or a bow and arrow, or a cross-bow, or an air-gun, or anything he took aim with. So he went about all day, aiming at everything he came near. Even at



WATER-FOWL DISPORTING ON THE WING.

Oh, stay thine hand!
Spend not thy days of leisure
In scattering death along the peaceful strand,
For very wantonness, or pride, or pleasure.

For bird's sake, spare!
Leave it in happy motion,
To wheel its easy circles through the air,
Or rest on rock upon the shining ocean.

For man's sake, spare!
Leave him this “thing of beauty,”
To glance and glide before him everywhere,
And throw a gleam on after-days of duty.

Oh, stay thine hand!
Cease from this useless slaughter;

his meals he would think about good shots at the clock, or the cat, or the flies on the wall, or anything he chanced to see.

“Near where he lived there lived a little bird that had a nest and five young birds. So many large mouths in small heads, always open wide for food, kept her hard at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there, over fields and woods and roads, getting worms, and flies, and bugs, and seeds, and such things as she knew were good for her young birds. It was a great wonder what lots of food those five small things could eat. What she brought each day would have filled that nest full up to the top, yet they ate it all and, in their way, asked for more before daylight next morning. Though it was such hard work, she was glad to do it, and went on day after day, always flying off with a gay chirp, and back with a bit of some kind of food; and though she did not eat much her-

self, except what stuck to her bill after she had fed them, yet she never let them want, not even the smallest and weakest of them. The little fellow could not ask as loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first.

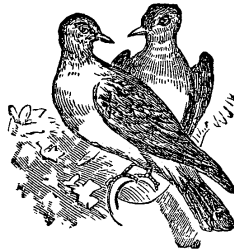
"One day, when she had picked up a worm, and perched a minute on the wall before flying to her nest, the good marksman saw her, and of course aimed at her, and hit her in the side. She was much hurt and in great pain, yet she fluttered and limped, and dragged herself to the foot of the tree where her nest was, but she could not fly up to her nest, for her wing was broken. She chirped a little and the young ones heard her, and, as they were hungry, they chirped back loudly, and she knew all their voices, even the weak note of the smallest of all; but she could not come up to them, nor even tell them why she did not come. And when she heard the call of the small one she tried again to rise, but only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on the side of the broken wing. All the rest of that day the little mother lay there, and when she chirped, her children answered, and when they chirped, she answered; only when the good marksman chanced to pass by, then she kept quite still. But her voice grew fainter and weaker, and late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them. Some time in the night the mother-bird died, and in the morning she lay there quite cold and stiff, with her dim eyes still turned up to the nest, where her young ones were dying of hunger. But they did not die so soon. All day long they slept, until their hunger waked them up, and then called until they were so tired they fell asleep again.

"The next night was very cold, and they missed their mother's warm breast, and before day-dawn they all died, one after the other, excepting the smallest, which was lowest down in the nest, and in the morning he pushed up his head and opened his yellow bill to be fed; but there was no one to feed him, and so he died, too, at last, with his mouth wide open and empty. And so, the good marksman had killed six birds with one shot—the mother and her five young ones. Do you not think he must be a proud boy?"

Boys, Spare the Birds!

The blithe, cheery little feathered songsters who have been spending the winter in warmer climes, are fast returning to our fields and woods, and are ushering in the spring with sweet carols. Their delightful music is dear to every lover of nature, and every such person bids them a hearty welcome. Not so, we are pained to hear cruel boys in some localities who are pursuing them with murderous guns and shooting them in wanton sport. We hope there are few such, but wherever there are any, the law should at once be invoked to stop their merciless slaughter. Not only are lovers of birds, as one of the pleasantest features of country life, interested in this matter, but the

farmers whose pecuniary success is greatly affected by the presence or absence of the birds. To the farmer they are of incalculable value in destroying millions of noxious insects that would otherwise play havoc with the crops. In one of the districts of France, a few years since, the birds, by a mistaken policy, were all killed off. The consequence was, that the farmers' crops suffered severely from the depredations of the insect tribes. The people, discovering their error, set to work to restock their fields and woods with birds, prohibiting the shooting of them, and in time the insect pests were thinned out.* It is not only cruel, but a serious injury to agriculture, to shoot the birds. Spare the birds, boys!—*Selected.*



Don't Kill the Pretty Birds!

Don't kill the birds! the pretty birds
That play among the trees;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
To see no more of these.

The little birds that sweetly sing!

Oh, let them joyous live;
And do not seek to take their life,
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds! the little birds

That sing about the door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

The little birds that fondly play,

Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds! the happy birds

That cheer the field and grove;
Such harmless things to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.

—W. H. Gibson.

Help the Humane Society with sympathy and money to carry on their good work.

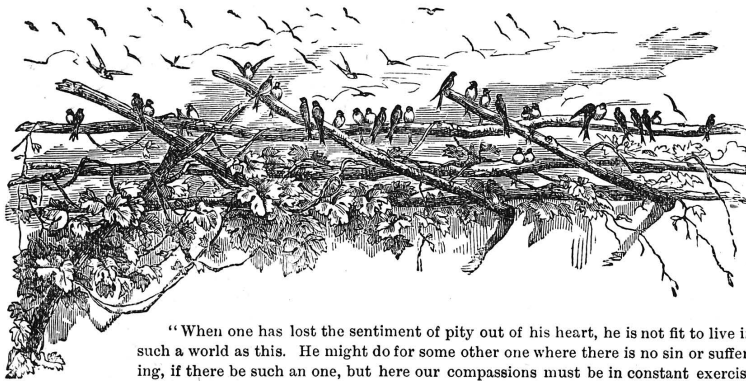
* See Longfellow's poem, "Killing the Birds of Killingworth" (page 59), in which he tells this story.

School-Boys and Birds in Australia.

The Board of Education for Victoria, in one of their annual reports to the Governor, thus refers to the discouragement which they have given to the school-boys' cruel habit of destroying birds:—

"Considerable mischief having been caused

by the wilful destruction of birds and plants by children, we have issued a circular calling the attention of teachers to the subject; and in the case of our model schools, we have directed that the masters shall frequently assemble the children, for the purpose of pointing out to them the wrongfulness of such conduct; and we have further ordered, that any boy so offending shall be expelled from the school."



"When one has lost the sentiment of pity out of his heart, he is not fit to live in such a world as this. He might do for some other one where there is no sin or suffering, if there be such an one, but here our compassions must be in constant exercise if we are to live to any good purpose."

IX. THE GREAT UTILITY OF BIRDS TO AGRICULTURE.**The Crow's Value to the Farmer.**

Whatever wrong the crow commits against the cultivators of the soil may, by a little painstaking, be materially lessened or wholly prevented. The benefits he confers are both numerous and important. During the time he remains with us he destroys, so says no less an authority than Wilson, "myriads of worms, moles, mice, caterpillars, grubs, and beetles." Audubon also affirms that the crow devours myriads of grubs every day of the year—grubs which would lay waste the farmer's fields—and destroys quadrupeds innumerable, every one of which is an enemy to his poultry and his flocks. Dr. Harris, also, one of the most faithful and accurate observers, in speaking of the fearful ravages wrought in our grass-lands and gardens by the grub of the May-beetles, adds his testimony to the great services rendered by crows in keeping these pests in check. We have seen large farms, within an hour's ride of Boston, in which, over entire acres, the grass was so completely undermined, and the roots eaten away, that the loosened turf could be rolled up as easily as if it had been cut by the turving-spade. In the same neighborhood whole fields

of corn, potatoes, and almost every kind of garden vegetable, had been eaten at the roots and destroyed.—*T. M. Brewer.*

Birds vs. the Weevil and Caterpillar.

Mr. Rimmel, in a lecture at Montreal, stated that the larvæ of the beetle were injurious to plant life, as they eat all day and night, consuming twice their own size in a day. The usefulness of the lady-bird was next touched upon in reference to its destruction of plant-lice, and service in the green-house. After giving a brief account of some of the calamities produced by the ravages of caterpillars in the Old World, the lecturer declared that America had suffered from the destructiveness of insects as much as any country. The winter here was favorable to their life, the weevil and other insects taking shelter in the earth from birds which were always too few in spring for the multitudes of the former. The damage done by the caterpillar on the Island of Montreal was immense; it formed upon trees a small ring, every one of which contained 300 caterpillars. He (the speaker) had counted upon one tree 100 rings, which would give 30,000 insects.

The driving away of birds had in many instances, been productive of ruin to fields and orchards which were then swarmed with insects. The robin was a most useful bird in England, on account of insects it destroyed. A weevil would deposit 70 to 90 eggs in a grain of corn, and one weevil would destroy a whole ear, so that 3,300 grains of corn might be saved in one day by one bird. The crow had been looked upon as an enemy of grain, but it was known that its search was for the larvæ of the wireworm and such other pests. The lecturer next spoke of the value of the fly-catcher, wood-pecker, and other birds, which were enemies to the small green caterpillar that infested the currant bushes. All the trees on the outside

it a very great privilege to have them; and if we do not protect and cherish them, at all events nothing should be done to drive them away or destroy them. The people of Australia have gone to a very great expense to import singing-birds, which they have set free in various localities to multiply and render their woods and gardens vocal; and doubtless we would go to a similar expense if we did not enjoy this advantage gratis. In Australia one would no more think of shooting a singing-bird than a lamb or a colt; but in Canada much time and powder are bestowed on hunting down our warblers.

Were the birds of any use when shot, there might be some little excuse; but they are none whatever; and the act of shooting them is mere wanton destruction.

The Chimney Swallow, or Swift, an Insect Eater.

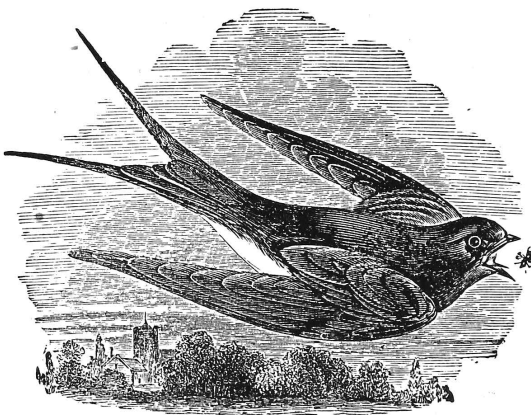
Few birds are more destructive to insects than are the swifts. They live exclusively upon them, and spend their whole life upon the wing in their pursuit. Naturalists have taken specimens whose mouths and throats were crammed so full of mosquitoes and other noxious insects that these would fall out when the beak was open. The bird does absolutely no harm, and should never be killed.

Birds a Farmer's Sine Qua Non.

Many years ago, when rice was scarce and very dear in Eastern China, efforts were made to bring it from Luzon, where it was abundant. At Manilla there was, however, passed a singular law, to the effect that no vessel for China should be allowed to load with rice unless it brought to Manilla a certain number of cages full of the little butcher birds, well known to ornithologists. The reason for this most eccentric regulation simply was that the rice in Luzon suffered much from locusts, and these locusts were destroyed in great numbers by butcher birds.

A somewhat similar business is carried on between England and New Zealand. This latter country, at particular seasons, is invaded by armies of caterpillars, which clear off the grain crops as completely as if mowed down by a scythe. With the view of counteracting this plague, a novel importation has been made. It is thus noticed by the *Southern Cross* :—

“Mr. Brodie has shipped 300 sparrows, care-



THE WHITE-BELLIED SWALLOW, OR SWIFT.

of his (the lecturer's) orchard had been destroyed by caterpillars, which came over in one night. The owl and Canada robin were very useful birds, and should not be exterminated. The wholesale destruction of birds on the Island of Montreal was strongly condemned, as it precluded the hope of ever getting rid of insects. Every morning guns might be heard firing, at the Mountain; and, although it was said birds were not in all cases killed, yet it was worse to scare them, as the noise drove away others.

The *Witness* also stated that the most wanton and disgraceful thing about Montreal is the shooting of singing birds in the Mountain, which is practised almost daily. These birds greatly enhance the beauty of our scenery by their lively, graceful motions and beautiful plumage; and it is delightful to listen to their singing. They are also exceedingly useful in picking up noxious insects and caterpillars. We should, therefore, as a community, consider

fully selected from the best hedgerows in England. The food alone, he informs us, put on board for them, cost £18. The sparrow question has been a long standing joke in Auckland, but the necessity to farmers of small birds to keep down the grubs is admitted on all sides. There is no other security in New Zealand against the invasion of myriads of caterpillars which devastate the crops."

Killing the Birds of Killingworth.

. One hundred years ago,
The thrifty farmers as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with
dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of prey,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering
shreds;

The skeleton that wailed at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

The Squire, Parson, the Preceptor, Deacon,
.

All came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who, every one,
Charged them with crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor to redress the wrong,
And trembling like a steed before a start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant
throng;

Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

Then he said, "In this little town of yours,
You put to death by means of a committee,
The ballad singers and the troubadours,
The street musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all,
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.
The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piney wood;

The oriole in the e'm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The blue bird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

You slay them all! And wherefore? for the
gain

Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries that are not so sweet
As are the songs of these uninvited guests
Sung at their feast with comfortable breasts.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who
taught

The dialect they speak, when melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

.
What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirl
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the corn-fields drive the insidious
foe,

And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat-of-mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

How can I teach your children gentleness
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For life, which in its weakness, or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence!
Or, death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The self-same light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your
speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience
went
A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves;

The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent

Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment

Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,

A bounty offered for the head of crows.

And so the dreadful massacre began;

O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusilade of terror ran.

Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight of man,

While the young died of famine in their nests;

A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,

The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The summer came, and all the birds were dead;

The days were like hot coals; the very ground

Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and around

The cultivated fields and garden beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found

No foe to check their march, till they had made

The land a desert without leaf or shade.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few

Confessed their error, and would not complain,

For, after all, the best thing one can do

When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law, although they knew

It would not call the dead to life again;

As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,

Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

But the next spring a stranger sight was seen,

A sight that never yet by bard was sung,

As great a wonder as it would have been

If some dumb animal had found a tongue!

A waggon, overarched with evergreen,

Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,

All full of singing birds, came down the street,

Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,

By order of the town, with anxious quest,

And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought

In woods and fields the places they loved best,

Singing loud canticles, which many thought

Were satires, to the authorities addressed,

While others, listening in green lanes averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

—*Longfellow.*

The Humane Society is anxious, by the circulation of this publication, to prevent a repetition of this cruel blunder of Killingworth farmers.

Wonderful Consumption of Insects by Birds.

Little did the farmers of Killingworth know of the amazing industry of birds in ridding their grain-fields of noxious insects. Had they been aware of what Baron Von Tchudi, a Swiss naturalist, states in the following extract, the Preceptor would have had a willing and sympathetic audience, instead of the cold and incredulous one that unwillingly listened to his impassioned remonstrance and appeal. The Baron says:

"Without birds successful agriculture is impossible. They annihilate in a few months a greater number of destructive insects than human hands can accomplish in the same number of years. Among the most useful birds for this purpose may be classed the swallow, the wren, the robin redbreast, titmouse, sparrow, and finch. Tchudi tested a titmouse upon rose bushes of his neighbor, and rid the same in a few hours of innumerable lice. A robin redbreast killed in the neighborhood of eight hundred flies in an hour. A pair of night swallows destroyed in fifteen minutes an immense swarm of gnats. A pair of wrens flew thirty-six times in an hour with insects in their bills to their nests. He considers the sparrow very important, a pair of them carrying in a single day three hundred worms or caterpillars to their nests—certainly a good compensation for the few cherries which they pluck from the trees. The generality of small birds carry to their young ones, during the feeding period, nothing but insects, worms, snails, spiders, etc. Sufficient interest should be manifested by all to prevent the discharge of firearms in the vicinity of orchards, vineyards and flower gardens, as thereby the useful birds become frightened."

The Illinois Humane Society, in a recent report, endorses the Baron's statement in the following words: "The safety of our crops depends greatly upon the preservation of insect-eating birds." This is the universal testimony of all observant farmers everywhere.

The Reason Why Apples and Peaches Fail.

The failure of the peach crop, followed by a failure of the apple crop, may be predicted when those trees, festooned with cobwebs, are devastated by caterpillars. There used to be plenty of birds in the country to keep the caterpillars in check; but the birds have been shot by so-called "sportsmen," with the consent, if not

the connivance, of the farmers, and the fruit trees suffer. The shot-gun is an instrument for which this country has no use, as against our friends the birds.

This wholesale slaughter of birds is some-

times fraught with serious results, as was shown a few years since, when, in the North-West, the grasshopper devastated the land in consequence of the general killing, by hunters, of the prairie-chicken.—*Scl.*

X. BIRDS AS A DECORATION FOR BONNETS.

Thousands of birds have been slaughtered in order to obtain their plumage, wings, etc., to be dyed, or otherwise manipulated by milliners, for the decoration of ladies' bonnets. *Punch* thus characterises this heartless destruction :—

Lo ! the seagulls slowly whirling
Over all the silver sea,
Where the white-toothed waves are curling,
And the winds are blowing free,
There's a sound of wild commotion,
And the surge is stained with red ;
Blood incarnadines the ocean,
Sweeping round old Flamborough Head.

For the butchers come unheeding
All the torture as they slay,
Helpless birds left slowly bleeding,
When the wings are reft away.
There the parent bird is dying,
With the crimson on her breast,
While the little ones are lying
Left to starve in yonder nest.

What dooms all these birds to perish ?
What sends forth these men to kill ?
Who can have the hearts that cherish
Such designs of doing ill ?
Sad the answer : English ladies
Send the men, to gain each day
What for matron and for maid is
All the fashion, so folks say.

Feathers deck the hat and bonnet,
Though the plumage seemeth fair,
Punch, whene'er he looks upon it,
Sees that slaughter in the air.
Many a fashion gives employment
Unto thousands needing bread,
This, to add to your enjoyment,
Means the dying and the dead.

Wear the hat, then, sans the feather,
English women, kind and true ;
Birds enjoy the summer weather
And the sea as much as you.

There's the riband, silk and jewel,
Fashion's whims are oft absurd ;
This is execrably cruel ;
Leave his feathers to the bird !

Slaughter of the Robins.

The London (Ontario) *Free Press* of April, 1888, says :—

"It is regrettable to hear that in some parts of the country the robins are being slaughtered by boys and men whose only sentiment regarding them is that of a mixture of greed and ferocity, and who kill them for their skins—to be used for the gratification of a perverted taste in millinery—or for mere wantonness. The birds do a great service in spring and early summer, in clearing the earth of grubs, and if they peck at a cherry later on, what of it ? They earn it well."

A Humane Milliner and a Customer.

Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox thus quotes a dialogue between a customer and a humane milliner on the subject :—

She stood beside me while I gave an order for a bonnet ;
She shuddered when I said, " And put a bright bird's wing upon it."

A member of the Audubon Society was she,
And cutting were her comments made on worldly folks like me.

She spoke about the helpless birds we wickedly were harming,
She quoted the statistics, and they really were alarming.

She said God meant His little birds to sing in trees and skies,
And there was pathos in her voice and tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, surely in this beauteous world you can find lovely things
Enough to trim your hats," she said, "without the dear birds' wings."

Extent of Bonnet Bird-Traffic.

To estimate the extent of slaughter perpetrated for this purpose we may take the statement of a London dealer, who admits that last year he sold two million small birds of every possible kind and color, from the soft gray of the wood pigeon to the gem-like splendor of the tropical bird. Even the friendly robin has been immolated to adorn the fashionable bonnet.

One expert writer in *Science* shows that, on the most moderate calculation, 5,000,000 song-birds are annually required to fill the demand for the ornamentation of the hats of American women. In a single season 40,000 terns were killed on Cape Cod for exportation. Recently the swamps of Florida have been depopulated of their egrets and herons. A million of rails and reed-birds (bobolinks) have been killed in a month near Philadelphia. In four months 70,000 song-birds were supplied from a single Long Island village to New York dealers, for millinery purposes. Hon. John W. Griggs, President of the New Jersey Senate, states that "complaints come up from all parts of the State of the decrease in the number of song and shore-birds. Representation was made to me that certain persons had contracts to furnish birds by the thousands to taxidermists in Philadelphia and New York, and that they proposed to gather their skins in New Jersey.

The President of the Illinois Humane Society, speaking on this subject, says:—

"And what a picture of the debasement of human nature appears when we consider the murderous coward, with eyes that see not, ears that hear not, creeping through the wondering trees, creeping toward the unconscious messenger of God, that incarnation of joy, that living, thrilling, happy life, full of the very ecstasy of being, and, in a moment, robbing him of that life and the world of the good, he, in his way, God's way, was doing. If it be true that even a sparrow may not fall to the ground without the knowledge of its Creator, think, smiling, happy, loving women of our land, think of the procession of slaughtered innocents of the air that have passed in review before the eye of God—that your bonnets might be adorned."

The Queen and English Ladies against Bird Adornment of Bonnets.

It is encouraging to know that in England two societies for the preservation of birds are doing a noble work. One is the Selborne Society, which appeals to Englishwomen "to forswear the present fashion of wearing foreign or English bird skins. Our countrywomen are

asked to return to a mode which is assuredly more becoming to the wearer than trophies of robins and sandpipers." Both of these societies are under the most distinguished patronage, including titled ladies and such men as Tennyson and Browning.

Labouchere's *Truth* says: "I am glad to hear that the Queen contemplates censuring the barbarous fashion of wearing the bodies of birds, or parts of their bodies, in bonnets and hats and on dresses. Her Majesty strongly disapproves of this practice, which most assuredly ought to be abolished."

American [and Canadian] ladies cannot afford to be less thoughtful, humane and considerate of the dire consequences of the wicked fashion which Queen Victoria is said to disapprove so earnestly.—*New York Mail and Express*.

The Satirical Side of Bonnet Adornment.

The satirical, and, if possible, humorous, side of this question, is thus emphasized by another poet:—

She gazed upon the burnished brace
Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face;
"How could you do it, dear," she sighed.
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame!"
Said he: "The partridge never sings."
Said she: "The sin is quite the same—"

"You men are savage through and through.
A boy is always bringing in
Some strings of birds' eggs, white and blue,
Or butterfly upon a pin.
The angleworm in anguish dies
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease—"
"My own, I fish for trout with flies—"
"Don't wander from the question please!"

She quoted Burns' "Wounded Hare,"
And certain burning lines of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
And Coleridge on the water snakes.
As Emerson's "Forbearance" he
Began to feel his will benumbed:
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

She smiled to find her point was gained,
And went with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained)
To trim her hat with humming-birds!

XI. BIRD-NESTING AND NEST-RIFLING.

"Down in the meadow the little brown thrushes
Build them a nest in the barberry bushes;
And when it is finished all cosy and neat,
Three speckled eggs make their pleasure complete.
'Twit—ter—ee, twitter!' they chirp to each other,
'Building a nest is no end of a bother;
But, oh, when our dear little birdies we see,
How happy we'll be! how happy we'll be!'"

Bird-Nesting.

A third form of destructive cruelty is the robbing or rifling of birds' nests. The latter is the most reprehensible, unless done as directed in the manner prescribed in the Mosaic laws.



That law which is higher than any human law says:—

"If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."—*Deut.* xxii. 6, 7.

The Frightened Birds.

"Hush! hush!" said the little brown thrush,
To her mate on the nest in the alder-bush;
"Keep still! don't open your bill!
There's a boy coming bird-nesting over the hill.
Let go your wings out, so
That not an egg or the nest shall show.
Chee! chee! it seems to me
I'm as frightened as ever a bird can be."

Then still, with a quivering bill,
They watched the boy out of sight o'er the hill.
Ah, then, in the branches again,
Their glad song rang over vale and glen.
Oh! oh! if that boy could know
How glad they were when they saw him go,
Say, say, do you think next day
He could possibly steal those eggs away?
—*Anon.*

The Rifled Nest.

A cruel thing that birds have seen,
Ruin where sweet peace had been,
Seeing the dear nest, which was
Theirs alone, borne off, alas!
By a laborer; I heard,
For this outrage, the poor bird
Says a thousand mournful things
To the wind, which, on its wings,
From her to the Guardian of the sky,
Bore her melancholy cry—
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break:
One while, in a sad, sweet note,
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer, and plaintive wail;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;
Then afresh, for her dear brood,
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round;
Now she skimmed along the ground;
Now, from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chased,
And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,
"Give me back, fierce rustic, rude—
Give me back my pretty brood!"
And I saw the rustic still
Answered, "That I never will!"

—*Altered from the Spanish.*

The beauty of our homes and the pleasure of out-door life are largely due to the ministry of our birds of song; yet it is believed by many that all kinds of birds are decreasing in numbers by wanton destruction of the grown birds and the cruel robbery of nests on various pretexts.—*Illinois Humane Society's Report.*

The Society hopes that this plea will find a ready and hearty response from every reader, and that money will flow into the treasury to enable it to carry on its beneficent work.



THE OVERTURNED NEST.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."
—*St. Matt.* x. 29.

"There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."—*Hamlet*, V. 2.

The Overturned Nest.

Alas for the ravages of wind and storm, which also bring havoc and destruction to birds' nests. Here is one thus sadly overturned. One can almost see in the pathetic aspect of the parent-bird how sorrowfully it looks upon the cruel destruction of its tender brood. Such a scene would touch any heart, and would almost bring tears of sympathy to the eyes of the beholder. The parent-bird sees before it the tender little group in every attitude of helplessness and death. How sad and mournful would be its twittering to its mate, as it thus tells of the calamity which has befallen the little nestlings!

The Widowed Bird.

A robin's song the whole day long
In an apple tree was heard.
A thoughtless boy with a deadly toy
Bent over a dying bird.
The song was hushed, a heart was crushed.
A widow bird's low moan
Upon the breeze died in the trees,
A nest was left alone.
O would that words, sweet baby birds,
Could soothe her sorrow now!
Nestle and rest in your tiny nest
In the fragrant apple bough.
Her heart would break but for your sake,
Yet mother love is strong;
Her little brood must have its food
Or earth would miss its song.
Sleep, darlings, then, she'll come again
When grief's wild storm is o'er,
Tho' her mate's sweet song that made her strong
Is hushed forevermore.

—Mrs. J. V. H. Koons.

Our Robins are Back—But Alas!

A gentleman lately told me for four consecutive springs robins had come back to a particular place in his tree and built their nest. Last spring he looked out and told his wife "our robin is back." While they were both looking at the bird they heard the bang of a gun, and down dropped the bird. He rushed out and had the man arrested and fined. The man had no idea that there was cruelty in it. There is no sentiment that is so easily worked up in the humane heart as the sentiment of humanity. Of course there are exceptions. We were all barbarians a few years ago. I recollect myself when I was a barbarian and went along the road with a stone in my hand, ready to shy at the first bird I saw, and, being left-handed, very often hit the mark. I used to have quite

a supply of guns until about fifteen years ago, when a Chicago gentleman, whom I asked if he had been out shooting, said he had not—that there was nothing in the world any longer he desired to kill. I got to thinking of that, and have not killed anything since with my gun. Thus a remark dropped, a passage in the newspaper, any light let in upon the human heart, does some good.—*Illinois Humane Society's Report.*

"Susan and Jim and I."

We meant to be very kind;
But if ever we find

Another soft, gray-green, moss-coated, feather-lined nest in a hedge,

We have taken a pledge—

Susan, Jimmy, and I—with remorseful tears,
at this very minute,

That if there are eggs or little birds in it,
Robin or wren, thrush, chaffinch or linnet,

We'll leave them there
To their mother's care.

There were three of us and three of them;
Kate—that is I—Susan and Jim.

Our mother was busy making a pie,
And theirs, we think, was up in the sky,
But for all Susan, Jimmy, or I can tell,
She may have been getting their dinner as well.
They were left to themselves (and so were we)
In a nest in the hedge by the willow-tree,
And when we caught sight of three red little
fluff-tufted, hazel-eyed, open-mouthed, pink-throated heads, we all shouted for glee.

The way we really did wrong was this:

We took them in for mother to kiss,
And she told us to put them back;
While on the weeping-willow their mother was
crying "Alack!"

We really heard

Both what mother told us to do and the voice
of the mother-bird.

But we three—that is, Susan and I and Jim—
Thought we new better than either of them;
And in spite of our mother's command and the
poor bird's cry,

We determined to bring up the three little nestlings ourselves, on the sly.

We each took one,

It did seem such excellent fun!

Susan fed hers on milk and bread;

Jim got wriggling worms for his instead.

I gave mine meat,

For, you know, I thought, "Poor darling pet!
why shouldn't it have roast beef to eat?"

But, oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! How we cried,
When in spite of milk and bread and worms and
roast beef, the little birds died!

It's a terrible thing to have heart-ache.

I thought mine would break

As I heard the mother-bird's moan,
And looked at the gray-green, moss coated,
feather-lined nest she had taken such
pains to make,

And her three little children dead and cold
as a stone.

Mother said, and it's sadly true,

"There are some wrong things one can never
undo."

And nothing we could do or say

Would bring life back to the birds that day.

The Boys and the Bird's Nest.

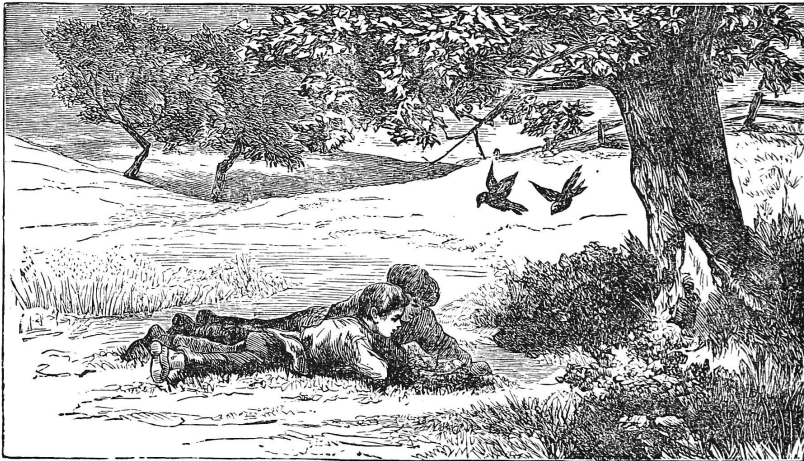
The story of this picture is thus told:—

Two boys were strolling through a field, when they saw a bird's nest on the branch of a tree. "I'll have it!" said Ned, the elder of the two; and in a moment he had climbed the tree and brought the nest down.

He put it on the ground carefully; and then the boys lay at full length on the grass, and looked at the nest together. There were three young birds in it.

"Don't be afraid, you cunning little chaps!" said Frank. "We have no thought of hurting you, have we, Ned?"

"No, indeed!" said Ned. "We'll be as kind to them as their own mother."



THE BOYS AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

The bitterest tears that we could weep
Wouldn't wake them out of their stiff, cold sleep.

But then

We—Susan and Jim and I—mean never to be
so selfish and wilful and cruel again.

And we three have buried that other three
In a soft, green, moss-covered, flower-lined
grave at the foot of the willow-tree,
And all the leaves which its branches shed
We think are tears, because they are dead.

Birds eat and destroy millions of insects.
Every little insect-eating bird killed, and every
egg taken from its nest, leaves one bird less to
destroy insects destructive to the garden and
the farm.

Just then Ned heard a chirping above his head. He looked up, and saw the two parent-birds fluttering about in great distress. They flew in circles over his head, and made a grieved noise, that seemed to say to him: "You have robbed us of our children. Give us back our children."

Ned and Frank were kind-hearted boys; and now they both began to be very thoughtful. They looked at each other a moment; then Frank spoke out: "I tell you what, Ned, I don't know about this business."

"Well, I know about it," said Ned. "It's shameful; that's what it is! I feel like a sneak."

"So do I," said Frank.

"What right had I," said Ned, "to go and tear down the house of these poor birds?—and to take away their young ones, too! Why, I'm worse than a burglar."

"But we meant to be kind to the little birds, you know," said Frank.

"Yes; so we did," answered Ned; "kind to the young ones, and cruel to the old ones—all for our own fun."

"Well, Ned, I'm just as bad as you are," said Frank; "but what can we do about it?"

"We'll put the nest back, as well as we can," said Ned.

So Ned climbed the tree again, and Frank handed the nest up to him very gently. Ned put it back in its place, and the old birds flew back to it in delight.

"They will soon repair damages," said Frank.

"Yes," said Ned; "but if they were to send in a *bill* to us, it would serve us right."

The Bird's Pitiful Bereavement.

Thou little bird, of home and mate bereft,

And, voiceless, flying round the empty nest,
Full many a morning since the cruel theft

I've seen the sorrow of the throbbing breast;
Dost thou not suffer? That inquiring eye

Seems pitifully to glance askance at mine—

Ah, little bird, would'st to this bosom fly,

'Twould shelter thee till heart and pulse decline;

But no, 'twas by one of my race thy anguish came—

Thou'lt trust me not—I hide my face in shame.

—*Mrs. C. M. Fairchild.*

General Spinner's Plea for the Birds.

The venerable, kindhearted General F. E. Spinner, writes from his camp in Florida, to his friends, the boys of America, to spare the birds. "I well recollect," he says, "that I once shot a robin. He flew some distance, and fell in the tall grass. I went and picked him up and found that I had inflicted a fatal wound in his breast. The poor wounded bird looked up into my face so imploringly that it caused me to shed tears, and now, to-day, at the age of eighty-five years, I am haunted by the pitiful, imploring look of that poor innocent, dying bird, and feelings of deep remorse come over me whenever I see a robin. I would be willing to make great sacrifices to be made guiltless of the wanton murder of that poor innocent bird." The General makes a special plea for that sweetest of all American songsters, the ill-named catbird.

The Pundita Ramabai writes to Mr. Angell:

"There is cruelty enough in my own country, but our gentlewomen do not at present think of beautifying themselves with dead birds. God bless you and your humane work.

"Yours in the best bonds of God's love,

"RAMABAI."

The Nightingale's Hidden Nest.

List to the nightingale; she dwells just here.

Hush! let the wood-gale softly close, for fear
The noise might drive her from her home of love.

Here have I hunted like a very boy

To find her nest and see her feed her young,

And vainly did many hours employ.

At length, where rude boys never think to look—

Ah, as I live! her secret nest I found

Upon this white-thorn stump.

How subtle is the bird! She started out,
And raised a plaintive note of danger nigh.

But near her nest she sudden stops, with fear

She might betray her home. But thoughtfully

We leave it as we found it, all unharmed.

We will not plunder music of its dower,

Nor turn this spot of happiness to thrall.

For melody seems hid in every flower

That blossoms near thy home. These blue-bells all

Seem bowing with the beautiful in song.

How curious is the nest! No other bird

Uses such loose materials, or weaves

Its dwelling in such spots! Dead oaken leaves

Are placed without and velvet moss within.

Snug lie her curious eggs, in number five,

Of darkened green, or rather olive-brown,

And the old prickly-thorn-bush guards them well.

So here we leave them, still unknown to wrong,

As the old woodland's legacy of song!

—*John Clare.*

The Boy Disarmed by a Bird's Song.

A merry boy one summer day

Within a garden fair was found;

His heart was full of childish play,

While sunshine beamed on all around;

When o'er his head a bird he spied

Alighting on a branching tree,

And picking up a stone he cried,

"Now swift and sure my aim shall be!"

Just then there came a gush of song

So sweet, the boy grew hushed and still;

He heard the notes so clear and strong

Which seemed the summer air to fill.

His arm fell down, his heart was stirred,

He felt he could not harm the bird.



XII. HIAWATHA WITH BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

Hiawatha and Na-wa-da-ha the Singer.

Should you ask where Na-wa-da-ha
 Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 "In the birds' nests in the forest,
 In the eyrie of the eagle.
 All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
 In the moorlands and the fenlands ;
 In the melancholy marshes ;
 Che-to-waik, the plover sang them,
 Mah-ng, the loon, the wild goose, Wa-wa,
 The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 And the grouse, the Mush-ko-da-sa.

Sha-won-da-se and the Wood Birds.

Sha-won-da-se, listless, careless,
 Had his dwelling far to southward

In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
 He it was who sent the wood-birds,
 Sent the robin, the O-pe-chee,
 Sent the blue bird, the O-wais-sa,
 Sent the Shaw-shaw, sent the swallow,
 Sent the wild-goose, Wa-wa, northward,
 Brought the tender Indian summer,
 To the melancholy northland
 In the dreary moon of snow-shoes.

Youthful Hiawatha in the Woodland.

Soon the little Hiawatha
 Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How they built their nests in summer,
 Where they hid themselves in winter,
 Talk with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

Of all beasts he learned their language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

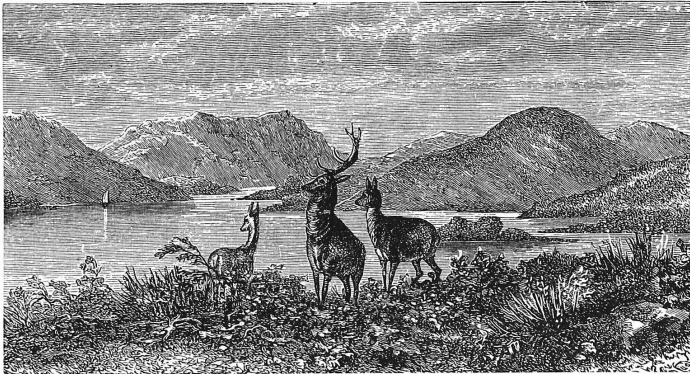
"Don't Shoot Us, Hiawatha."

All alone walked Hiawatha
 Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
 And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
 Sang the robin, the O-pe-chee,
 Sang the blue-bird, the O-wais-sa;
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

The Fasting of Hiawatha.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
 Prayed and fasted in the forest, . . .
 Saw the deer start from the thicket,
 Saw the rabbit in her burrow,
 Heard the pheasant, Bena drumming,
 Heard the squirrel, Ad-ji-dau-mo,
 Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
 Saw the pigeon, the O-me-me,
 Building nests among the pine-trees,
 And in flocks the wild-goose, Wa-wa,
 Flying to the fenlands, northward,
 Whirring, wailing far above him.

Stronger still grew Hiawatha,
 Till the darkness fell around him,
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,



Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
 Sprang the squirrel, Ad-ji-dau-mo,
 In and out among the branches,
 Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
 Laughed, and said between his laughter,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
 And the rabbit from his pathway
 Leaped aside, and on his haunches,
 Half in fear and half in frolic,
 Saying to the little hunter,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
 But he heeded not, nor heard them,
 For his thoughts were with the red deer . .
 Hidden in the alder bushes,
 There he waited till the deer came. . . .
 Then, upon one knee uprising,
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow, . . .
 But the wary roe-buck started,
 Listened with one foot up-lifted,
 Leaped, as if to meet the arrow, . . .
 Dead it laid him at the lake-side!

From her nest among the pine-trees
 Gave a cry of lamentation,
 Gave a scream of pain and famine.
 "'Tis enough!" said Mon-da-min,
 I will come again to try you. . . .
 Then he smiled, and said, "To-morrow
 You will conquer and o'ercome me; . . .
 Make a bed for me to lie in,
 Let no hand disturb my slumber,
 Let not Kah-gah-gee, the raven,
 Come to haunt me and molest me." . . .
 Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
 But he heard the Wa-won-ais-sa,
 Heard the whip-poor-will complain.
 Perched upon his lonely wigwam. . . .
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 Crying from the desolate marshes,
 Tells us that the day is ended. . . .

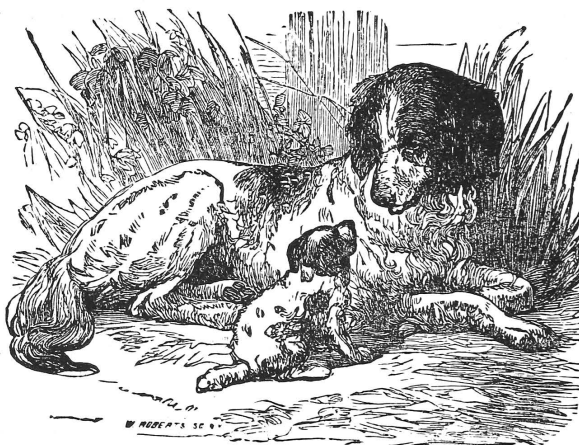
The Singing of Chi-bi-a-bos.

Most beloved by Hiawatha,
 Was the gentle Chi-bi-a-bos,

He the best of all musicians,
 He the sweetest of all singers. . . .
 When he sang the village listened ;
 From the hollow reeds he fashioned
 Flutes so musical and mellow. . . .
 That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
 And the squirrel, Ad-ji-dau-mo,
 Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
 And the rabbit, the Wa-bas-so,
 Sat upright to look and listen.
 Yes, the blue-bird, the O-wais-sa,
 Envious, said, "O Chi-bi-a-bos,
 Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
 Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the O-pe-chee,
 Joyous, said, "O Chi-bi-a-bos,
 Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
 Teach me songs as full of gladness."
 And the whip-poor-will, Wa-won-ais-sa,
 Sobbing, said, "O Chi-bi-a-bos,
 Teach me tones as melancholy,
 Teach me songs as full of sadness!" . . .
 For he sang of peace and freedom,
 Sang of beauty, love and longing ;
 Sang of death and life undying
 In the islands of the Blessed,
 In the kingdom of Po-ne-mah,
 In the land of the Hereafter!

—Longfellow.



XIII. DOGS AND THEIR TREATMENT.

Cuvier on Dogs.

"The domestic dog," says Cuvier, "is the most complete, the most singular, and the most useful conquest that man has gained in the animal world. The whole species has become our property; each individual belongs entirely to his master, acquires his disposition, knows and defends his property, and remains attached to him until death; and all this, not through constraint or necessity, but purely by the influences of gratitude and real attachment. The swiftness, the strength, the sharp scent of the dog have rendered him a powerful ally to man against the lower tribes; and were, perhaps, necessary for the establishment of the dominion of mankind over the whole animal creation. The dog is the only animal which has followed man over the whole earth."

When Old Jack Died.

When Old Jack died we stayed from school,
 (they said
 At home: we needn't go that day), and none
 Of us ate any breakfast—only one.
 And that was papa, and his eyes were red
 When he came round where we were, by the
 shed
 Where Jack was lying, half way in the sun
 And half in the shade. When we begun
 To cry out loud pa turned and dropped his head
 And went away; and mamma she went back
 Into the kitchen. Then for a long while
 All to ourselves like, we stood there and
 cried—
 We thought so many good things of Old Jack,
 And funny things—although we didn't smile—
 We couldn't only cry when Old Jack died!

When Old Jack died it seemed a human friend
 Had suddenly gone from us; that some face,
 That we had loved to fondle and embrace
 From babyhood, no more would condescend
 To smile on us forever. We might bend
 With tearful eyes above him, interlace
 Our chubby fingers o'er him, romp and race,
 Plead with him, call and coax—aye, we might
 send
 The old halloo up for him, whistle, hist,
 (If sobs had let us) or, as wildly vain,
 Snapped thumbs, called "Speak," and he
 had not replied;
 We might have gone down on our knees and
 kissed
 The tousled ears, and yet they must remain
 Deaf, motionless, we knew—when Old Jack
 died!

When Old Jack died, it seemed to us, some way,
 That all the other dogs in town were pained
 With our bereavement, and some that were
 chained
 Even unslipped their collars on that day
 To visit Jack in state, as though to pay
 A last, sad tribute there, while neighbors
 craned
 Their heads above the high board fence, and
 deigned
 To sigh, "Poor dog!" remembering how they
 Had cuffed him when alive, perchance, be-
 cause
 For love of them he leaped to lick their
 hands—
 Now, that he could not, were they satisfied?
 We children thought that, as we crossed his
 paws
 And o'er his grave, 'way down the bottom-
 lands,
 Wrote "Our First Love Lies Here," when
 Old Jack died!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Dog-Fighting an Inhuman Practice.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."—*Prov.* xii. 10.

The fighting of dogs, and the baiting of rats with terriers, and other brutal exhibitions of the kind, are only too common. The natural instincts of the animals are thus made to pander to the vicious tendencies of men, and by such means the animals are cruelly tortured, while the spectators are deeply degraded and hardened.

I am authorized by the directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty

to Animals, to offer prizes of twenty-five dollars each for evidence by which the Society shall be able to convict parties who violate the laws of Massachusetts by dog-fighting.—*Geo. T. Angell, President.*

To Boatswain, a Newfoundland Dog.

(TRIBUTE AND EPITAPH, BY LORD BYRON.)

When . . . man returns to earth.

 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 The storied urns record who rest below.

 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labors, fighting lives, breathes for him
 alone,
 Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth. . .

Near this spot
 Are deposited the remains of one
 Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
 Strength without Insolence,
 Courage without Ferocity,
 And all the Virtues of man without his Vices.
 This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
 If inscribed over human ashes,
 Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
 BOATSWAIN, A DOG

That died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.

In writing about the death of this dog, Lord Byron said:—

"Boatswain is dead! He expired on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last . . . I have now lost everything. . . ."

By the will, executed in 1811, he directed that his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden, near his faithful dog.

The Dog Loves Kindness.

The dog can receive yet more. He craves food; but he also craves affection. A life higher than his own is needed for his happiness. He looketh at the hand of his master as the inferior looketh at the superior when itself is great enough to discover greatness. The dog finds deity in his master. From him he takes law and love both. From him he receives joy so intense that even his master marvels at it, and wonders that so slight a motion of his hand, so brief an utterance from his lips, can make any being so happy. It is because the dog can

receive so much, that thought ranks him so high. And the capacity of receptiveness gives accurate measurement and gradation to animals and to men.—*Murray*

To My Faithful Dog.

My poor dumb friend, low lying there,
A vassal at my feet :
Glad partner of my home and fare ;
My shadow in the street.

I look into thy two bright eyes,
That fondly gaze on mine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Betwixt thy thoughts and mine.

I search the wide world through and through
For human heart as true ;
I search for love that will not change,
And find that love in you.

Could I, poor Fido, worship God,
E'en as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your sincerity ;

Could I sit fondly at His feet
As you, poor dog, at mine,
And serve Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine !

—*Bella Collie.*

TORONTO, April, 1888.

Proper Treatment of Dogs.

It is very cruel to keep dogs in the house all the time. They want to run and play just as much as boys do, and if kept in the house all the time will soon become sick. They should always have a comfortable place cold nights, and plenty of good water as often as they want it, and they should not be fed so often as to make them fat and unhealthy.

Some dogs that have been badly treated become cross and dangerous. Some men and boys treat them cruelly ; but when they have been treated kindly they soon show how much they feel it. There is no animal that suffers more when spoken to unkindly, or that is more happy when spoken kindly to.

The active dog requires drink frequently during the hot day, as does also the cat ; and a dish of fresh water should stand where they can have access to it. Undoubtedly many a dog is driven to madness through lack of water ; and the testimony is that hydrophobia is almost unknown in those localities where dogs can drink when they wish.

Provide water—fresh, pure water. Think,

reader, how you are refreshed by a drink of cool water on a hot day. The lower animals are equally in need of the means of quenching thirst.

Every city, village and country town should be liberally supplied with drinking fountains for animals, and they should be so constructed that even the smallest dogs can drink from them.

Muzzling dogs in hot weather is a form of extreme cruelty, preventing their free respiration, perspiration, and drinking, which are essential to their good health. The muzzles tend much rather to increase the danger of hydrophobia than to diminish it.

I do not believe there has been any instance of a man committing suicide when he has had a dog to love him.

"There can be no doubt," writes Mr. Darwin, "that dogs feel shame as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity."

Dogs and other pet animals are often subjected to prolonged torture when sentence of death has been pronounced by their owners. The common practice of making an inexperienced boy the executioner causes torture to the once-loved pet, and has a pernicious effect upon the sensibility of the boy.

When it is necessary to kill such animals because of old age and sickness, then they should always be killed instantly, without knowing that they are going to be killed, and without pain.

Cruelty to Dogs Punished.

A dog who had been run over by a carriage crawled to the door of a tanner in a town of Abo, in Norway ; the man's son, a boy fifteen years of age, first stoned and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the suffering animal. This act was witnessed by one of the magistrates, and the cruel lad was condemned by the Board of Magistrates of that town to the following punishment :—He was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence : "Inhuman young man, because you did not assist an animal who implored your aid by its cries, and who derives being from the same God who gave you life ; because you added to the torture of the agonized beast and cruelly murdered it, the council of the city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and receive fifty stripes from the executioner."—*Ånon.*

A Friend—Faithful, True and Kind.

I had a friend, fond, faithful, true and kind,
 A willing partner in my joy and sorrow;
 One who to my imperfections, still, was blind—
 Who from my changing looks his own would
 borrow,
 And cheer'd the day, and thought not of the
 morrow.
 Though all drew back when Fortune ceased to
 smile,
 Though all alike indifferent seemed to grow,
 Yet two bright eyes look'd fondly in my own,
 As if to say, "Behold, thou'rt not alone."

I had a friend, but why tell the sad tale,
 How fate, remorseless, grudged me e'en of
 this—
 Sole solace in the hour when grief and death
 Led me to the very brink of their abyss
 And taught me that forgetfulness were bliss.
 The only living thing whose love was pure,
 Who gazed with me down the dark precipice,
 And by my side unchanging stood when poor,
 Died, and I was left to ponder and endure.

I had a friend—Was he, I hear you say,
 One of the rich and noble of the earth?
 One on whom Fortune shower'd her glittering
 gifts,
 And hail'd him as her child e'en at his birth,
 And caused to hover round him peace and
 mirth?
 Not so—the friend I had could never boast
 Of aught but that affection had no dearth
 Of love for him, that never could I find
 Fidelity like his in human kind.

I had a friend—my faithful, trusty dog;
 To thee these lines in sadness now I write—
 Alas! no more thou'lt gently lick my hand,
 No more I'll see those eyes so soft and bright,
 Or listen to thy bark of wild delight.
 No more thou'lt cheer me in my lonely hours,
 Or watch with patience for my smile each
 night.
 Farewell! this tribute to thy worth I give,
 Thy mem'ry in my heart till death will live.

—T. A. K.

Kinds of Cruelty to Dogs by Boys.

Cruelty, and a desire to destroy, is common
 with boys of a certain class; a fact to be de-
 plored, as the youth, whose chief pleasure is in
 hurling some missile at the unoffending dog, the
 stray cat, or any animal that crosses their path-
 way.

Even among the professedly refined people
 the spirit of mischief among boys, if not checked
 by wholesome instruction, is liable to develop
 into rudeness and cruelty. With some boys
 the simple fact that any small animal is unpro-
 tected is a signal for abuse.—*Anon.*

The Lost Traveller and His Dog.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox;
 He halts and searches with his eye
 Among the scattered rocks.

.

From these abrupt and scattered rocks
 A man had fallen. . . .
 The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This dog had been through three months' space
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
 When this ill-fated traveller died,
 The dog had watched about the spot,
 Or by his master's side:
 How nourished there through that long time
 He knows, who gave that love sublime,
 And gave that strength of feeling great,
 Above all human estimate!

—Wordsworth.

Greyfriars' Bobby.

This is the story told of Greyfriars' Bobby:
 A poor man died, and was buried in this
 graveyard at Edinburgh, Scotland, his only
 mourner a little Scotch terrier. On the two
 succeeding mornings the sexton found the dog
 lying on his master's grave, and drove him
 away with hard words, dogs being against the
 rules.

The third morning was cold and wet, and
 when the sexton found him shivering on the
 new-made grave, he hadn't the heart to drive
 him away, and gave him something to eat.

From that time the dog made the church-
 yard his home, every night for twelve years
 and five months. No matter how cold, or wet,
 or stormy the night, he could not be induced
 to stay away from the beloved spot, and if
 shut up would howl dismally.

Every day, when the castle-gun was fired
 at one o'clock, he went punctually to a restau-
 rant near by, where the proprietor fed him.
 The Lord Provost of Edinburgh exempted him
 from the dog tax, and, to mark his admiration
 of his fidelity, presented him with a handsome

collar inscribed, "GREYFRIARS' BOBBY. Presented by the LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH."

He had many friends and visitors, and many, beside the men employed about the yard, tried to win his affections; but he refused to attach himself to any one person. For twelve years and five months he kept his watch over his master's humble grave, and then died quietly of old age, and was buried in a flower-bed near by. The master's grave is unmarked by any stone, but an expensive marble fountain was erected to the memory of his homeless dog, and the sculptor was paid twenty-five hundred dollars for the model of the bronze statue of Bobby which sits on top of it.

It is hard to believe that all that wonderful capacity for loving faithfulness ceased to exist when the breath stopped.—*Rev. F. M. Todd, Manassas, Va.*

Men vs. Dogs.

We take the following from M. Blaze's *History of the Dog*:—

"Where will you find a man always grateful, always affectionate, never selfish, pushing the abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility, forgetful of injuries and mindful only of benefits received? Seek him not; it would be a useless task; but take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you for his master, you will find in him all these qualities. He will love you without calculation. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you, but he will not abandon you to follow a king to his palace. Your friends may quit you in misfortune, but your dog will remain; he will die at your feet; or, if you depart before him on the great voyage, will accompany you to your last abode."

No Cutting or Clipping of Dogs.

Never cut a dog's ears or tail. Clipped ears are often the cause of deafness and abscess, by allowing the sand and dirt to enter, which is distressing to the animal. Depend upon it, the Creator never intended we should take away what He provided for their relief and comfort. It is cruel to tie a dog under a waggon. If the animal is tired, he must run until he becomes exhausted. Take your poor dog in the waggon, especially in hot weather.

A Peculiar Characteristic of Dogs.

Goldsmith, in his touching and eloquent plea for the dog, in alluding to a sort of mania for dog-killing, which prevailed at the time of which he speaks, in consequence of an unreasonable apprehension of hydrophobia, says, among other fine things, that the dog is the only animal

which will leave his own kind voluntarily to follow man. It is true, and the truth should bind man to be the dog's protector and friend.—*British Workman.*

The Dog and His Disgraced Master.

The following anecdote illustrates in a touching manner Goldsmith's remarks as to the dog's attachment to man:—

"One day I saw a policeman leading forcibly along a young man who had been drinking. His face was purple, some blood added a yet deeper stain to one cheek, while his clothing, disarranged and dusty, served to heighten his disreputable appearance. As he was hustled along the crowded street only in the eye of some women could be detected a little pity, mixed with fear which a drunken man even in safe hands inspires them. If he had any friends among the many who passed they recognized him not. But there was one faithful heart near at hand. Right in the wake of the observed of all observers was an old collie dog. His gait and mien said as plainly as speech, 'I know my master's in disgrace, and that his degradation reflects on me, his dog, but I am not going back on him now when he needs my presence and sympathy most.' He simply followed his master with drooping tail and woe-begone look. When the procession reached the Court street station the man was taken in, but not the dog. He hung about the building until I went away. Two or three hours afterwards, being in the vicinity, I determined to pass the station and see what had become of the dog. As soon as I turned the corner of Church street I saw him. He was standing gazing earnestly at the ground. He was motionless as a statue. Suddenly, as I approached, he broke into life, his tail wagged furiously, and his whole frame trembled with pleased excitement. When I drew near I found that he had been peering through the grating which guards the noisome dungeon in which prisoners are incarcerated. I found that what had caused his sudden emotion was the discovery of his master there. That individual had come to the grating to gaze forth into the day, and thus the eyes of dog and master met. 'Poor old boy,' the inebriate was saying, and the joy of the animal at hearing the familiar voice was nothing short of sublime. I saw no more of dog or man; but a constable afterwards told me that the dog stayed about all night, wakeful and watchful, and was quite rewarded for his hungry vigil when his disreputable owner in the morning issued from the front door after experiencing the clemency of the court. He didn't hang back, pretending that he did not know the person; but right there before all the people he sprang on him in a perfect ecstasy of delight, and there he went careering and fawning about his master's feet until the two disappeared from sight."—*Toronto Mail.*

The misery of keeping a dog is his dying so soon; but, to be sure, if he lived for fifty years, and then died, what would become of me?—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A Sad yet Touching "Performance."

"Splish—splash," went that wretched dog through the mud, his ears hanging down and his tail between his legs. "Oh, the ugly dog!" cried two young girls who were carrying home clothes from the wash.

"Oh, the ugly brute!" shouted a carter; and he gave his whip a loud crack to frighten him. But the dog took no heed of them. He ran patiently on, not seeming to mind what people said about him.

But I wondered to see him run so obstinately in the middle of the road, when there was room in plenty for him on the pavement, where he would not have exposed himself to be run over by the cabs and whipped by the carters. But he ran straight before him, just exactly as if he knew his way. I felt curious about the dog, and therefore I followed him.

It was a dull, wet day in winter; the rain had been falling. When opposite a public house the dog stood still; but all at once he rose up on his hind legs and commenced walking round in circles. A few people, attracted by the scene, came, and we soon formed a ring. The dog walked five times round on his hind legs, looking fixedly before him like a soldier on duty, and doing his best, poor brute! There was something inexpressibly sad in the serious expression of this lonely dog, performing by himself a few tricks that some absent master had taught him, and doing so of his own accord, with some secret end in view that he himself only could know of. After taking a moment's rest he set to work again, but this time on his fore feet, pretending to stand on his head. And what a poor, intelligent head it was. As, almost shaving the ground, it looked appealingly at us all! When he had walked round in this way until he was weary, he lay down in the midst of the ring and made believe to be dead. He went through all the convulsions of a dying dog, breathing heavily, panting, suffering his lower jaw to fall, and then turning over motionless. And he did this so well that a stout, honest-faced woman, who had been looking on, exclaimed, "Poor beast!" and drew her hand across her eyes.

When he had thus lain apparently dead for a minute or two he got up and shook himself, to show us all that the performance was ended. He then stood up on his hind legs again, and walked to each of us separately, begging. I was the first to whom he came. He gazed at me inquiringly with his soft eyes wide open, and followed my hand patiently to my waist-

coat pocket. The basket round his neck had a lid to it tied down with string, and a little slit in the lid through which to put in money. Others also gave him something. When he had gone his round he barked two or three times to say good-bye, and then pattered contentedly away at the same jog-trot pace at which he had come.

He went up the street, and I followed him; but when we had reached Oxford street he quickened suddenly and began to run hard, so I called a cab and said, "Follow that dog," very much to the driver's amazement.

At length the dog turned down an alley which the cab could not enter, so I got out, paid the cab, and followed the dog. He rushed up three flights of creaky stairs and pushed open a door into a wretched attic. There was a mattress in the corner, but I could not at first distinguish what was before me. I could only hear the affectionate whining of the dog, and vaguely see him leaping upon some one against whom he was rubbing his head, and whose face he was licking with an exuberance of love. I heard a voice, too, but husky and broken, repeat feebly, "God dog—good Jim!" and then I saw a hand untie the basket, and heard the sound of money poured out on the couch.

"Who's that?" cried the man, covering up the money with his sheet; and he looked at me, livid and haggard with the ague of fever.

"Don't be frightened," I said; "I am a friend. I have followed your dog home, and I desire to help you if you are in need. You are very ill, my man," I said. "You must let me send you a doctor."

"Oh, sir! no, no. It's nothing but a cold—a—cold." But it was worse than that.

His dog was continuing to lick his face. I sent for a doctor, for a nurse, and for nourishing food, to battle against death; but our efforts were useless. One night the miser died, and on the morrow Jim did not go out, as he had missed his master the night before. When the men came to carry away the body he followed the coffin to the cemetery. When the earth was thrown in he looked at me plaintively to know what it meant. When the burial was over I took him home with me, but he would not eat, and next morning I tied the basket around his neck and sent him out. The dog arrived at the cemetery at nightfall with his basketful of pence, and I turned them all out upon the grave. He suffered me, without resistance, to take off his collar, and lay down at full length near his master's last sleeping-place. The next morning he did not go on his rounds, for he was dead!—*Cornhill Magazine.*



Do not destroy that beauteous butterfly, "arrayed
In crimson, azure, emerald, and gold ;
With more magnificence upon its wing—
His little wing—than ever graced the robe
Gorgeous of royalty." These beauteous things
"Wander 'mid the flowers that gem the meads—
Unconscious of their beauty."

—N. T. Carrington.

XIV. MISCELLANEOUS CASES OF CRUELTY.

Besides horses and dogs, many other animals, insects and creatures are subject to the cruelty, caprice or neglect of man, such as squirrels, caged birds, and various other domestic pets; flies and other insects; frogs, toads, etc. As the result of the revival of the Humane Societies among us, both the Dominion and Ontario Legislatures have been moved to pass, or favorably consider, protective laws on the subject.

Cruelty of Half Killing Toads.

It was a beautiful, calm evening, the loveliest of the autumnal season, when, after the toils and cares of the day, I set out to refresh my body and mind by inhaling the gentle breeze.

Presently I saw a man at some little distance, who appeared to be agitated by passion, and was lifting and throwing with force stone after stone, at some object beneath him. This made me approach him and inquire what was the matter.

"Oh, sir," said he, "a great ugly toad;" and down went another stone.

"And pray," said I, "why do you kill that poor creature? has it done you any harm?"

"Why," said he, "they don't do no good, do they?"

"My friend," said I, "these poor creatures are more harmless than we, and not only do no hurt, but do a great deal of good, in feeding on and destroying quantities of snails, and other insects, which would destroy our vegetables; for my own part, I am glad to see, and preserve them in my garden, observing, as I do, how much benefit they do me."

"Well," said the man, throwing away the stone, which he had ready for another fling, "then let him live; but I didn't know they did any good."

"Nay, my friend," I replied, "your leaving the poor crippled animal to die a lingering death would now be more cruel than killing it outright; don't you see that you have so covered it with stones that it is impossible for it to get away, and it may have to suffer for many days? the most merciful thing now is to put it out of its misery; but let me entreat you never again to put to death or torment any of God's creatures, which in His wisdom He has made, unless you have good and sufficient reasons for doing so."—*Anon.*

Children Killing Butterflies.

Stopping at the sea-shore a few days since, we saw a number of interesting little children gathering butterflies, grasshoppers, and other varieties of insects, and fastening them with pins to the side of the hotel, where the poor creatures were writhing and struggling to escape. It was not the fault of the children. They were very young and knew no better. They did not once dream of the agony endured by these insects, and on being told of it, all assented to their being at once killed, and cheerfully stopped further pursuit of them.—*Geo. T. Angell.*

Protection of Toads in Ontario.

It is gratifying to know that a bill was introduced into the Ontario Legislature by Mr. John Leys, M.P.P., at the session of 1888, providing, among other things, for the protection of toads. It failed, however, to become law. It stated that:—

"It shall not be lawful to destroy in any way any native toad (*bufo lentiginos*) or to wantonly or unnecessarily injure or destroy the spawn, or *larvæ* thereof in streams or ponds of water."

It is related of the great Duke of Wellington, that many years ago, he found a little boy crying because he had to go away from home to school in another town, and there would be no one to feed the toad which he was in the habit of feeding every morning, and the noble-hearted Duke, sympathizing with his young friend, promised that he would see that the toad was fed every morning. This he did, and letter after letter came to this little boy from the Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington, telling him that the toad was alive and well.

All children should know that toads are not only entirely harmless, but are among our best friends. They live on, and destroy thousands of ants, spiders, and the many bugs that injure our gardens.

The Honest Old Toad.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,

A funny old fellow is he;

Living under the stone by the side of the road,

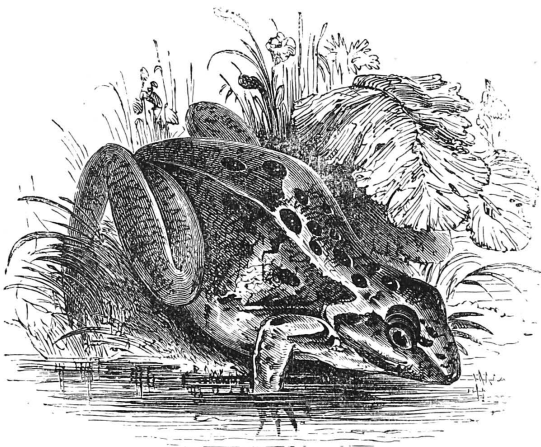
'Neath the shade of the old willow-tree.

He is dressed all in brown from his toe to his crown,

Save his vest that is silvery white.

He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,
 And walks in the cool, dewy night.
 "Raup, yaup," says the frog,
 From his home in the bog,
 But the toad he says never a word ;
 He tries to be good, like the children who
 should
 Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to
 bed,
 And sleeps just as sound as a top.
 But when May blossoms follow soft April
 showers,
 He comes out with a skip, jump, and hop ;
 He changes his dress only once, I confess,—
 Every spring ; and his old worn-out coat,
 With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball,
 And stuffs the whole thing down his
 throat.



"K-rruk, k-rruk," says the frog,
 From his home in the bog ;
 But the toad he says never a word ;
 He tries to be good, like the children who
 should
 Be seen, but never be heard.

Humane Things to be Remembered.

1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.
2. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.
3. That earth worms are harmless and very useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you

start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.

4. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.

5. Never keep birds in cages, unless you are prepared to carefully tend and feed them.

6. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down.

Let our readers reflect, that we have no right to injure or take the life of any of God's creatures, unless for necessary food, or for our own preservation from injury ; it is an act of brutal wickedness to torture even an insect.

"In wisdom hath He made them all," and pronounced them good.—*Children's Friend*.

Value of Toads in Gardens.

Toads suffer greatly, chiefly at the hands of boys and of others, who do not know, or who do not think, of the value of toads in gardens, etc.

So useful are toads in gardens that they are sold in France by the dozen for the purpose of stocking gardens to free them from many injurious insects. The toad lives almost entirely on insects, and never does harm to plants.

The toad trade for garden purposes is a most singular branch of traffic. On some of the market gardens near London as many as five crops are raised in one year. Under such a system of culture slugs and other insects are very formidable foes, and to destroy them toads have been found so useful as to be purchased at high prices. As much as a dollar and a half a dozen is given for full-grown lively toads, which are generally imported from France, where they have also been in use for a long time in an insectivorous way. Who can say but that Shakespeare, who knew everything, guessed everything, and foresaw everything, thought of this latent value when he said that the toad, though

"Ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

There is no man, or child, or woman, rich or poor, that may not be made happier by the love of the lower creatures. If, then, you would add to the happiness of children through life, teach them to say kind words and do kind acts to these lower creatures.—*Selected*.

Gander Pulling "Down South."

In an original and weird story by Miss Murfree ("C. E. Craddock")—"The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain"—she devotes a large portion of Chapter V. to a description of a most barbarous "sport," known in various parts of the South as "Gander Pulling." A recent Florida paper thus describes it:—

"A gander, with a sack drawn over its body, but with its head, neck and wings free, is hung up on a high pole, head downwards. A horseman, riding quickly under it, reaches up and catches the gander by the neck (which is greased), and tries to pull off his head!"

Miss Murfree's story ends with the impassioned remonstrance of "the prophet Pa'son," and his rescue of the terrified gander:—

"The pains o' the beastis He hev made teches the Lord in heaven; fur He marks the sparrow's fall, an' minds Himself o' the pitiful o' yearth. The spark o' life in this fow-el air kindled ez fraish ez yourn; for hevin' no soul ter save, this gaynder hain't yearned the torments o' hell, an' I'm a-goin' ter take this critter down."

"Tain't yer gaynder!" they cried.

"He air *my* gaynder," shrieked out a childish voice. "Mam gin me the las aig, when the gray goose laid her ladder out, and it wor sot under the ol' Dominicky hen, as kem off'n her nest through settin' three weeks, like a hen will do. Oh, take him down! take him down!"

Kelsey reached up and took the gander down, and the child clutched it hurriedly and ran fleetly off. So the gander was saved!

Incipient Forms of Cruelty in Children.

Henry Bergh, in an article on "Dangerous Education," writes as follows:—

"Why are you crying, darling?" once inquired a mother of her little daughter, who was trying to catch a fly upon a window-frame. 'Because, mamma, Freddy won't let me kill it.' 'Why, my son,' said the mother, 'do you thus annoy your little sister?' 'Because, mamma, I want to kill it myself,' replied the young student. Did the thoughtless and unfeeling mother rebuke that useless and deliberate murder of a harmless though insignificant creature? No; she simply reproved the interference of one of those infant executioners with the assumed privilege of the other?

"The father or the mother who fails to rebuke the smallest act of cruelty to a living creature, be it ever so humble, prepares the first step in the progress of the child toward their own persecution, may be; and the encouraged tormentor of a little fly may become the scourge which breaks the hearts of the heedless parents. Various are the implements which serve to form the character of the little being's mind, awaiting as it were the impression to be stamped upon it.

"The mutilation of spiders, bugs and worms;

the teasing of cats, dogs and goats; the destruction of birds' nests; throwing of stones; handling the bow and arrow, and firing of pistols and guns, are the moral primers of these embryo students. A parent may regard an insect or a bird as of no consequence, so long as the child is amused; and such an one rarely if ever seriously interrogates himself as to the result of such criminal indulgences, or suffers himself to believe that the object of it is being schooled to become a tyrant and a despot among men, until later on, when these cruel teachings shall have crystallized into heartlessness and barbarity.

"To permit a child to do wrong for fear of giving him a momentary pang, is a dangerous fondness. Plutarch records this comprehensive law of the Athenians, 'Honor your parents; worship the gods; hurt not animals.'

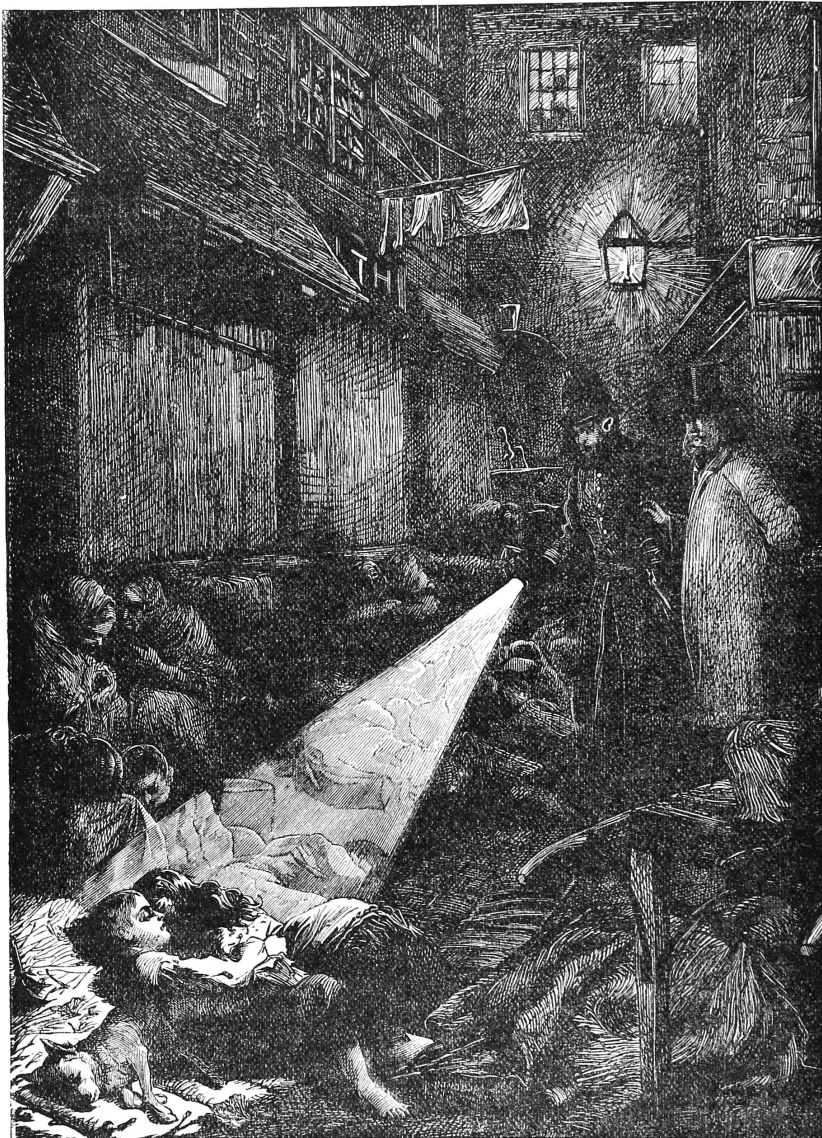
"It is said that children are naturally cruel; but this is an exaggeration, although it may be admitted that they are instinctively heedless, turbulent, and curious. It is, doubtless, very self-consoling to parents who have ignored their duty of inculcating gentle and benevolent practices in their offspring, when, in after-life they shall have 'their gray hairs brought with sorrow to the grave,' to declare that such a child was born with the attributes of the evil one, when all the while the parent was its first and ablest preceptor. The minds and character of the young are susceptible of being moulded, like the potter's clay, into any moral form desired. An ancient superstition once existed, that heroes could be made by feeding men on wolves' hearts; but courage, like virtue, is the product of moral training. It is easy to make a brave man or a coward, by beginning early enough."

Mrs. Schaffter, of New Orleans, truly says:—

"So soon as a child is old enough to be cruel, it is old enough to learn of mercy. The little one who laughs at the dying agonies of the butterfly it crushes in his chubby hands is old enough to be taught the sin of inflicting unnecessary pain."

"A Lover of Boys," on "Forms of Cruelty," in the *Toronto Globe* of May 29th, 1888, says:—

"I have known mothers who let their boys shoot little birds for fun, and do many other cruel acts, and never reprove them. I am told that at S——d the school children gather after school and go hunting for birds' nests. And at W——W—— school I was told the boys threw a red squirrel into the pond, and when it would swim to shore would throw it back till it sank. And the same boys cut open a catfish while alive and threw it into the water, and laughed to see it swimming with its bowels hanging out, and many other cruel things for which they were never reproved. Why? Because their mothers were deficient in sensibility. I have known fathers goad their children to madness, and then cruelly whip them. Who was to blame but the parents who never taught them to feel for the suffering of others? Can not nearly all the crimes committed be traced to the same cause?"



THE HOMELESS AND HOUSELESS WANDERERS OF LARGE CITIES.

"If we knew, when walking thoughtless, in the noisy, crowded way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness close beside our pathway lay:
We would pause, where now we hasten; we would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample some rare jewel to the ground!"

—Anon.

"What thou hast done to one of Mine,
Though to the least of all it be,
I will reward it line for line;
For thou hast done it unto Me

—Rose Terry Cooke.

PART II.

CARE OF THE WAIFS AND STRAYS OF OUR CITIES.

Destitute Waif-Life in London.

The terrible truth of homeless destitution and exposure, portrayed in the realistic picture on the preceding page, receives abundant confirmation from a graphic account which Dr. Barnardo (who is well known in Toronto and elsewhere) gives of his first sad experience of destitute waif-life in London. It is taken from the *Toronto News* of the 28th of January, 1888, and is condensed as follows:—

"I don't live nowheres!"

"Now, my boy, don't try to deceive me. Where do you come from? Where did you sleep last night?"

It was in a building in Stepney, formerly used as a stable for donkeys, but which Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo—then a young medical student at the London Hospital—had transformed into a "ragged school" for the very poorest of the street urchins of East London, that the conversation, from which the above words are taken, took place.

This stable was the cradle of one of the greatest of modern philanthropical institutions—"The East End Juvenile Mission," better known in America and England as "Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children." Here it was, on one ever-memorable evening many, many years ago, after the general body of his young scholars had gone home, that Dr. Barnardo noticed, sitting on a bench, a half-starved and nearly naked boy, who had listened quietly throughout the evening. The latter showed no disposition to retire, so Dr. Barnardo said to him, "Come, boy, you had better leave at once, or your mother will be making inquiries for you."

"Please, sir," slowly drawled the lad; "please, sir, let me stop."

"Stop? What for? Indeed I cannot. It's time for you to go home. What do you want to stop for?"

"Please, sir, do let me stop. I won't do no 'arm."

"I can't let you stop. You must go home at once. Your mother will know the other boys have gone, and will wonder where you are."

"I ain't got no mother!"

"But your father, then, will be uneasy. Where is he?"

"I ain't got no father!"

"Nonsense, boy; don't tell me such stories! You say you haven't got a father or mother?"

Where are your friends, then? Where do you live?"

"I ain't got no friends, and I don't live nowheres."

Further questioning elicited from the boy, who was only ten years of age, that it had been his lot to sleep for many a weary night in empty wagons, cellars, alleys, and other places. Then, for the first time in Dr. Barnardo's life, there came upon him with overwhelming force the following thoughts: Was it possible that, in that great city, there were others also homeless and destitute—as young, as helpless and as ill-prepared to stand the trials of cold, hunger and exposure as the boy before him? He then said:

"Tell me, my boy, are there other poor boys like you in London, without a home or friends?"

"Oh, yes, sir, lots—'eaps on 'em; more'n I could count!"

Dr. Barnardo thought the boy really must be lying; so to

put the matter to an immediate test he promised the little fellow to give him a good supper and a warm shelter for the night if he would take him to where some of these poor boys were. The offer was accepted, and after the supper the two sallied forth upon their interesting quest. Houndsditch was soon reached, and after some little circuitous wandering among its purlieus Dr. Barnardo and the boy stood in front of a dead wall, which barred their further progress.

"Where are they, Jim, my boy?"

"There, sir!"

And, sure enough, there, in every variety of postures—some coiled up like dogs before a fire,



some huddled two or three together, others more apart—lay eleven boys! The rags they wore were mere apologies for clothes, and their ages apparently ranged from nine to fourteen. Of this scene Dr. Barnardo has said: "It was a bitterly cold and dry night, and as the light of the moon fell upon the upturned faces of those poor boys, I, standing there, realized, for that one awful moment, the terrible fact that they were all absolutely homeless and destitute, and were, perhaps, but samples of numbers of others. It seemed as though the hand of God Himself had suddenly pulled aside the curtain which concealed from my view the untold miseries of forlorn child-life upon the streets of London!"

"Shall we go to another lay, sir? There's a heap more," said Jim.

But Dr. Barnardo had seen enough. He needed no fresh proof of the truth of the boy's story, nor any new incentive to a life of active effort in behalf of destitute street lads. In a few days he had established a "home"—which has since become famous as the forerunner of many similar institutions in London and elsewhere—for destitute children at Stepney Causeway.

If the reader will substitute a policeman for homeless Jim, and the light of the lantern for that of the moon, in the preceding sketch, he will then realize how true and "to the life" is the picture on page 80.



Cry of the Helpless Children.

Veil thou thy face, O nation, powerful, proud,
Though marts be filled and church spires
pierce the skies,
If infant woes and wrongs can cry aloud,
And to God's laws appeals from thine can
rise.
Boast not thyself of wealth, as wise, or free,
While ignorance blinds or hunger goads to sin;

And while the drifting flotsam of life's sea
Goes down to wreck in tempests dark and
din.

In vain shall science tell her wondrous story,
In vain shall industry her guerdon claim,
Vainly shall valor win and wear her glory,
While on the land there lies this taint of
shame.

In vain are all the bolts of knowledge riven
While youth unheeded smites a fast-closed
door;

In vain shall prayers and praises rise to heaven
While trampled lies God's chiefest gift—His
poor.

Their name is legion, and the demons tear them
Of unassuaged want, untamed desire;
Whose is the part to feed, to heal, to cheer
them?

At whose right hand shall God their blood
require?

Rise in thy might, O young and Christian na-
tion!

Blot from thy shield this old and scorching
stain;

Own thou these darkened souls as God's crea-
tion,

His sacred trust, to be redeemed again.

They lift their voice, they cry to thee, their
mother,

From reeking tenement and flinty street;

Who else shall lead, and guide, and teach?
What other

Make straight the path before their bleeding
feet?

Stretch forth thy hand to succor and to save
them

When, nursed in sorrow, reared in sin and
pain,

The cruel mercies of mankind would give them
Forgotten graves to close a life of stain.

Give light for stripes, give aid for scorn, give
healing

For hands that thrust them forward to their
doom;

Give love for strict, strained justice, so revealing
A Father, not a Judge, beyond the tomb.

Hark to the voice within thy bosom pleading
For those, forsaken, who yet bear thy name;

Remember that at thy repulse or leading
They shall debase or lift on high thy fame.

In thy son's life or death thou liv'st or diest—
See that, when questioned of thy duty done,

Thine eyes shall meet thy God's as thou repliest:
"Of them thou gavest me have I lost none."

•—Annie Rothwell.

KINGSTON, ONT., March 14, 1888.

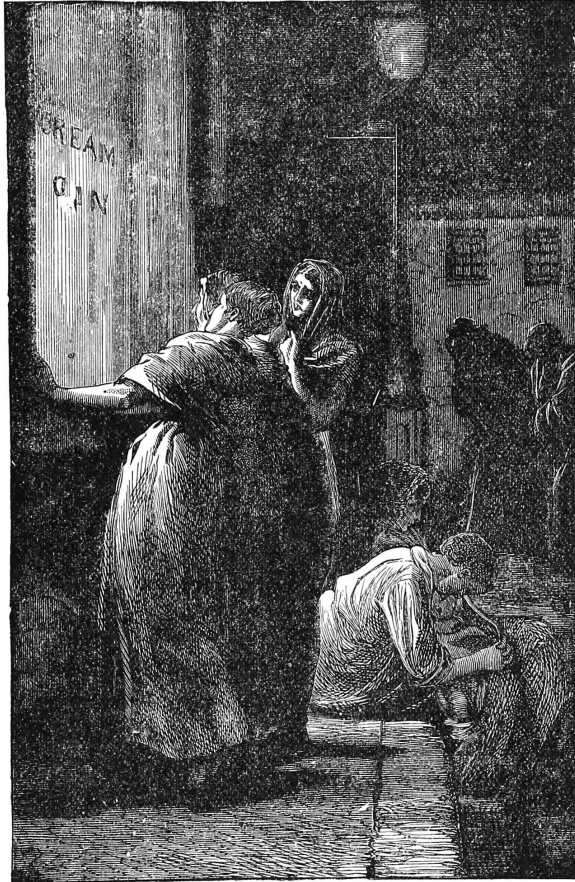
Archdeacon Farrar on London Waif-Life.

Archdeacon Farrar, in a sermon preached by him in Westminster Abbey in May, 1888, thus refers to the increase of waif-life in London:—

“London has 7,400 streets, extending to 260 miles. Its area is swept by a radius of fifteen miles. It has 4,500,000 of souls in its crowded space. The common lodging-houses have 27,000

misery of a chronic indigence and the sensuality of a godless despair!

“It is the gin shops and the streets which, through our fault and our callous indifference and worldliness, have made them what they are, and have wrecked all that splendid immortality. . . . When God returns to judgment will He not ask us questions about these things? Will Christ smile approval at this wholesale ruin of those for whom He died?”



WOMEN LOOKING FOR FATHERS, BROTHERS AND HUSBANDS IN THE GIN SHOPS OF LONDON.

inhabitants, and into them drift the social wreckage of every class. There is an army of 100,000 paupers; there are hundreds of deserted children, who live by prowling about in the markets, the slums and the railway arches. The increase of population means the increase mainly of its squalor, its wretchedness and its guilt. The increase is mainly among the destitute—an increase ten per cent. more rapid in the slums and rookeries than in the parks and squares! It is an increase of a pauper class, living on alms and rates and odd jobs, in the

This state of things has its counterpart in New York and other large cities on this continent. Even in Toronto the class described by Archdeacon Farrar has largely increased, and may continue to increase, with the growth of the city, in spite of the generous efforts and increase of our private charities to keep it in check. Other institutions of a remedial and preventive character are required to meet these special needs of the city.

DUTY OF THE TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY.

One of the most important and pressing duties which the Toronto Humane Society has set before itself to perform, is the protection and temporary shelter of the deserted, neglected and homeless waifs and strays of the city.

Mr. Beverley Jones, Honorary Solicitor to the Toronto Humane Society, has kindly furnished the Editor with some cases which came under his observation. He says:—

“Take a case which lately occurred in Toronto. A boy of twelve years old driven from his bed by drunken parents on Christmas eve, and compelled to sleep in a shed. From there he gravitated to the streets—one night in a common lodging house, another winter’s night sleeping under a pile of lumber in a yard opposite Osgoode Hall, and finally making his general abode during the winter under a doorstep on Bay street, where he had collected a few rags and clothes as covering. Picture him taken down with inflammation of the bowels, and, while sleeping on a pile of paper in a city newspaper office, the other newsboys may be seen in play pelting him with paper, little thinking in their boyish glee that he was fast approaching the great gulf. In a few hours he has gone to join the majority, and society in response asks the old question of Cain, ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’”

Up to the present year, there has been no legal machinery in existence by which such a Society as ours could practically and effectively deal with this sad and helpless class. But, with the concurrence and aid of Hon. Attorney-General Mowat, an Act was passed in March, 1888, containing, amongst other provisions, the following:—

“On proof that a child under fourteen years of age, by reason of the neglect, crime, drunkenness, or other vices of its parent, or from orphanage, or any other cause, is growing up in circumstances exposing such child to bad, or dissolute life, or on proof that any child under fourteen years of age, being an orphan, has been found begging in any street, highway, or public place, a judge may order such child to be committed to any Industrial School, or Refuge, for boys or girls, or other institution, subject to

the inspection of the Inspector of Prisons and Asylums, or to any suitable Charitable Society authorized under *The Act respecting Apprentices and Minors* (Rev. Stat. O., ch. 42), and willing to receive such child, to be there kept, cared for and educated, for a period not extending beyond the period at which such child shall attain the age of eighteen years.”

Mr. Jones further says:—

“The function of the Humane Society in one of its branches is the prevention of cruelty to children. The fact of the existence of such a Society will deter many of those who practise such cruelty from acting up to their brutal instincts.

“*Suggestions as to How to Proceed.*—As soon as anyone is aware of any act of cruelty to animals, or of cruelty or neglect by parents of their children, at once notify the Secretary of the Humane Society (Post Office Box 2654, Toronto), or, if the case is one requiring immediate attention,

telephone to No. 1370. Better still, notify Inspector Archbold at the police station. In all cases try and procure all the evidence possible.”



WHERE THE WAIFS “DO MOST CONGREGATE.”

The further purpose of the Toronto Humane Society in this direction is thus lucidly stated by the Rev. Dr.

Wild, of Toronto, in a sermon preached by him, on the 29th of January, 1888:—

“This Society undertakes also to protect children from unnecessary abuse and cruelty, even of parents. As strange as it may seem, we have a number in our city, and in other large cities—the number is very great—whose parents are lazy, indifferent and deep sunk in vice, who force their little girls and boys out with a basket on the arm to come to our doors and collect provisions. The thing is degrading to these little girls and boys. How are we to expect that they will grow up to be respectable with us? . . . The law ought to enable the Society to take these children away from such parents, and make them work or fast, if they choose; but train the children to some useful calling. We have got to keep them; and I would far rather keep them by giving them a training and a trade than keep them, as they will be in future life, a nuisance to the city. Then, of course, we have children that are orphans, who fall into the hands of guardians who become very ungrateful and persecuting. We have had some wonderful instances in our own city. No man ought to have such power. When the poor child is left in the hands of strangers, when the mother and the father are

gone, we ought to be moved to have sense enough and power enough to forbid any one unnecessarily punishing it. You take it in step-parents and see how often they are led astray; what samples of cruelty we have had. We ought to have an officer who, the moment such cruelty is made known, should enter the house, having proper authority to take that child and put it under the generous and wise care of the city. Then we have children that are abandoned sometimes by parents going away and leaving them; and there is a kind of abandonment that takes place in this city that costs us lots of money. I think it is the most brutal of all things for a man to leave the wife of his youth,

as thyself." It was the law which ordered that "the stranger which dwelleth among you shall be unto you as one born among you. Thou shalt love him as thyself." . . . The Psalms generally insists on this side of human duty: "A good man is merciful and lendeth." "Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble." (Prayer Book version). The Proverbs, in which the highest wisdom is so tersely condensed, tells us that "he that hath mercy upon the poor, happy is he;" and that he (in so



HUMANE SOCIETY'S OFFICER PROTECTING CHILD FROM ITS CRUEL MOTHER.

with three or four small children, and run away to the United States or some other place, leaving the poor woman to struggle as best she can. We are very particular about having extradition treaties on money matters. I would urge upon the United States, Canada and Britain this, that whenever a man is so vile, in whatever country he may be, as to run away and leave his family, he should be immediately arrested, brought back, put in jail, set to work, and the contribution from his work given to his family. It is one of the most heartless things on this earth, and you have very little idea how common it is in this city."

The Divine Warrant for this Duty.

It was the Mosaic law (let us never forget it) which first said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor

doing) "honoreth God." Again: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again." Isaiah asks: "Is not this the fact, that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burthens, to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy home; when thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" . . . Such a life of piety as that of Tobit shows how much that was saintly survived (in those days); and what can be more beautiful than his advice to his son?—"Be merciful after thy power. If

thou hast much, give plenteously. If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little." . . .

This duty of care and love which man owes to man is, no doubt, to be paid in part by efforts to improve the bodily and material circumstances of those who need it. Our Lord Jesus Christ went about doing good—doing good in this restricted sense. He kept two classes especially in His view, or, rather, constantly about Him—the poor and the sick. . . . Certainly the poor and the suffering were His associates. He lived with them; He died among them. . . . Nay, when He would name a class that should continue to represent Him among men. . . . He chose . . . the poor and the suffering. It is of these that He will say:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—*Canon Liddon (May, 1888).*

Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes over all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee;
One wore the thorns for thee;
And, though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

Work in the wild waste places,
Though none thy love may own;
God marks the down of the thistle
The wandering wind hath sown.
On! with thy heart in heaven,
Thy strength, thy Master's might,
Till the wild waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light!

Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride;
Some cleft may there be riven,
Where the little seed may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish;
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the scattered grain be found.

Sow where the withering poison
Is the young bud's earliest breath,
And the wild, unwholesome blossom
Bears in its beauty—death.
The ground impure, o'ertrudged
By life's disfigured years,
Though blood and guilt have stained it,
May yet be soft from tears!

—*Anna Shipton.*

Forms of Cruelty to Children.

First—Children of tender years are too often neglected, starved, beaten, and frozen, by parents of intemperate and vicious habits, and such children are compelled to associate with abandoned persons of both sexes

Second—Adopted children are sometimes overworked, underfed, and scantily clothed, by those to whom they have been consigned. Such treatment is almost invariably accompanied with corporal cruelty, often of the grossest character.

Third—Young children are occasionally bound out, given, let, or sold, to acrobats, variety actors, singers, organ-grinders, dancers, jugglers, circus-riders, peddlers, beggars, showmen, and others, who employ them in ways and places that are injurious to health and dangerous to limb and life, and fatal to good morals, and who often force them by cruelty to adopt injurious and unlawful habits and callings.

Fourth—Sometimes children are decoyed into practices and places terribly and fatally injurious to health and morals, and outlawed by society.

Fifth—Many children, either from lack of proper training and restraint, or through abuse and neglect, or from being left by accident or design without homes or guardians, become vagrants, suffering for food, clothing, and care, and unless rescued, growing up to vicious and criminal lives.

Sixth—There are numerous other common and occasional forms of abuse and neglect of children which cannot be specified briefly, but which demand prompt and patient attention from intelligent philanthropists.—*Ohio Humane Society's Report, 1887.*

Will the citizens of Toronto give the Society not only their active sympathy, but also the means to establish a temporary Home as a refuge for children subject to this cruelty?

A writer on the foregoing subject truly says:

"There are hundreds of thousands of parents among the depraved and criminal classes of this country whom no child can be taught to love or ought to be.

"There are hundreds of thousands of homes where the name of the Almighty is never heard, except in words of blasphemy.

"But there is not a child in one of those homes that may not be taught to feed the birds and pat the horses, and enjoy making happy all harmless creatures it meets, and so be doing acts of kindness a hundred times a day, that will make it not only happier and better, but more merciful in all the relations of life."

How this can be best brought about is the

serious and pressing problem which the Toronto Humane Society is anxious to solve.

Brothers!—

'Mid the hopings and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repeat this promise o'er—
We believe it more and more—
"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

Soon, like dust, to you and me,
Will our earthly treasures be;
But the loving word and deed
To another in his need,
They will unforgotten be!
They will live eternally—
"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

Fast the moments slip away,
Soon our mortal powers decay,
Low and lower sinks the sun,
What we do must soon be done!
Then what rapture if we hear
Thousand voices ringing clear—
"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

—*Anon.*

Many a child goes astray, simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

"Inasmuch."

O, have you envied Mary's place,
So blest, at Jesus' feet?
And longed to wear the wond'rous grace
That makes her name so sweet?

O hear His voice from heaven's bright throne,
From all earth's woes set free,
"The service to My brethren done,
The same is done to Me."

Thus may we sit in Mary's place,
May bathe His weary feet;
And humbly share that wond'rous grace,
That makes her name so sweet!

—*Anon.*

The Critical Age of Children.

Lord Shaftesbury recently stated at a public meeting in London, that he had ascertained from personal observation that of adult male

criminals in that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a boy lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in his favor, and only one against him.

The Key to Others' Hearts.

Dialects of love are many
Though the language be but one;
Study all you can, or any,
While life's precious hours run on.

Closed the heart-door of thy brother,
All its treasure long concealed!
One key fails, then try another,
Soon the rusty lock will yield.

Silence is no certain token
That no secret grief is there;
Sorrow, which is never spoken,
Is the heaviest load to bear!

—*Miss Havergal.*

The Rights of Children.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in one of his earlier essays, lays down that parental rule, in very many cases, is, without doubt, simple despotism. It has for its basis, not reason nor affection, but mere authority. This is putting the thing strongly, but it is correct. Children's rights are ignored, especially among the vicious classes, when it is always conveniently forgotten that they have any rights. If a child is neglected, abused, untaught, left to pick up his living how he can, it is, of course, unfortunate for him, and very much to his parents' discredit; but it is not felt that any one's rights are invaded, certainly not a child's.

How Lads get their Start in Crime.

Up in No. 3 Police Station, Toronto, the other night, little Johnny — stood before the Sergeant on a charge of stealing three pairs of slippers. The policeman, who arrested the boy, towered over him about four feet, and could have stowed the waif away in one of his official overcoat pockets. Johnny was not a bad looking boy, but his features bespoke want of food and nourishment. His clothes were ragged, and on his feet were tied a pair of rubbers three times too large for him. When he was being "searched" he had to unfasten pins from his buttonless jacket, and his pockets were bottomless, so that nothing contraband was found in his clothes but a solitary match. The fact is, Johnny was shoeless and hungry, and the tempt-

ing three pairs of slippers, which he thought would enrich him, were too great a temptation for the poor lad, so he snatched them, ran away, and fell into the arms of the big policeman referred to.

As the boy was being conducted down stairs, I remarked to the Sergeant that if I were clothed and fed like Johnny I guess I'd steal, too; and the Sergeant said he didn't know as he'd blame me if I did. Then we discussed boys in general, and homeless ones in particular, of which latter class, I am led to believe, this city of churches is full to overflowing. Scarcely a day passes that friendless boys are not to be found at the different police stations on charges of sneak-thieving, and the question of "What shall we do with our boys?" is one that should at once engage the attention of philanthropic people, if not of our civic solons. Johnny's fate for stealing the slippers was a term in jail; there to associate with hardened criminals, and from there to come out pledged to further depredations against a community which, seemingly, does not care about friendless boys, and which certainly seems to take but little interest in them.—*Toronto World*.

Difficulty in Dealing Prudentially with such Cases as the Foregoing.

Alas, that such cases as the foregoing do occur! They are most difficult to deal with, in the interests alike of humanity and of justice combined. There is no doubt as to the crime itself, nor as to the penalty which the law very properly attaches to it.

Herein lies the difficulty in dealing prudentially with such sad, sad cases, so as not, on the one hand, to lessen the just restraints against the commission of such crimes; and yet, on the other hand, not to run the greater risk of imperilling the young life, as yet untainted by wilfulness in crime, to the debasing influence of hardened and abandoned criminals. The three following extracts describe in graphic, yet poetic, language how the presiding magistrates were moved to deal with similar cases of theft, the impelling cause, in the first and second, being hunger and want:—

"'Discharged,' did you say, Mister Judge?"

We laid in a cell, Mister Judge, all the night long,

Jimmie and me, waitin' and wishin' for the mornin' to dawn,

'Cause we couldn't sleep, Mister Judge, in that cold, damp place;

And Jimmie was 'most scared to death at the wild, mad race

That the rats kept runnin' all through the dark night;

That's why we were glad, Mister Judge, to see the daylight.

Please, Mister Judge, we are not very bad little boys,

And the p'liceman what took us said we're some mother's joys;

He was wrong, Mister Judge, and should only have said

That we were two little outcasts, for our mother is dead;

And there's no one to care for us, at least here below,

And no roof that shelters us from the rain and the snow.

A preacher once told us that 'way up in the blue
There was a God that was watchin' all that little boys do;

And that He loved little children, and His love it was free;

But, I guess, Mister Judge, He don't love Jimmie or me,

For I prayed, and I prayed, 'till I was 'most out of breath,

For something to eat, and to keep Jimmie from death.

And that's why we're here, Mister Judge; for you know

There was no help from above, I must find it below.

'Twas no use beggin', and be told in God I must trust,

For I begged all the day, and got never a crust;
And there was poor Jimmie, holdin' his cold little feet,

And cryin' and moanin' for somethin' to eat.

So I went to a house that was not very far,
And saw, Mister Judge, that the back door was ajar;

And a table was settin' right close to the door,
Just loaded with pies, about twenty, or more.

So I quickly stepped in and grabbed one to my breast—

The p'liceman then caught us, and you know the rest.

"'Discharged,' did you say, Mister Judge?—both Jimmie and I?"

And—and we ain't got to be jailed, 'cause I took a pie?

And—we can eat all we want? how funny 'twill seem.

—Say, Jimmie, pinch me, for I—I think it's a dream;
And you'll give us work, summer, winter and fall—
Say, Jimmie, I think there's a God after all!

—*Anon.*

“Yes, Guilty—but, Sentence Deferred.”

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale, young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

“Your name?” said the Judge as he eyed her
With kindly look, yet keen,

“Is Mary McGuire, if you please sir;”

“And your age?”—“I am turned fifteen.”

“Well, Mary,” and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,

“You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

“You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?”

A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the Judge's eye.

“I will tell you how it was, sir.
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them,
By working hard all day;
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

“I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold;
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old);
So, what was I to do, sir?—
I am guilty, but do not condemn;
I took—oh, was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them.”

Every man in the court-room—
Grey-beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spoke the truth.
Out from their pockets came handkerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprang tears,

And out from the old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The Judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the law.
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words were heard:
The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred.
And no one blamed him, or wondered,
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
Himself, the “guilty” child.

“I'll Give You a Chance—Make the Most of It—Go!”

A stern old judge, in relentless mood,
Glanced at the two who before him stood—
She was bowed and haggard and old,
He was young and defiant and bold—
Mother and son; and to gaze at the pair,
Their different attitudes, look and air,
One would believe, ere the truth was won,
The mother convicted, and not the son.

There was the mother; the boy stood nigh
With a shameless look, and his head held high.
Age had come over her, sorrow and care;
These mattered but little so he was there.
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,
And prized as only a mother can prize;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on the sentence day?

Her husband had died in his shame and sin;
And she a widow, her living to win,
Had toiled and struggled from morn to night;
Making with want a wearisome fight,
Bent over her work with resolute zeal,
Till she felt her whole frame totter and reel;
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim,
But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.

And he—he stood in the criminal dock
With a heart as hard as the flinty rock,
An impudent glance and reckless air,
Braving the scorn of the gazers there;
Drenched in crime, and encompassed round
With proof of his guilt by captors found,
Ready to stand, as he phrased it, “game.”
Holding not crime, but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek
 The moistening tears where the tongue was weak,
 And she saw through the mist of those burning
 tears,
 Only the child in his innocent years;
 She remembered him pure as a child might be,
 The guilt of the present she could not see;
 And for mercy her wistful looks made prayer
 To the stern old judge in his cushioned chair.

"Woman," the old judge crabbedly said,
 "Your boy is the neighborhood's plague and
 dread;

Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief;
 An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief.
 The jury did right, for the facts were plain;
 Denial is idle, excuses are vain.

The sentence the court imposes is one—"

"Your Honor," she cried, "he's my only son."

The tipstaves grinned at the words she spoke,
 And a ripple of fun through the court-room
 broke;

But over the face of the culprit came

An angry look and a shadow of shame;
 "Don't laugh at my mother," aloud cries he;
 "You've got me fast and can deal with me,
 But she's too good for your cowardly jeers,
 And I'll—" then his utterance choked with tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,
 And looked at him keenly, and then he said—
 "We suspend the sentence; the boy can go;"
 And the words were tremulous, forced and low.
 "But stay!" and he raised his finger then—
 "Don't let them bring him hither again.
 There is something good in you yet, I know;
 I'll give you a chance—make the most of it—go!"

The twain went forth, and the old judge said:
 "I meant to have given him a year instead.
 And perhaps 'tis a difficult thing to tell
 If clemency here be ill or well.
 But a rock was struck in that callous heart,
 From which a fountain of good may start,
 For one on the ocean of crime long tossed
 Who loves his mother, is not quite lost."

—*Anon.*

I. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WAIF-LIFE.

"What wouldst thou be?
 A blessing to each one surrounding me;
 A chalice of dew to the weary heart,
 A sunbeam of joy, bidding sorrow depart;
 To the storm-tossed vessel, a beacon light,
 A nightingale's song in the darkest night,
 A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,
 An angel of love to each friendless soul;
 Such would I be;
 Oh, that such happiness were for me."

—*Anon.*

Little do the general public know of the lights, and, alas! too frequently the terrible shadows of waif-life. To particularize, or to picture them in ordinary prosaic language, would be but to present them in a dim, shadowy and imperfect form. And this is so from the fact that even the lights of waif-life are so transient and fitful, while the shadows have, in many cases, a darker hue than we ordinarily see in the superficial glance which we take at them. The skill of the word-painter and of the poet have, under such circumstances, been brought into requisition to present them (as they do so graphically) with the striking vividness of reality and truth—the truth being, too, as in their case especially, stranger than fiction.

The Editor of this publication prefers, therefore, to avail himself of the skill of these writers. They portray with such real effect the actual and sadly prosaic life—with all its vicissitudes of storm and sunshine—of what has popularly been regarded as the "dangerous classes" in our cities. And yet, dark as the shadows are, and hopeless as many cases may appear, it has been over and over again demonstrated that the thoughtful, considerate and practical kindness shown to the youthful among this class by the few workers in this wide field of Christian charity has been highly successful, and has brought about results which have gladdened the hearts and encouraged the hopes of even the doubtful and, at times, despondent among such workers.

It may be here observed that such workers, to be at all successful, must have strong personal sympathy. They must, as it were, make themselves one with the class which they are striving to uplift. It must be something like the influence which Lord Shaftesbury exerted upon a man who had an evil reputation:—

“What did Lord Shaftesbury say to you that made you a reformed man?”

“Oh, he didn’t say much. He just sat down by my side and said, ‘Jack, we will make a man out of you yet!’”

It was this natural, sympathetic appeal to his manhood, that saved Jack. So it will be always if there is love and earnestness on the one side, and something of the man or woman still left to which such a silent yet irresistible appeal can be made.

There is so much of “human nature,” and so much of sad pathos in the history of individual waifs, that no one can present the case of the neglected and homeless children, and those in our cities who are harshly treated, or abandoned by their parents, so well as the writers of the following extracts. Graphically, and yet touchingly and plaintively, they tell the tale of the privation, discouragements, needs and sorrows of these destitute ones in our midst.

The “minor in the carol” of these songs and verses is the more effectively produced by the use of the dialect, or the vernacular, of the class described. The sympathetic ear can, therefore, the more easily detect it, as an undertone of deeper pathos than would be felt if the story, or tale of trouble or sorrow, were told in polite speech and in the colder form of simple prose.

The Humane Society hopes that the following extracts will be read and pondered, and that they will touch the heart, and make such an appeal to the reader’s better nature that more ready aid will be given to the Society to mitigate the terrible evils of “waif-life.”

SPIRIT IN WHICH THIS WORK SHOULD BE PROSECUTED.

And first, we should consider how this work should be done, and in what spirit it should be prosecuted. The following extracts from various writers will probably best illustrate the spirit and character of the efforts which should be made to accomplish this part of the work of

the Humane Society, especially with the young—the waifs and strays—which it is desirable to reach and uplift. They are preternaturally sceptical as to the genuineness of any professed regard for them. They instinctively detect a Pharisaic spirit, and, in their own blunt, sneering way, scornfully humor it, if it promises to be of service to them. Amateur philanthropists, with the best intentions, are apt to make this fatal mistake, and in the end, and in consequence of it, become discouraged and disheartened. How necessary, then, is it that there should be no mistakes in this matter! Unless the duty is undertaken in the spirit of the following extracts it will not be successful. In some of them the effects of such genuine, loving efforts are foreshadowed. How bounteous is the reward!

The fifth in the following series was written by “The Kahn,” in the *Toronto Telegram*.

I.

Lend a helping hand, my brother,
To the weary ones we meet,
There are many bowed with burdens,
Fainting in the day’s fierce heat.
Pass not by a toil-worn brother,
Let none ask for aid in vain,
Lend a helping hand, believing
Love will pay you back again.

Lend a helping hand, my brother,
There are chances all the way;
When you see a man discouraged,
Have a helping word to say.
Kindly words are balm and comfort
To the weary, and they make
Many a heavy load seem lighter;
Speak them for a brother’s sake.

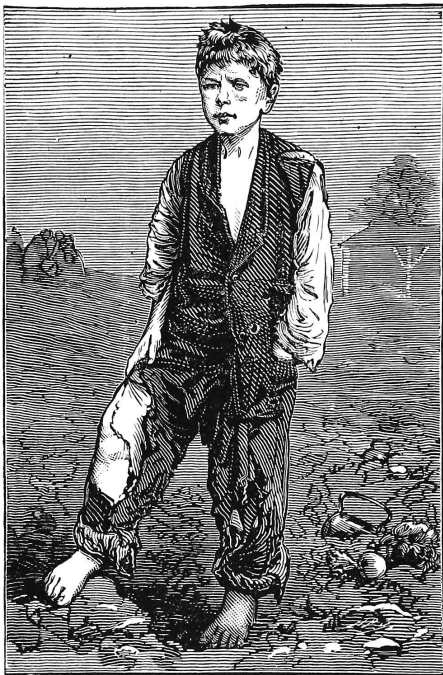
In the march of life, my brother,
Willing heart and ready hand
Make the way seem bright and pleasant
As we journey through the land.
Blest the hands outstretched to help us
With hopeful word and smile;
Lend a helping hand to others,
It is grandly worth your while.

II.

“Call them in”—the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer;
Can you weigh their worth with gold?

“Call them in”—the broken-hearted,
Cowering ’neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love’s message low and tender—
’Twas for sinners Jesus came.

See! the shadows lengthen round us,
 Soon the day-dawn will begin;
 Can you leave them lost and lonely?
 Christ is coming: "Call them in."



III.

When you see a ragged urchin
 Standing wistful on the street,
 With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
 Dirty face and bare red feet:
 Pass not by the lad unheeding;
 Smile on him. Mark me, when
 He's grown he'll not forget it;
 For, remember, boys make men!

IV.

On life's rugged road,
 As we journey each day,
 Far, far more of sunshine
 Would brighten the way,
 If forgetful of self
 And our troubles, we had
 The will, and would try
 To make other hearts glad.

A word kindly spoken,
 A smile or a tear,
 Though seeming but trifles,
 Full often may cheer.

Each day to our lives
 Some treasures 'twould add,
 To be conscious that we
 Had made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
 Of sorrow, so drear,
 Have need of a word
 Of solace or cheer.
 There are homes that are desolate,
 Hearts that are sad—
 Do something for someone,
 Make somebody glad.

V.

If thy brother err,
 Reprove him;
 Whisper something kind,
 To move him.
 But if he in the crooked way
 Must in spite of all things stray,
 And you the bitter words must say,
 Say it softly.

Thy brother may be weak,
 But true;
 He may not be as strong
 As you;
 Then careful watch and wary guide him,
 And from the gaze of sneerers hide him,
 And if your duty make you chide him,
 Chide him softly.

VI.

How softly on the bruised heart,
 A word of kindness falls,
 And to the dry and parched soul
 The moistening teardrop calls;
 Oh, if they knew who walk the earth
 Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
 The power a word of kindness hath,
 'Twere paradise again!

The weakest and the poorest may
 This simple pittance give,
 And bid delight to withered hearts,
 Return again and live.
 Oh, what is life if love be lost;
 If man's unkind to man?
 Or what the heaven that waits beyond
 This brief but mortal span?

VII.

A single word is a little thing,
 But a soul may be dying before our eyes
 For lack of the comfort a word may bring,
 With its welcome help and its sweet surprise.

A kindly look costs nothing at all,
 But a heart may be starving for just one
 glance
 That shall show by the eyelid's tender fall
 The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to bend the ear
 To catch some tale of sore distress;
 For men may be fainting beside us here,
 For longing to share their weariness.
 These gifts nor silver nor gold may buy,
 Nor the wealth of the richest of men bestow;
 But the comfort of word, or ear, or eye,
 The poorest may offer wherever he go.

VIII.

It was only a blossom,
 Just the merest bit of bloom,
 But it brought a glimpse of summer
 To the little darkened room.

It was only a glad "good morning,"
 As she passed along the way;
 But it spread the morning's glory
 Over the livelong day.

Only a song; but the music,
 Though simply pure and sweet,
 Brought back to better pathways
 The reckless, roving feet.

"Only!" In our blind wisdom
 How dare we say at all—
 Since the ages alone can tell us—
 Which is the great or small?

IX.

Only a smile that was given me
 On the crowded street one day!
 But it pierced the gloom of my saddened heart
 Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.
 The shadow of doubt hung over me,
 And the burden of pain I bore,
 And the voice of Hope I could not hear,
 Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about,
 And a face that I knew passed by,
 And the smile I caught was brighter to me
 Than the blue of a summer sky.
 For it gave me back the sunshine,
 And scattered each sombre thought,
 And my heart rejoiced in the kindling warmth
 Which that kindly smile had wrought.

Only a smile from a friendly face
 On the busy street that day!
 Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,
 As the donor went her way.

But straight to my heart it went speeding
 To gild the clouds that were there,
 And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies
 I also might take my share.

X.

I walked in the woodland meadows
 Where sweet the thrushes sing,
 And I found on a bed of mosses
 A bird with a broken wing.
 I healed the wound, and each morning
 It sang its old sweet strain;
 But the bird with a broken pinion
 Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken
 By sin's seductive art,
 And, touched with Christ-like pity,
 I took him to my heart.
 He lived with a noble purpose,
 And struggled not in vain;
 But the soul with a broken pinion
 Never soars as high again.

XI.

A child's kiss
 Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
 A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
 A sick man helped by thee shall make thee
 strong.
 Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
 Of service which thou renderest.

XII.

Worship God by doing good;
 Help the suffering in their needs.
 He who loves God as he should
 Makes his heart's love understood
 By his deeds.

XIII.

Do good, and leave behind you a monument
 of good deeds that time can never destroy.
 Write your name in kindness, love and mercy
 on the hearts of thousands you come in contact
 with, and you will never be forgotten by them.
 Your name, your deeds, will be legible on the
 hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the
 brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as
 the stars of heaven.

XIV.

I build my house of loving deeds,
 On Christ, the mighty corner-stone;
 And when for love my spirit bleeds,
 I find a ruby chamber grown.

I build my house of tender cares;
 My daily labors, great or small,
 Are pearly gates and golden stairs
 Into Messiah's banquet hall.

I build my house of silent tears
 For human hearts with sorrow riven;
 In each a crystal pane appears,
 And makes a window into heaven.

"Only Remembered by What I have Done."

"With a hand that is kind
 And a heart that is true,
 To make others glad
 There is much we may do."
 —*Anon.*

"She hath done what she could."—*Mark* xiv. 8.

How touchingly and how tenderly do the following lines express the feeling of an active yet unobtrusive worker in the wide field of Christian philanthropy! It is only in the hands of such workers, imbued with the spirit of the foregoing verse, that success is possible. How true it is that—

"Unless the Lord conduct the plan
 The best concerted schemes are vain,
 And never can succeed."

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
 Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
 So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
 Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
 That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes
 on;
 So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
 And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
 When the flowers that it came from are closed
 up and gone;
 So would I be to this world's weary dwellers—
 Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
 The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
 The things we have lived for, let them be our
 story,
 We ourselves but remembered by what we
 have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed me,
 To reap down those fields which in spring I
 have sown.

He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed
 by the reaper;

He is only remembered by what he has done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
 So let my name lie—unblazoned, unknown.
 Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remem-
 bered;

Yes—but remembered by what I have done!

—*Anon.*

The Feeling of Responsibility in the Work.

The anonymous writers of the following lines must have felt most keenly the grave responsibility of the work before them, in the one case, in guiding the "tiny feet" into the right way, and in the other, rejoicing that, her work done, the "little feet" of her precious charge were safe within the Master's fold. The pathos of this second writer, whose responsibility ceased when she felt that the feet that she had guided could "never go astray," is very touching. It is indeed an exquisite piece, full of a mother's tenderest love and sympathy.

They are such tiny feet!
 They have gone such a little way to meet
 The years which are required to break
 Their steps to evenness, and make
 Them go more sure and slow!

They are such little hands!
 Be kind! Things are so new and life but
 stands
 A step beyond the doorway. All around
 New day has found
 Such tempting things to shine upon, and so
 The hands are tempted hard, you know.

They are such new, young lives!
 Surely their newness shrives
 Them well of many sins. They see so much
 That (being immortal) they would touch,
 That, if they reach,
 We must not chide, but teach.

They are such fond, clear eyes!
 That widen to surprise
 At every turn; they are so often held
 To sun or showers (showers soon dispelled)
 By looking in our face.
 Love asks for such much grace.

They are such fair-frail gifts,
 Uncertain as the rifts
 Of light that lie along the sky.
 They may not be here by-and-by;

Give them not love, but more above,
And harder,—patience with the love.

God bless the little feet that can never go
astray,
For the little shoes are empty, in the closet
laid away !
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting,
till I see
It is a little half-worn shoe, not large enough
for me ;
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and
pain,
As sharp as when some years ago it cut my
heart in twain.

O little feet that wearied not, I wait for them
no more,
For I am drifting with the tide, but they have
reached the shore ;
And while these blinding tear-drops wet these
little shoes so old,
I put on them a value high above their price in
gold ;
And so I lay them down again, but always
turn to say—
God bless the little feet that now so surely
cannot stray !

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem
to see
Two little forms beside me, just as they used
to be !
Two little faces lifted with their sweet and
tender eyes !
Ah me ! I might have known that look was
born of Paradise.
I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp the
empty air !
There is nothing of my darlings but the shoes
they used to wear.

Oh, the bitterness of parting cannot be done
away
Till I see my darlings walking where the feet
can never stray ;
When I no more am drifted upon the surging
tide,
But with them safely landed there upon the
river side ;
Be patient, heart ! while waiting to see their
shining way,
For the little feet in the golden street can
never go astray !

The Society hopes that it will receive the cor-
dial help of the humane in prosecuting its work.

The Neglected Opportunity to do Good.

The following lines of Margaret F. Sangster
will bring forcibly to the minds of those who
fail to realize the duty and opportunities—so
constantly offered to them—of “doing good,”
the “bitter heartache” which follows from
such neglect :—

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel,
You are hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels,
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

Things to be Taken into Account.

Even those who are active laborers in the
noble cause of rescuing and restoring others
should remember that there is, as is graphic-
ally told in the following lines, an “unseen
battlefield” in every heart, on which the con-
flict for the right and true, against the wrong
and the false, is waged every day and every
hour of one's life :—

There is an unseen battlefield
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest.

The field is veiled from mortal sight;
 'Tis only seen by One,
 Who knows alone where victory lies
 When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
 Their chief of demon form;
 His brow is like the thunder cloud,
 His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride and Lust and Hate,
 Whose troops watched night and day,
 Swift to detect the weakest point,
 And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
 Is but a little band;
 Yet there, with an unyielding front,
 These warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of godlike form,
 Of countenance serene;
 And, glowing on his naked breast,
 A simple cross is seen.

His captains, Faith and Hope and Love,
 Point to the wondrous sign,
 And, gazing at it, all receive
 Strength from a power divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth—
 A truth as great as sure—
 That, to be victors, they must learn
 To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime in wildest strife
 Imparts a holy calm;
 In every deadly blow a shield,
 For every wound a balm.

And, when they win that battlefield,
 Past toil is quite forgot;
 The plain, where carnage once had reigned,
 Becomes a hallowed spot—

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
 Spring from the fertile sod,
 And breathe the perfume of their praise
 On every breeze—to God.

—*Anon.*

Fatal Reinforcements on this Battlefield.

Let us also remember that, in addition to this terrible enemy within, the careless taunt, the sneering laugh, or the bitter word, may arouse in the human heart a tempest of the darkest passions, which, if not allayed, may end in the wreck of the human soul. Mrs. Schaffter, of New Orleans, truly remarks on this subject:—

“It is not only the whip that stings or the knife that cuts. The scornful look of a woman so sure of her own foothold, stabs deeper than

a sword; the sneer of a fellow man may send the drunkard reeling down and down; while a word unsaid may leave the dumb beast of burden to many days of suffering.”

It is well known, too, that a sneer or a taunt has turned many a one who was anxious to do right, or to reform, out of the way of doing so, never to return! How true are these lines:—

Ah, me! these terrible tongues of ours!
 Are we half aware of their mighty powers?
 Do we ever trouble our heads at all
 Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall?
 The latest chirp of that “little bird,”
 That spicy story “you must have heard”—
 We jerk them away in our gossip rash,
 And somebody's glass, of course, goes smash.

What fames have been blasted and broken,
 What pestilent sinks been stirred,
 By a word in lightness spoken,
 By only an idle word!

A sneer—a shrug—a whisper low—
 They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed bow;
 Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,
 They pierce the mail of the great and brave;
 Vain is the buckler of wisdom or pride
 To turn the pitiless point aside.
 The lip may curl with a careless smile,
 But the heart drips blood—drips blood the while.

Ah, me! what hearts have been broken,
 What rivers of blood been stirred,
 By a word in malice spoken,
 By only a bitter word!

A kindly word and a tender tone—
 To only God is their virtue known!
 They can lift from the dust the abject head,
 They can turn a foe to a friend instead.
 The heart close-barred with passion and pride
 Will fling at their knock its portals wide,
 And the hate that blights and the scorn that
 sears

Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.
 What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
 What rivers of love been stirred,
 By a word in kindness spoken,
 By only a gentle word!

—*Anon.*

Just a few words, but they blinded
 The brightness all out of a day;
 Just a few words, but they lifted
 The shadows and cast them away.

Only a frown, but it dampened
 The cheer of a dear little heart;
 Only a smile, but its sweetness
 Check'd tears that were ready to start.

—*Anon.*

II. THE WAIFS AND STRAYS TELLING THEIR OWN STORY.

“ Ah, me ! when the hours go joyfully by,
 How little we stopped to heed
 Our brothers' and sisters' despairing cry
 In their woe and bitter need,
 Yet such a world as the angels sought
 This world of ours we'd call,
 If the brotherly love our Father taught
 Was felt by each for all.”

The truthful and touching pathos of these simple stories of temptation, suffering, and sorrow, will, it is hoped, enkindle a true and hearty desire to lend a helping hand to lift up and cheer the counterpart, in Toronto and elsewhere, of those who tell these sad tales, remembering that

“ From rankest soil
 There often grows a human flower both sweet
 and bright.”

Song of a Toronto Newsboy.

The following touching verses were sung by Tommy White, a Toronto newsboy, at an entertainment given to the newsboys of the city :—

We live in a hut on a vacant lot,
 My father, my mother, and I ;
 'Tis away out of town in a dreary spot,
 With a headstone quarry close by.
 My father is lazy, and my mother she drinks,
 And I am ragged and thin,
 I look like a thief, for 'tis hard to be pure,
 When circled around by sin.

A terrible place is this vacant lot,
 A region of famine and woe ;
 The neighbors found a strangled child
 In the quarry not long ago.
 My father is sometimes out all day,
 And comes staggering home at night
 With money and things that he hides away,
 For he never comes by them right.

And mother is always at me to steal,
 And urges her plea with a curse ;
 She bids me sneak through the city crowd
 And pocket a watch or a purse.
 My father he beats me when I say
 I'd rather at any time die
 Than steal or rob, for I never will,
 And I'll tell you the reason why :

There came to our hovel three years ago
 A man with a mild, meek face ;
 He held a Holy Book in his hand,
 And tried to read me a place.

But mother swore at that mild-faced man,
 And drove him away from our door,
 And told him never as long as he lived
 Again to darken our door.

But something made me follow that man—
 I think that he beckoned to me—
 He led me down to the quarry's place
 That none of our people might see ;
 He read me things from that Holy Book
 That I never had heard before,
 And somehow a peace came over my heart
 And it didn't feel half so sore.

They may curse and beat me as long as they
 please,
 For I know what they don't know—
 I know these things in the end come right
 For those who suffer below.
 No matter how dirty and ragged I am,
 With no one to like or to love,
 I know there's a vacant lot for me
 In that beautiful world above.

Alone in the Big City.

I don't know what we'll do, Jim ; the rain's a
 coming fast,
 I haven't got no money, and its twelve o'clock
 and past ;
 Let's sit down in a doorway, the first as we can
 see,
 We can may be get to sleep there, if the “ cop-
 per ” let us be.

Here, come a little closer, Jim, you're youngest,
 d'ye see,
 And the rain won't get so near you if you shelter
 behind me ;
 Put the matches in that corner, lad, and then
 they won't get wet,
 There might be some cove come along as wants
 to buy one yet.

Does the rain come nigh you there, Jim ? It
 doesn't ? That's all right.
 I wish we had a crust of bread to eat this cold,
 wet night ;

I don't care much about myself, but I must keep
you alive,

And if I can go without at ten, you can't at only
five.

D'ye see that star up there, Jim, a-shining in
the sky?

I wonder what the people does as lives up there
so high.

And heard 'em singing, and saw folks all dressed
in snowy white.

Do you feel the cold a deal, Jim? your hands
are just like lead,

And stiff—why Jim! poor little Jim—ah, what!
—he isn't dead?

Oh, Jim, it can't be!—nay, he's gone—Jim's
seen his last wet day,



ALONE IN THE BIG CITY

D'ye think our mother went up there to live
inside a star?

I wish we could go, too, lad, but it looks so far.

And his soul's gone flying upward to the stai
light far away.

—*The Quiver*.

I'm afraid we'll not get there, Jim; but there,
we scarcely know!

Tom, who lived in the court near by, died not
very long ago,

And he said, when he was dying, that he saw a
place all light,

Little Ned and Me.

All that is like a dream. It don't seem true!

Father was gone, and mother left, you see,

To work for little Ned and me;

And up among the gloomy roofs we grew—

Locked in full oft, lest we should wander out,

With nothing but a crust o' bread to eat,
While mother charred for poor folk round about,
Or sold cheap odds and ends from street to
street,

Yet, Parson, there was pleasure fresh and fair,
To make the time pass happily up there—
A steamboat going past upon the tide,
A pigeon lighting on the roof close by,
The sparrows teaching little ones to fly,
The small white moving clouds that we espied,
And thought were living in the bit of sky—
With sights like these right glad were Ned
and I.

And then we loved to see the soft rain calling,
Pattering, pattering upon the tiles;
And it was fine to see the still snow falling,
Making the housetops white for miles and miles,
And catch it in our little hands in play,
And laugh to feel it melt and slip away!
But I was six, and Ned was only three,
And thinner, weaker, wearier than me;
And one cold day, in winter time, when mother
Had gone away into the snow, and we
Sat close for warmth, and cuddled one another,
He put his little head upon my knee
And went to sleep, and would not stir a limb,
But looked quite strange and old,
And when I shook him, kissed him, spoke to
him,

He smiled, and grew so cold.

Then I was frightened, and cried out, and none
Could hear me; while I sat and nursed his head,
Watching the whitened window, while the sun
Peeped in upon his face and made it red;
And I began to sob—till mother came,
Knelt down, and screamed, and named the good
God's name,

And told me he was dead!

And when she put his night-gown on, and weep-
ing,

Placed him among the rags upon his bed,
I thought that brother Ned was only sleeping,
And took his little hand and felt no fear.

But when the place grew gray, and cold, and
drear,

And the round moon over the roofs came creep-
ing,

And put a silver shade

All round the chilly bed where he was laid,

I cried, and was afraid.

—Robert Buchanan.

An Orange for Little Brother Bill.

Please buy some cress, a penny just;

You'll like 'em if you will;

Then I can buy an orange, sir,

For little brother Bill.

You see, we're all alone, now, sir,
For father's gone away,
And mother, she's in heaven, sir—
Least so the folks all say.

And Bill, he seems so tired like now,
His lips so hot and dry;
And if you'd see 'em hands of his,
'Twould make you almost cry.

And when I left this mornin', sir,
He looked so tired and white,
I vowed I'd get an orange, sir,
If for it I'd to fight.

They cost a big five cents; you see
I'd like to get him two;
I've never made a cent to-day,
I don't know what I'll do.

It knocks me all to pieces, sir,
To see him lyin' there,
His eyes, like mother's, big and bright;
But, oh! so damp his hair.

It's time I'd been to see him now,
I'm sure he'll feel real bad,
For when I left this mornin', 'deed,
A crust was all he had.

I gathered these this mornin', sir,
They're nice and fresh, you see;
I covered them with this wet moss,
And stood beneath this tree.

You'll take them all? Oh, thank you, sir;
How Billy's eyes will shine!
Them oranges will be more to him
Than any big gold mine.

Come home with me? Yes, if you like;
There ain't much, though, to see—
A broken chair and little bed;
It just holds Bill and me.

We use the chair as table, and
The bed is good enough;
For standin' round like this, you know,
It makes a fellow tough.

Just wait a moment, I'll be back;
They sell the oranges there.
My! won't they be a jolly treat
To spread on Billy's chair.

Yes, this is where we live, sir; wait,
I guess I'll go ahead;
I've always got to lift Bill up,
And let him sit in bed.

He's gone asleep, I know he's tired.
"Here, Bill, wake up and see!"

I'm 'fraid he's pretty sound this time.
 "Bill! Bill! it's time for tea!"

The stranger moved the lad aside,
 And o'er wee Billy bent;
 He folded down the wasted hands,
 And smoothed the curls unkempt.

Then turned to his companion small,
 Whilst tears stood in his eyes—
 "Wee Bill will never wake, my lad:
 He's gone above the skies."

The boy gazed at the silent form,
 His eyes with anguish wild,
 Then with a great heartrending cry
 Sank down beside the child.

The stranger took him to his home,
 And o'er him watched with care;
 But all in vain, his heart still ached—
 Wee Billy was not there.

And now they're lying side by side
 Within the churchyard gates;
 And one there is who pauses there,
 And muses as he waits.

And fancies, as he silent stands,
 That he can hear him still:
 "Please buy, then I can get an orange
 For little brother Bill."

The Old Man "Wrapped Up in Jim."

Old man never had much to say,
 'Ceptin' to Jim,—
 And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
 And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
 Never heerd him speak but once
 Er twice in my life,—and first time was
 When the war broke out, and Jim he went,
 The old man backin' him, fer three months,—
 And all 'at I heerd the old man say
 Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

.

Never was nothin' about the farm
 Disting'ished Jim;—
 Neighbors all ust to wonder why
 The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
 But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
 'At Jim was the bravest boy we had

 And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
 'At he had led, with a bullet clean
 Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
 Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—

The old man wound up a letter to him
 'At Cap. read to us, 'at said,—“Tell Jim
 Good-bye;
 And take keer of hisse'f.”

.

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
 A-watchin' fer Jim—
 Fully believin' he'd make his mark
 Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!
 And many a time the word 'u'd come
 'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
 At Petersburg, for instance, where
 Jim rid right into their cannons there,
 And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way
 And socked it home to the boys in gray,
 As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
 Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
 And the old man's words in his mind all day,—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
 We'll say like Jim,
 'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder straps—
 And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
 Think of him—with the war plum' through,
 And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
 A-laughin' the news down over Jim
 And the old man bendin' over him—
 The surgeon turnin' away with tears
 'At had n't leaked fer years and years—
 As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
 His father's, the old voice in his ears,—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 May God take keer of you!"
 —James Whitcomb Riley, in the Century.

"I'll Help You Across if You Wish to Go."

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
 And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
 The streets were white with a winter's snow,
 And the woman's feet with age were slow.

None offered a helping hand to her,
 So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
 Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
 Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of a merry troop
 The gayest boy of all the group;
 He paused beside her and whispered low,
 "I'll help you across if you wish to go."—

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head
 In her home that night, and the prayer she said
 Was—"God be kind to that noble boy
 Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

Flowers for Poor Little Joe.

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,
 For I've brought you sumpin' great.
 Apples? No, a long sight better!
 Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
 Flowers, Joe—I knowed you'd like 'em—
 Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
 Tears, my boy? What's them fur, Joey?
 There—poor little Joe! don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
 Where a bang-up lady sot
 All amongst a lot of bushes—
 Each one climbin' from a pot:
 Every bush had flowers on it—
 Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
 Wish you could have seen 'em growin',
 It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
 Lyin' here so sick an' weak;
 Never knowin' any comfort,
 An' I puts on a lot o' cheek.
 "Missus," says I, "If you please, mum,
 Could I ax you for a rose?
 For my little brother, missus,
 Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
 How I bringed you up—poor Joe
 (Lackin' women folks to do it),
 Such an imp you was, you know—
 Till yer got that awful tumble,
 Jist as I had broke yer in
 (Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'
 Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
 So's you couldn't hyper much—
 Joe, it hurted when I seen you
 Fur the first time with your crutch.
 "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
 'Pears to weaken every day."
 Joe, she up an' went to cuttin',
 That's the how o' this bokay.

Say! it seems to me, ole feller,
 You is quite yerself to-night;
 Kind o' chirk, it's been a fortnit
 Since yer eyes has been so bright.
 Better? Well I'm glad to hear it!
 Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe;
 Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
 Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never seen the country, did you?
 Flowers growin' everywhere!
 Sometime when yer better, Joey,
 Mebbe I kin take you there.

Flowers in heaven! 'M—I s'pose so;
 Don't know much about it, though;
 Ain't as fly as what I might be
 On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewher's
 That in heaven's golden gates
 Things is everlasting cheerful—
 B'lieve that's what the Bible states.
 Likewise, there folks don't get hungry;
 So good people, when they dies,
 Find themselves well fixed forever—
 Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler,
 Oh, no? Don't you have no fear;
 Heaven was made fur such as you is!
 Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
 Here, wake up! Oh, don't look that way,
 Joe, my boy! Hold up your head!
 Here's your flowers, you dropped 'em, Joey!
 Oh! can it be, can Joe be dead?

—*Peleg Arkwright.*

Our Little Tim, Alas, for Him!

Our little Tim
 Was such a limb
 His mother scarce
 Could manage him.
 His eyes were blue,
 And looked you through,
 And seemed to say,
 "I'll have my way!"
 His age was six,
 His saucy tricks
 But made you smile,
 Though all the while
 You said, "You limb,
 You wicked Tim,
 Be quiet, do!"

Poor little Tim!
 Our eyes are dim
 When soft and low
 We speak of him.
 No clatt'ring shoe
 Goes running through
 The silent room,
 Now wrapped in gloom,
 So still he lies,
 With fast shut eyes,
 No need to say,
 Alas! to-day
 "You little limb,
 You baby Tim,
 Be quiet, do!"

—*George R. Sims.*

III. THE WAIFS AND STRAYS,—OTHERS TELLING THEIR STORY.

"I think that this world would not be half as bright,
In fact it would be rather drear,
If, as we passed through it, we never could find
Some poor soul to be good to, my dear,
Some poor soul to be good to, my dear,
Is a blessing of blessings, that's clear ;
For to keep the heart warm there is nothing excels
Some poor soul to be good to, my dear.

"Though the paths that we tread may be fragrant with flowers,
'Neath a sky where no shadows appear,
'Twill add to our joy if we've always in mind
Some poor soul to be good to, my dear,
Some poor soul to be good too, my dear,
Yes, even if sorrows come near,
Less heavy they'll grow just as long as we know
Some poor soul to be good to, my dear."

—Margaret Eyttinge, in *Harper's Bazar*.

Although many of these stories are told in the vernacular of the class which they represent, yet they are, as a rule, founded on incidents and facts which came under the personal notice of the writers—some of whom are well known in literature. The likeness of these typical originals to those in most cities, and the general truthfulness as to the details given, will be at once recognized by such of our readers as have had any of the sad experiences of life among the waifs and strays and the destitute ones in large cities, as related here in these stories.

These pieces are inserted in this publication with the strong hope that the subjects of the stories, represented as they are by numbers in our largest cities, and by many in Toronto, will awaken a deeper and more abiding interest in the fate and well-being of such waifs and strays.

It may be objected, and with some reason, that the types, or little heroes, of these stories, are much better and more interesting than their ordinary representatives, as found in our cities. This may be true in some, but by no means in all, cases. An off-hand conclusion is often arrived at as the result of a superficial knowledge of the subject, or perhaps from a personal contact with our waifs and strays which is neither close nor loving. Such an experience is of no practical value; and such a con-

tact with our waifs and strays does positive harm to both parties.

But it should never be forgotten, or overlooked, that in every human heart, however much the man, woman or child may be down-trodden or debased, there is a hidden, tender, sensitive spot, which can only be reached, as is well known, in one way—that is, by tender sympathy or "joint-burden-bearing," and loving-kindness—it may be, oft-repeated loving-kindness. Remember, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox says, that—

There lies in the centre of each man's heart
A longing and love for the good and pure,
And if but an atom, or larger part,
I tell you this shall endure—endure
After the body has gone to decay—
Yea, after the world has passed away.

The longer I live the more I see
Of the struggle of souls to the heights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me,
That the universe rests on the shoulders of
Love—
A love so limitless, deep and broad
That men have renamed it and called it God.

And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
Nothing created by light or force,
But deep in its system there lies dissolved
A shining drop from the great Love Source—
A shining drop that shall live for aye
Tho' kingdoms may perish and stars may die.

The New Kingdom Called "Home."

Two little friendless children, comrades for
more than a year,
One sold flowers on a door-step, one swept a
crossing near;
He was a curly-headed laddie, brimful of
laughter and fun,
She was a staid little lassie, her hair kissed
gold by the sun.
And when the lights of the city, told that the
night had come,
She would tell him a wonderful story,
She had heard of a kingdom called Home:

Roses that cost not a penny, grew in a garden
fair,
Lilies that never faded, blossomed in winter
there;
Over a golden threshold, children were always
at play,
Nobody sang for money, so nobody sent them
away.
And when she had finished her story, she
wished that a stranger would come
And show them the beautiful pathway,
That leads to the kingdom called Home.—

One night when the snow was falling, he came
for the old sweet tale,
But her voice began to falter, her face grew
wan and pal,
One kiss on the gold-crowned forehead, and he
knew the stranger had come
To show her the beautiful pathway,
That leads to the kingdom called Home.

"I'll Hold Up My Hand so Jesus Can See."

A great crowd of people had gathered around
A small ragged urchin stretched out on the
ground
In the midst of the street; and some cried "For
shame!"
And others, "Can any one tell us his name?"
For that poor little body, now bleeding and
still,
Was all that was left of once bright little Will.

A great heavy cart had come rattling that way,
Where Willie and others were busy at play,
And the poor little fellow, now stretched on
the stones,
Seemed only a mass of bruised flesh and crushed
bones.
But still there was life; and a kind doctor said,
"We must take the child home and put him to
bed;

He must have all the care we can possibly give,
And it may be the poor little fellow will live."

But alas for poor Willie! he had no nice home;
He lived in an alley, in one little room;
And his poor mother, working from earliest
light,
Had often no supper to give him at night.

But joy for poor Willie! for not far away
From the place where all bleeding and shat-
tered he lay,
Is a very large house standing back from the
street,

With everything round it so quiet and neat,
Which many good people had built in His name
Who healed all the sick when from heaven He
came;
And who promises blessings that ever endure
To those who shall comfort the sick and the poor.

So there, in a room, large, and cheerful, and
bright,

Little Willie was laid on a pillow so white.
The walls with bright pictures were covered all
o'er;

Will never had seen such a clean place before.
Long rows of small beds, with small tables be-
tween,

The coverlids white, and the beds painted
green;

And so many children, all sick but so bright,
Will almost forgot his great pain at the sight.

But the poor little boy suffered terrible pain
When the good surgeon came to examine again
Those poor little limbs; and he said that next
day

He must bring his sharp knife and cut both
legs away.

Oh, how could he bear it? Oh, what should he
do?

So small and alone, he could never get through.
And then he knew well that he never could run
And play with the boys as before he had done.
Poor Willie! he felt that, in all that great city,
There was no one to help him and no one to
pity.

It was night: in the hospital ward all was still,
Save the low moans of anguish from poor little
Will,

When a dear little girl in the very next bed
Turned round on her pillow and lovingly said:
"Little boy, what's the matter? are you very
ill?"

"Oh yes," said poor Willie; "and what is
worse still,

The doctor is going to hurt my leg so
To-morrow ; I never can bear it, I know."
"But Jesus will help you," said dear little Sue;
"He suffered and died, you know, Willie, for
you."

The child was astonished, and thus made reply :
"Why, Susie, who's Jesus, and what made
Him die?"

"Oh, Willie, how sad! I thought every one
knew,

"You don't go to Sunday-school; isn't that
true?"

"No; I never have been," the boy made reply;
"But tell me of Jesus, and what made Him
die?"

"Well, Jesus," said Susie, "came down long
ago,

Because He was sorry we all suffered so,
And would be so naughty. And He was a
child,

Just as little as we, but so gentle and mild.

And when He grew up He went all through the
land,

And healed all the sick with a touch of His
hand;

And He took little children right up on His
knee—

Oh, Willie, I wish it had been you and me!

But some cruel men caught Jesus one day,
And beat Him, and mocked Him, and took Him
away,

And nailed Him with nails to a great cross of
wood:

Oh, wasn't it hard, when He'd done them such
good?

How He must have loved us to die on the tree!"

"But," said Will, "if He's dead, how can He
help me?"

"Why, I'll tell you," said Susie, "though now
He's in heaven,

In the Book He has left us a promise is given
That whene'er we want Him He'll come to our
aid.

I'm so sure He loves me I'm never afraid. . . .

"Oh, how good!" said the boy, with a long,
thankful sigh,

"But I am so small that He might pass me by;
So I'll hold up my hand that Jesus may see,
Then He'll know that I want Him, and come
right to me."

When the bright sun peeped in on that little
white bed,

The hand was still raised, but dear Willie was
dead!

The sad look of pain had gone from his face,
And the sweetest of smiles had taken its place;
For far-off in heaven, that beautiful land,
Kind Jesus had seen little Will's lifted hand;
The smile on his face shows his sins were for-
given,
And he waked in the morning with Jesus in
heaven.

—M. L. V. W.

"She Covered Him Over, Dear Lost Will."

She covered him over, her five-year old,

"He will never know poverty more," she
said,

As she petted the curls of his boyish head;

"No feet 'll be bare in the winter cold;

"No crying for bread, no wearisome hours

Of labor ill-paid, from sun to sun;

No murmuring oft when the work is done;

Shut up from the sun and the birds and flowers.

"From the rich and the lofty, no look of pride;

There 'll be time to study and to grow

In the beautiful gardens the angels know;

It is well, it is well, that my boy has died.

.

She covered him over, her five-year old,

"He is safe, he is safe," she sadly said,

As she platted the folds of his narrow bed,

And kissed the cheek that was white and cold.

"Miss G—, I'm so Glad to See You."

Several years ago I was visiting some poor
people, when I felt unexpectedly directed to go
into a certain court. I did not know why; I
had never been there before, and I knew no one
living there. However, the impression of duty
was too strong to be resisted, so I went up the
narrow passage which led to this court. A
high dead wall surrounded the court. I walked
on to a few broken steps leading to a door.
I went up the steps, and knocked. As no one
came, I lifted the latch, but the door was
locked! I did not feel at all inclined to go
away, being persuaded that God had sent me
there for some loving purpose. I stood irreso-
lute on the steps, and then began to search for
a key. After awhile I found one hidden under
a stone; and I took it and opened the door.
I advanced into the room, at the farther end
of which, on a miserable bed, lay a little child
extremely ill. Its face was swollen and dis-
figured by dropsy, and the look of suffering,
even in slumber, was most touching.

This little sufferer slept! His pains, his
wrongs, were all forgotten; for he was asleep.

I stood and contemplated the child, and wondered who he was and why I was sent to him. In a few minutes he opened his eyes, and looked at me; then came a glance of recognition and of joy; then he stretched out his wasted hand, and said, but in feeble tones:

"Oh, Miss G——, I'm glad to see you. I axed mother to come for you ever so many times, but she never would come."

"What did you want to see me for?"

"Oh, I wanted to hear more about Jesus, and I wanted you to sing

" 'There is a happy land.' "

"More about Jesus!" Then had this little one known the Saviour? Yes; in the workhouse school we had met many times to talk about the way to heaven. His mother—a wicked, drunken woman—had taken him out and led him from door to door to beg, hoping his small size and pallid appearance might induce the thoughtless to give her money, which she would spend in drink! The child grew sick, and became at last too ill to be dragged up and down the town. His wretched mother then locked him up for hours, while she sought money with which to gratify her fatal appetite!

Poor little fellow! And was he quite forsaken? No, not even a sparrow "falleth to the ground without your Father,"—then surely a child could not be forgotten. "Prayer is the burden of a sigh," and the sigh of this little one had been heard and answered. He awoke, and found a friend whom God had sent him.

In a day or two this little beggar-boy passed away to the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem,—where he shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on him, nor any heat; for the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed him, and shall lead him unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from his eyes.—*Faithful Records by a Lady.*

Poor Brother Jack and Brother Jim.

He was a little beggar-boy, a child not twelve years old,

With sunken cheeks, and eyes of blue, and hair of faded gold,

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And thus he did accost me, as I wandered down the street,

"O, please, sir, give me summat, for to get a bite to eat."

He had but scanty clothing on, his breeches had a tear;

He had no hat, he had no boots, his little feet were bare;

And when he asked for help in need, I answered with a frown,



"Go, get away, you little cur, you nomad off the town!"

I am a tender-hearted man—at least I think I am—

As pitiful as woman and as quiet as a lamb,
And if there is a thing that I abhor, it is to bring
A grief to any mortal man, or child, or creeping thing.

That little boy, he wept and wailed, until his sobs o'ercame

My clearer judgment, and I said, "Cheer up,
my lad, for shame!
Dry up the torrent of your tears, and be a
little man,
And tell me all your troubles, and I'll help you
if I can."

He told me all his story, and of how his father
drank,
And of how, through sad ill-usage, his noble
mother sank;
And that now they'd left their father, his bro-
ther Jim and he,
And lived alone, "and now," he said, "you've
got it all, you see."

His grammar wasn't quite the thing, his words
were very wild,
But yet I took a liking to that humble, starving
child,
So from my pocket then I took an English sover-
eign bright,
Betwixt my finger and my thumb I held it to
the light.

"I am not rich, my little man, except in ruddy
health,
This coin I hold within my hand is all I have
of wealth;
Now, if I give you this to change, you will not
use me ill,
But bring me back the change again?" He
said, "You bet! I will."

He took the coin and vanished, and I waited
on and on,
Until at last the day began a dusky garb to
don;
And bitterly did I regret the being "done so
brown"—
Deceived through simple cunning by a nomad
of the town.

At length from out the gathering gloom I heard
a voice that spoke—
A youthful voice, a weakly voice, "Oh, sir, be
you the bloke
As give that 'skiv' to brother Jack?"—the
youth was very slim
And very young—"for if you be, why, I'm his
brother Jim."

"I've brought you back the money, sir," so said
the little elf.
"For brother Jack he's badly hurt and couldn't
come hisself.
A waggon run'd him over, sir"—he here began
to cry—

"A waggon run'd him over, and—the—doctor—
says—he'll—die."

.

Thus you can see an honest heart may beat
beneath
A ragged coat—or none.

.

For he who, spite of deadly hurt, or spite of
temptings dire,
Still holds to sterling honesty through want's
afflicting fire—
Though poor and bitter be his lot, though
lowly be his name—
Is still the God-made gentleman that puts the
knave to shame.

—F. M. D.

TORONTO.

The Little White Hearse.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
The man on the coal-cart jerked his lines
And smutted the lid of either eye,
And turned and stared at the business signs;
And the street car driver stopped and beat
His hands on his shoulders and gazed up street
Till his eyes on the long track reached the sky—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering
by—

A stranger petted a ragged child
In a crowded walk, and she knew not why,
But he gave her a coin for the way she
smiled;

And a bootblack thrilled with a pleasure strange
As a customer gave him back his change
With a kindly hand and a grateful sigh—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by

As the little white hearse went glimmering
by—

A man looked out of a window dim,
And his cheeks were wet, but his heart was
dry—

Not a dead child even were dear to him!
And he thought of his empty life, and said:
"Loveless alive, and loveless dead—
No wife nor child in earth or sky!"
As the little white hearse went glimmering by,

—Anon.

"I'm Nobody's Child, I 'Spouse."

Only a newsboy, under the light
Of the lamp-post plying his trade in vain;
Men are too busy to stop to-night,
Hurrying home through the sleet and rain.

Never since dark a paper sold ;
Where shall he sleep, or how be fed ?
He thinks as he shivers there in the cold,
While happy children are safe abed.

Is it strange if he turns about
With angry words, then comes to blows,
When his little neighbor, just sold out,
Tossing his pennies, past him goes ?
"Stop"—some one looks at him sweet and
mild,
And the voice that speaks is a tender one ;
"You should not strike such a little child,
And you should not use such words, my
son !"

Is it his anger, or his fears
That has hushed his voice and staid his arm ?
"Don't tremble," these are the words he hears ;
"Do you think that I would do you harm ?"
"It isn't that," and the hand drops down ;
"I wouldn't care for kicks and blows ;
But nobody ever called me son,
Because I'm nobody's child, I 'spose !"

O, men ! as ye carelessly pass along,
Remember the love that has cared for you ;
And blush for the awful shame and wrong
Of a world where such a thing was true !
Think what the child at your knee had been
If thus on life's lonely billow tossed ;
And who shall bear the weight of the sin,
If one of those "little ones" be lost ?
—*Phæbe Cary.*

"Nobody's Boy? Yes, a Sinner's, No Doubt."

"The wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain,
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleam of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew."
—*J. G. Whittier.*

Yes, he is dirty and ragged and poor,
Velvet and satin must shrink from his touch,
Thrust him away ere he reaches the door
Of your fine carriage ere his fingers would
smutch.
Yet there are two sides in all things, my friend ;
Pity should quicken where sin would de-
stroy ;
Wretched, and going to wretcheder end,
This wicked gamin is nobody's boy.

Nobody's boy? Yes, a sinner's, no doubt ;
Born to a heritage only of shame,

He, and his mother despised and cast out,
That no dishonor may sully a name.

Say she is dead, and her child is a waif,
Swept by the wind at society's feet ;
Ye who have children all sheltered and safe,
Is it a question embodied you meet ?
Does the face haunt you ? Why, what can you
do
To banish from pleasure this grain of alloy ?
What if God stooped to the sharing with you
Of His great thoughts toward nobody's boy ?
—*Anon.*

The Dead Tramp, and a Tiny Shoe.

They found him by the roadside dead,
A ragged tramp unknown ;
His face upturned in mute despair,
His helpless arms outhrown.
The lark above him sang a song
Of greeting to the day,
The breeze blew fresh and sweet and stirred
His hair in wanton play.

They found no clue to home or name,
But tied with a ribbon blue
They found a package, and it held
A baby's tiny shoe.
Half worn and old, a button off,
It seemed a sacred thing ;
With reverence they wrapt it close
And tied the faded string.

They laid it on the peaceful breast
That kept the secret well ;
And God will know and understand
The story it will tell.
Of happy times and peaceful home
That dead tramp sometime knew,
Whose only relic left him was
The baby's tiny shoe !
—*N. Y. World.*

Found Dead and Alone !

Found dead—dead and alone,
There was nobody near, nobody near
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone !
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,
Nor a friendly voice to soothe or cheer ;
Nor a watching eye or a pitying tear.
Found dead—dead and alone,
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by—
While wretched and worn he begged for
bread,

Tired of life and longing to lie
 Peacefully down with the silent dead.
 Hunger and cold and scorn and pain,
 Had wasted his form and seared his brain,
 Till at last on the bed of frozen ground,
 With a pillow of stone was the outcast found!

Found dead—dead and alone,
 On a pillow of stone in a roofless street—
 Nobody heard his last faint moan,
 Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat;
 No murmur lingered with tears or sighs,
 But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,
 And the chill winds passed with a wailing
 sound
 O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead, yet not alone;
 There was somebody near, somebody near,
 To claim the wanderer as His own,
 And find a home for the homeless here;
 One, when every human door—
 Is closed to children accursed and poor,
 Who opens the heavenly portal wide;
 Ah! God was there when the outcast died!
 —Anon.



Selling Violets.

'Mid the ceaseless throng, as it surged along,
 In an angle of the street,
 She stood and proffered her woodland flowers,
 Sweet violets—not so sweet—
 And lilies not so fair and pale
 As the maiden's foam-white face,
 With its fine outline, yet unkempt locks,
 And its subtle southern grace.

And here and there a kindly heart
 Would pause a moment's space,
 Touched by the poor girl's pleading glance
 And the sad and piteous face,

And purchase a dewy primrose knot—
 A penn'orth of fairy gold—
 By the silent lips and the speaking eyes
 Repaid a hundredfold!

And, lingering there in the crowded square,
 I thought, Is this but one
 Of the thousand sordid secrets hid
 In our sorrowful Babylon?
 Or is the silent woe that looks
 From the maiden's great sad eyes
 The shadow pale of some tragic tale
 Of sleepless memories?

—Robert Richardson, in *Good Words*.

Germ of the Orphans' Home, Toronto.

"Such love
 Shall chant itself to its own beatitudes,
 After its own life-working."
 —Anon.

The annual meeting of the Orphans' Home (Dover-Court Road, Toronto), was held on the 5th June, 1888. Before the election of officers, the following beautiful and touching verses were read by their authoress, Mrs. C. E. Leigh, the acting Honorary Secretary of the Home, in the absence of Miss Mullen, who had discharged that duty so acceptably for several years. The *Mail* newspaper, referring to the poem, stated that "the feeling manner in which the fatherless children are alluded to by the large-hearted and talented authoress caused a large amount of quiet but genuine sympathy."

It is worthy of special note that the proceeds of a concert, generously given in Toronto many years ago by Jenny Lind, furnished a large portion of the means by which the first building for the Home was erected.

They stood upon the stony steps,
 Beneath the drizzling rain,
 Wrapping their thin clothes round them,
 Which the wind blew off again.
 In homeless, hungry wretchedness,
 Amid the city's roar,
 No one to care or watch for them,
 As they had cared before.

A hurried step was passing on,
 (An angel touched that heart),
 And turning, gazing on the three,
 So desolate—apart
 From all the cheer and comfort
 Of the happy homes around—
 Their pitiful appearance,
 And bare feet upon the ground.

"Why are you here, poor children?
 In the rain and biting wind.

Go home, go to your parents ;
 They will seek you till they find.”
 “ Oh, sir,” the little boy replied,
 And lowering his head,
 “ My father, sir, ’twas he first died,
 Now, mother, she is dead.
 “ We have no home, we do not know
 A single creature here—
 We are less lonely when we see
 The other people near.
 Although they do not speak to us
 Like you.”—“ Come ! children, come !
 I will not leave you in the street,
 But take you to my home.”

 Within that cosy shelter
 The children slept that night,
 But e’er the sun had risen
 With its gloom-dispelling light,
 A germ of thought most loving
 To the pastor’s mind had come ;
 He’d not send forth the little ones,
 But build an Orphan’s Home.
 ’Tis forty years, save one, this day,
 Since that resolve was made—
 Wide corridors are round us,
 Stately arches overhead.
 The little seed, sown deep in faith,
 Has grown a noble tree,
 Where hundreds of the homeless
 Have been spared such misery.
 Nor this alone, full many a hand,
 And busy, active mind,
 Has thought and planned and thought again,
 The daily meal to find.
 But He, who feeds the little birds,
 Who have no barn or store,
 Has always given plenty,
 And can give it, more and more.
 Is there a pleasure in the world
 Compared to easing woe ?
 Or telling of the Saviour
 Who, when dwelling here below,
 Took children in His loving arms
 And blessed them by His grace,
 Saying, their angels always
 See His Father face to face.

— *Charlotte E. Leigh.*

TORONTO, June, 1888.

The Sheltered and the Unsheltered.

At her window, across the street, I see
 My neighbor sit with her children three—
 How happy they seem, the blessed four !
 Now with boys at her feet, on the floor,

And the girl in her lap, their mother tells
 How the fox stole out of the midnight wood,
 Eager to seize the white hen’s brood ;
 Or the wondrous tale of the silver bells
 That chime and rhyme when sister and brother
 Cherish and help and love one another.
 Now Harry’s curls on her shoulder rest,
 While Will creeps up to the baby’s side,
 And close she clasps the three to her breast,
 Tender and silent at eventide.

This was the picture, sacred, sweet,
 I saw to-night ; when down the street
 Came two little rovers, and gazed like me,
 The group through the crystal pane to see ;
 Ragged and wan in the wild cold weather,
 Still as statues they stood together,
 The homeless, fatherless, motherless things,—

Then the curtain dropped ; the tales were done ;
 And hand in hand they wandered on,—
 Hand in hand, and sobbing low,
 Down the street I saw them go ;
 And the chill wind sighed, and darkness fell,
 As if love for them had said farewell !

My orphan darlings ! I know the lane,
 And to-morrow, whether it shine or rain,
 I’ll bring you out of your wretched room,
 To warmth and plenty and light and bloom.

You shall sit in the glow when day is dying,
 Nor mind the dreary sad winds sighing ;
 And sheltered and happy, and merry be,
 As my neighbor’s rosy children three.

— *Edna P. Proctor.*

The Toronto Humane Society earnestly hopes
 that those who look on this touching word-pic-
 ture and realize the scene itself will “go and do
 likewise” through the agency of the Society.

The Little Child’s Silent Sermon.

’Twas a little sermon preached to me
 By a sweet, unconscious child—
 A baby girl scarce four years old,
 With blue eyes, soft and mild.
 It happened on a rainy day,
 I, seated in a car,
 Was thinking, as I neared my home,
 Of the continual jar
 And discord which pervade the air
 Of busy city life,
 Each caring but for “ number one,”
 Self-gain provoking strife.
 The gloomy weather seemed to cast
 On every face a shade,
 But on one countenance were lines
 By sorrow deeply laid.

With low bowed head and hands clasped close
 She sat, so poor and old,
 Nor seemed to heed the scornful glance
 From eyes unkind and cold.
 I looked again. Oh, sweet indeed,
 The sight that met my eyes !
 Sitting upon her mother's lap,
 With baby face so wise,
 Was a wee child with sunny curls,
 Blue eyes and dimpled chin,
 And a young, pure and loving heart
 Unstained as yet by sin.
 Upon the woman poor and sad
 Her eyes in wonder fell,
 Till wonder changed to pitying love,
 Her thoughts, who could tell ?
 Her tiny hands four roses held ;
 She looked them o'er and o'er,
 Then choosing out the largest one,
 She struggled to the floor.
 Across the swaying car she went
 ' Straight to the woman's side,
 And putting in the wrinkled hand
 The rose, she ran to hide
 Her little face in mother's lap,
 Fearing she had done wrong,
 Not knowing, baby as she was,
 That she had helped along
 The up-hill road of life a soul
 Cast down discouraged quite,
 As on the woman's face there broke
 A flood of joyous light.
 Dear little child ! She was indeed
 A messenger of love
 Sent to that woman's lonely heart
 From the great Heart above.
 This world would be a different place
 Were each to give to those
 Whose hearts are sad, as much of love
 As when with baby's rose.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Please, Sir, Will You Lift Me Up a Bit?"

A little maid in a pale blue hood
 In front of a large brick building stood,
 As she passed along, her quick eye spied
 Some words on a little box inscribed :
 'Twas a box that hung in the vestibule,
 Outside the door of a Charity School.

"Remember the Poor" were words she spelled,
 Then looked at the dime her small hands held ;
 For chocolate creams were fresh that day
 In the store just only across the way.
 But gleams of victory shone o'er the face
 As she raised her eyes to "the money-place."

But her arm was short and the box so high
 That a gentleman heard, who was passing by,
 "Please, sir, will you lift me just so much?"
 (For the tiny fingers could almost touch)—
 The stranger stopped, and he quickly stood
 By the sweet-faced child in the pale blue hood.

As he lifted her, she gently said,
 "Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your
 head ?
 For you know I do not want to be
 Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee."
 He humored the little maid, but a smile
 Played o'er his face as he stood there the while.

"Excuse me, child, but what did you say?"
 The gentleman asked in a courteous way
 As he took in his the wee white hand.
 "I believe I didn't quite understand."
 "O, sir, don't you know? Have you never
 read,"
 Said the child amazed, "what our Saviour
 said?"

"We should not give like those hypocrite men
 Who stood in the market places then,
 And gave their alms just for folks to tell,
 Because they loved to be praised so well ;
 But give for Christ's sake from our little store
 What only He sees and nobody more.

"Good-bye, kind sir, this is my way home ;
 I'm sorry you'll have to walk alone."
 The gentleman passed along, and thought
 Of large sums given for fame it brought.
 And he said, "I never again will be
 In the market places a Pharisee.
 She preached me a sermon ; 'twas true and
 good—
 That dear little maid in the pale blue hood !"

—*Susan Teall Perry.*

"I Tum, Cos I've Dot a Sick Mamma."

A rustle of robes as the anthem
 Soared gently away on the air—
 The Sabbath morn's service was over,
 And briskly I stepped down the stair ;
 When, close in a half-illum'd corner,
 Where the tall pulpit's stairway came down,
 Asleep crouched a tender wee maiden,
 With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
 But gently to wake her I spoke,
 When, at the first word, the small damsel
 With one little gasp straight awoke.
 "What brought you here, fair little angel?"
 She answered with a voice like a bell,

"I tum, cos I've dot a sick mamma,
And want 'oo to please pray her well!"

"Who told you?" began I; she stopped me;
"Don't, nobody told me at all,
And papa can't see tos he's cryin',
And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small;
I'se been here before with my mamma,
We tummed when you ringed the big bell,
And every time I'se heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway
As humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back her health to her mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour;
I finished the simple petition
And paused for a moment—and then
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisped softly a gentle "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward;
The little maid's tongue knew no rest,
She prattled and mimicked and caroled—
The shadow was gone from her breast;
And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif—
We found that the dearly-loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—was safe!

They listened amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast;
With eyes that were brimming and grateful
They thanked me again and again—
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "Amen!"

—*W. R. Rose.*

"I'm Losted, Oh, I'm Losted!"

"I'm losted! Could you find me please?"

Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleecce,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees;
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered "May be."

"Tell me your name, my little maid:

I can't find you without it,"

"My name is 'Shiny-eyes,'" she said.

"Yes, but your last name?" She shook her
head;

"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single word about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"

"Why, didn't you hear me told you?

Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:

"Yes, when you're good, but when they blame

You, little one; is it just the same

When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,

A little blush ensuing.

"'Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,

And then she says (the culprit owns)

Mehitable Sophia Jones,

What have you been a-doing?"

—*Anna F. Burnham, in Boston Traveller.*

The Memory of a Song.

The window-curtains, rich and dark,
Are drawn behind the pane, . . .
The shadows from the bright firelight
Still play and dance the same. . . .

The owner of the mansion sits
Alone, and in the shade;
He sees no dancing bright firelight
Nor heeds the shapes it made.

He sees the dear, dear face he loved,—
A face so young and fair,
With bright, true, laughing eyes of blue,
And dark, rich auburn hair.
Oh! who can know the bitter pang
That rends a heart in twain;
When death takes all that made life sweet,
And leaves behind but pain!

A strain of music rises, now—
But harsh—from out the street,
Beneath that lofty window's arch
Where dark, rich curtains meet.
A youthful voice, untutored,
And hoarse, from wet and cold,
Sang feebly to a well-worn harp
A song both blithe and bold.

It brought a flush of angry hue
Across the listener's brow.—

"He shall not sing her song, out there;
"It is too sacred, now!" . . .

He heard his powdered footman stop
The music in the street;
And then, a slow reluctant step
Go past the window seat.
Quick back he drew the curtained silk,
And saw a child go by,
Bent down beneath his weary harp,
With a face too brave to cry.

A moment, and he watched the boy
Leaving his pillared door,

Then pity's look came o'er his face,
 A look unknown before :
 "I was too harsh," he said aloud,—
 "He did not think it wrong ;
 But oh, what feelings crowd around,
 The memory of that song !"

He paused in thought a moment there,
 A moment lingered near.
 "Yes, for her sake, I'll follow him ;
 "That song is now so dear."
 Forgetting wind and rain and cold,
 The millionaire set out,
 And tracked the poor boy down the street,
 Nor stopped to think or doubt.

He followed on through cold, wet streets,
 Where dim lamps shed their light,
 Though jostled by the passers-by,
 And thrust to left and right ;
 He struggled on, for still he thought
 Of song, and wife and love.—
 Was it the song that guided him, or
 Our Father's hand, above ?

At length a stairway steep and dark
 Leads to a garret drear. . . .
 He heard, while pausing at the door,
 Some words of that sad song—
 "No money, though I play'd my best,"—
 "Well, dear, His will be done !"

He enters now the room, and sees
 The mother on a bed ;
 The old harp leaning 'gainst the wall,
 The boy's hands to his head.
 A moment more,—they tell him all :
 Their tale of want and woe,—
 A moment more, they bless his name,
 With happy hearts aglow.

That mother's strength is ebbing fast ;
 Her face is wan and thin :
 "To-night, I'm going home, dear boy ;
 Yes, going home to Him !"

So when the last sad rites are o'er,
 For death's cold hand was there,
 The stranger takes the poor boy thence,
 His house and home to share.

And now, within that mansion grand,
 The wand'rer, housed, was glad ;
 Was taught to know the rapturous power
 Of music, gay or sad ;
 And so, by kind instruction's aid,
 He leaves the strings he played

And learns the truer, nobler strains,
 The grand old masters made.

Years have passed slowly o'er their heads,
 The boy has changed to man ;
 His old friend's head is whiter far
 Than when this tale began.
 And in the quiet ev'ning time,
 Together they are seen,
 In a gothic old cathedral gray,
 With lights and shades between.

There—as they play and listen—each,
 In that cathedral, dim,
 Where pale cold marbles speak of life
 Set free from pain and sin,

They both, with thankful hearts recall'd
 "The memory of a song !"

—G. S. H., in *Canadian Monthly*.

TORONTO, May, 1880.

"Me and Bob and Jim."

Yes, sir, we're sailor's children,
 We live there by the sea,
 And father went off with the fleet
 A month ago may be.
 And mother feels so badly
 To have him gone away,
 If 'twasn't for us children here
 I think she'd cry all day.

You see there's me and Bobby,
 And then here's little Jim,
 He always hangs back 'cause he's 'fraid
 That folks won't speak to him.
 He never knew his mother,
 She died so long ago,
 And then his father, too, was lost
 In last year's awful blow.

And father said as long as
 He'd sailor's heart in him
 There'd always be a place
 To shelter little Jim.
 He thinks he's ours for truly,
 And laughs and acts so glad
 When father comes, you ought to see
 Him hug, and call him "dad."

But often in the summer
 We children like to go
 To where the little churchyard lies,
 The sailors' church, you know.
 His mother's there, so always
 We put some flowers from Jim,
 We want him to remember her,
 'Cause she remembered him.

When father sailed he told us
 To watch for the new moon,
 For when it hung there in the west
 The fleet would be back soon.
 Last night we saw it shining
 As bright as bright could be,
 And mother says the "Lively Jane"
 Will soon get in from sea.

You see it's named for mother,
 And father says he'd "think
 A boat that had a name like that
 Would never want to sink."

He'll come back to get some flowers,
 He loves the violets so.
 The posies ain't of much account,
 Down by the sea, you know.

So if you'll come and see us—
 The place ain't hard to find,
 That little brown house by the rocks,
 The cliff is just behind—
 And if the "Lively Jane" is in
 With father—you'll see him.
 But, anyway, you always can
 Find me and Bob and Jim.

—*Ada Stewart Shelton.*

IV. SOME WAIFS AND THEIR FAITHFUL MOTHERS.

"There is . . . no fount of such deep, strong, deathless love, as that within a mother's heart."—*Mrs. Hemans.*
 And yet—"they may forget."—*Isaiah* xlix. 15.

"A picture memory brings to me;
 I look across the years, and see
 Myself beside my mother's knee."

—*J. G. Whittier.*

That all mothers of waifs have not been untrue to their sacred trust is well known. How many of these faithful, humble women have sown the good seed, can be thankfully told to their honor. They did so, with anxious, loving hearts, and in simple dependence that their oft imperfect teaching would be watered by the great Father of their children in heaven; and that, in due time, it would bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of God.

These tales and stories of waif-life in our cities would be incomplete were not a record of the noble discharge of duty on the part of these mothers inserted in this publication.

Those who have read the very beautiful and touching story of "Mother's Last Words," written some years ago by Mrs. Sewall, of Quebec, will not fail to be gratefully thankful to God that so many such mothers are to be found here and there in humble life—especially those described by Mrs. Sewall and other writers. Their record is on high.

Examples of a Mother's Early Influence.

The Toronto *Evangelical Churchman*, of the 7th June, 1888, says:—

"President J. Q. Adams, of the United States, never went to bed without repeating this prayer, first taught him by his mother, whose memory was so dear to him to the last—

" 'Now I lay me down to sleep!'"

"The following poem, among the tenderest in our language, descriptive of a child saying this prayer, is taken from *Putnam's Magazine*:"

Golden head so slowly bending,
 Little feet, so white and bare;
 Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened—
 Lispering out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
 "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
 'Tis to God that she is praying,
 Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
 "If I should die before I wake—"
 Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
 "I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
 Of the soul who wrote that prayer?
 Children's myriad voices floating
 Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
 I could choose what might be mine,
 It should be that child's petition,
 Rising to the throne divine.

The two following poems on the same subject are added:—

When I pass from earth away,
 Palsied tho' I be, and gray,

May my spirit keep so young
That my failing, faltering tongue,
Lisp that prayer so dear to me,
Whispered at my mother's knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—
Passing to eternal rest
On the loving parent breast.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep"—
From all danger safe and calm,
In the hollow of His palm.

"If I should die before I wake"—
Drifting with abated breath
Out from slumber into death—

"I pray the Lord my soul to take."
From the body's chains set free,
Sheltered in eternity.

Simple prayer of trust and truth,
Taught me in my early youth.

Let my soul its beauty keep
When I lay me down to sleep.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
And the blue eyes, dark and deep,
Let their snowy curtains down,
Edged with fringes golden brown.
"All day long the angels fair,
I've been watching over there;
Heaven's not far, 'tis just in sight,
Now they're calling me, good-night.
Kiss me, mother, do not weep,
Now I lay me down to sleep.

Over there, just over there,
I shall say my morning prayer;
Kiss me, mother, do not weep,
Now I lay me down to sleep."

Tangled ringlets, all smooth now,
Looped back from the waxen brow,
Little hands so dimpled, white,
Clasped together, cold to-night.
Where the mossy, daisied sod,
Brought sweet messages from God,
Two pale lips with kisses pressed,
There we left her to her rest.
And the dews of evening weep
Where we laid her down to sleep.

Over there, just over there,
List the angel's morning prayer;
Lispings low through fancy sweep,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Anon.*

Little Phil and His Mother.

"Make me a headboard, mister, smooth and
painted, you see;
Our ma she died last winter, and sister and
Jack and me
Last Sunday could hardly find her, so many
new graves about,
And Bud cried out, 'We've lost her,' when Jack
gave a little shout.
We have worked and saved all winter—been
hungry, sometimes, I own—
But we hid this much from father, under the
old doorstone ;



WATCHING FOR LITTLE PHIL.

He never goes there to see her ; he hated her ;
scolded Jack
When he heard us talking about her, and wish-
ing that she'd come back.
But up in the garret we whisper and have a
good time to cry,
For our beautiful mother who kissed us, and
wasn't afraid to die.
Put on that she was forty, in November she
went away,
That she was the best of mothers, and we
haven't forgot to pray ;
And we mean to do as she taught us—be lov-
ing and true and square,
To work and read, to love her, till we go to
her up there.

"Let the board be white, like mother" (the small chin quivered here),
 And the lad coughed something under, and conquered a rebel tear.
 "Here is all we could keep from father, a dollar and thirty cents,
 The rest he's got for coal and flour, and partly to pay the rents."
 Blushing the white lie over, and dropping the honest eyes,
 "What is the price of headboards, with writing and handsome size?"
 "Three dollars?" A young roe wounded, just falls with a moan; and he
 With a face like the ghost of his mother, sank down on his tattered knee,
 "Three dollars? and we shall lose her, next winter the rain and the snow."—
 But the boss had his arms around him, and cuddled the head of tow
 Close up to the great heart's shelter, and womanly tears fell fast—
 "Dear boy you shall never lose her; O cling to your blessed past!
 Come to-morrow, and bring your sister and Jack, and the board shall be
 The best that this shop can furnish;—then come here and live with me."

.

When the orphans loaded their treasure on the rugged old cart next day,
 The surprise of a footboard varnished, with all that their love could say;
 And "Edith St. John, Our Mother!"—baby Jack gave his little shout,
 And Bud like a mountain daisy, went dancing her doll about.
 But Phil grew white and trembled, and close to the boss he crept,
 Kissing him like a woman, shivered and laughed and wept;
 "Do you think" (and here he faltered) "in heaven that she'll be glad?"
 "Not as glad as you are, Philip, but finish this job, my lad."

—Anon.

A Rose for His Father's Coffin.

A little boy in this city, the possessor of a solitary cent, after his father's death the other day entered a store on Yonge Street, and asked for a white rose in exchange for it. The florist explained that the rose was valued at twenty cents, but when he learned that the lad wanted it to put on his father's coffin, he silently gave it to the boy and sent it on its sacred mission.

His father died; the pure-faced, bright-eyed boy
 Stood, half afraid,
 And saw the piles of emblematic flowers
 Upon the coffin laid.
 Up sprang the ready tears, he stood and gazed
 On him who slept;
 He felt how helpless, young and weak he was,
 Then, boy-like, turned and wept.
 Sudden, the sunshine flashed across his face;
 Lo! had he not a cent!
 With eager hand he grasped the precious coin,
 Then joyous outward went.
 Past candy shops with sweet and tempting front,
 Past groups of boys at play,
 With flashing eye and sweetly trembling lip,
 He held upon his way.
 Straight to a florist's world of summer bloom
 With eager feet he goes;
 He proudly holds aloft his sacred cent:
 "Give me a big white rose."
 "There's piles and piles of flowers around his bed,
 But though he cannot see,
 I think 'twould please him if he only got
 A snow-white rose from me."

He got the rose and laid it with a tear
 Upon his father's breast,
 Who knows! the angels saw that stainless rose
 Was sweeter than the rest!

—*The Khan, in the Toronto Telegram.*

May, 1888.

The Wanderer's Prayer.

On a cold, dreary evening in autumn, a small boy, poorly clad, yet clean and tidy, with cap in his hand, knocked at the door of an old Quaker in the town of S—. "Was Mr. Lanman at home?" The boy wished to see him, and was speedily ushered into his presence.

Friend Lanman was one of the wealthiest men in the county, and president of the L—— Valley Railroad. The boy had come to see if he could obtain a situation on the road. He said he was an orphan—his mother had been dead only two months, and he was now a homeless wanderer. But the lad was too small for the filling of any place within the Quaker's gift, and he was forced to deny him. Still he liked the looks of the boy, and said to him:

"Thee stop in my house to-night, and on the morrow I will give thee the names of two or three good men in Philadelphia, to whom thee may apply, with assurance to a kind reception at least. I am sorry that I have no employment for thee."

Later in the evening the old Quaker went the rounds of his spacious mansion, lantern in hand, as he was wont, to see if all was safe before retiring for the night. As he passed the door of the little chamber where the poor wan-

duties of life, and possessed a warm, grateful heart. "I verily think the lad will be a treasure to his employer," was his concluding reflection.

When the morning came the Quaker had changed his mind concerning his answer to the boy's application.

"Who taught thee to pray?" asked friend Lanman.

"My mother, sir," was the soft reply, and the rich brown eyes grew moist.



THE LITTLE WANDERER WAITING AT THE QUAKER'S DOOR.

derer had been placed to sleep, he heard a voice. He stopped and distinguished the tones of an earnest, simple prayer. He bent his ear nearer, and heard these words from the lips of the boy:

"O Good Father in heaven! help me to help myself. Watch over me as I watch over my own conduct! Bless the good man in whose house I am sheltered, and spare him long that he may continue his bounty to other suffering and needy ones. Amen."

And the Quaker responded another Amen as he moved on; and as he went on his way he meditated. The boy had a true idea of the

"And thee will not forget thy mother's counsels?"

"I cannot; for I know that my success in life is dependent upon them."

"My boy, thou mayest stay here in my house, and very soon I will take thee to my office. Go now and get thy breakfast."

Friend Lanman lived to see the boy he had adopted rise, step by step, until he finally assumed the responsible office which the failing guardian could hold no longer.—*Anon.*

The Toronto Humane Society asks for help in providing a temporary home, or shelter, for such little waifs and wanderers.

Motherless !

From a far-away country town a box of wild flowers had come to the Children's Hospital in the city of C—. Just at dusk the new nurse stopped in her rounds before one cot where a poor little sufferer lay, clasping in his thin hand a bunch of blue violets. The little fellow tossed and turned from side to side; ever and anon he would start up, murmuring something about "Little Jack," then fall back whispering, "Too late, too late."

"Bad case, bad case, nurse; father and mother both died of same fever, baby found dead, and this boy will go soon;" and the old doctor shook his head gravely.

"Poor little fellow," murmured the nurse. "To die alone, no mother's hand to wipe away the gathering dews of death; no mother's arm; no mother's kiss!"

She brushed back the damp golden curls from the white forehead; the blue eyes opened wide and a faint voice whispered, "Mother!" The nurse bent pityingly over him; his eyes searched her face, then closed wearily. "Oh, I want my mother, I want my mother!" he moaned.

"Poor boy," said the physician, "he will have his mother soon."

The child started up. "Rock me, mother," he cried. Very tenderly the doctor lifted the little figure and placed it in the nurse's arms; the weary head dropped upon her shoulder; the hands, still holding the violets, were folded lovingly around her neck. To and fro she cradled him; the room was growing dark, a faint streak of light came in at the eastern window and slipped softly across the ledge.

"Sing to me," the child softly whispered. Very sweetly on the air rose and fell the music of that old, old hymn,

"Hide me, O, my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past."

Nearer and nearer crept the moonlight till it touched the swaying figure.

"Safe into the haven guide.
O, receive my soul at last."

The song ceased. "Mother, I'm too tired to kneel to-night," murmured the child; and then he softly added, "Now—I—lay me down—to—sleep—I—." With a long sigh the blue eyes closed tiredly; the arms slipped down; all was still. The moonlight flooded the room with silver; it lingered about the little white-robed child; it fell upon the golden curls and the half-closed lids, and the withered flowers fallen loosely now from the tired hands. There was

a faint, sweet perfume of violets as the rocker crushed to and fro; nothing stirred in the room save the swaying figure in the moonlight.

The doctor touched the nurse and gently said: "The child is with its mother."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Old Minstrel's Mother's Home.

The hall was crowded one evening when the minstrels were giving a performance. They had finished "My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night," with its touching lament—

"The head must bow, and the back will have
bend,
Wherever the wand'rer may go;
A few more days and the troubles will all
end
In the field where the sugar-canes grow."

They then took up the song with its sweet refrain of "The Swanee River." The tumult of applause was hushed by the appearance of a ragged old wreck crowding to the front.

Lifting his banjo as a sign of brotherhood, he cried with a choking voice:

"Boys, sing that song once more—once more for a poor old minstrel's sake. It brings back the lost and dead; my old home rises before me, where I was once good and happy all the day. I learned the song there of my mother. The vision of her smiling face praising her boy comes back with the ringing notes of the banjo, and the memories of long ago. I wandered away to play and sing for the world. It listened and applauded. I was flattered, feasted, intoxicated with fame and the whirl of pleasures. But I wrecked it all. Now, old and broken down in heart and strength, I am left with but one friend—my banjo. She who first praised me died while I was playing for the world—died without seeing me for years. The world has forsaken me as I did her. Boys, sing my mother's song again, and let my old heart thrill with a better life once more."

The house signalled its assent. The old minstrel sat down in the front row. When the solo reached the concluding lines of the second stanza, the singer's eyes turned pityingly upon the wanderer, and, with a voice trembling with pity, came the words—

"All up and down this world I wandered,
When I was young:
Oh, many were the days I squandered,
Many were the songs I sung."

The stranger sat bending forward, the tears coursing down the furrows of care, his fingers unconsciously caressing the strings of his bat-

tered banjo. All the summer of his life came back to his heart again. Mother, home, love, and all his boyhood dreams.

The chorus began, and the shrivelled fingers sought the chords. With a strange, weird harmony unheard before, the strains floated along the tide of song. The house was spell-bound. The time-worn instrument seemed to catch its master's spirit, and high above the accompaniment rang the soul-like chords from its quivering strings.

When the interlude came, the minstrel leaned over his banjo with all the fondness of a mother over her babe. Not a sound from either was heard. The solo rose again and the almost supernatural harmonies drifted with it. But he bowed like a mourner over the dead. Every heart in the audience was touched, and tears of sympathy were brushed away by many hands. The singer's eyes were moist, and with plaintive sadness the last lines were sung.

The last chorus followed. The hoary head of the minstrel was lifted, and his face shone with the light of a new dawning. His voice joined with a peculiar blending, perfect in harmony, yet keeping with his banjo high above the singers, ringing like a rich hârp-string long overstrained. The memory of better days, the waywardness, sorrow, remorse, hope and despair of all his wasted life seemed pent up in these marvellous tones. The chorus closed, and his head sank down, the long white locks shrouding the banjo.

The manager came before the audience and said :

"The minstrels will give one-half of the benefit proceeds to their wandering brother."

The house approved with loud demonstrations. A collection started in the galleries and swept over the hall like a shower. Such a contribution was never gathered before. Again the audience broke forth in round after round of hearty cheers.

But the banjo was still hushed under the shroud of snow-white hair, and no word of thanks, or token of gratitude, came from the silent figure toward which all eyes were turned. They called him to come up, and the manager went to bring him there. He laid his hand on the bowed head, but there was silence—the soul of the old minstrel had passed away. He was dead ! He had sung that last song on the borders of the spirit land. Sung it as the bird sings when it escapes the prison bars which make life "sad and dreary," and flies far away from the scenes where "the heart grows weary with longing."—*New Brunswick Paper, 1881.*

His Mother's Songs.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun,
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross
A follower of the lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause?"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song, the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good-night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips,
"You'd join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang.
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang!

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

V. MEMORIES OF OTHER AND BETTER DAYS.

The following story shows very strikingly how powerful are the influences for good which are awakened in the Sunday-school, as well as at the faithful mother's knee. The Editor met with several similar instances during the years 1867-1875, when he had charge of the Toronto Jail Mission (and in the latter year of the Central Prison Mission). The singing of well-known hymns awakened many sad and touching—and, in the remembrance of those hymns, bitter—memories in the hearts of numbers of the inmates of the jail or prison. In speaking to those so affected, they would often tearfully recall the happy days long gone by, when they had sung these very hymns, before they had tasted the bitter cup of sin and shame and sorrow.*

Memories Awakened by a Hymn.

There is no hymn in the language dearer to many hearts than Phoebe Cary's "Nearer Home." The following touching incident in connection with the singing of it is related in a letter of Miss Cary's to her mother, in which she says:—

"A gentleman visiting China had been intrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, and after inquiry learned that he might probably be found in a certain gambling house. He went thither, but, not seeing him, determined to wait, in the expectation that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises, men getting angry over their cards and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other about forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one

giving utterance to continued profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in the chair while the elder was arranging the cards, the young man looking carelessly about the room, began humming a tune. He went on till at length he began to sing the beautiful lines of Phoebe Cary, as quoted above; the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and, throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed:—"Harry, where did you learn that hymn?" "What hymn?" "Why, the one that you've been singing." The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned it in a Sunday school in America. "Come," said the elder, getting up; "come, Harry, here's what I won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this dreadful business." The gentleman who tells the story saw these two men leave the gambling house together, and walk away arm in arm."

Revival of Touching Memories in Prison.

When Maria Roze Mapleston was recently in Auburn, N. Y., she visited the State Prison. With great kindness and womanly spirit, as did Jenny Lind, years ago, she offered to sing to the prisoners. She made one condition, and that was that all of the inmates should be permitted to be present, and that those in solitary confinement should, also, as a special privilege, be permitted to come into the chapel and join

* So impressed was the Editor of this publication (while Superintendent of the Mission) with the recurrence of incidents like those mentioned, that one Sunday morning, in 1868, he requested such of the prisoners as had ever attended a Sunday-school to rise in their places, and thus inform him of the fact. He did not expect more than one in ten to rise; but to his great surprise, out of thirty-two female prisoners twenty-four rose, and out of fifteen male prisoners, twelve gave the same testimony, as did also the entire class of eight boys! Thus out of fifty-five prisoners forty-four acknowledged that they had once been Sunday-school scholars, enjoying the precious privileges and surrounded by many of the hallowed associations of these institutions. In this case, as tested in 1868, was an apparent example of the unfruitfulness of Sunday-school teaching. And yet the memory of the sowing* of that unfructified seed was there touchingly recalled. The incident brought back most vividly the prophetic words of the wise Preacher: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." (Eccles. xi. 6, Rev. Ver.) In the New York *Independent*, of 31st May, 1888, questions somewhat similar to the foregoing were asked by an evangelist of a large assemblage at St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1883. The report of the answers is as follows: "The evangelist first asked for those who became Christians after the age of fifty to rise, and one rose; he next asked for those who became Christians between the ages of forty and fifty to rise, and one rose; then he asked in turn for those to rise who became Christians between thirty and forty, and twenty-one rose; for those between twenty-five and thirty, and thirty-eight rose; for those who became Christians between twenty and twenty-five, and one hundred rose; for those who became Christians before twenty years of age, and six hundred rose!" What a lesson as to responsibility do these striking facts teach us? And what a responsibility rests upon the individual teachers of our Sunday-schools! Their teaching, to be effective and soul-saving, must be soul-searching, as well as full of loving appeals to the young heart, to become "Christ's soldiers and servants unto their lives' end."

the other convicts in listening to the music which she proposed to sing. The request was granted, and the poor fellows, some of them for the first time were permitted to hear from an accomplished artist the sweet notes that reminded them of the innocent days of youth. The chief selections of Mme. Roze were "Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer" and "The Sweet By and By." As they listened, even the most hardened criminals among them were moved to tears. After this the fair cantatrice made a tour of the institution. On her return she sung to the prisoners the old familiar air, "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Meanwhile some of the most intelligent among the convicts had been permitted to prepare a testimonial of thanks, which they presented to the lady. It closed with the following quotation:—

"God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again."

There was no doubt that every one of these twelve hundred prisoners worked with cheerier hearts all that day, and that those in solitary confinement especially, will, for a long time, recall and enjoy this fresh ray of sunlight.

A Touching Prison Picture.

"Dood-bye, papa," laughed a little child, as her mother held her up that she might kiss her father through the grated door of the prison. "Dood-bye, and hurry and tum back. What is all oo men doin' with my papa?" she continued, gazing in on the rough-looking prisoners, who were crowding near the door; "dood-bye everybody, and let my papa tum right back and see his little girl soon."

Then she clambered down, and ran away, while the big iron door closed after her, as a sullen cloud darkens the sunlight. This little child, with her innocent prattle, looking in upon and talking to a group of hardened men was a pretty and touching scene. As she put her little face against the bars and kissed her papa, those within that prison could not restrain their tears. Men were there whose lives had been on the darkest side of existence, who would hesitate at scarcely any crime, whose characters were hardened and corrupted by sin; yet a simple little scene like the above, a few prattling words of a child, reached down through every covering and touched their human hearts, and their better emotions. It kindled within them lingering memories of other and better days, and stirred up the little

remaining sentiment of manhood, husbandhood, fatherhood! The visit of the child left a lasting impression on those men and opened their hearts to better resolves. However, it was, after all, only one of the many occurrences that take place in that little world of itself—a city court and its prison.—*Cleveland Voice.*

"God Pity the Wretched Prisoners."

God pity the wretched prisoners
In their lonely cells to-day;
Whatever the sins that tripped them,
God pity them still, I say.

Only a strip of sunshine
Cleft by rusty bars;
Only a patch of azure,
Only a cluster of stars,
Only a barren future
To starve their hopes upon;
Only stinging memories
Of a past that's better gone.

Once they were little children,
And perhaps their unstained feet
Where led by a gentle mother
Towards that golden street;
Therefore, if in life's forest
They since have lost their way,
For the sake of her who loved them,
God pity them still, I say.

O, mothers gone to heaven,
With earnest heart I ask
That your eyes may not look earthward
On the failure of your task;
For even in those mansions
The choking tears would rise,
Though the fairest hand in heaven
Would wipe them from your eyes.

And you who judge so harshly,
Are you sure the stumbling stone
That tripped the feet of others
Might not have bruised your own?
Are you sure the sad-faced angel,
Who writes our errors down,
Will ascribe to you more honor
Than him on whom you frown?

Or, if a steadier purpose
Unto your life be given—
A stronger will to conquer—
A smoother path to heaven;
If, when temptations meet you,
You can crush them with a smile,
If you can chain pale passion,
And keep your lips from guile;

Then bless the hand that crowned you,
 Remembering as you go,
 'Twas not your own endeavor
 That shaped your nature so ;
 And sneer not at the weakness
 That made a brother fall,
 For the hand that lifts the fallen,
 God loves the best of all.
 Then pray for the wretched prisoners,
 All o'er the land to-day,
 That a holy hand in pity
 May wipe their guilt away.

—O. B. P., in the *Mail*.

TORONTO, April, 1872.

How Music Called a Wanderer Home.

When the Fisk Jubilee Singers were in Toronto, two young girls, who had been led astray, went to hear them. One was hardened in her sin—the other was not. They sat unnoticed in the gallery. The sweet and tender music, so touching and true to nature, entered like a limpid stream into the soul of the younger girl, and filled her whole heart. She leaned forward and caught every word, with her eyes shining, and her red lips trembling. People turned round and wondered at the fair face, and watched her soul shining through her great eyes, but they never suspected who she was or whence she came. There she sat, still, immobile, with her small gloved hands tightly clenched, and every nerve in her little body strung to an almost painful tension. All was still in the pavilion. The very gas lights held themselves motionless, as if afraid to make a sound. The great audience was hushed. And then a note, sweet and tender, but full and rich as moonlight, swelled and rose like a sea, and then, like a shower of pearls falling through the sounding waters, a woman's voice sang:

"Bright sparkles in the churchyard,
 Give light unto the tomb;
 Bright summer—spring's over—
 Sweet flowers in their bloom."

The girl in the gallery gave a great shuddering sob. The singer looked up and went on:

"My mother, once—
 My mother, twice—
 In the heaven she'll rejoice.
 In the heaven, once—
 In the heaven, twice—
 In the heaven she'll rejoice."

Again the girl in the gallery uttered a long shuddering sob, and hid her white stricken face in her trembling hands. But still the music fluttered about her like the rustling of an angel's wings—

"Mother, don't you love your darling child?
 Oh, rock me in the cradle all the day."

She sat still and heard till the last cadence of music died away.

"I must go from here," said the girl hoarsely, "let me go. Don't follow me—I will be better soon."

She hurried out and fled like a frightened deer. She was mad! Her eyes were hot and dry—her brain was on fire, and all the while a wondrous choir was singing in her ears:

"Bright sparkles in the churchyard,
 Give light unto the tomb;
 Bright summer—spring's over—
 Sweet flowers in their bloom."

She fled like a hunted thing till the lights of the city were far behind, and she was alone on a country road. She stopped to rest a moment, but the chorus went onward through the sky, and she could not stop, for the words were beckoning to her—

"Your mother, once—
 Your mother, twice—
 In the heaven she'll rejoice."

Tireless she followed on, on, the long, long night. The moon went down and she got blind, and staggered, and groped upon her way, but she said hoarsely, "I must go on. I'll be better soon."

In the morning a farmer threw open his door and saw lying on the steps the soiled figure of a girl. He picked her up and laid her on his own bed, and his wife laid the white pleading face against her warm bosom. A stream of music reached the ears of the dying girl—

"Mother, don't you love your darling child?
 Then rock me in the cradle all the day."

She sank back with a weak, pleased smile. "Rock me, mother; that's it—oh! how nice—how nice it is. Oh! rock me—rock me—rock me, mother. I am too tired to say my prayers to-night, mother; let me sleep, mother, and kiss me, but let me sleep—sleep—sleep—sleep!"

And she closed her eyes and slept, but she never awoke!—*Toronto News*.

The Unbolted Door.

An aged widow sat alone
 Beside her fading hearth,
 Her silent cottage never heard
 The ringing laugh of mirth.
 Six children once had sported there—but now
 the churchyard snow
 Fell softly on five little graves that were not
 long ago.

She mourned them all with patient love,
 But since, her eyes had shed
 Far bitterer tears than those which dewed
 The faces of the dead.
 The child which had been spared to her: her
 darling of her pride,—
 The woeful mother lived to wish that she had
 also died.

Those little ones beneath the snow,
 She well knew where they are,
 "Close gathered to the throne of God,
 And that was better far."
 But when, she thought where Katie was, she
 saw the city's glare,
 The painted mask of bitter joy that Need gives
 sin to wear.

Without, the snow lay thick and white,
 No step had fallen there:
 Within, she sat beside her fire,
 Each thought a silent prayer:
 When suddenly behind her seat, unwonted noise
 she heard,
 As though a hesitating hand the rustic latch
 had stirred.

She turned—and there the wanderer stood
 With snow-flakes on her hair:
 A faded woman, wild and worn,
 The ghost of something fair.

And then upon the mother's breast the with-
 ered brow was laid,
 "Can God and you forgive me all, for I have
 sinned," she said.

The widow dropped upon her knees,
 Before the fading fire,
 And thanked the Lord whose love at last
 Had granted her desire.
 The daughter kneeled beside her, too—tears
 streaming from her eyes,
 And prayed, "God help me to be good to
 mother, ere she dies."

They did not talk about the sin,
 The shame, the bitter woe:
 They spoke about those little graves,
 And things of long ago.
 And then the daughter raised her eyes and
 asked in tender tone,
 "Why did you keep your door unbarred, when
 you were all alone?"

"My child," the widow said, and smiled,
 A smile of love and pain,
 "I kept it so, lest you should come
 And turn away again!
 I've waited for you all the while,—a mother's
 love is true:
 Yet it is but the shadowy type of His who died
 for you!"
 —*A author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc.*

VI. WAIFS AND THEIR CHRISTMAS.

Little Waifs with Wondering Eyes.

"Merry, merry Christmas everywhere,
 Cheerily it ringeth through the air,"
 Sang the children full of glee,
 Gath'ring round the Christmas tree;
 Sang, as only children sing,
 Whose young hearts are light and free.
 List!—the anthem higher rings—
 "Christ was born for me."

"Merry, merry Christmas everywhere,"
 Floats the song upon the breeze—
 Reaches ears that never heard
 Of such a thing as "Christmas trees."
 Two street waifs with wond'ring eyes—
 Two of brown and two of blue—
 Greet the scene with glad surprise,
 As they peer the church door through.

Standing on the wide door steps—
 Someone left the door ajar—

Through the opening they can see
 Glimpses of a tree afar,
 Whose dark boughs are full of light,
 Many presents from them swing;
 Dolls and playthings, such a sight,
 As the room with rapture rings

Six light figures, clad in white,
 Gently trip the stage along,
 And the listening audience
 Bend to catch the children's song.
 Out in the cold the glad refrain
 Echoed afar, resounding again,
 Reached the ears of the two little waifs,
 Tired and hungry, though the winds blow,
 Nothing to eat and nowhere to go.

Now, the door ajar was left,
 One little push widens the cleft,
 And entering in, they creep along,
 Listening to the children's song.

Rapture, awe, and sweet surprise,
Issue from their wond'ring eyes.

Such a room they'd never seen,
Deck'd and filled with Christmas green,
While the glow the gas lights lent,
Through the room their radiance sent.
White-robed forms went flitting by,
While the songs rang merrily.

Little Nell, whose big blue eyes
Greet the scene with rapt surprise,
Turned to Bill, who stood amazed,
Round about him, boy-like gazed :
" Bill, I b'lieve we've got to Heaven !
Is this the place the angels live in ?
Are them angels singing there,
With their waving golden hair ?

" Bill, you know when mother died,
And we stood her grave beside—
Wished she would come back once more,
Kiss us as she did before—
That the sweet-voiced lady told
Of a shining place of gold ;
Where she said mother'd gone,
There to join the angels' song.

" Bill, I b'lieve we've found the place !
Let us search to find her face :
There's a man that looks so kind—
P'raps our mother he would find."
When the gentleman turned round,
Two street waifs by him he found,
Wond'ring, listened to their tale ;
Marked their features wan and pale ;
Then he led them both along,
Breathless wait the happy throng ;
As he tells the tale of woe—
That ere this they did not know ;
What they had not thought before—
Orphans starving at their door.

'Neath the sod last month were laid,
Two bright forms who late had played
In a home where Christmas cheer
Thrives and sparkles all the year.
As the saddened mother hears,
Marks the orphans' falling tears,
Seems a voice from Heaven to say :
" Jewels, these, I give this day ;
Take them in the place of those
Who My shining courts now rove ;
Tell to them the wond'rous story,
How the Lord of light and glory,
Long ago, one Christmas day,
In the Bethlehem manger lay."

So next morn when daylight beams—
Chasing night with shining wings—

Four bright eyes are opened wide,
Kneeling there, side by side,
Gratefully the sister, brother,
Thank God they have found a mother.

—*Della Rogers.*

GRAFTON, ONTARIO.

The Christmas Samaritan.

The shadows of even were falling fast
Over the drifted snow,
Gay lights from the windows flicker and danced
On the busy crowd below.

'Twas Christmas Eve ! and the thoroughfares
Teemed with a motley throng,
Here one with his neighbor bandied a jest,
There, whistled a snatch of song.

Crouching, I saw at the gateway dark,
A weary, a fearful sight,
Out of the whirl of the wayfarers all,
Out of the maddening light,



Two girls, or something in shape of them—
Heav'n knows how they came so low—
Huddled together for misery,
Trailing their rags in the snow.

There passed a seamstress, wasted and wan—
O God, there are angels still
Enshrined in the humblest, holiest forms,
Ready to do Thy will !

'Twas a hard, hard task for that workwoman
To keep body and soul together,
To find a crust for the hungry-fiend,
And a shed from the biting weather.

A moment—ah, true Samaritan,
Thou hast heard of the widow's mite ;

Thou hast not a heart that can look unmoved
At that gateway, and on that sight!

Then held she forth her transparent palm,
With her hard-earned penny fee,
"I am poor, how poor, God only knows,
But thou wantest it more than me."

Mechanically took the starving girl
From the blessed sister-hand,
The copper coin that might match the gold—
Yes, the gold of this Christian land.

For it brought new life to a starving frame,
Though it only purchased a roll;
And it brought a greater blessing than that,
New hope to a starving soul!

Her white lips moved, but never a word,
Never a word spoke she;
Oh, woman, as thou to thy neighbor deal'st
Will God deal unto thee!

—*London Society.*

The Roundsman's Christmas Story.

So you're a writer, and you think I could
Tell you some story of the Christmas time—
Something that happened to myself, which you,
Having the rhyming knack, might put in
rhyme?

Well, you are right. But of the yarns I mind
The most are best untold, they are so sad;
My beat's the shadiest in town you know,
Amongst the very poor and very bad.

And yet from one of its worst places, where
Thieves gather who go round with murd'rous
knives,
A blessing came one Christmas-day that brought
My wife and me the sunshine of our lives.

The night before, I had at last run down
Lame Jim, the captain of a river gang,
Who never had been caught, although his deeds
Were such that he deserved for them to hang.

And as he sprung upon the dock I sprung
Like lightning after him, and in a trice
Fell through a trap door, and went sliding
down
Upon a plank as slippery as ice.

I drew my pistol as I slid, and when
I struck the earth again, "Hands up!" I
cried;
"I've got you now," and at the same time
flashed
The light of a dark lantern every side.

I'd landed in a big square room, but no
Lame Jim nor any other rough was there;
But from some blankets spread upon the floor
A child looked up at me with wond'ring
stare—

A little girl, with eyes that shone like stars,
A sweet, pale face, and curly, golden head.
"Why did you come so fast? You woke me
up,
And scared me too," in lisping words she
said.

"But now I am not scared for I know you.
You're Santa Claus. My stocking's on the
wall.

I wish you merry Christmas. Where's my
toys?
I hope you've brought a lovely cup and ball."

I never was so taken 'back, I vow;
And while I speechless stood, Jim got away.
"Who are you, pretty one?" at last I asked.
"I? Don't you know? Why, I am little
May.

"My mother died the other night, and went
To Heaven; and Jim, my father, brought me
here.

It isn't a nice place: I'm 'fraid of it,
For everything's so lonely and so queer.

"But I remembered it was Christmas-eve,
And hoped you'd find me, though I thought
because

There was no chimney you might not. But oh!
I'm glad you did, dear Mr. Santa Claus."

Well, Captain Jim escaped—the law, I mean,
But not a higher power: he was drowned.
And on his body near his heart, poor wretch,
The picture of his baby girl was found.

And that dear baby girl went home with me,
And never was a gift more precious given;
For childless had that home been many years,
And so she seemed sent to it straight from
heaven.

God's ways are wonderful. From rankest soil
There often grows a flower sweet and bright.
But I must go, my time is nearly up.
A merry Christmas to you, and good-night.

—*Anon.*

Christmas Outside the Bars.

'Tis Christmas tide, and roundabout the tinsel-
tricked poor-stores,
The wandering urchins clad in rags crowd
round their open doors. . . .

The rain may fall in torrents, the bitter blast
 may freeze,
 Yet little reck ye of the storm—your babes
 are couched in down,
 Or dance around their Christmas Tree, whilst
 ye, stretched out at ease,
 Know little, and care less, about the children
 of the town.

Where go these little Arabs, as the lengthening
 hours fly,
 And shutters hide the wondrous toys and
 parti-colored sweets?
 Around the rum-shop thresholds, where light
 seems warmth they lie
 And beg and steal from drunken sots that
 stagger through the streets.

Their homes! Go see the tenement where
 poverty doth dwell,
 Where squalor, vice, and infamy are mixed
 with honest toil;
 High rents, dark rooms, vile language, and a
 sickening, horrid smell,
 Where one poor score might fairly breathe,
 a hundred make turmoil.

The woman—wan, faint-hearted, weak; a drab,
 or shrewish scold;
 No pure fresh air to stir her blood and give
 her heart relief.

The man—no smile to warm his love, flies
 where vile rum is sold,
 And drinks with thieves till he becomes a
 bully, sot, or thief.

Oh! Life is sweet with liberty, with hope, with
 competence,
 With loving wife, with tender bairns, with
 soul devoid of wrong,
 With Christ's sweet love to guide your steps,
 with God for your defence;
 So blessed, the weak have mighty strength,
 the strong-minded, strong;

But we, behind these prison bars, are in dull
 agony,
 To think each child of rags and shame must
 tread the path we trod.

Help, Christians! Save the children from the
 fatal gallows tree,
 So blessed by thy Christmas, so honored by
 thy God!

—*W. M., an Inmate of Sing Sing.*

“Inasmuch.”

You say that you want a meetin'-house for the
 boys in the gulch up there.
 And a Sunday school with pictur' books? Well,
 put me down for a share.

I believe in little children; it's as nice to hear
 them read
 And to wander round the ranch at noon and see
 the cattle feed.

.

The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are
 Gospel-fed.
 And they say 'twas to a manger that the Star
 of Glory led.
 So I'll subscribe a dollar toward the manger and
 the stalls;
 I always give the best I've got whenever my
 partner calls.
 And, stranger, let me tell you, I'm beginning to
 suspect
 That all the world are partners, whatever their
 creed or sect;
 That life is a kind of pilgrimage, a sort of
 Jericho road,
 And kindness to one's fellow's the sweetest law
 in the code.

.

It assists a fellow's praying when he's down
 upon his knees—
 “Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the
 least of these.”

I know the verses, stranger, so you needn't stop
 to quote;
 It's a different thing to know them or to say
 them off by rote.
 I'll tell you where I learned them if you'll step
 in from the rain;
 'Twas down in 'Frisco, years ago; had been
 there hauling grain;
 It was near the city limits, and I remember the
 saloon,
 With grocery, market, baker shop, bar-room
 all in one.
 And this made up the picture—my hair was
 not then grey,
 But everything still seems as real as if 'twere
 yesterday.

A little girl with haggard face stood at the
 counter there,
 Not more than ten or twelve at most, but worn
 with grief and care;
 And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of
 chronic cold—
 Just the tone you find in children who are pre-
 maturely old.

She said: “Two bits for bread and tea. Ma
 hasn't much to eat;
 She hopes next week to work again, and buy us
 all some meat.
 We've been half starved all winter, but spring
 will soon be here,

And she tells us, keep up courage, for God is always near."

Just then a dozen men came in; the boy was called away.

But the poor, tired girl sat waiting, lost at last to revels deep,
On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast asleep.

Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, until some one at the bar

Said, "Hello! I say, stranger, what have you over thar?"

The boy then told her story, and that crew so fierce and wild,

Grew intent and seemed to listen to the breathing of the child.

The glasses all were lowered. Said the leader:
"Boys, see here;

All day we've been pouring whiskey, drinking deep our Christmas cheer.

Here's two dollars—I've got feelings which are not entirely dead—

For this little girl and mother suffering for the want of bread."

"Here's a dollar;" "here's another." And they all chipped in their share.

And they planked the ringing metal down upon the counter there.

Then the spokesman took a golden double-eagle from his belt,

Softly stepped from bar to counter and beside the sleeper knelt;

Took the "two bits" from her fingers, changed her silver piece for gold.

"See there, boys; the girl is dreaming." Down her cheeks the tear drops rolled.

One by one the swarthy miners passed in silence to the street.

Gently we awoke the sleeper, but she started to her feet

With a dazed and strange expression, saying,
"Oh, I thought 'twas true!

Ma was well, and we were happy; round our door-stone roses grew;

We had everything we wanted, food enough and clothes to wear;

And my hand burns where an angel touched it soft with fingers fair."

As she looked and saw the money in her fingers glistening bright,

"Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she won't believe me quite,

How you've sent 'way up to heaven, where the golden treasures are,

And have also got an angel clerking at your grocery bar."

That's a Christmas story, stranger, which I thought you'd like to hear;

True to fact and human nature, pointing out one's duty clear.

Hence to matters of subscription you will see that I'm alive;

Just mark off that dollar, stranger; I think I'll make it five.

—Wallace Bruce, in *Harper's Magazine*.

The Christmas Anthracite.

He left a load of anthracite

In front of a poor woman's door,

When the deep snow, frozen and white,

Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.

That was his deed;

He did it well;

"What was his creed?"

I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and in his store,"

In sitting down and in rising up;

When more he got he gave the more,

Withholding not the crust and cup.

He took the lead

In each good task.

"What was his creed?"

I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,

Soft, white and silent in its fall!

Not like the noisy winds that blow

From shivering trees the leaves; a pall

For flower and weed,

Drooping below.

"What was his creed?"

The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread,

For hungry people young and old,

And hope inspired, kind words he said

To those he sheltered from the cold.

For we must feed

As well as pray.

"What was his creed?"

I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust,

His faith in words he never writ,

He loved to share his cup and crust

With all mankind who needed it.

In time of need

A friend was he,

"What was his creed?"

He told not me.

—*Anon.*

VII. DRINK AND ITS SAD STORY.

As nine tenths of the sorrows of waif-life are brought about by the demon of drink, a few tales and stories are inserted in this publication to illustrate the terrible fact that so many homes are desolated, and so many lives are hopelessly wrecked by it.



Nobody's Girl.

She stands near the doorway, so ragged and poor,
And begs for a crust with her soft pleading eyes;

This suffering child has had much to endure,
For she tells of the past in its sorrowful guise.
The night wind is cold, and, shivering and pale,

This waif of the streets—the slave of a
churl—
Must beg for existence, not daring to fail,
For the drunkard at home will beat nobody's
girl.

Yes, nobody's girl—nobody's child;
For parents are dead, and friends she has
none,
No wonder her aspect is ragged and wild;
No wonder she droops, for her sunshine is
gone.
No father is nigh her to pet and caress;
No mother to draw this lone child to her
breast;
And when it is bedtime there's one prayer the
less,
For no one has whispered of God but in jest.



She is yet but a child—not yet in the snare
That hangs o'er her head, but awaiting the
years;
For the demon at home, once a woman so fair,
Will drive her abroad spite her protests and
tears.
As yet she must beg and whine in the street;
There's money to get, and rum must be had;

And nobody's girl, with tired, worn feet,
Must trudge in the cold—how cruel, how
sad!

And often at night when the day's work is
done,
And the poor stricken waif has begged all in
vain,
She'll sit by the roadside, and tears, one by one,
Will course down her cheeks and tell of her
pain.
She dreads going homeward, she knows what
is there,
And shrinks from the blows that has oft left
their scar,
She ran away once, but now wouldn't dare,
For she'd soon be unearthed by the hounds
from afar.

And so must the weary one go to her
work,
For perhaps there's a penny to gain yet
this night;
There's a form in the distance, and she
must not shirk,
So the tears must be dried and not dim
her sight.
Oh, turn not away from this waif in the
street!
For you in your homes have some
treasure, some pearl,
You love as your life, making home so
complete,
So smile on the homeless one—no-
body's girl!

—Anon.

Cardinal Manning on Depravity in London.

The *Toronto Catholic Weekly Review* of May 26 1888, contains a vivid picture of London depravity, by Cardinal Manning. (On page 83 will also be found a similar sketch of London life by Arch-deacon Farrar.) Among other things the Cardinal said :

"Of the 4,000,000 of London not one half will any day of the whole year set a foot in any place of Divine worship, or where they can hear the simplest teachings of morality, not revealed only, but of nature. And what is the result? Hundreds of thousands are living a living death sunk in the depths of mortal sin. . . . All along the streets are the places of drink, glaring all night with the gaslight. . . . In the matter of intoxicating drink, of this I am firmly convinced, that it is the most active, the most powerful, and the most successful of all the enemies of souls; for it is not one sin, but all sin."

The Policeman and the Lost Child.

I am a policeman, 204;
 Been on the force for years a score.
 Lots of stories I have to tell,
 Queer, sad, terrible, funny, and—well,
 I'll stop to tell you a little thing
 That happened a year ago last Spring.

Weary, but watchful, I paced my beat,
 Up and down thro' a well-known street,
 When, a block away, I saw a throng,
 And hasten'd to see what was wrong.
 There I found a wee, wee girl,
 Dainty and pretty, fair hair in curl,

Weeping, her hands in air she toss'd,
 Crying, "Oh, mamma, oh, papa, I's lost!"
 One moment she wept, another she smiled,
 And I thought of my own pet darling child
 At home, and safe in her mother's arms;
 So I tried to quiet this one's alarms;
 At first her sunny head I caress'd,
 Then lifted her up to my beating breast,
 And carried her, sobbing, sweet little fay,
 To the station house, only two blocks away.

Captain Caffry was then in command;
 He took the lost baby-girl by the hand,
 And, sitting her up on the desk by his side,
 Pleasantly talked till no longer she cried,
 But dried up her tears, and soon, smiling and
 gay,
 Was earnestly lisping and prattling away;
 And told of her beautiful mamma, her joys,
 Her big-bearded papa, her home and her toys;
 How she heard a wandering German band play
 And, listening, followed them on their way;
 Stopp'd when they stopp'd, and cross'd when
 they cross'd,
 Grew tired, cried for home, and then found she
 was lost.

The door of the station house open'd just then,
 Admitting a "drunk" between two of our men;
 Not dirty and ragged, and spoiling for a fight,
 But what you might term a "respectable tight."
 Led up to the desk, he just lifted his eyes,
 Started back, nearly fell, with a cry of surprise,
 Of terror, of shame: "My Grace! Can it be?"
 The instant had made him as sober as she.
 "My papa! Dear papa!" They kissed and
 caressed,
 Both weeping, as she nestled close to his breast,
 "Quite a scene!" said the Captain, his face in
 a glow;
 "I think you've been punished enough. You
 may go!"

The father bowed low—the little one smiled—
 And he pass'd through the door in the care of
 his child.
 Do you know that I feel that I made a great
 vow
 Just then, against liquor, and 'tis unbroken
 now?
 —Anon

The Newsboy—"Only an Accident!"

Living month after month, in a large and
 populous city, one seldom stops to think: How
 are other people living?

With a thought of this kind, I wandered
 down one day to one of the large wharves of
 our city, where several steamers and other
 craft were being loaded and unloaded. Every-
 where was activity and bustle, and all was in
 seeming confusion, until one looked carefully
 around, and, in a measure, analyzed the scene
 which here presented itself. Numberless bar-
 rels, rolled one after another by numberless
 pairs of hands, came out of one of the steamers,
 and filled up quickly all the available space
 on the wharf!

Just over there, on the edge of the wharf,
 other men are taking out empty boxes from
 another vessel, and piling them up one above
 the other. They looked as if they were erect-
 ing impromptu defences against the encroach-
 ments of the barrels, they build up so rapidly.

One of the steamers has stopped "blowing
 off," and is ready to start. In a moment the
 cord from the wheel-house to the whistle
 vibrates, and a deafening noise is the result.
 It is the signal to leave. That boat makes
 close connections with two rival railways, and
 is very fast. She is crowded with passengers
 to-day. See there, upon the upper deck a
 gentleman is standing with two ladies; he is
 beckoning to some one on the wharf. It is not
 hard to see who he is calling. In and out
 among the boxes and barrels, jumping over
 everything that obstructs him, through the
 crowd of bystanders with marvellous rapidity
 glides a small ragged figure, carrying news-
 papers. Before the boy gets to the boat, the
 gangways are drawn in, at least the aft gang-
 way is, and the other is just being moved. He
 springs on board, but is stopped by one of the
 "hands." He breaks away from his captor,
 and is off up stairs. As he does so, the gong in
 the engine-room sounds twice, and the huge
 wheel begins slowly to turn, splashing and
 throwing the dark, dirty water of the dock
 into a thousand shining gems, as the great
 vessel glides off with its innumerable figures,

its creaking fenders, and its dripping ropes. That little fellow will be carried away—No! there he is again—surely he can easily jump that distance; but he is again stopped by one of the “hands” who caught him as he was going in, but only for a moment, then he steps back, makes a sudden run and jumps—he misses the wharf, and down beneath that splashing, dripping, resistless wheel, he sinks in the blinding, white, flowing foam that seems to boil and bubble and hiss at the wheel. Several men rush to the side of the wharf, and several run to the side of the boat. All is confusion. . . . The white foam, sparkling in the sun, turns to the dark, muddy water again, as a little head shows above its surface. There he is. Oh, quick or you will be too late! A scow, unsteadily rowed by an old man, is the first of several boats to come, and as quickly as the old man can do it (but he is very slow), the poor boy is lifted out of the water. Several willing hands reach out and take him from the scow and carry him under a shed out of the sun, and lay him on the top of some of the merchandise, for there is no nearer shelter. His tattered garments, dripping with water, are taken off, and he is wrapped in a piece of old canvas while medical aid is sent for.

“The paddle-wheel must have struck his head,” says a sympathizing person. “He shouldn’t have gone on when the boat was starting,” says a cynical one. Well, perhaps he shouldn’t; but this is not the time to upbraid him. How few of us ever stop to consider the motive for the infinity of actions which are going on around us all the time. That little right hand clasped so tightly may help us to understand him, poor boy, if we can only read aright. At length he opens his eyes and asks, “Where am I?” It were a charity to tell him he is near another world; but he knows that. He opens his eyes again, clear blue eyes they are. “Tell me, my poor little fellow,” I say, “what made you go on board just as the boat was starting?” A strange question at such a time. “Cos father’s drunk and mother’s sick, and if I didn’t get it for ’em nobody’d get it,” he replies, slowly and painfully. “Is it going to rain?” he asks. “No, my boy, the sun is shining brightly.” “It is getting so dark.” He closes his eyes wearily for some time, and then slowly opens them again. “Will somebody give this to mother—in my hand?” Yes, in that hand, clasped so tightly, is the last earnings he will ever get. Time is passing; but the doctor has not come yet. “Do you know that you can’t see your mother again to-night?” I

ask, as kindly as I can. Yes, he knows that, poor child. He speaks again. “Tell father not to get drunk, or mother will die. I’m so cold—it must be going to rain—dark.” The reply, full of tender words of pity and hope, fall only on a dull, cold ear. Alone in the shadow, under a projecting eave, lies a motionless figure. The light from the water throws fantastic figures upon the wall, which float and dance, and glide about, mimicking the restless water, but they come not into that deep shadow to disturb him.

The doctor comes now, but can do nothing. Nor can any of the watchers do anything for him now, except unclasp his little hand, and take the hard-earned pence for his mother. How very tightly his hand is clasped about the coppers. “Why did he not let go the money and try to save himself?” Why not? Alas! A child of a drunken father, and, at that age, the bread-winner of a family! How could he let any of the means of their support go? How dare he let it go? A child, and yet feeling the responsibility resting upon him, must even die before he can lose the only means of support for a worse than widowed mother. He died; but he has kept his trust!—*G. S. H., in Canadian Monthly, December, 1880.*

“My Papers Will You Buy, Sir?”

At the corner of the street

Where the wind strikes rough and rude,
I’m afraid she’s had to meet

Fates she scarce hath understood.
For her infant eyes from under
Steals a mute surprise and wonder.

As, if in her gentle mind,

She was busy reasoning why
Mankind should be thus unkind,

And so rudely thrust her by.
Has she then done wrong? Why, let her
Know; she would do so much better.

Then she lifts a timid eye,

Then she raised her baby face,
So timidly, so falt’ringly,

Yet with such a gentle grace.

Is it this way you would have?

“Sir, my papers will you buy?”

But they roughly said her nay;
And they rudely held their way.

For they knew not, little maid,

As they heeded not your prayer,
Nor the bitter tears you shed,

That the woe of Christ was there,

Christ with you, they utterly
Forgot that day they thrust you by.

—*H. St. Q. Cayley, in the 'Varsity Book.*

TORONTO, 1885.

Lost and Found in the Storm.

Walk in, walk right in, you're welcome;
Whew! how the wind whistles about.
Take a chair close to the fire, sir;
It's a bad sort o' night to be out.
You saw our light through the darkness
And thought you would come? That is right.
Somehow my heart's warmer and softer
On ev'ry such blust'rin' night.

Here, take a good drink from the bottle,
'Twill warm you. You won't? Why not?
You look like you're needin' o' somethin',
And this is the best I've got.
Well, wife, just you get out some victuals,
And make a strong cup of tea,
And while she's a-gettin' 'em ready,
You'll take a good smoke with me?

That's right, it seems kind o' friendly
And brotherly like, I think—
By th' way, stranger, 'tisin't often
That a man refuses to drink!
But just as you like. Hear the wind, sir,
A tearin' like all possessed,
As though all the demons o' darkness
Were troubled and couldn't rest.

You seem sort o' pale like and nervous,
Your walk was too much, I think;
Come to look, you're white as a ghost, sir;
Seems to me you'd better drink.
Well, well I won't urge you, but really—
What's that you're sayin'—this night
With its storm makes you think of another
And the mem'ry saddens you quite?

It must ha' been somethin' dreadful
To make you so tremble, I think;
You don't say, you lost wife and baby
And all through the demon o' drink?
I own I thought it was queer like,
For 'most ev'ryone drinks, you know,
And I couldn't see why the tearin'
O' the storm should trouble you so.

Mayhap if you'd tell me the story,
'Twould ease up your mind a bit.
'Twas just such a night as this one—
'Tain't likely I'll ever forgit—
That our blessing came, and somehow
When the wind and storm are abroad,

There's a queer kind o' feelin' in here
A sort o' thanksgivin' to God.

I don't take much stock in goodness,
Can't say I believe much in hell;
Love God? Why bless you, sir, sometimes
My thoughts are too precious to tell.
When the long day's work is over,
And I sit by the fire at night—
What's that you were sayin'? Oh, surely
I couldn't ha' heard you aright.

I wasn't more'n half way listenin'—
I's thinkin' o' Dolly, you see.
Did you say that your wife went somewhere,
And you dropped in after tea?
That she went home kind o' early;
But they urged you to stay a spell,
You told her you'd bring the baby,
And see 'twas bundled up well?

At last the wine you'd be'n drinkin'
Had somehow got into your head;
The wind and the storm were dreadful
When you started for home, you said?
See here, stranger, 'twasn't near Alta,
Just five years ago to-night?
I'm thinkin' o' that place always,
So I couldn't a' heard you aright.

It was? And the baby you held it
And staggered on through the snow,
Your brain growin' drowsy and dizzy;
And that is the last you know
Of that night and the storm, till some one
Found you there crazy and wild,
And carried you home; but surely
Now, didn't they find the child?

No? well, I might 'a' known it
From the first somethin' told me 'twas so.
You say some wild beast had got it,
There were tracks all about in the snow.
Stranger, see here, if a fellow,
A poor sort o' fellow, you see,
Found a purse of gold that its owner
Thought he had lost in the sea,

And then he should meet with that owner,
Do you think it would be a sin
Just to keep it, when he who lost it
Thought never to see it again?
You do? Well, go on with your story,
Your wife? Might 'a' known she went wild
And told you not to come nigh her
Again till you brought back her child.

Five years sad-hearted and lonely,
Five years you've be'n wand'r'in' about,

Ah, well! to me they've be'n happy;
 Yes, wife, go bring dear Dolly out.
 I see my way clear to duty,
 When she's right here on my knee,
 Her white arms clingin' about me,
 I'm a little faint-hearted you see.

Come here, little Dolly, my baby,
 Give daddy one more kiss, and then
 I'm a better man than without her
 I could ever hope to 'a' be'n.
 Now here is my story, don't cry, wife,
 It's tough, but it's right, you know,
 That night, sir, ridin' from Alta,
 I was cursin' the wind and snow,

When my horse stumbled right over something,
 And when I got off to see,
 'Twas a dead man, leastways I thought so,
 And a child that smiled at me.
 I unbuttoned my coat and laid it
 In here away from the storm,
 And somehow, from that very minit,
 My heart's be'n soft-like an' warm.

We were comin' west, so we kept it:
 'Twan't ours, and we might 'a' known
 We'd some day get punished for keepin'
 The gold that wasn't our own;
 And while you were tellin' your story
 The Devil kept whisperin' to me
 "Don't tell him; he never will know it:
 He thinks the child dead, you see."

But I just had to—that baby
 With her cute ways has changed me quite:
 Once I didn't care a copper, sir,
 If a thing were wrong or right,
 But now—well, here is your baby;
 Her loss cured you of your sin.
 Lost in the storm, the storm drove you
 Right here to find her again.

—*Rose H. Thorpe, Authoress of "Curfew
 Must Not Ring To-night."*

"Robbie, Taste Not, Touch Nöt Drink."

I spied a boy one evening cold
 Creeping 'neath wrecked frame, bare and old,
 Pawing like bear 'mong ice and snow
 While through his rags chill winds did blow.
 I paused, I wondered what his meaning.
 He shivering rose, and said: "Good evening,
 Oh, kind, good sir, please papers buy."
 I questioned, thus he made reply:
 "With drink pa oft came out his head,
 Then ma and me down in there fled.
 One night ma sick bade me good-bye,
 Next morn was dead, with babe did lie.

Then pa hard tried past s'loon to get
 When, oh so kind, called me his pet.
 One night, when bad, he choked for breath,
 Called, 'God forgive me mother's death.'
 He gasped, then stared and ceased to wink,
 Said, 'Robbie, taste not, touch not drink.'
 I held his hands till cold as ice,
 Mother long dead, thought she called twice,
 Ran to that gate, a man stood there;
 Was kind; held me, and then said prayer.
 I papers sell and hand round bills,
 But with scant clothes, my heart it chills,
 These rags I s'pose keep me from place,
 That I'm not good most people guess."
 Poor soul he got my little all,
 We parted; told him next day call.
 I watched him creep beneath the beams,
 And spent that night with him in dreams.

—*Anvil, in Toronto Telegram.*

Paul's Temptation, and its Consequences.

The dreadful reality which the pictures in this chapter show is, alas! far too common. It would harrow the feelings of the reader to give details of an actual case. The Editor, therefore, contents himself with giving an extract from a French prize poem, which sufficiently illustrates the sad tale of the pictures. M. de Fontaubert, the writer of this poem, entitled "*L'Ivresse*," received a bronze medal from the French Temperance Society, Paris. The poem was published in *La Temperance*, and extracts, as translated, are given:—

.

One morning Paul was going to his work,
 Right glad; when, at the corner of the street,
 He finds a comrade. "Ah!" the latter says,
 "At length I see you! No, I cannot be
 Mistaken! 'Tis my playmate! Happy fate,
 To meet an old friend of my childhood's years!
 Let's first a turn along the boulevard take,
 And then we shall have breakfast and good
 cheer."

To his old friend, Paul yields not for a while.
 "No, I have pressing work to do," he said.
 "Tut, nonsense! You can stay a short time
 out;
 'Tis Monday; don't so sober-minded be.
 What, with an old chum, won't you have a
 drink?
 We shan't be long; an hour is all I ask,
 I do assure you, much of you I think
 If you refused me! As I live, you'll come!"

The workman, giving way, says, "Well, let's go;
You ask an hour? Agreed. But mind, no more!

For old acquaintance and good fellowship,
We'll have a drop, and then return to work."
Then hands they shake and to the tavern go,
They chat, and eat, and laugh, and drink of wine,

One bottle, then a second, then a third,
Their thirst increasing as they drink, I ween!

Alas! th' unhappy man, the first wrong step
Has taken, and soon this step leads on to gross excess.

He drinks to drown remorse; he hates to work;
And, even if he tried, his strength was gone.
Wine does not satisfy—he needs a drink
Which brings forgetfulness, and burns his throat.

He now the strongest brandy madly quaffs,
And curses home with daily drunkenness!

.

Livid, emaciated, rose his wife—
Her body showing many deathly signs—
And earnest gazed upon his wine-blotched face.

"Look at your children! They are starving!
Both they and I are supperless to-night
And last. Behold them! Wherefore come you here?"

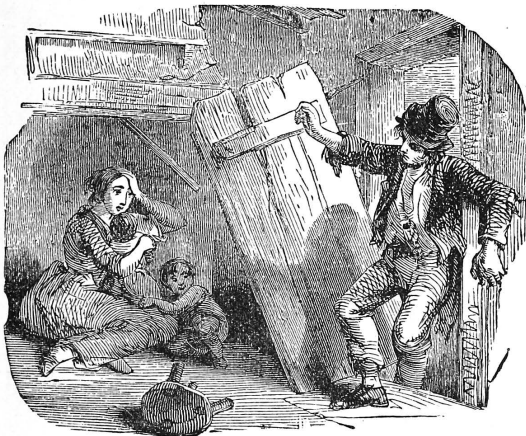
He, seized with anger, and, with upraised fist,
Strikes his wife down with oft-repeated blows.

.

Next day were found the two poor little ones
Kneeling in tears, beside their mother's corpse;
And in a corner lay, with features worn,
And fixed and haggard eye, their father low.
His lips were muttering, with departing strength,

These words, repeated still unceasingly—
"My wife! My children! Cup of death! of death!"—

He was insane!—All this does drunkenness!



One night Paul to his wretched home returned,
Burst in the door where wife and children cower.

.

Their faces spoke despair and misery,
And bore the impress of misfortune sore.

"Come, come!" the drunkard, as he entered,
cried:

Get up, and give me something here to eat!
I'm thirsty! Get me brandy! Will you stir?
Rise, quickly! Come, now! People must believe

They're not to put themselves about when I
come here!"

And the light of my eye that once brilliantly
shone,
And the bloom of my cheek, both are vanished
and gone;

I am young, but the furrōws of sorrow and care
Are stamped on a brow once with innocence fair.

Ere manhood its seal on my forehead had set,
(And I think of the past with undying regret)
I was honored and loved by the good and the true,

For sorrow, nor shame, nor dishonor I knew,
But the tempter approached me—I yielded and fell,

And drank of the dark, damning poison of hell.

"My Last Glass, Boys!"

No, thank you, not any to-night,
boys, for me,
I have drank my last glass, I have
had my last spree;
You may laugh in my face, you
may sneer, if you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll
keep it until—
I am laid in the church-yard and
sleep 'neath the grass,
And your sneers cannot move me—
—I've drank my last glass.

Just look at my face, I am thirty
to-day,
It is wrinkled and hollow, my
hair has turned grey,

Since then I have trod in the pathway of sin ;
 And bartered my soul to the demon of gin ;
 Have squandered my manhood in riotous glee,
 While my parents, heart-broken, abandoned by
 me,
 Have gone down to the grave, filled with sor-
 row and shame,
 With a sigh for the wretch that dishonored
 their name.

God's curse on the glass! never-
 more shall my lip
 Of the fatal and soul-burning bev-
 erage sip ;
 Too long has the fiend in my bosom
 held sway ;
 Henceforth and forever I spurn
 him away ;
 And never again shall the death-
 dealing draught
 By me, from this hour, with God's
 blessing, be quaffed.

So good-night, boys; I thank you,
 no liquor for me ;
 I have drank my last glass, I have
 had my last spree ;
 You may laugh in my face, you
 may sneer, if you will ;
 But I've taken the pledge, and I'll
 keep it until
 I am laid in the church-yard and
 sleep 'neath the grass ;
 And your sneers cannot move me
 —I've drank my last glass.
 —Wm. Collins, in *Irish World*.

Terrible Surprise of a Mother.

The *Evangelical Churchman*,
 Toronto, of May 31st, 1888, gave
 an account of the origin of the
 Church of England Temperance
 Society. The Editor of this publi-
 cation gives the substance of the sad story
 which led to its formation :—

This woeful story appeals to us, as it did
 to Canon Ellison, the founder of the Society.
 He was then staying at Windsor, and saw a
 child being carried on a shutter to the hospital.
 On making inquiries, he ascertained that the
 poor little thing had been waiting outside of a
 gin shop for her father. This so enraged him,
 when he came out drunk, that he beat her
 so severely that she was rescued and taken to
 the hospital. A little girl, older than herself,
 had seen her waiting at a lamp post, and tried

to get her to go home, lest she should arouse her
 father's anger when he would come out. Canon
 Ellison proceeded to the hospital, and, on arriv-
 ing there, found that the child was dead. Sud-
 denly a terrible shriek was heard. It came
 from a charwoman, who helped in the hospital
 and who had been sent for to lay the little
 thing out. She was its mother ! She had that



WAITING FOR HER FATHER.

very morning left her little one playing about
 as bright and happy as possible, and now was
 summoned to prepare its corpse for burial !

It was this tragic incident that brought home
 to Canon Ellison the awful curse of the drink
 traffic, and led, through his influence and ex-
 ertions, to the formation of that great Society
 of the Church of England which is now doing
 such incalculable good in the mother country
 and elsewhere. The result of this act of Canon
 Ellison has been that parochial societies have
 been established all over England, and in the
 various dioceses of British North America.

VIII. SOLUTION OF SOME OF THE SAD SOCIAL PROBLEMS RAISED IN THE FOREGOING EXTRACTS.

"A nameless man amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last."

—Charles Mackay.

Some of the questions raised in the foregoing extracts have been, more or less, successfully solved in Toronto, by the establishment and generous support of its numerous charities, and its preventive and restorative institutions. There are other questions, however, which are intensified in their character by the neglect or omission to deal with them in time, and, consequently, are rendered all the more difficult to deal with now, and they yet remain unsolved.

Some of them, at least, the Toronto Humane Society are endeavoring to deal with in a practical and business-like way—not permitting mere sentiment, but ascertained and reliable facts, to influence them in their action.

Conference with the Mayor of Toronto.

In order the more effectually to accomplish their object, and to systematize the work before them, the officers of the Humane Society, and other friends of the cause, held a conference with Mayor Howland, early in the year 1888, before he had retired from office.

The discussion at that conference naturally took a wide range, as to the field of operations of the Society. The Mayor entered heartily into the matter. As the result of his two years' practical knowledge of the darker side of waif life in the city, he made many very valuable suggestions.

The following, among other things, were discussed, and were set down as matters which were very desirable to have accomplished:—

1. A temporary refuge for destitute and neglected children, until they are disposed of, or provided for.
2. The protection of children of drunken, cruel and dissolute parents or guardians.
3. The prevention of young girls from engaging selling newspapers, or smallwares, on the streets, or in offices.

4. The establishment of a girls' industrial school on the basis of that for boys at Mimico.

5. The desirability of having some officer specially entrusted with the duty of looking after the waifs and strays of the city.

6. The punishment of child-beaters, and of heartless parents and guardians.

7. Enactments of, or amendments to, laws relating to the foregoing matters; and also to the licensing, and police oversight, of boot-blacks, and of vendors of newspapers and small wares on the streets.

In order to interest the public in the promotion of these desirable objects, a meeting was held in the Association Hall, on Yonge Street, in January, 1888. At that meeting addresses were delivered by various representative men on the following subjects:

1. Object and Claims of the Society, by Dr. Hodgins, Chairman of the meeting.
2. Our Dumb Nobility, by Rev. Dr. Wild.
3. Waifs of a Great City, by Mr. W. H. Howland, ex-Mayor.
4. Bands of Mercy, by Rev. Dr. A. Sutherland.
5. Cruel Sports, by Rev. Dr. Castle.
6. "The Children's Home," and "The Children of the City," were two songs by Mr. Fred Warrington.

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Howland strongly advocated the proposed scheme of dealing practically with the waifs and strays of the city. He said:

"When I was in Chicago the other day, a little fellow recognized me on the street, and said to me: 'I am from Toronto.' He soon brought to me two other little fellows, also from Toronto. . . . The mother of one of these boys told me that selling newspapers on the streets had brought about the ruin of her son. He had learned to chew tobacco and come home late at night, and to make his home most disagreeable. I know of nothing in the world that would spoil boys like selling newspapers. I have never seen a newspaper boy who was not corrupt. Better to have grown-

up fellows who loaf about town than to be selling newspapers. . . . The girls who sell newspapers are always destroyed; there may be here and there an exception, but I have never known of one. They could not afford to have that stain made indelible in their community.



The boy waifs of the city go around house-breaking, and grow up criminals. My brother Police Commissioners and myself have broken up twenty gangs of thieving youths in the city during the term of my mayoralty. I believe that, if properly looked after, the majority of these boys could be saved. It was an awful thing, under such circumstances, to neglect these waifs and strays of the city."

"Where is Your Boy To-night?"

Man of the world with open purse,
Seeking your own delight,
Pause ere reason is wholly gone—
Where is your boy to-night?

Dainty ladies in costly robes,
Your parlors gleam with light,
Fate and beauty your senses steep—
Where is your boy to-night?

Needs are many and duties stern
Crowd on the weary sight;
Father, buried in business cares,
Where is your boy to-night?

Patient worker with willing hand,
Keep the home hearth bright;
Tired mother, with tender eyes,
Where is your boy to-night?

Turn his feet from evil paths
Ere they have entered in;
Keep him unspotted while ye may;
Earth is so stained with sin;
Ere he has learned to follow wrong
Teach him to love the right;
Watch ere watching is wholly vain—
Where is your boy to-night?

—Anon.

Toronto Fresh Air Fund.

Although not part of the work undertaken by the Toronto Humane Society, yet the establishment of a Fresh Air Fund is quite in harmony with its objects.

The purpose of this Fund is to provide means for giving the waifs and strays of our city, the sick children, and mothers with babes, an outing by water to some of the many places of pleasure resort near the city.

This most desirable and pleasant work was undertaken by Mr. Kelso, Secretary of the Humane Society. In this he was cordially aided by many of our well-known philanthropic citizens—ladies and gentlemen. The first outing took place on the 11th June, 1888. The Toronto city papers gave a graphic account of it. The following extracts are from the *News'* article:—

"Every human soul has a germ of some flowers within; and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling or a tenth part of the wretchedness there is.

"The haunts of happiness are varied, and rather unaccountable, but I have more often seen her among little children and home firesides, and in country houses, than anywhere else—at least I think so.

"—*Sydney Smith.*"

"Yesterday morning Captain Ben Tripp stood on the hurricane deck of the *Rupert* and gazed good-naturedly down on as novel a sight as he has met with in his steamboating experience. Hundreds of children of all sizes and all ages from fifteen to six swarmed on the lower deck and climbed over everything as only children can. They were mostly strong-looking children, but many of them were pale and weak-looking, and their cheeks lacked the healthful tan which contact with sunshine imparts. There were little old faces on young shoulders, and there were tiny prattlers who looked with amazement around the steamer, for many of them had never been aboard one before and everything was novel and interesting. Their raiment was of many colors and designs, from the antique to the effort of the modern fashionable. They were all cleanly and had evidently prepared for a show day, for whatever bit of finery they possessed they displayed it where it would be the most attractive. These were the children the Fresh Air

Committee had gathered together to participate in the first of the series of excursions for poor children which have been arranged. . . . About fifteen minutes before the steamer started, the procession of children, headed by the fife and drum band from the Boys' Home, appeared on the wharf, and soon swarmed over the steamer. Mr. T. J. Wilkie, the owner of the steamer, and who is one of the company controlling the park, gave the use of the boat and the grounds for the day, and beamed with good nature at the numbers that came to share his hospitality. Mr. W. H. Howland and Mr. Gooderham, besides several clergymen, went down to the wharf to see the excursionists off. Before the boat reached Long Branch the sun was shining brightly, and with warmth. It was a very orderly crowd, the boys being especially staid in their behaviour, and if there were any riotous spirits aboard they subdued themselves most effectually. Leaving the steamer at Long Branch Park every boy and girl was supplied with a paper bag of dainties, and soon the tall trees looked down on groups of happy picnickers nestling in their shades. Afterwards a number of games occupied the attention of the little ones, the prizes being balls, bats, skipping ropes, dolls, and other articles which please the young. If ever excursionists enjoyed themselves these boys and girls did, and throughout their conduct was most exemplary, and it was not found necessary to put any restraint upon them. Also, in the afternoon the charitable ladies, among whom were Miss Howe, Miss Alexander, Mrs. J. C. Clapp, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Brett, and several others from the missions, laid out a substantial lunch for the party, and about five o'clock, weary with romping in the woods, yet regretting that the day had flown so quickly, they were gathered into the boat again, and landed in the city without mishap of any kind."

The *Telegram* adds to its report:—

"It is the intention to give one such excursion weekly for ten weeks. One will be tendered mothers with babes, and another will be given the sick children.

"Too much cannot be said in praise of the Fresh Air Fund movement. It appeals to the tender sympathy of all who love God's poor. And the grand success of this first excursion must be sufficient reward for the self-sacrifice of those ladies and gentlemen who will appreciate the beautiful words coming from the heart of the Lover of little children: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'"

Licensing of Newspaper Vendors.

Mr. Kelso, Secretary of the Society, has furnished the Editor with the following specific information on this subject:—

"Through the efforts of the Toronto Humane Society, the following amendment was made last session to the Ontario Municipal Act (section 436):

"The Board of Commissioners of Police shall also regulate and control children as vendors

of newspapers and smallwares, and as boot-blacks."

"The object of this legislation is on the one hand based to protect and encourage boys in an honest and industrious course, and on the other to prevent dishonest boys from making newspaper selling a cloak for idleness and thieving. By a regulation of the Toronto Board of Police Commissioners, which will be introduced shortly (and which we expect will be adopted), young girls will be entirely excluded from engaging in newspaper selling. We have here indisputable evidence that this occupation is for them, in almost every case, the beginning of a life of degradation and sin. Boys of tender years, say under eight or ten, will also be refused license; and all of those licensed will be required to wear prominently a license badge supplied by the authorities. We hope in time to wean children away from this occupation, if not altogether, at least to such an extent as will materially lessen the evil results springing from a large number of children being thrown upon the streets at an age when they should be receiving instruction in the schools."

Legislation Obtained by the Toronto Humane Society.

As the result of the meeting held in Association Hall, and the conference with the then Mayor (see page 135), it was resolved to crystallize the many suggestions made, and to seek legislation on the subject.

Accordingly a deputation, composed of the officers of the Society, was appointed to wait on the Attorney-General in regard to the proposed legislation. It is gratifying to know that the deputation were successful in interesting Mr. Mowat in their plans. He gave his hearty support to the principle of a proposed draft of a Bill on the subject, prepared by Mr. Beverly Jones. This Bill, under Mr. Mowat's supervision, was passed into a law at the then session of the Ontario Legislature. The substance of it will be found on page 84 of this publication.

It will be a pleasure to the Society to aid the civic authorities (who are cordial in their appreciation of the work) in their efforts to carry out the provisions of the legislative amendments to the Municipal Act. These provisions authorize the City Council to prescribe the conditions upon which children shall sell newspapers and smallwares on the street, and other things.

One of the good works of the Society was the liberation by Mr. Whitesides, a police officer of the Society, early in January, 1888, of about three hundred snow-birds, which had been secured by the West End Gun Club for a shooting match at the Humber, near Toronto. The Club was very indignant at Officer Whitesides, and threatened law proceedings, but did not venture to institute them.

"God Help the Poor."

God help the poor! An infant's feeble wail
Comes from yon narrow gateway, and be-
hold!

A female crouching there, so deathly pale,
Huddling her child to screen it from the cold;
Her vesture scant, her bonnet crushed and torn,

A thin shawl doth her baby dear enfold:
And so she 'bides the ruthless gale of morn,

Which almost to her heart hath sent its cold.
And now she, sudden, darts a ravening look,
And one, with new hot bread, goes past the
nook;

And, as the tempting load is onward borne,
She weeps. God help thee, helpless one, for-
lorn!

God help the poor!

God help the poor! Behold yon famished lad,
No shoes nor hose his wounded feet protect;
With limping gait, and looks so dreamy sad,
He wanders onward, stopping to inspect
Each window stored with articles of food.

He yearns but to enjoy one cheering meal;
Oh! to the hungry palate, viands rude
Would yield a zest the famished only feel!
He now devours a crust of mouldy bread:
With teeth and hands the precious boon is
torn,
Unmindful of the storm that round his head
Impetuous sweeps. God help thee, child
forlorn!

God help the poor!

God help the poor! Another have I found—
A bowed and venerable man is he;
His slouched hat with faded crape is bound,
His coat is gray, and threadbare, too, I see.
"The rude winds" seem to "mock his hoary
hair;"

His shirtless bosom to the blast is bare.
Anon he turns and casts a wistful eye,
And with scant napkin wipes the blinding
spray

And looks around, as if he fain would spy
Friends he had feasted in his better day,
Ah! some are dead, and some have long fore-
borne

To know the poor and he is left forlorn!

God help the poor!

God help the poor, who in lone valleys dwell
Or by far hills, where whin and heather
grow,

Theirs a story sad indeed to tell,
Yet little cares the world, and less 'twould
know
About the toil and want men undergo;

The wearying loom doth call them up at morn,
They work till worn-out nature sinks to
sleep.

They taste, but are not fed. The snow drifts
deep

Around the fireless cot, and blocks the door,
The night-storm howls a dirge across the
moor.

And shall they perish thus—oppressed and lorn?
Shall toil and famine, hopeless, still be borne?

No! God will yet raise and help the poor.

—Anon.

Appeal for Generous Help from the Citizens.

Should the Society be generously aided, and
sympathetically supported in its praiseworthy
objects by the citizens of Toronto, it cannot
fail, under God's blessing, in giving effect to
the purposes for which it was incorporated and
in accomplishing a good and great work.

In view of the pressing needs of the Humane
Society, it earnestly appeals to the citizens for
aid to establish the following and other most
desirable institutions of a kindred character:—

**Temporary Refuge for Destitute and
Neglected Children.**

"Give like a Christian—speak in deeds;
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a royal crown,
Who gives a lift when men are down."

Mr Kelso has also, at the request of the
Editor, prepared the following:—

"A temporary refuge for destitute and neg-
lected children is one of the objects which
the Toronto Humane Society desire to promote.
Such a building, situated in a central locality,
would serve as a temporary home for the waifs
picked up by the police, and for those children
whom it might be necessary to remove from
the influence of a cruel, drunken, dissolute
parent or guardian. There is at present no
institution in the city where a destitute child
would be sure, at any time, of a reception and
kind treatment. It is, therefore, an urgent
necessity that early attention should be thus
given to the children of the byways, who, in
years, may prove a blessing or a curse to the
community, according to the early treatment
which they may receive.

Here, as explained, is an admirable opportunity
for a wealthy friend of the cause to give or donate
to the Humane Society a building for such a
noble purpose! or means to put one up. Who
will help the Society in the matter?

**Economy, in the Public Interest, of such
Refuges.**

Harper's Bazar has the following highly
encouraging words for the Humane Societies
which prevent cruelty to children:—

"A good work, receiving less help than it should, is that done by the various societies for the prevention of cruelty to children. This work is not a charity in its strictest sense; for charity often pauperises, and the effort here is to prevent pauperism, the intention being so to guard and protect children while of tender years and frame, that instead of growing up to swell the viler classes, as they might if left to themselves or chance, they shall be given the opportunity of becoming good people, and, therefore, good citizens. Every dollar spent upon them, then, is so much money saved to the governing powers, who would otherwise have to spend that sum in the cost of providing police and penalty. Moreover, just so much wealth is added to the community as this person made worthy may create by thrift and industry. In addition to these considerations should be reckoned the satisfaction felt in the prevention of positive suffering to the weak and delicate little beings, too young and ignorant, and sometimes too loving, to protect themselves."

Mr. Frank B. Fay, Secretary of the Massachusetts Humane Society, writing on this subject, says:—

"The work for animals still receives the most generous support. Perhaps it is because the abuse of an animal occurs in the street, and in the presence of witnesses, while the child is punished where there are no spectators, and suffers in secret. But it may be said, 'The child can speak for himself.'"

"Of what force or effect are the words of a child under seven years of age, appearing for protection from the anger and cruelty of a drunken father, or the neglect of a drunken mother? The testimony of such a child will not be received in court. How many children twelve years of age, silently bear the cruel usage, lest, if reported, the abuse would be increased? A beating will produce physical wounds and pain, but does not necessarily result in permanent injury, while the neglect, the moral injury, and mental pain is enduring and transmissible."

The Names and Objects of Preventive and Remedial Institutions in Toronto.

1. The Orphans' Home and Females' Aid Society, Dovercourt Road. Objects: Reception and care, "until the age of twelve years, of (1) friendless orphans (of all denominations of the Protestant religion); or (2) those without a father; or (3) those without a mother."

2. The Girls' Home, Gerrard Street. Object: "The rescue from vice of young girls, and their maintenance and support from two to fourteen years of age."

3. The Boys' Home, George Street. Object: "The training and maintenance of destitute boys from the ages of five to fourteen years, not convicted of crime."

4. The Newsboys' Lodging and Industrial Home, Frederick Street. Object: "To reclaim from a life of poverty and crime newsboys and vagrant lads of the city."

5. Infants' Home and Infirmary, St. Mary's Street. Object: "To receive and care for destitute infants under two years of age."

6. Hospital for Sick Children—A Work of Faith—Elizabeth Street. Object: "The relief of children as 'out-patients,' from birth to the age of fourteen years; and for the reception of children as 'in-patients' from the age of two years up to fourteen years."

7. The Lakeside Home, on the Island, is the convalescent branch of the Hospital for Sick Children. Object: "The reception of delicate or ailing children not suffering from infectious diseases."

8. Roman Catholic Orphans' Asylum (House of Providence Branch) Power Street. Object: "Relief and care of friendless orphans and half orphans of both sexes, without distinction of creed."

9. Sacred Heart Orphanage, Queen Street West. Object: Same as above.

10. St. Nicholas' Home, Lombard Street. Object: Same as that of the Boys' Home, George Street (No. 3).

"The Loving Heart Grows Rich in Giving."

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?

Rise and share it with another,

And through all the years of famine

It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love Divine will fill thy storehouse,

Or thy handful still renew;

Scanty fare for one will often

Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;

All its wealth is living grain;

Seeds, which mildew in the garner,

Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?

Do thy steps drag wearily?

Help to bear thy brother's burden;

God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,

Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?

Chafe that frozen form beside thee,

And together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle,

Many wounded round thee moan;

Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,

And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty?

None but God its void can fill;

Nothing but a ceaseless fountain

Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power?

Self-engrossed, its strength sinks low;

It can only live in loving,

And by serving love will grow.

—Anon.



A LADY'S HUMANE LESSON TO PUSSY.

"Dear friends! fair women, sweet with all your nameless charms and wiles,
Bright, laughing maidens, flitting by in innocence and smiles,
Gay children, grave and bearded men, we pray you all give ear;
Dear friends, kind friends, we turn to you for sympathy and cheer.
Uphold us in our noble work, nor let us speak in vain
For those too helpless to protest, too patient to complain."

PART III.

LESSONS IN KINDNESS TO ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

I. RESULTS OF HUMANE TEACHING AND INFLUENCE.

"There is a tender cord in every soul which, when swept by the breath of sympathy, wakes angels' melodies."—*Anon.*

Humane Sentiments of People of Note.

Although it is too true, as Pope has so truthfully, and yet with a grim sadness, told us that—

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,"

still, the exceptions are becoming so numerous that we must look for the cause in the wider diffusion of humane sentiments and opinions—the result of the teachings of the Master Himself—that are happily so largely characteristic of these days.

The effect of this teaching has naturally had its effect on our relations, not only to each other, in the establishment of so many homes, refuges and asylums, but it has also had its beneficent effect on our relations to the dumb creation,—or our "dumb friends," as they have with much propriety been called.

It is gratifying, therefore, to know that so many persons, from the highest to the lowest rank in life, have given evidence of their practical sympathy with the highest aims of the Humane Societies' organizations which have now been so happily established in nearly all civilized communities.

The following individual cases are in point, and are interesting in their details:—

I. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

On pages 42, 50 and 62 will be found a reference to the opinions and sentiments of our Queen on the subject of cruelty to animals, birds, etc. In her capacity as Patroness of the Royal Humane Society of England on its last anniversary she uttered these noble words:

"No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy."

The Queen is also "Patroness of the Royal Society for the Protection of Animals in Flor-

ence," and, as such, was the recipient of a highly gratifying and complimentary address from the Society during her recent visit this year (1888) to that fair "City of Flowers."

II. PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The following comes from J. G. Rowland, of Quincy, Ill., and is a true, though heretofore unpublished, incident in Lincoln's life:—

In the early pioneer days, when Abraham Lincoln was a practising attorney and "rode the circuit," as was the custom at that time, he made one of a party of horsemen, lawyers like himself, who were on their way one spring morning from one court town to another. Their course was across the prairies and through the timber; and as they passed by a little grove, where the birds were singing merrily, they noticed a little fledgeling, which had fallen from the nest and was fluttering by the roadside. After they had ridden a short distance, Mr. Lincoln stopped and, wheeling his horse, said, "Wait for me a moment, I will soon rejoin you"; and as the party halted and watched him they saw Mr. Lincoln return to the place where the little bird lay helpless on the ground, saw him tenderly take it up and set it carefully on a limb near the nest. When he joined his companions one of them laughingly said, "Why, Lincoln, what did you bother yourself and delay us for, with such a trifle as that?" The reply deserves to be remembered. "My friend," said Lincoln, "I can only say this, that I feel better for it." Is there not a world of suggestion in that rejoinder?—*Humane Journal.*

III. PRESIDENT HAYES.

Mr. Angell, in an address at New Orleans, said:—

"I can give instances in which a single talk on kindness to animals has produced wonderful results.

"President Hayes told me at Washington some years ago, that a single talk he once heard on the subject, when at school in Massachusetts, he had never forgotten, and so he put in his annual message what I wrote for him in regard to the cruel transportation of animals on our railroads.

"A few days since I had the pleasure of addressing one of the large educational institutions of this city, and at the close of my address a gentleman rose in the audience and said that some ten years ago he was a student at Dartmouth College, when I had the pleasure of putting information about Humane Societies before some four hundred of them in the college chapel; and though he had never hardly thought of the subject before, he carried from his whole college course, when he graduated, no stronger or more durable impression than that of our duty to God's lower creatures. He is now a superintendent of the public schools of one of our most important cities.

"Out of nearly seven thousand children carefully taught kindness to animals through a series of years, in an English school, not one has ever been charged with a criminal offence in any court."

IV. HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

The wife of a United States Senator tells the following incident:—She said to the distinguished Alexander H. Stephens, formerly Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, "Come and see my canary bird that has just died." "No," said Mr. Stephens; "I cannot look at a dead bird with any composure; it almost makes me shed tears."

V. MR. J. C. DORE.

Mr. E. L. Brown, at the St. Louis meeting of the American Humane Association, said:—

"Let me tell you a little story, which, perhaps, you will think is about myself until you hear how it ends. A great many years ago there was a little boy going to school, and the children used to get Rewards of Merit. It seems the one this boy received had the following verse on it:—

"If ever I see on bush or tree
Young birds in a pretty nest,
I must not, in my play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.
For my mother I know,
Would sorrow so
Should I be stolen away;
So, I'll speak to the birds,
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play."

"At that time there was only one Humane Society in the world, and that was the Royal Society, of London. All through his life that boy never forgot those words; and that man's name was John C. Dore, of Chicago, to whom the Chicago Humane Society owes its origin."

At a subsequent meeting of the Illinois Humane Society Mr. Dore related the incident himself. He urged the importance of primary school books containing lessons upon humane subjects, with pictures representing humane acts; the influence of such pictures and lessons upon himself when a small boy of seven or eight years of age, saying that he received at school, as a reward of merit, a small slip of paper on which was a picture representing a bird's nest full of little birds, and the mother bird on the edge of the nest feeding her little ones. Under this picture were the lines quoted above.

Mr. Dore added that it was quite evident he remembered the picture and the lines under it, and, to enforce his illustration, said perhaps it was to this incident that the humane laws of the State of Illinois, and the formation of this Society, owe their origin.

NOTE.—It will be remembered that Mr. Dore, at the time of the organization of the Illinois Society, was a member of the State Senate, and that he drew the Bills for the Humane Laws of that State, and for the incorporation of the Society, and procured their passage.

VI. ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Amongst the many beautiful stories told of St. Francis of Assisi, none are more beautiful and striking than those concerning his love for, and tenderness towards, animals. How he loved the birds, and called them his sisters; how they used to come to him whilst he spoke to them and blessed them; how he saved a pigeon from the hands of a boy who was going to kill it—how he spoke of it as the emblem of innocence and purity, and made a nest for it and watched over it and its young ones; how he had pity on a poor wolf, and tamed it and caused it to follow him; and also how he thought of the fishes, and blessed them.

VII. REV. DR. CHANNING.

Rev. Dr. Channing, in his Memoirs, says:—

"I can remember an incident in my childhood, which has given a turn to my whole life and character. I found a nest of birds in my father's field, which held four young ones. They had no down when I first discovered them. They opened their little mouths as if they were hungry, and I gave them some crumbs which were in my pocket. Every day I returned to feed them. As soon as school was done I would run home for some bread, and sit by the nest to see them eat, for an hour at a time. They were now feathered and almost ready to fly. When I came one morning I found them all cut up into quarters. The grass round the nest was red with blood. The

little limbs were raw and bloody. The mother was on the tree and the father on the wall, mourning for their young.

"Thanks to my stars, I can say I have never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to life that I have, they received it from the same Father, and I will not mar the works of God by wanton cruelty."

VIII. GEORGE STEPHENSON, THE ENGINEER.

George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. Two or three days afterwards, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all its might, again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He at once went to the room and opened the window. The bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest—that little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little ones—mother and young all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it; but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At that time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth; yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.—*Manchester Times*.

IX. VARIOUS NOTED MEN.

It would take a long time to tell of the happiness that is added to human lives by love for the lower creatures. No man can measure the happiness which came into the lives of such men as Sir Walter Scott and Sir Edwin Landseer through their love of dogs; or into the lives of Cardinal Wolsey and Cardinal Richelieu through their love of cats; or into the life of Daniel Webster from his love of cattle. Just before he died at Marshfield, when he found he was about to die, he requested that all his cattle should be driven to his window that he might see them for the last time; and as they came, one by one, to his window, he called each by

name. Ernest Von Vogelweide, the great lyric poet of the Middle Ages, so loved the birds that he left a large bequest to the monks of Wurtzburg on condition that they should feed the birds every day on the tombstone over his grave.—*The Humane World*.

X. BANDS OF MERCY BOYS.

Mrs. (Bishop) Eastburn writes us from Oakland, Me., of the good work of the Bands of Mercy in that State, and gives the following as one of the illustrations:—

"The other day I heard of a boy who caught a squirrel (young one) and brought it home, thinking to tame it. But his mother suggested that, as the house had already three cats, it would be better to liberate the squirrel rather than see it killed by the cats.

"So the boy (about 13 years old) walked two miles to the place where he caught the squirrel and then let it go, 'so that it would be near its nest, and not feel lost.' This is the result of Band of Mercy work and reading 'Our Dumb Animals.'"

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity; removing stones and thorns from the road is charity; putting a wanderer in the right way is charity; smiling in your brother's face is charity. This is illustrated by the following incident:—

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market street, near Twenty-second, a boy, not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner, and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said,

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one:—

"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled, as he said—

"Oh, yes; that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.—*J. M. H., in "School and Home," St. Louis.*

Value of Kind Words and Kind Deeds.

Every solitary kind action that is done, the whole world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners

than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these three never converted any one unless they were kind also. The continued sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undu-

The memory of a kindly word for long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand, the tone of cheer,



KINDLY WORDS TO A LITTLE CROSSING SWEEPER.

lations of its influence over the centuries.—
Rev. F. W. Faber.

“Always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labor. We reap what we sow, but Nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.”—*George Eliot.*

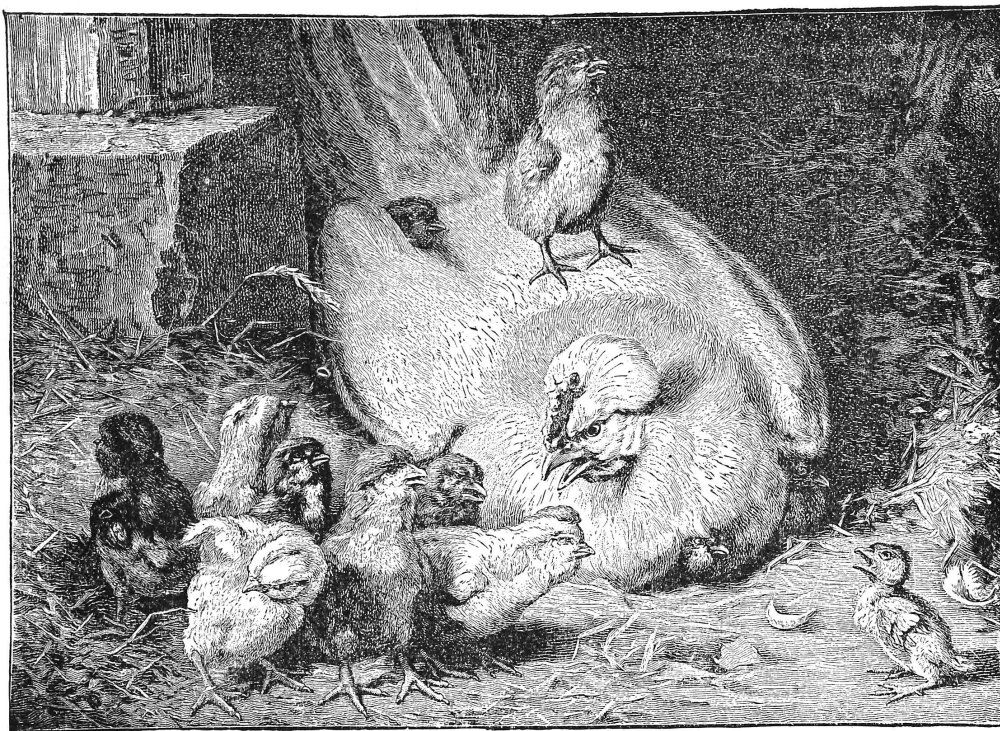
The hush that means “I cannot speak, but I have heard,”

The note that only bears a verse from God’s own word:—

Such tiny things we hardly count as ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown scant sympathy; [can tell

But, when the heart is overwrought, oh, who
The power of such tiny things to make it well!

—*Miss Havergal.*



Like "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings;"—*Matt.* xxiii. 37.

II. BIRD-LIFE—INCIDENTS AND STORIES.

Child Saved by a Bird.

Patty lived in the country, in a white house with green blinds. There was a nice yard, with smooth-cut grass and green trees, where the birds would sit singing and swinging on the boughs. Patty had a swing, too—one that papa put up—of good stout rope, that would go up ever so high into the branches. Patty was six years old.

One morning, in the harvest-time, Patty was alone at the door. Outside, all was bright and sunny. Through the air came the softened hum of the distant reapers. Patty thought she would like to go out and see papa, and so in another moment the little feet were trotting across the fields. When she came into the wheat-field, she could see the men going down one side, following the reaper, and leaving a shining row of bundles behind.

Patty tried to catch up, but they worked very

fast; and by and by, growing tired, she sat down to rest on a sheaf of wheat. By her side the uncut grain waved in the sunlight; an old beech-tree cast a cool, pleasant shade—it was very beautiful there.

Suddenly a bird flew out of the wheat near by, singing a rich, clear song. Patty clapped her hands in delight.

"Perhaps there is a nest in there," thought Patty, and "in there" she went, looking with a pair of bright eyes eagerly about. And, yes, there it was surely—a nest, and three of the dearest, sweetest little birdies. Was there ever anything so funny as those downy little heads, with the tiny bills wide open? Such a nice place for a nest, too, Patty thought. It was like being in a golden forest in there, for the grain was high above her head. The yellow straw laughed, too, a waving, murmuring laugh, and tossed its head back and forth; but never whispered to the child of danger, nor even told

the men, coming rapidly along, the story of the little girl hidden in its midst. The men came on, the machine leading them, the horses drawing steadily, and the knives cutting sharp and sure.

What was it that made the farmer stop his team all at once? Being a man, with a large, kind heart, he had seen a lark fluttering wildly over the grain. So he said to the man, "Here, Tom, come and hold the team. There is a nest somewhere near the old tree yonder. I'll hunt it up, and you can drive around, so as not to hurt the birds."

Ah, what a cry of surprise papa uttered when he found his darling Patty sitting there! How fast his heart beat when he thought of the danger she had been in! And how it thrilled and softened as he caught her up in his arms, and covering her face with kisses, said, "It was the bird that saved her!"

When the first excitement was over, and Patty had been carried safely home in her father's arms, and the men were going down the field again, leaving a wide uncut space around the lark's nest, somebody—it was a great, rough-looking man—said, while the tears glistened in his eyes, and his voice grew husky, "God bless the birds!"—*Sunlight*.

The Birds' Way to Sing.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way,
No messenger to run before,
Devising plan;
No mention of the place or hour
To any man;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice, no new delay,
If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? Its song is good."
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.
Then late at night, when by his fire
The traveller sits,
Watching the flames grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By snatches through his weary brain
To help him rest.
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh,
"Ah, me! Last spring

Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing!"

But while he sings, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air, and other men
With weary feet
On other roads the simple strain
Are finding sweet.
The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

—*Helen Hunt*.

An Almost Human Appeal by Birds.

"The following charming little story comes from a gentleman in Warner, Illinois:—

"Close to my window, as I write this, I see a wren's nest. Three years ago I drove some nails in a sheltered corner; a pair of wrens built their nest there. The old birds often come into my office and sing. One of them has repeatedly alighted on my desk as I have been writing, saying plainly by his actions, 'You won't hurt me. We are friends.' A few years since, in a knot-hole in a dead tree, near a path from my office to my house, lived a family of wrens, with whom I had formed a very intimate acquaintance. One day while I was passing in a hurry I heard the two old birds uttering cries of fear and anger; and as I got past the tree one of the wrens followed me, and by its peculiar motions and cries induced me to turn back. I examined the nest and found the young birds all right; looked into the tree's branches, but saw no enemies there, and started away. Both birds then followed me with renewed cries, and when I was a few yards away they flew in front of me, fluttered a moment, and then darted back to the tree. Then one of them came back to me fluttering and crying, then darted from me near to the ground under the tree. I looked, and there lay a rattlesnake coiled ready to strike. I secured a stick and killed him, the wrens looking on from the tree; and the moment I did so they changed their song to a lively, happy one, seeming to say, 'Thank you!' in every note."—*Montreal Herald*.

"Sweetest, Sweet, O Sweet!"

Over my shaded doorway,
Five little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,
And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
Their eyes are like living gems;

And all day long they are busy
 Gathering straws and stems,
 Lint and feathers and grasses,
 And half forgetting to eat,
 Yet never failing to warble,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Teach me the happy magic
 Hidden in those soft words,
 Which always, in shine or shadow,
 So lovingly you repeat,
 Over and over and over,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"
—Florence Percy.



"Over my shaded doorway five little brown-winged birds
 Have chosen to fashion their dwelling, and utter their loving words."

I scatter crumbs on the door-step,
 And fling them some flossy threads;
 They fearlessly gather my bounty,
 And turn up their graceful heads,
 And chatter and dance and flutter,
 And scrape with their tiny feet,
 Telling me over and over,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
 Dear little brown-winged birds!

Beautiful Instance of Motherly Care.

A robin's nest was filled with young ones in sight of a friend's window. The mother-bird was away, when a violent thunderstorm came up. As the heavy drops began to pour down she returned, and the little ones greeted her with open mouth, expecting the usual food. She pressed them down with her foot and sat on them with extended wings to shed the hard rain, and remained there till the storm was over.

Was there not a process of reason here? She saw the heavy downpour of rain, and thinking of her exposed children, believed they would be hurt or drowned without her care; so she hurried back. This is called instinct; but instinct is concentrated reason without the process being made known.

The little birds were sadly disappointed in not getting their food, but it carries a lesson to children not to grieve because their wishes are not gratified—it is for their good; it may be the saving of their lives.—*Anon.*

The Woodcock's Care for Its Young.

The care of birds for their fledgelings, and indeed of most creatures for their young, is proverbial, and an instance founded on it is given by inspiration as to God's care for His people:—

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him" [Jacob].—*Deut.* xxxii. 11.

The instance we give in this case is that of the woodcock. "In numerous instances," as Rev. J. G. Wood says, "the mother bird has been known to carry away her young when threatened by danger, and, from reliable accounts, she places them upon her spread feet, and thus carries them between the toes" (as shown in the engraving). "According to Mr. St. John, 'regularly as the evening comes on, many woodcocks carry their young ones down to the soft feeding grounds, and bring them back again to the shelter of the woods before daylight. I have often seen them going down to the swamps in the evening carrying their young with them.'"

Grandmother's Myth of the Robin.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

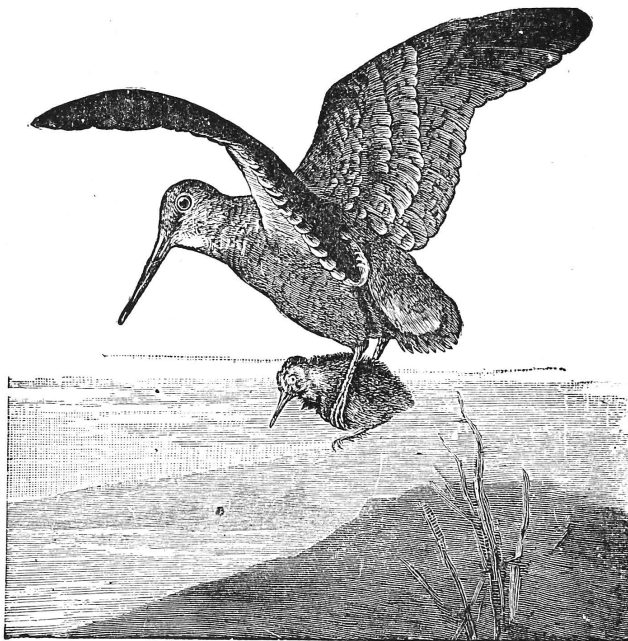
Her grandson playing at marbles, stopped,
And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird who hopped
From bough to bough of the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not heard,

My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin; [still
You can see the mark on his red breast
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor bron ruddyn! my breast-burned bird,



GIVING HER CHICK A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him!"

"Amen!" said I to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like him in the glory they do!"

—J. G. Whittier.

The Beautiful Humming-Bird.

Of the marvellous humming-bird, Campbell,
the poet, says :—

“The winglets of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow flitting round.”

These beautiful birds are found only in
America, and are the counterpart of the sun-
birds of the Old World.

Brave Little Humming-Bird.

Brave little humming-bird,
Every eye blesses thee;
Sunlight caresses thee,
Forest and field are fairer for thee.

Into each opened flower
Dives the little ruby-throat.

—Anon.

Mr. John Burroughs on the Humming-Bird.

Mr. John Burroughs, in one of his delightful
essays on birds' nests, says :—

“The woods hold not such another gem as
the nest of the humming-bird. . . . I have met
with but two, and that by chance. The re-
peated dartings of a bird past my ears caused
me to suspect. . . . I soon saw the nest, which
was in process of construction. . . . I had the
satisfaction of seeing the tiny artist at work. . . .
At intervals of two or three minutes the bird



Bright humming-bird of gem-like plumetage,
By western Indians “Living Sunbeam” named.

—Bailey.

Blooms at thy coming stirred,
Bend on each brittle stem,
Nod to the little gem,
Bow to the humming-bird, frolic and free!
Now around the woodbine hovering,
Now the morning-glory covering,
Now the honey-suckle sipping,
Now the sweet clematis tipping,
Now into the blue-bell dipping;
Hither, thither, flashing, bright'ning,
Like a streak of emerald lightning.
Round the box, with milk-white phlox;
Round the fragrant four-o'clocks;
O'er the crimson quamoclit,
Lightly dost thou whirl and flit;

would appear with a small tuft of some cottony
substance in her beak, . . . and alighting quickly
in the nest arrange the material brought, using
her breast as a model. . . . The humming-bird,
unlike all others, does not alight upon her nest,
but flies into it; she enters it as quick as a
flash, but as light as a feather. Two eggs are
the complement. They are perfectly white,
and so frail that only a woman's fingers may
touch them. Incubation lasts ten days. In a
week the young have flown.”

A Tame Humming-Bird.

Mr. P. H. Gosse says that the most interest-
ing anecdote which he had read was published
in *The Friend*, of Philadelphia, from a corres-
pondent, who said :—

"One of my family caught a small humming-bird, which appeared quite debilitated for want of food. We presented it with some sugar and cream mixed together, which it sucked up with avidity; after which it was restored to liberty. In the course of a short interval it again made its appearance, was taken in hand, and a mixture of sugar, made into the consistence of a syrup, poured into the corolla of a trumpet honeysuckle, from which it eagerly extracted it. From that time forward it became quite familiar, and would come a dozen times a day or more to be fed. After fluttering a few seconds at the door or window to attract notice it would alight on a neighbouring tree, or rose bush, until its food was prepared for it; and then, upon calling 'peet, peet,' it would dart in a straight line with the velocity of an arrow to receive it. The last time it came was in August, when, no doubt it went off with its fellows to more southern regions."

Minutest of the feathered kind,
Possessing every charm combined,
Nature, in forming thee, design'd

That thou should'st be
A proof within how little space
She can comprise such perfect grace,
Rendering thy lovely fairy race
Beauty's epitome.

—Anon.

The Humane Society is anxious to enrol every reader among its friendly supporters. Such members and their contributions are required.

"Ah-Bob White."

Quail are so tame and confiding that I wish October 15th meant no harm to them; we have no bird which is so much man's friend every day in the year. No bird of my acquaintance—and my list is long—will repay kindness and watching like little Bob White. Let a man who loves a true friend or loves a cheerful voice stand on his door-step on a July evening when Bob is whistling his vespers. Hark! he is sitting on yonder fence—"Ah-Bob White"—note the trifling difference in accent between this one and that fellow in the meadow. Four at one time, as I heard them a few nights since, just after sunset, made a quartette worth listening to. Happy is the man who owns a small lot that is visited day after day by a flock of quail. When a man says, "There is a flock of quail around here, I wish you would not shoot them," I know how he feels.—*Walter B. Savary.*

The Life and Love of the Pewee.

A pair of pewees had built immemorably on a jutting brick of the ice-house. Always

on the same brick, and never more than a single pair, though two broods of five each are raised there every summer. How do they settle their respective claims to the homestead? Once some children oölogized the nest, and the pewees left us for a year or two. . . .

But they came back at last, and one of them now is on his wonted perch, so near my window that I can hear the click of his bill as he snaps a fly on the wing. . . . The pewee is the first bird to pipe in the morning. He preludes his ejaculations of "pewee" with a slender whistle. . . . He saddens with the season, and, as the summer declines, he changes his note to "cheu pewee," as if in lamentation. . . . There is something inexpressibly dear to me in these old bird friendships of a lifetime. There is scarce a tree of mine but has had, at some time or other, a happy homestead among its boughs, to which I cannot say:—

"Many light hearts and wings,
Which now be dead, lodged in thy living
bowers."

—James Russell Lowell.

The Pewee's Answer.

—I sat me down

Beside the brook, irresolute;
And watched a little bird in suit
Of sombre olive, soft and brown,
Perched in the maple branches, mute;
With greenish gold its vest was fringed,
Its tiny cap was ebon tinged,
With ivory pale its wings were barred,
And its dark eyes were tender-starred.
"Dear bird," I said, "What is thy name?"
And thrice the mournful answer came,
So faint and far, and yet so near—
"Pe-wee! Pe-wee! peer!"

—J. T. Trowbridge.

The Bluebird, the Herald of Spring.

"The bluebird chants from the elm's long branches,
A hymn of welcome to the budding year."

—William Cullen Bryant.

John Burroughs relates the following anecdote illustrative of the instinct of the bluebird:

"I was much amused one summer day in seeing a bluebird feeding her young one. She had captured a cicada, or harvest fly, and after bruising it on the ground flew with it to a tree and placed it in the beak of the young bird. It was a large morsel and the mother seemed to have doubts of her chick's ability to dispose of it, for she stood near and watched its efforts with great solicitude. The young bird struggled violently with the cicada but made no head-

way in swallowing it, when the mother took it from him and flew to the sidewalk, and proceeded to break and bruise it more thoroughly. Then she again placed it in his beak and seemed to say: 'There, try it now,' and sympathized so thoroughly with his efforts that she repeated many of his motions and contortions. But the great fly was unyielding, and indeed seemed ridiculously disproportionate to the beak that held it. The young bird fluttered and fluttered and screamed: 'I'm stuck, I'm stuck,' till the anxious parent again seized the morsel and carried it to an iron railing, where she came down upon it for the space of a minute with all the force and momentum her beak could command. Then she offered it to her young a third time, but with the same result as before, except that this time the fledgeling dropped it; but she was on the ground as soon as the cicada was, and taking it in her beak flew some distance to a high board fence where she sat motionless for some moments. While pondering the problem how the fly should be broken the male bluebird approached her, and said very plainly: 'Give it me,' but she quickly resented his interference and flew further away, where she sat quite discouraged when I last saw her."

The Coming of the Bluebird.

"The bluebird is a home bird. His coming in the spring marks a new chapter in the progress of the season."—*John Burroughs.*

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy,
warm,

The green face of earth, and the pure blue
of heaven,

Or love's native music has influence to charm,

Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is given,

Still dear to each bosom the bluebird shall be;

His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a
treasure;

For, through bleakest storms, if a calm we but
see,

He comes, to remind us of sunshine and
pleasure!

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,

The red-flowering peach, and the apple's
sweet blossoms,

He snaps up destroyers where'er they be,

And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their
bosoms;

He snatches the grub from the corn it devours,

For worms and for insects he has an affec-
tion;

His song and his services freely are ours,

And all that he asks is, in summer, pro-
tection.

The ploughman is pleased when he follows his
train,

Now searching the furrows, now singing to
cheer him;

The gardener delights in his sweet simple
strain,

And leans on his spade to survey and to hear
him;

The slow, lingering school-boys forget they'll
be chid,

While gazing intent as he warbles before
them,

In mantle of sky-blue and bosom so red,

That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are
o'er,

And autumn slow enters, with winds cold
and hollow,

And all the gay warblers, that charmed us
before,

Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking
swallow;

The bluebird, forsaken, yet true to his home,

Still lingers and looks for a milder to-mor-
row,

Till forced by the cold winds of winter to roam,

He sings his adieu in a low note of sorrow.

—*Altered from Wilson's Ornithology.*

Land Birds at Sea.

I remember with pleasure the circumstance of the little birds that, during my first voyage, took refuge on the steamer. The first afternoon, just as we were losing sight of land, a delicate little wood bird, making, perhaps, its first southern migration, lost its reckoning and came aboard. It had a disheartened, demoralized look. After resting it disappeared. . . . The next day a small hawk was sailing about the vessel, with a lofty, independent mien, as if only lingering to take a good look at us. . . . Presently he found it not inconsistent with his dignity to alight on the rigging, where I saw his feathers rudely ruffled by the wind, till darkness set in. . . . The third day a titlark, from the far north, dropped upon the deck, nearly exhausted. . . . It stayed about the vessel nearly all day flitting from point to point, and prying into every crack and crevice for food. Time after time I saw it start off with a reassuring chirp, as if determined to reach land, but before it had got many rods from the ship, its heart would seem to fail it, and after circling about for a few moments, back it would come more discouraged than ever.

These little waifs from the shore! I gazed upon them with a strange, sad interest. They

were friends in distress ; but the sea birds, darting in and out among these watery hills . I had no sympathy with them.

Occasionally one of these land birds make the passage. . . And I have been told that over fifty different species of our more common birds have been found in Ireland. . . But what numbers of these little navigators are misled and

kinds that had dashed themselves against the beacon, bewildered and fascinated by its tremendous light.—*John Burroughs (abridged).*

The Voices and Songs of Birds.

Nature has her festivity, for which she assembles musicians from all regions of the globe. . . They are itinerant minstrels, who can only



LAND BIRDS ON THE WATER.

wrecked during those dark and stormy nights on the lighthouses that line the Atlantic coast!

It is Celia Thaxter who tells of having picked up her apron full of sparrows, warblers, fly-catchers, etc., at the foot of the lighthouse on the Isle of Shoals one morning after a storm, the ground being still strewn with birds of all

sing short ballads. . . . Thus the thrush whistles, the swallow twitters, the ringdove coos. . . . The redbreast meanwhile repeats her simple strain on the barn-door. The nightingale waits until night has imposed silence—then Philomela, the first songstress of creation, begins her hymns to the Eternal.—*Burroughs.*

The singing of birds is as often the expression of sorrow as of joy. The bird that has lost her young still sings; but by a stroke of her art the musician has changed her key, and the song of pleasure is converted into the lamentations of grief. The bird seems to be the true emblem of the Christian here below. Like him, it prefers solitude to the world, heaven to the earth, and its voice is ever occupied in celebrating the wonders of the creation.—*Chateaubriand*.

The Calls and Notes of Birds.

"Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, 'I love and I love!'
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny, warm
weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,



FEEDING THE PET PIGEONS.

Hush—

For I hear him—

Enshrined in the heart of the wood:

'Tis the priestly and reverend thrush

Anointed to sing to our God:

And he hymns it full well,

All I stammer to tell,

All I yearn to impart.

Listen!

—*Dauske Dandridge*.

That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he,
'I love my love, and my love loves me.'

—*Coleridge*.

There is the Maryland yellow-throat, for instance, standing in the door of his bushy tent, and calling out as you approach, "Which way, sir! which way, sir!" If he says this to the ear of common folk, what would he not say to the poet? One of the pewees says, "Stay there!" with great emphasis. The cardinal

grossbeak calls out, "What cheer! what cheer!" The bluebird says, "Purity, purity, purity!" The brown thrasher, or ferruginous thrush, according to Thoreau, calls out to the farmer planting his corn, "Drop it, drop it! cover it up!" The yellow-breasted chat says, "Who, who!" and "Tea-boy!" What the robin says, carolling that simple strain, from the top of the tall maple, or the crow with his hardy "Haw-haw!" or the pedestrian meadow-lark, sounding his piercing and long-drawn note in the spring meadows, the poets ought to be able to tell us. I only know that the birds have all a language which is very expressive, and which is easily translatable into the human tongue—*John Burroughs*.

The Skylark's Wonderful Song.

"Birds of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless."
—*Hogg*.

The wonder of the English skylark's song is its copiousness and sustained strength. There is no theme, no beginning, or end, like most of our best bird-songs, but a perfect swarm of notes pouring out like bees from a hive. . . We have many more melodious songsters; the bobolink in the meadows, the vesper sparrow in the pastures, the purple finch in the groves, the winter wren, or any of the thrushes in the woods, or the wood wagtail. . . . But our birds all stop where the English skylark has only just begun. Away he goes on quivering wing, inflating his throat fuller and fuller, mounting and mounting, and turning to all points of the compass as if to embrace the whole landscape in his song, the notes still raining upon you as distinct as ever, after you have left him far behind. . .

Several attempts have been made to introduce the lark into this country, but for some reason or other the experiment has never succeeded. . . The lark is really an institution, and as he sings long after other birds are silent—as if he had perpetual spring in his heart—he would be an acquisition to our fields and meadows.—*John Burroughs*.

The volume of sound produced by the skylark is most wonderful. "The lark ascends until it looks no larger than a midge, and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet every note will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song. Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in

length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Even a practised public speaker, though he can pause at the end of each sentence, finds the applause of the audience a very welcome relief. Moreover, the singer and speaker need to use no exertion save exercising their voices. Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings."—*Rev. J. G. Wood*.

Notes and Play of Birds and Animals.

Fun is not confined to boys and girls. Some of the smallest insects enjoy themselves in some kind of sport. They dance in and out amongst themselves in the sunshine, and dart hither and thither, as if chasing each other in play.

This is particularly so in the case of small birds. The trumpet-bird hops about in the most eccentric manner on one leg, and throws somersaults. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and, throwing little stones and pieces of wood into the air, endeavours to catch them again. Water birds dive after each other, and cleave the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing spray in all directions. The mocking-bird delights in imitating the notes and noises of other birds and animals, and even of man, as does the parrot. It sings all sorts of bird-songs; it whistles for the dog, and it squeaks like a hurt chicken. The barking of a dog, the mewling of a cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, are all imitated by this little creature with surprising truth and rapidity.

The sportive springs and frolic of the kitten is familiar to us all as the very embodiment of playfulness. Dogs, too, enjoy the same kind of amusement with other dogs as do horses with horses, taking care not to hurt each other. The California Indians say that the cubs of bears go through all sorts of queer little antics. The older ones, too, indulge in a sort of clumsy dance, while the others squat down and look on. They often join in and make a most grotesque performance of it, evidently for their amusement.—*Selected and Adapted*.

Kindness to a Household of Robins.

I once had a chance to do a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had my eye for some time past upon a nest and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew near. At last I

climbed the tree in spite of the angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion. The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of pack-thread had been somewhat loosely woven in, three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves into the air. One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in his struggles to escape, had sawn through the flesh of the thigh and so much harmed himself, that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery.

When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly interest. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand and watched me in my work of manumission. This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but ere long I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited upon by his elders. A week later I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine walk in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot.—*James Russell Lowell.*

Shall I Let the Caged Bird Free?

High at the window in her cage
The old canary flits and sings,
Nor sees across the curtain pass
The shadow of a swallow's wings.

She gathers piteous bits and shreds,
This solitary, mateless thing,
To patient build again the nest
So rudely scattered spring by spring;

And sings her brief, unlistened songs,
Her dreams of bird life wild and free,
Yet never beats her prison bars
At sound of song from bush or tree.

She will be heard; she chirps me loud,
When I forget my gravest cares,
Her small provision to supply
Clear water and her seedsman's wares.

.

To open wide thy prison door,
. Poor friend, would give thee to thy foe;

And yet a plaintive note I hear,
As if to tell how slowly goes

The time of thy long prisoning.

Bird! does some promise keep thee sane?

Will there be better days for thee?

Will thy soul, too, know life again?



SHALL I LET THE CAGED BIRD FREE?

Ah! none of us have more than this:

If one true friend green leaves can reach
From out some fairer, wider place,
And understand our wistful speech!

—*Sarah Orme Jewitt.*

Chinese Pet Birds.

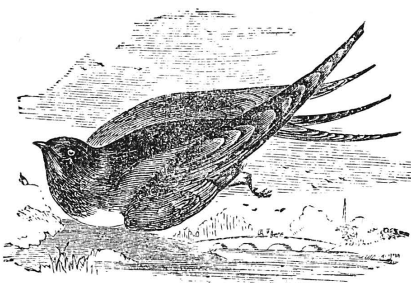
Lady Brassey, in her delightful book, "A Voyage in the Sunbeam," speaking of her visit to Canton, says:—

"In the bird market I saw numbers of little birds for sale, for the Chinese are very fond of pets, and often take their birds out in a cage with them when they go for a walk, just as we would be accompanied by a dog. They manage to tame them thoroughly; and when they meet a friend they will put the cage down, let the bird out and give him something to eat while they have their chat. I saw this done several times."

Characteristics of the Loon.

The loon is the great diver and flier under water. It is always refreshing to contemplate a creature so positive and characteristic. He is the *genus loci* of the great northern lakes, and is as solitary as they are. . . . It is a cousin to the beaver. It has the feathers of a bird and the fur of an animal, and the heart of

both. It is as quick and cunning as it is bold and resolute. It dives with such marvellous quickness that the shot of the gunner gets there just in time to cut across a circle of descending tail feathers and a couple of little jets of water flung upwards by the web feet of the loon. When disabled so that it can neither dive nor fly, it is said to face its foe, look him in the face with its clear, piercing eye, and fight resolutely till death. The gunners say there is something in the wailing, piteous cry, when dying, almost human in its agony.—*John Burroughs.*



Birds of Passage.

By a natural impulse, when the time comes, the birds from the South or North are on the move homeward again. A writer says:—"How I sympathize with them, especially in the autumn, when they have to move. Some go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico; but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written in the pictorial volume of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire-crested wren, or a plover, or a red-legged partridge, but expects to spend every winter at the South; and after thousands of miles of flight they stop in the same tree where they spent the previous January. In every autumn let them strew the continent with music."

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
—"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,

From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

We have swept o'er the cities in song renown'd,
Silent they lie with the deserts round!
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd

All dark with the warrior blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regain'd its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have you found in the monarch's dome,

Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?

—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,

And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep,—
Say what have you found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—"A change we have found there—and many a change!

Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!

Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,

And the young that were have a brow of care,

And the place is hush'd where the children play'd;

Nought looks the same, save the nest we made?"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,

Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth!

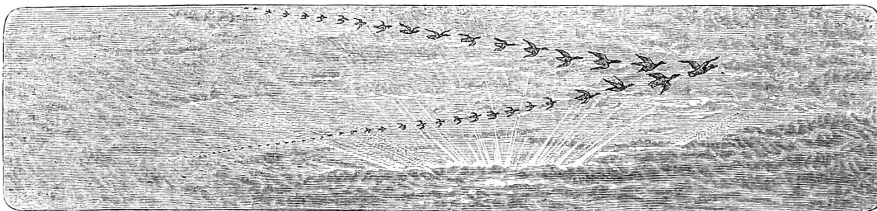
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,

Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?

Ye over desert and deep have pass'd,

So may we reach our bright home at last.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*



III. KIND TREATMENT OF HORSES, AND A CONTRAST.

OBJECT OF THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS AND EXAMPLES.

The main object of most of the matter inserted in this publication is to furnish ample information to all parties interested in the work of the Humane Society, and to enlist their sympathy and co-operation. It was felt to be desirable also to embody in the publication a series of illustrative and unquestionable facts, bearing upon the question of the intelligence and sagacity of various kinds of animals. It was felt, too, that a knowledge of the peculiar characteristics of the animals themselves, as told in these anecdotes and stories, would naturally create such an amount of personal interest in the subjects of these stories that it would make every reader more than ever their friend and protector.

Illustrative Facts and Anecdotes.

It is proper as well as most interesting to know that, as with the dog, so with the horse, kindness has a powerful effect in attaching this noble creature to its master. The following facts and anecdotes on this subject have been gathered from various sources.

Many beautiful and touching stories are told of the affection of horses. After a battle in a country where birds of prey speedily devour dead bodies, a soldier's horse once stood over its dead master, preventing these birds from touching the form it loved so well. Without food or water or rest this real mourner and dumb friend kept its sad guard; and but for the coming of a burial party it must have died at its post. The horse had been the dead soldier's since its early life. He had fed it, groomed it, talked to it, and loved it.

The Arabs never use whips to their horses. They treat them as friends—as those whom they love to please; and, in return, their horses yield heartiest and noblest service. The fields on which the Arab horse grazes are almost boundless; for the country they inhabit is not fenced into plots—it is all open and free. The horses are generally not tied, but they never stray from their master's tent. They even go into the tent and lie down there—treading cautiously till they reach their own place.

The Arab's Farewell to His Horse.

My beautiful! my beautiful! thou standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye!
The stranger hath thy bridle rein; thy master hath his gold,
Fleet-limbed and beautiful! farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! Those free, untired limbs, full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
That silky mane I braided once must be another's care.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I startling wake to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then! unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie like crested waves, along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze, may count each starting vein!

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no—it cannot be;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free;
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, this lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now, command thee to return?

“Return!” Alas! my Arab steed! What will thy master do
When thou that wast his all of joy, has vanished from his view?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied
 foot alone,
 Where with fleet steps and joyous bound thou
 oft hast borne me on ;
 And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause
 and sadly think
 'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last
 I saw him drink.

When last I saw thee drink ! away ! the fevered
 dream is o'er !
 I could not live a day and know that we should
 meet no more ;
 They tempted me, my beautiful ! for hunger's
 power is strong—
 They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have
 loved too long !

Who said that I had given thee up ? Who said
 that thou wert sold ?
 'Tis false ! 'tis false, my Arab steed, I fling them
 back their gold !
 Thus, thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the
 distant plains !
 Away ! Who overtakes us now may claim thee
 for his pains !

—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

Reciprocal Affection of Horse and Arab.

Lamartine, in his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," records a story that the son of a Sheik had told him, which shows the tender affection existing between the Arabs and their horses; also what return the horses make for their master's care of them :

An Arab and his tribe had attacked a caravan of Damascus in the desert. The victory was complete; but the cavalry of the Pasha, which was sent to meet the caravan, made reprisals and recaptured the booty from the Arabs, the chief of which was wounded and captured. His legs were fastened by a leather strap, and he was stretched near the tent of his Turkish captors. During the night he heard the neighing of his horse, . . . and being unable to resist the desire of caressing once more the companion of his life, he painfully dragged himself along the ground and succeeded in reaching his beloved courser. . . . He then set to work to gnaw with his teeth the cord of goats' hair with which his captured horse had been fettered. The animal was thus freed. But, seeing his wounded master in bonds, the faithful horse, with that natural instinct which no language could have explained to him, bent down his head and smelled his master. Then seizing with its teeth the leather belt around his waist, he set

off at full gallop, and carried him even to the tents of the tribe. Having reached them and laid his wounded master on the sand at the feet of his wife and children, the noble horse fell down exhausted, and expired of fatigue. All the tribe were moved by this wonderful devotion, and the poets sang his praises, and his name is still honored among the Arabs.

Devotion of the Cossack for His Horse.

The devotion of the Cossack for his horse, and the spirited fidelity of the horse for his master, is thus pictured by Byron:—

The Cossack prince rubbed down his horse,
 And made for him a leafy bed,
 And smoothed his fetlocks and his mane,
 And slacked his girth, and stripped his rein,
 And joyed to see how well he fed ;
 For he was hardy as his lord,
 And little cared for bed and board ;
 But spirited and docile, too,
 Whate'er was to be done would do.
 Shaggy and swift and strong of limb,
 All Tartar-like he carried him ;
 Obeyed his voice, and came to call,
 And knew him in the midst of all ;
 Though thousands were around—and night,
 Without a star, pursued her flight—
 That steed, from sunset until dawn,
 His chief would follow like a fawn.

Per Contra—Treatment of Horses in South America.

Such tenderness and devotion shown in the East are in strong contrast to the general cruelty, and often inhuman treatment, of horses in the West, as the following examples, taken from a recent work, will show:—

It is possible that pastoral life in the East may have fostered this compassionate feeling for animals. But it is clear that our Christian civilization has not developed, as it should have done, a thoughtful regard and tenderness in our treatment of God's creatures, remembering, as we should do, that

"His tender mercy is over all His works,"

and that, in the words of Watts,

"His providence is large and kind,
 Both man and beast His bounty shares."

Faber has expressed the same thought, as applicable to man himself; and yet it is also true of "both man and beast"—

"There is a wideness in God's mercy,
 As the wideness of the sea."

The late lamented Lady Brassey, in the graphic records of her voyage round the world, is very sympathetic in her references to animals of different kinds which she met with in her various trips. Near the town of Azul, 300 miles from Buenos Ayres, she witnessed several acts of cruelty to horses. Speaking of one, she said:—

"It was a rather sad sight. Inside a circular enclosure for making bricks, about fifty half-starved mares, up to their houghs in very sloppy mud, were being driven round about, and up and down, as fast as they could go, by a mounted peon, or driver, assisted by five or six men on foot outside the enclosure, armed with long, heavy whips, which they used constantly. . .

"The next proceeding witnessed was the lassoing of a potro, or unbroken colt, which was galloping about, in the centre of a troop, at full speed. His fore legs were caught in the noose, which brought him up, or rather down, instantly, head over heels. Another lasso was then thrown over his head, and drawn quite tight round his neck, and a bridle, composed of thongs of raw hide, was forced into his mouth by means of a slip-knot rein. A sheepskin saddle was placed on his back, the man who was to ride him standing over him with one foot already in the stirrup. All this time the poor horse was lying on the ground with his legs tied close together, frightened almost out of his life, trembling in every limb, and perspiring from every pore! When the man was ready, the lassoes were suddenly withdrawn, and he dashed forwards, springing and plunging up-

wards, sideways, downwards, in every direction, in the vain effort to rid himself of his load. The man remained, planted like a rock, in the



Amie Brassey

saddle, pulling hard at the bridle, while a second domidor, on a tame horse, pursued the terrified animal, striking him with a cruel whip until he became exhausted."

IV. RETURN FOR KINDLY TREATMENT OF HORSES, ETC.

These examples, which follow, are designed to illustrate, not only the results of a kindly and beneficent treatment of horses, but also that wonderful sagacity (amounting to a species of "dumb reason"), which horses, dogs, and other intelligent animals show in their relations to, and treatment of, those who are kind to them. Such "dumb reason" seems to be a sort of return to man for his kindness shown to them.

"Bay Billy," our Leader.

'Twas the last fight—that day at Gettysburg:

.

Five several stubborn times we charged

The battery on the hill,

And five times beaten back, reformed,

And kept our columns still.

.

At length our gallant colonel fell,

And we were left unled;

"We've no one left to lead us now,"

The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggart line,

The colonel's horse we spied—

Bay Billy, with his trappings on,

His nostrils swelling wide,

As though still on his gallant back

The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place

That was of old his wont,

And with a neigh, that seemed to say,

Above the battle's brunt,

"How can the Twenty-Second charge

If I am not in front?"

No bugle call could rouse us all

As that brave sight had done;

Down all the battered line we felt

A lightning impulse run;

Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

Not half the Twenty-Second's men
Were in their place next morn;
To call the old familiar roll
Our valiant Sergeant tries—
One feels sad thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies!

And as in faltering tones and slow
The last few names are said,
Across the field the missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread.
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name was read!

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And e'er an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer.
And even from that famous day,
When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then,
The whole line answered "Here!"

—*Frank H. Cassaway.* (Abridged and altered.)

Lost on the Prairie.

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the north-western part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as to nearly blind them. When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there in the cold and the snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were all shivering with fear and with cold, the chief surveyor caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony, known as "Old Jack," and said: "If any one can show us our way to camp in this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we will follow him. I think he will show us the way to our camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head in the air, as if proud of the trust. Then he snuffed the breeze and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say, "Come on, boys. Follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape."

He then turned in a new direction and walked off, and the men followed him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp-fires. They all gave a loud hurrah at the sight.

They felt grateful to God for their safety, and threw their arms around Old Jack's neck, to thank him for what he had done. I know this is a true story, for my father was the chief of the party on the occasion.

"Sell Old Robin?—No, Never!"

"Sell Old Robin," did you say? "Well, I reckon not to-day!"

"You are not so green, of course, as to feed a worn-out horse
Out of pity or remorse?"

"Yes, as long as I am master of a shed and bit of pasture!"

He is old and lame, alas! Don't disturb him as you pass!

Let him lie there on the grass, while he may, And enjoy the summer weather, free forever from his tether.

Sober veteran as you see him, we were young and gay together;

It was I that rode him first—ah, the day!

I was just a little chap, in my first pantaloons and cap,

And I left my mother's lap at the door;
And the reins hung loose and idle, as we let him prance and sidle—

For my brother was behind me, with his hand upon the bridle;

Yearling colt and boy of five, hardly more!

Poor Old Robin! Does he know how I used to cling and crow,

As I rode him to and fro and around?

Every day as we grew older, he grew gentler,
I grew bolder,

Till, a hand upon the bridle and a touch upon his shoulder,

I could vault into my seat at a bound.

Then I rode away to school, in the mornings
fresh and cool;

Till one day beside the pool where he drank,
Leaning on my handsome trotter, glancing up
across the water

To the Judge's terraced orchard, there I saw
the Judge's daughter

In a frame of sunny boughs on the bank.

Was it Robin more than I, that had pleased her
girlish eye,

As she saw us prancing by? Half, I fear!
Off she ran to get some cherries, white-hearts,
black-hearts, sweet-hearts, straightway!

Bad to worse was now my game; my poor
mother, still the same,

Tried to shield me, to reclaim—did her best.
Creditors began to clamor.

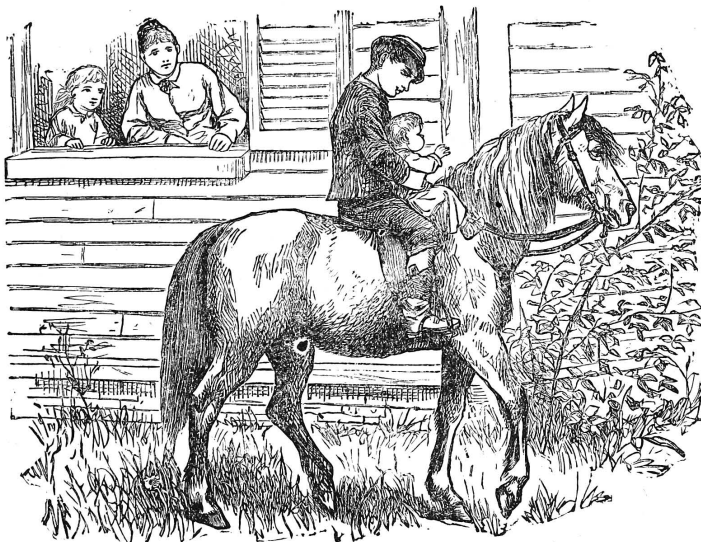
All we had was pledged for payment; all was
sold beneath the hammer:

My Old Robin there among the rest!

.

As I wandered off that night, something far off
caught my sight,

Dark against the western light, in the lane;
Coming to the bars to meet me—some illusion
sent to cheat me!



"I used to cling to brother, as I rode him to and fro."

Boy and horse were soon familiar with the hos-
pitable gateway,
And a happy fool was I—for a year.

Lord forgive an only child! All the blessings
on me piled
Had but helped to make me wild and perverse.
What is there in honest horses that should lead
to vicious courses?

.
Often Mary urged and pleaded, and the good
Judge interceded,
Counselled, blamed, insisted, threatened; tears
and threats were all unheeded,
And I answered him in wrath—it was done!

.

No, 'twas Robin, my own Robin, dancing, whin-
nying to greet me!
With a small white billet sewed to his mane!

The small missive I unstrung—on Old Robin's
neck I hung;
There I cried, there I clung! while I read,
In a hand I knew was Mary's—"One whose
kindness never varies
Sends this gift." No name was written, but a
painted bunch of cherries
On the dainty little note smiled instead!

There he lies now! lank and lame, stiff of limb
and gaunt of frame,
But to her and me the same, dear old boy!

Never steed I think was fairer ! Still I see him
 the proud bearer
 Of my pardon and salvation ; and he yet shall
 be a sharer—
 As a poor dumb beast may share—in my joy.

By such service and his goodness, he has fully
 earned his pension ;
 He shall, therefore, have his pasture with a
 little kind attention
 From myself and my dear Mary—guardian
 angel and my "sweetheart."
 While our children try to climb him, as I did
 so long before them.
 And so hard-hearted as you are, Dan—eh ?
 You don't say ! You are crying ?
 Well ! an old horse—our dear Robin—has his
 uses after all !

—*J. T. Trowridge (abridged and altered).*

A Fearful Race Through the Chicago Fire.

On the morning of that terrible Monday, when one-third of Chicago went down in the maelstrom of fire and flame, there occurred one of the strangest, and probably most fearful, races on record. It was little brown Kittie and her owner, Mr. Fred. Blackmar, ran the race, against the raging, sweeping fire, which was driven by the fierce gale, which swept in eddies from over the prairies.

Blackmar, who lived in the west division, had gone down at once to assist in saving property from the store ; and it was not until late on Monday morning that he thought of the danger of brown Kittie. At once he started for the barn, only to find the front of the building was one vast sheet of flame. Nowhere could he see the hostler. Through the back door he rushed into the stable, and there stood his pet shivering in every limb. With a cry of joy she recognized her master, and, while he was unfastening her halter, the grateful creature placed her nose against his face and gently rubbed his cheek. A moment later and the mare was hitched to the light road-waggon, the back door was thrown open, Fred sprang into the seat, and, while the burning hay dropped down upon him in flakes, he drove forth into the midst of the flames. There was a narrow alley with buildings on fire on either side of it for him to drive through, and faster than Kittie ever went before went she through that gauntlet of flame. Once a tongue of flame reached across the alley, and scorched poor Kittie's handsome mane, and almost burned out one of her bright eyes,

which were almost human in their expression ; but Fred spoke gently to her, and, with never a skip, she went onward and onward across State Street, and no chance to turn to the right nor left, with buildings blazing up in front, and death, crowding him closely in the rear. Now Wabash Avenue was reached, and, like lightning, the little darling turned the corner, and flew with the speed of thought southward along the broad thoroughfare, whose westward side was already one long row of flame. With a straight road before him, perfectly level, and laid with Nicolson pavement, Fred sent the mare along faster and faster.

Away off towards Jackson Street he could see the black smoke and red flame reaching across and trying to seize upon the opposite side of the way. Should they do so before he passed the spot, escape was impossible ! "Gently, Kittie, gently !" They were the first words he had spoken for some time. "Now then, my little beauty," and, for the first time in all his life, he touched her with the whip. The effect—so sensitive was she—that the mare broke into a run, and then there was no stopping her ! Like a thoroughbred, she sped like the wind, and, almost in a trice, she had cleared the fire and was still running desperately on. Presently Blackmar succeeded in gently pulling her down to a trot ; and finally to her usual pace. Fred would not take thousands of dollars for her after that terrible race. And, as he told of his escapade, his beautiful and brave Kittie was patted and caressed by fair ladies.—*Selected and abridged.*

Remarkable Instance of the Power of Kindness.

The striking example of the wonderful power of kindness is given in the ninth report of the American Humane Association. The case is that of Maud S., a noted racer, as given by Mr. S. T. Harris, an authority on veterinary matters, in *Wallace's Monthly*. The substance only is quoted. Speaking of Mr. Bair, her trainer, he stated that the relations between Mr. Bair and Maud S. were perfectly confidential, intelligent, and sympathetic. She is wilful, high tempered and imperious. She resists brute force with a violent resentment that cannot be conquered. She yields to the power of kindness with affectionate sensibility. . . .

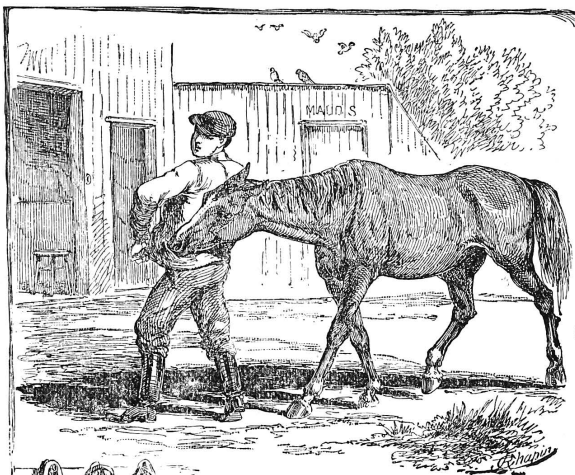
After she became the property of Mr. Vanderbilt, she showed the quality of her mettle. Neither her owner nor the colt-training phenomenon Carll Burr, could, by the mere force of will or strong arms, make her submissive. . .

At the end of the season she pulled on the bit with distended nostrils and flaming eyes, as if she would suffer her lower jaw to be fractured before she would be conquered by the mere force of his great strength. Mr. Vanderbilt sent her back to her trainer, Mr. Bair, who gave an exhibition of her at Chester Park. When he first broke and trained her, she was gentle and tractable, but at the Park she arched her back in determined resistance, and braced her lower jaw against her neck as a purchase to withstand any attempt to control her, and, with a wilful frenzy of mad temper, she plunged and broke and jumped and tossed her head in defiance. (See illustration on page 18.)

But Mr. Bair, to whom she had been returned, was patient and undisturbed. He had never resorted to the cruel treatment of many so-called skillful trainers—that is, to coax and bribe their horses with sweetmeats in the stable, and on the slightest provocation undo all this effect by punishing them unmercifully in public. No other trainer within my knowledge, at all times and under all circumstances, seems to realize that the best method of exercising mind over matter in the horse creation is by the unfailing power of considerate kindness.

His conduct that day followed up in his subsequent treatment saved Maud S. from ruin.

He quietly held her, coaxing her to desist, never scolding or jerking or striking her. Even to the stable door her eyes flamed with open rebellion. There she was unharnessed amid gentle caresses; her shoes were pulled off, and she was kindly led into winter quarters, in the hope that months of recreation would bring forgetfulness of disastrous contests with her late Eastern driver for the mastery.



“MAUD S.” HUNTING FOR SUGAR.

and sugar till, like a petted child, she would search the never-empty pockets of her friend and trainer every time he came into her presence. Would that every master of the dumb brute creation could thus realize the almost omnipotent power of human kindness!

On New Year's Day her vacation ended; he tacked on her shoes and began to walk and jog her preparatory to training in the spring. He did everything to make her forget her late experience. He drove her to an ordinary break cart on the road; indeed, in every conceivable manner he could think of; over the hills, through the crowded streets of the city, one day as the “off” and the next day as the “near” mare of a double team, plying her with the most untiring kindness of voice and touch till her turbulent spirit of determined rebellion finally softened under the soothing influences of gentle affection. Gradually she ceased pulling; only occasionally did she indulge in bucking her head upon her breast, and still more rarely insist upon those violent rushes of speed, ending in wild, plunging breaks. At last Maud

After the trial we have described she ran out daily in fine weather from October to the beginning of the new year. But all this time she was receiving unconscious tuition that was certain to develop her unequalled powers. In her box, as well as in her paddock, she was fondled and pampered with apples

S. was quietly led upon the course. Instantly the old fury returned. She showed defiance to the tips of her great ears. But the same gentle touch and kindly voice reassured her confidence, and she became at last as tractable as a little child. How wonderful is the power of never-failing kindness!

She was not driven at once upon the track, but led four or five miles, and then quietly harnessed amid caresses.

If she began to show the least disposition to renew her unfortunat  battles she was not resisted, for she would certainly have gained the mastery; but she was quietly walked to the stable and put gently away till the next day, when she was led ten miles before being harnessed to the sulky. Thus her anger and fears were dispelled; thus her confidence in her driver became absolute; and thus her great powers of speed were made perfectly available. But who that was charmed with her graceful movement, her easily controlled ambition and her child-like obedience would have dreamed of the admirable patience and winning affection required to bring about these invaluable results. To-day anyone who can hold the reins steadily, without pulling, can drive her with the greatest ease.

The Way to Gain a Horse's Confidence.

The following is taken from a paper read by Mr. Todhunter at the ninth annual meeting of the American Humane Association:—

“Mr. Bartholemew, whose horses do such marvellous things on the stage, was asked: ‘What is meant by the term, “Education as applied to animals?”’ He replied:

“‘There is no secret about my business. I have seen it claimed by men familiar with the horse that it is absolutely necessary to use the whip frequently in order to get the horse to do anything. That is not true. I use the whip very little, and principally to liven the horses and make them quicker. The first thing to be done is to gain the horse's confidence. The horse must know that you mean to treat him right, and that you do. He knows about what is right with very little instruction. He understands, too, how far punishment is deserved and when it is overdone. Some people treat a horse as if it was his nature to be ugly. Now the horse is very rarely ugly by nature, and when he balks, kicks or runs away, he does it in the belief that he is defending himself. The most important thing is to get the horse to understand what you want him to do. Sometimes he may do what is desired, but it may be simply by chance, and the next time the horse is asked to do the same thing and fails, perhaps the whip is applied to overcome his supposed obstinacy. That is not right. Be sure he knows what it is you want him to do. Horses

closely resemble the human family in their dispositions and degrees of intelligence. It is not necessary that the horse should be of good breed in order to make him susceptible to teaching. Some of the most tractable and intelligent horses I have are common cart horses. The horse possesses memory, and upon that concession it must be admitted that he can also think. After you have imbued him with the idea that you desire him to learn, you can make him do anything within the scope of his capabilities. My horses understand everything I say to them, and give the whole performance at the word of command. I can give any part of my performance at any time. Their perception is keen, and they learn much from observation and association, so much so that almost any of my scholars will perform the minor duties of any other if called upon to do so. They are affectionate, and know each other so well that temporary separation causes them much anxiety. Some of them if parted for any length of time would pine away and become sick.’

“I can think of no better illustration of right and wrong methods in the education of animals than is seen in the history of the celebrated mare, Maud S.,” as given (from *Wallace's Monthly*) in the preceding article.

Horses Should be Educated for Service.

Animals being endowed with but little intellectual and reasoning power, are in their natural state governed by blind instinct and capriciousness. They are, however, creatures of habit, and when their habits are once formed, it is with difficulty that they are changed.

Thus, nearly all creatures have a sense of locality. It is found in the ratio corresponding to the kind and careful treatment of the animals. “The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib.”

Most persons have never had any other idea but that an animal must be broken to service and that the whip is the magic wand of training.

But a better day is dawning. People are learning that animals should be educated for service, not broken or “trained.” They are capable of service only from the fact of their possession of intelligence. If they had not the capacity to understand what is required of them they could not be taught to perform service. But nature, for the benefit of mankind, has made them tractable and docile. Whenever, therefore, animals contract vicious or dangerous habits which, by the way, usually threaten injury to themselves or their owners or both, and which always depreciate their property value, the fault lies not in themselves but in the vicious methods employed in their education.—*Mr. Todhunter's Paper.*

Pierrot, the Faithful Donkey.

It would be difficult to find a story more full of tender pathos than the following one. It admirably illustrates one of the main purposes for which this publication has been prepared and issued. And that is, to show what a subtle bond of sympathy arises, and does exist, between ourselves and any dumb creature to whom we show kindness, and in whom we feel a deep personal interest. It is amazing how powerful that bond becomes, and how unmistakable are the tokens of loving devotion

hurrying by, like everybody else. A female rag-picker, pale and famished, led by the bridle a poor little donkey, which seemed a hundred years old, and which dragged a poor little cart full of the rubbish of the street: rags, broken bottles, torn papers, worn-out skillets, crusts of bread—the thousand nothings which are the fortune of rag-pickers. The woman had done good work since midnight, but the donkey was ready to drop. He stopped short, as if he had made up his mind to go no further. His legs trembled and threatened a fall. He hung his head with resignation, as if waiting the stroke of death.

"The sight touched and arrested me. A



PIERROT, THE FAITHFUL DONKEY.

which dog, or horse, and, in this case, a donkey, shows to those who, by their kindly, thoughtful acts, call it forth.

Arsene Houssaye, the French writer, tells the story, the chief incidents of which he witnessed himself. Although, in the main, different in its fuller details and its more striking features from the case of the poor horse and its equally poor driver, mentioned by Mr. Bergh (on page 26), yet the cases are somewhat parallel in many respects.

"It was a cold day, as people walked rapidly along the Boulevard de Courcelles. I was

man would have beaten the poor beast to rouse him; the woman looked at him with an eye of motherly pity. The donkey returned the look, as if saying, 'You see it is all over; I have done my best for you, night after night, because I saw your misery was greater than mine. You have treated me well, sharing your bread with me, and your neighbor's oats, when you could get them; but I am dying at last.' The woman looked at him and said, gently: 'Come, come, dear Pierrot, do not leave me here.' She lightened the load by taking out a basket of broken bottles. 'Come now,' she said, as if talking to a child, 'You can get on nicely now.' She put her shoulder to the wheel, but the donkey did not move. He knew that

he had not strength to walk to St. Ouen, his wretched home. She still coaxed him: 'How do you think we can get along this way, Pierrot? To be sure I could drag the cart; but I can't put you in it, and you would be ashamed to be dragged after it.' The donkey raised his ears, but no more.

"I was going to speak to her, when she ran into the nearest wine-shop. The donkey followed her with anxious eyes; he seemed fearful that he would die without his mistress. He was so little you would have taken him at a distance for a Pyrenean dog. He had grown gray in the harness. A few tufts of gray hair remained here and there upon his emaciated body. He looked like a mountain burned bare in many places. He was almost transparent in his leanness. But his face was all the more expressive. He had something almost human in its intelligence and goodness.

"The rag-picker soon returned, bringing a piece of bread and a lump of sugar. The donkey turned and showed his teeth—like old piano keys. But, although it was his breakfast time, he had no more strength in his mouth than in his legs. She gave him the sugar. He took it as if to oblige her, but dropped it again, and the same with the bread. 'Ah! what shall I do?' said the rag-picker. She thought no more of her cart. She was full of anxiety for her poor donkey. 'Pierrot!' she cried again. Two great tears came to her eyes. She took his head in her arms and kissed him like a child. The caress did what nothing else could do. The donkey roused himself and brayed as in his best days. I feared it was only his swan-song. I approached and said to the woman: 'You seem to be in trouble.'

"'Oh!' she said, crying, 'if you knew how I love this beast. I saved him from the butcher four years ago. In those days I had only a hod. I have raised seven children with my hook. The father is gone, and one other, and my eldest daughter was taken a fortnight ago. My worst grief was that I had to take one to the Foundlings. I had eleven in all. Four of them died. It's no use; you can't take good care of them when you work in the streets all night. The little donkey has been my only consolation. He was better company than my husband. He never got drunk, and never beat me; and I never beat him. Would I, Pierrot?'

"The poor little beast seemed to share in the conversation. He half raised his ears and assented. One of my friends passed by, and asked me what I was doing. 'I am making a new friend.' 'He may be witty, but he is not handsome.' 'I find him admirable, and I would like to see you in his place. He has been out here since midnight. Here, do you want to help me in a work of charity?' 'With all my heart.' 'Very well, let us buy this donkey and put him on the retired list. This good woman will take care of him.'

"The rag-picker looked at us severely, fearing we were laughing at her. But, when she saw the shine of the louis-d'or, she smiled. 'How much did Pierrot cost?' 'Ten francs.' 'Well, you go back to the abattoir and buy another donkey, and take care of this one.' I gave my card to the woman, and said good-bye

to her and the donkey. The miracle was complete. The donkey started off in high spirits. The woman pushing the cart from behind.

"That evening the woman came to me in tears. I understood at once. 'Oh! sir, he is gone—poor Pierrot! Yes, sir, we got to St. Ouen one way or another; but when he came in sight of our hut he fell on his knees. I tried to raise him, but this time it was all over. My children came running and crying. They talked to him and kissed him. He looked at them so sadly as to break our hearts. I tell you there are lots of people in the world not worth half so much as poor Pierrot. Think of it: he wanted to die at home, after finishing his day's work.' Like a soldier who dies after firing his last cartridge!

"The rag-picker opened her hand, and I saw the money I had given her in the morning. 'Here is your hundred francs, sir.'

"I do not know whether I most admired her or her donkey—the donkey who did his duty to death, or the woman, more delicate than our charity!"

The work of the Humane Society is designed to evoke just such a feeling of compassionate sympathy for suffering creatures, and for all dumb animals, as was called forth in this touching case. Children need sympathy too.

The Magic of Coaxing a Horse.

A letter from Oregon tells of a horse which had been vainly urged by whip and abuse to drag a load to a saw-mill, and of an aged trapper, familiar with the ways and disposition of animals, coming by and bidding the driver to desist. He asked the horse's name, and "John" pricked up his ears when the trapper cried coaxingly, "Now, John, what be you giving this trouble for? Off with you!" After a few pleasant pats, John was off, much to the astonishment of the driver.

The trapper's success must have shown him that those are better served who are loved rather than dreaded, and that in the end, "Kindness is wisdom. There are none in life but need it and may learn."

"Flash," the Firemen's Horse.

Flash was a white-foot sorrel, and run on No. 3; Not much stable manners—an average horse to see;

Dull an' moody an' sleepy on "off" and quiet days;

Full of turb'lent sour looks, an' small sarcastic ways.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring,

He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring;

And watch with nervous shivers the clasp of
buckle and band,
Until it was plainly ev'dent he'd like to lend a
hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would
rush an' tear,
As if a thousan' witches was rumplin' up his
hair,
An' wake his mate up crazy with his magnetic
charm;
For every foot-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would worship an' ad-
mire
Like Flash in front of his engine, a-racin' with
a fire;
Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin' an' so slack
As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the
engine back.

.

Now, Flash got tender-footed, and Flash was
finally sold
To quite a respectable milkman, who found it
not so fine
A-bossin' of God's creatures outside o' their
reg'lar line.

.

An' once, in spite of his master, he stroll'd in
'mongst us chaps,
To talk with the other horses, of former fires,
perhaps;
Whereat the milkman kicked him; wherefore,
us boys to please,
He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended
knees!

But one day for a big fire as we were makin' a
dash—
Both of the horses we had on somewhat resem-
blin' Flash—
Yellin' an' ringin', with excellent voice and
heart,
We passed the poor old fellow, a-tuggin' away
at his cart.

If ever I see an old horse grow upward into a
new,
If ever I see a driver whose traps behind him
flew,
'Twas that old horse, a rompin' an' rushin'
down the track,
And that respectable milkman, a-tryin' to hold
him back!

Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of
No. 3,

Gained the lead, and kept it, an' steered his
journey free;
Crowds a-yellin' an' runnin', an' vainly hollerin'
"whoa!"

Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit of
a show.

He watched till he see the engine properly
workin' there,
After which he relinquished all interest in the
affair,

Laid down in his harness, and, sorry I am to
say—

The milkman he had drawn there drew his dead
body away!

That's the whole o' my story; I've seen more'n
once or twice,

That poor dumb animals' actions are full of
human advice;

An' if you ask what Flash taught, I simply
answer you then,

That poor old horse was a symbol of some in-
telligent men. —Will Carleton.

"Who be Ye? Wan uv the Humane S'ty?"

A pair of mud-bespattered and tired horses
struggled along near the Douglas school one
day. The driver, a big Irishman, occasionally
swung a black-snake whip in the air and brought
it down on the flanks of the horses. The wag-
gon was heaped with coal; the street was rough
and muddy. Just opposite the schoolhouse the
waggon swung into a mud-hole. The wheels
sank in the yielding earth and the black-snake
hissed through the air, the horses plunged wild-
ly, and the pole pounded each horse alternately,
but never an inch did the waggon move. The
driver sawed the lines until the blood trickled
from the mouths of the horses. Still the wheels
remained buried in the mud. The driver climbed
down from his perch. He inspected the wheels
with a critical eye. Evidently satisfied that
the fault lay with the team, he resumed the
argument of the black-snake. A well-dressed
man stopped on the sidewalk.

"You ought to be arrested for abusing those
horses," he at last remarked. "I'm a member
of the Humane Society, and if you don't stop
beating those horses I'll have you arrested."

"O, yer are, are yez? Oi'll give yez a taste
o' whip yersilf in a minit if ye don't leave."

Crack! crack! went the whip again. Just
then a peal of childish laughter came out of the
school building, and a minute later a throng of
the younger pupils appeared, bound for home.
They paused at the sight of the whipped and

struggling horses, and the swinging whip paused just a moment. Then out sprang a bright-eyed little girl right into the mud in the street.

"Ain't you 'shamed, you big, bad man?" she cried, while the wind tossed the light brown locks about her flushing face, and the little hands were clenched. "You must stop."

The teamster paused in amazement. The big whip trailed in the mud.

"Wall, wall, wall," he gasped; "who be ye, little un? Wan uv the Humane S'i'ty?" And he tried to laugh.

"Yes, I am; here's my star. Now please don't hit them any more," said the little beauty, casting a pleading glance in imitation of the arts of more mature womanhood. It was all done in a moment. The man on the street had not even started for a policeman.

"Oi don't know what in the world oi kin do," desperately answered the burly teamster, as he suddenly sat down on the curbstone. Just then an empty coal waggon came rattling down the street. "Say, will ye give me a pull?" yelled the teamster, springing to his feet.

"Of course," said the other driver. He unhitched his team and hooked on to the pole of the mud-clogged coal waggon. The two teams pulled together, and, amid the juvenile applause, the heavily-laden waggon was landed high and dry on the pavement of the cross-street.

"She's amost loike little Peppy what's gone," said the driver to himself, as he glanced back from his seat at the retreating form of the victorious little girl. Two little white streams coursed through the coal dust on his cheeks!—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Billy, You Will Try, Won't You?"

"Aunt Amelia" writes from the Boston Highlands the following story of an Irish teamster in touching contrast to the foregoing:—

"One day, as we stood on our piazza, we saw a young Irish youth enter the yard, driving two horses with a heavily-loaded waggon of coal. The passage in was steep and winding, and was a hard pull for the horses. When about half way in they gave out.

"The forward horse, whose name was Billy, turned around, as much as to say, 'We can't drag this any farther; it is no use trying.'

"Billy did not seem to know that a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together, was the best way of getting along in the world.

"The driver led Billy to his place, and then took up the reins once more and tried to urge his team on. But Billy shook his head and turned around a second time against the wheel-horse, and would not move a step. He looked around at the waggon, as if he would like to

say, 'I can't move that load, and I won't try to move it.' The driver then came and patted Billy on the head, and coaxed him. He knew that it was a hard tug for Billy, and so he did not either whip or scold him.

"Billy shook his head still; and then the driver threw his arms around Billy's neck, hugged him, gave him two or three loud kisses on the face, then led him gently once more to his place forward.

"'Billy,' said he, 'you will try, won't you? I want my supper, and you want yours too. Now try, Billy.'

"Again he took the reins. Billy looked around at his master and then at the waggon, and we knew, from his loving looks, that Billy meant this time to do his best.

"'Gee up!' cried the driver; and then Billy and the wheel-horse, both starting at once, safely carried up the loaded waggon to its stopping place at the top of the hill.

"The driver at once went up to Billy and patted him, and kissed him again, with his arms around his neck, giving him a good, loving hug.

"I think that Billy was glad, and knew that he had been doing a kind act. The driver emptied the coal, and then started off with Billy and the other horse; and, no doubt, when he got home he gave them both a good supper before he took his own.

"He was not only kind-hearted but wise. If he had used the whip it might have been an hour before he could have got Billy to move. He knew he could best rule by love."

Whipping till the Horse was "Played Out"!

On page 216 of this publication the Editor has pointed out the necessity for local Humane Societies. The following is a distressing case in point, reported by "G. C." to the *Toronto Globe* of the 13th July, 1888:—

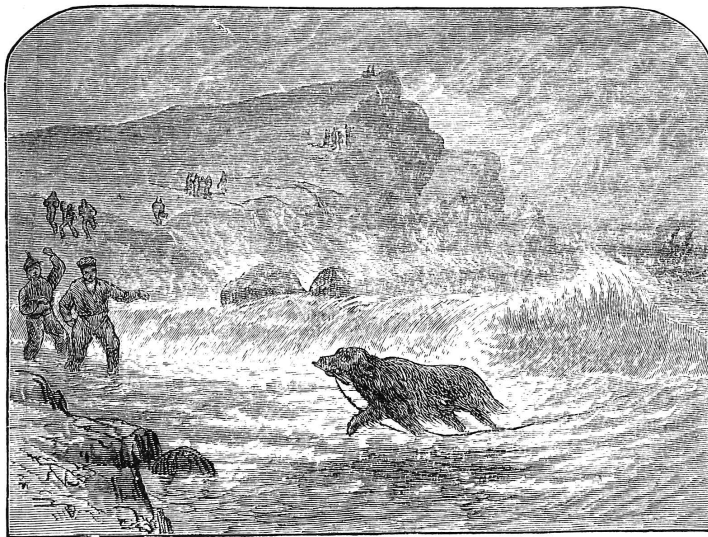
"I had occasion to travel from Kirkfield to Lorne Junction in a buggy with the boy that carries the mail. As we started I noticed that his horse moved off very reluctantly, and the driver commenced to apply the whip with all his might, taking him under the flank time after time, until the poor brute fairly groaned with pain; and when I remonstrated with the driver (a boy of fifteen years) he replied that he could not help it, that he had to make his connections, and that the horse was "played out." He actually stood up one-third of the time during the thirteen miles to better enable him to belabor the poor dumb brute, as he had to make the distance in two and a-half hours to catch the train; and when I stated that it would pay his father to hire another one for a month and turn him out for a rest, the driver replied that it would pay, that they would save the money in whips, and that when he urged his father to sell him and get another, his reply was that they would not get another to stand it as well. I examined the horse after we got down—after his round trip of twenty six miles—and he was literally flayed under his stifles with the lash! He appeared to be a good young horse, poor in flesh and driven to death and heart-broken, and I expected to see him drop every mile we made."

V. DEVOTION OF THE DOG—INCIDENTS AND STORIES.

"Brother Prince," the Firemen's Dog.

Prince was a noted Scotch terrier belonging to the Fire Department of St. Louis, under Chief Sexton. When the alarm was struck he was at once on the alert, and when the horses were under weigh he would fall to the rear, jump on the platform and ride with the engineer. After a while he went to stay with the chief, where he won the name of brother. He was a great

on the head. The great-hearted driver put on his brake and stopped the cart, but it was too late. The wheel had passed over poor Prince, and he was dead. A great crowd assembled—men, women and weeping children. "Little Prince is dead!" shouted and sobbed the excited children, while tender little hands bore the hero-dog to the chief's house. There were no games next day, for it was a day of mourning. In the evening, about a hundred children, black



A DOG SAVING A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

favorite with all the children of the neighborhood and joined in their sports. Prince was quite an expert at baseball, took his place with the boys and was obedient to the rules. He was great at "short stop," and would catch a ball in its rapid flight through the air, and before it reached the ground. He would also join the little girls in their games of "hide-and-seek," or "hy-spy," as they call it. Seldom or ever was he caught. He always reaches the goal or base first.

But little Prince came to a tragic death in 1883. An alarm had sounded at the chief's house, and Prince bounded to the pavement. A hose-carriage whirled round the corner and he ran to jump on it. The horses were strangers to the little fire-dog, and one of them kicked him

and white, assembled to bury Prince. In the middle of a flower bed in the chief's yard a grave was dug, and into it, amid sobs and weeping, the children lowered the beloved dog and buried him. Then they covered the place over with flowers.—*Johonnot (abridged)*.

A Dog Saving a Shipwrecked Crew.

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which, owing to some change in wind or weather, had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous.

The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend the dog looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being a great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through the raging waves to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no, he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about at a short distance from the boat. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning, "Give him the end of a rope," he said, "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore, where, a few minutes afterwards, boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of our four-footed friend—were placed safe and sound!

"Tom," Our Hero Dog.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.

Just listen to this:—

When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,

And I with it, helpless there, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,

Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.

I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name

From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came

Again and again. O God, what a cry!

The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly

Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat

That scorched them—when, suddenly, there at their feet,

The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,

Down came the wall! The men made a dash—
Jumped to get out of the way—and I thought,
"All's up with poor little Robin!" and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there—when swift, at my side,

Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,

Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came

Back with him, choking and crying, but—saved!

Saved safe and sound!

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurraed! Then they all

Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now: he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now! See, he's strong as a log!
And there comes Tom, too—

Yes, Tom was our dog.

—Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Newfoundland Dogs as Savers of Life.

The value of dogs of the Newfoundland species, and, as it might in justice to them be expressed, their benevolence in saving persons from drowning, are well known. Instance after instance of these faithful and courageous acts are recorded. These dogs have a natural love for water, and do not, therefore, hesitate to jump in at once to save life at the bidding of master or friend. One or two are given: A child about six years old, who was playing on a wharf with his father's Newfoundland dog, accidentally fell into the water. The dog immediately sprang in and seizing the waist of his little frock carried him to the dock, and with great difficulty pulled him greatly exhausted up a sloping side of it, in the meantime barking loudly for help.

Another is the case of a planter's widow with one child returning from New Orleans to Ohio. Her devotion to the child was very touching.

The eyes of the old black nurse would fill with tears as she besought her mistress not to love that boy too much, or the Lord would take him away from her. We passed through the canal at Louisville, and stopped a few minutes at the wharf. The nurse, wishing to get a sight of the city, walked out on the guard at the back of the boat, with the babe in her arms. The child, while she was standing thus near the railing, by a sudden effort sprang from her arms into the terrible current that sweeps towards the falls, and instantly sank in the water. The confusion which ensued attracted the attention of a gentleman who was sitting in the fore-

mouth. Bravely he struggled with the waves, but it was evident that his strength was fast failing. More than one breast gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached him, and it was announced that he had the child, and that it was still alive. They were brought on board—the dog and the child.

After one fond embrace, one long look to make sure that the child was really unharmed, the young mother rushed forward, and, sinking beside the dog, threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

None could view the sight unmoved; and as she caressed and kissed his shaggy head, she



part of the boat quietly reading. Rising in haste, he asked for some article the child had worn. The nurse handed him a tiny apron which had been torn off in her efforts to retain the babe in her arms. Turning to a splendid Newfoundland dog that was eagerly watching his countenance, the gentleman pointed first to the apron, and then to the spot where the child had gone under. In an instant the noble dog leaped into the rushing water, and likewise disappeared.

By this time the excitement had become intense; and some persons on shore, supposing the dog was lost as well as the child, procured a boat and started off to search for the body.

Just at this moment the dog was seen in the river at a distance, with something in his

looked up to his owner, and said, "Oh, sir, I must have this dog! I am rich; take hundreds—thousands—whatever you like—but give me the preserver of my child."

The gentleman smiled, and, patting the dog's head, said, "I am very glad, madam, he has been of service to you, but nothing in the world could induce me to part with him."

The dog looked as if he perfectly understood what they were talking about. Giving his sides a shake, he laid himself down at his master's feet with an expression in his large eyes that said as plain as words, "No, nothing shall part us."

The following instance is given in the *New York Sun* of March 10, 1888:—

"The schooner went ashore off San Buenavente, Cal., the other day, and the crew were in danger of being lost. They owe their safety to a fine, red, Irish setter, that swam out through the breakers, seized a stake that had been thrown overboard with a rope attached, and succeeded in carrying it to the shore."

"Old Dandie and Hal and Fred and I."

Fond of old Dan, sir ! Indeed I am !
 I reckon I ought to be—proud of him too !
 Brave as a lion, sir, mild as a lamb,
 And the wisest fellow you ever knew !
 Just wait till I tell you what he did,
 Though it's not to my credit, as you'll see ;
 For it came from my doing a thing forbid
 That Dandie showed what a dog can be.

We were in the potato patch one day,
 Dandie and Hal and I and Fred,
 And to save my life I couldn't say
 Just how the mischief got into my head.
 Father had said we weren't to do it—
 But roast potatoes are very good !
 And Hal had matches. Before we knew it
 We had a bonfire lit in the wood.

Fathers know best on the whole, I guess ;
 At all events I can safely say
 'Twould have kept us out of a jolly mess
 If we had believed he did that day,
 For, not to spin out too long a story,
 That youngster you see there—Fred's his
 name—

Contrived to cover himself with glory
 By getting his petticoats all aflame.

We never thought of his skirts, you see,
 For he's just as much of a boy as the rest ;
 And, to tell the truth, between you and me,
 It's a silly old way for a boy to be dressed.
 Why can't he have trousers right from the
 first?

For, of all the "despicable" things to wear,
 Those ninimy-piminy frocks are the worst.
 I know how it is, for I've been there.

However, the poor little chap, as I said,
 Was all of a blaze—and how he did yell !
 Hal began pitching things at his head,
 And I stood as if I was under a spell ;
 For both of us lost our wits completely,
 And only for dear old Dan—well, there—
 If you want to know, I'll own up to it sweetly—
 I am a crying, and I don't care !

You'd know how it was yourself, I think,
 If you'd been in my place, and seen old Dan ;
 He went for that boy, sir, quick as a wink,
 Grabbed his frock in his teeth, and ran

Straight to the brook with him, bumpety-bump !

And there the two took a douse together ;
 By the time we followed him on the jump,
 I tell you what, it was squally weather.

Fire was put out, though ! Well, I should smile
 (I reckon I shouted then for joy) ;

Though, as for Fred, you might walk a mile
 And not come up with a madder boy.

Mad as a hornet—and dripping wet !

Such a little scarecrow you never saw !

But here's a dog, sir, we shan't forget—

Shall we, old fellow ? Give us your paw !

—*St. Nicholas.*

Love Me, Love My Dog—the Pathetic Side.

A story is told of a poor man who had trudged on foot all the way from Mississippi to Louisville, Kentucky, to get medical treatment in a hospital there, accompanied by his dog. When told that he could enter the hospital, but must abandon his dog and leave him to take care of himself, the poor man took the dog in his arms, and, with tears running down his face, said that he was the best friend he had in the world, and he would rather die with his dog in the streets of Louisville than go to the hospital and abandon him. To the credit of the authorities, they gave him a permit to enter the hospital and take his dog with him.

The Terrier's Big Friend.

A crowd gathered on a wharf in San Francisco had an opportunity to see a dog rescue another dog from drowning, and go about his work as intelligently as if he had been the trained officer of a humane society.

A small terrier dog fell from the stringer of the wharf into the bay. He swam around for some time in a circle, and many plans were suggested for his rescue, but none of them proved practical. The little creature seemed doomed to a watery grave, for he was fast becoming exhausted.

Just at the moment that all hopes of saving the terrier were given up, the bark of a dog in the crowd attracted attention, and there appeared upon the stringer, in front of the wharf, a large Newfoundland.

He saw the little fellow in the water, and with a low wail he ran to and fro along the wharf for a moment or two, and then, to the surprise of every one present, he sprang into the water, and at once swam to the terrier.

He seized him by the neck with his teeth, and after swimming about for some time, sighted the new sea-wall extension, about a hundred yards distant, for which he headed.

Upon landing his burden on terra-firma, the Newfoundland gave two or three sharp barks, and seemed to be proud of what he had done. It was some time before the terrier was able to gain strength to walk away.

"When the Old Dog Died."

There was grieving in the wood-shed,
In the kitchen there were tears,
When morning showed that Tray was dead,
The friend of many years.
Ah! I can well remember
How the little children cried,
And lifted up their voices
When the old dog died.

They clasped his rough and shaggy neck,
They called his name in vain;
No more when Tommy whistled
Would Tray bound forth again.
The children ate no breakfast,
But seated by his side,
They mourned their dearest playmate
When the old dog died.

For thirteen summers he had brought
The milch cows home at night,
And all that time he'd watched the house
From dark till morning light.
He'd even rock the cradle
With a sort of canine pride,
No wonder that the baby wept
When the old dog died.

He'd go half way to school with them,
Then stand in lonesome plight,
And lowly wag his bushy tail
Till they were out of sight,
Then trot him home to sleep and snooze
Within his kennel wide,
But Tommy brought the cattle home
When the old dog died.

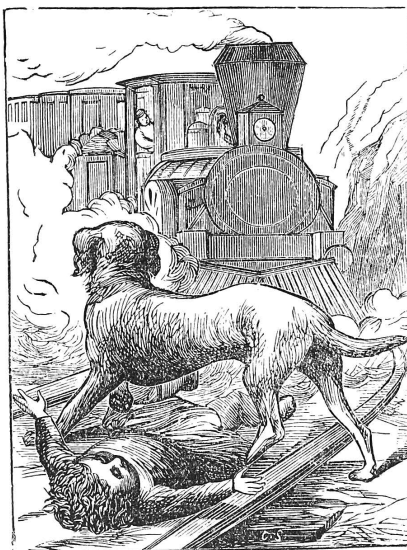
They smoothed that dear old head of his,
And offered milk and meat,
And little Tommy tried to lift
His old friend on his feet.
In vain, the old tail wagged no more;
Then bitterly they cried.
Oh! how the children missed him,
When the old dog died.

—*The Khan, in Toronto Telegram, May, 1888.*

A Dog's Extraordinary Devotion.

About three or four years ago a railway train was nearing the city of Montreal, when the engineer saw a large dog on the track. The dog was apparently much excited, and barked furiously at the approaching engine. The engineer

blew the whistle, but still the dog kept on the track, and just as the engine came upon him he was observed to crouch down and extend himself across the track. In this position he was struck by the locomotive and killed. The engineer looking out towards the front of his engine, saw a piece of white cloth fluttering in the wind, as it hung on part of the machinery. At once he stepped out along the side of his engine and found it to be part of a child's dress.



He stopped the engine—alas, too late! and backing down, found by the side of the track, not only the mangled body of the dog, but also the crushed body of a little child! At once the position of affairs was understood. The child had evidently wandered upon the track, and fallen asleep there, watched by its faithful companion, the dog, who, seeing the train approach, had done its best to save the child; but failing, had covered it with his own body and died with it. Faithful unto death he was, and died in his effort to save the sleeping child. Was it instinct or dumb reason?

A Dumb Hero.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central Station was full. The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum comes from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie belonging to one of the emigrant groups, went from one to another wagging his tail and

looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good-natured friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling. While all this was going on, a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn on to the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the Eastern Express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd. Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog, with head erect and fixed eye, saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted towards the child. The baby, frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing, as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crunching noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound, and turned away.

When they looked again, the baby was toddling across the platform, crowing and laughing, and the crushed dead body of a dog lay on the track. "Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago and the West. Passengers for Baltimore, Richmond and the South," so the cry went on, and the surging crowd passed out, never to all meet again in this world. But the faces of men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some. The poor negro and the millionaire, tottering old men, and frolicking boys had been helped onward, upward, by the friendly, cheerful life and heroic death of a dumb dog.

Dare we assert that when the limp body, sacrificed to save the life of another, lay on the track, the heroic spirit that once animated it was quenched into utter nothingness?—*Rev. F. M. Todd, Manassas, Va.*

To "Flash," My Dog.

Loving friend, the gift of one
Who, her own true faith hath run
Through thy lower nature;
Be my benediction said,
With my hand upon thy head,
Gentle fellow-creature!

Underneath my stroking hand,
Startled eyes of hazel bland,
Kindling, growing larger,

Up thou leapest with a spring
Full of prank and curveting,
Leaping like a charger.

But of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied—
Watched within a curtained room
Where no sunbeam broke the gloom
Round the sick and weary.

This dog, if a friendly voice
Called him now to blither choice
Than such a chamber-keeping,
"Come out," prying from the door,
Presseth backward as before,
Up against me leaping.

Therefore to this dog will I
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favor:
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said,
Therefore, and forever!

—*Mrs. Browning.*

Ponto and the Minister.

One afternoon in December, during a thick snow storm, as I sat by an east window writing letters, my attention was attracted to a beautiful collie dog sitting very quietly for several hours at my front gate. As I went out just at night to put my letters in the post office, I noticed that the dog was still there, and on going towards him I saw at once that he was in trouble. I spoke to him but he did not move. I then saw that a large tin pan was tied closely to his tail and one hind leg. I took my knife from my pocket and cut the string. When he found he was free he began to lick my hand and bark and roll over in the snow, and then jumping up began to lick my face. When I started for the post office he trotted along by my side, and every few minutes he would lick my hand, and if I looked at him or spoke to him he would bark and jump up and lick my face, and roll over in the snow with the wildest expressions of joy. When I returned he started to go with me. But when I told him he must not go, that he must go home, after licking my hand again, he trotted back across the village common. On going down street again a few days later, this same dog came bounding across the common to meet me, repeating the same expressions of joy and thankfulness as before, and kept close to me till I

started for home. This he kept up, and once in every few days he would come to the house and appear dissatisfied till I made my appearance, when he would make the same demonstrations as at first. Some time in March a cold sleet storm set in towards night and in-

tation. I built up a good fire in the kitchen stove and melted the ice from him and dried him, and made him a nice, soft bed in the attic, where he lay quietly till I called him in the morning. After giving him a good, warm breakfast, I told him he must go home. He



SEEKING TO FOLLOW HIS MASTER.

creased in violence as darkness came on. After dark I heard a strange knocking at the back door. On opening it there stood Ponto in a sad plight. His beautiful shaggy coat was all matted together, and his eyes almost closed with ice. He did not offer to come in until I invited him, when he gladly accepted my invi-

went at once, not forgetting to thank me for my hospitality, in his dog fashion. Ponto and I remained firm friends as long as my home was in that village. "I would not enter on my list of friends" one who would in any way ill-treat such a dumb friend as Ponto.—*J. E. M. Wright, Berkley, Mass.*



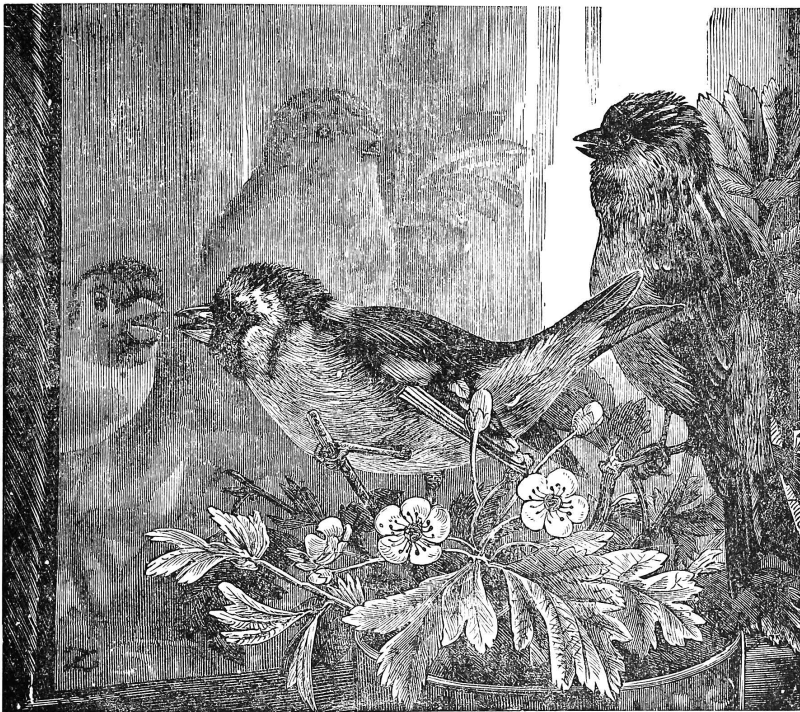
MAKING PUSSY ADMIRE HERSELF.

VI. ILLUSTRATIVE STORIES OF VARIOUS ANIMALS.

The Cat and the Looking-Glass.

Pussy in the picture does not seem to take kindly to the vanity of admiring herself in the looking-glass. Nor does she seem to have that thirst for knowledge as to why she thus sees her second self before her as had one of her kind mentioned by Mr. R. A. Proctor, in his "Nature Studies." He gives it as an example as to "how a cat reasoned out the meaning of a

obstacle to his vengeance, Tom ran round behind the glass, but found no enemy! So he came again to the front. Here he again found his foe, on whom he again made an onslaught, only to be similarly foiled. He repeated his *reconnaissance* two or three times with the same unsatisfactory results. This set Tom thinking. These repeated failures must have a meaning, so Tom seems to have reasoned somewhat in this fashion: Either he was the victim of some illusion, or the cat behind the glass was of an altogether exceptional activity. But however



BIRDS MAKING FRIENDS IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

phenomenon brought for the first time under its notice." He thus describes the case:—

"A household cat was observed to enter a bedroom which was being cleaned at spring-time; a looking-glass stood on the floor, and Tom, on entering found himself confronted by an image which he naturally supposed to be an intruder on his domains. He made hostile demonstrations as did his image in the glass. This was followed by a rush at his opponent, who, nothing loth, seemed to be of the same mind and rushed at him. Finding an apparent

active he may be, Tom must have reasoned, he cannot be on the farther side and yet not on the farther side at the same moment of time. So, after further cogitation, Tom deliberately walked up to the looking-glass, keeping his eyes fixed on the image; then, when near enough to the edge, he reached out carefully with his paw behind the glass for the supposed intruder, while with his head twisted round to the front he assured himself of the persistence of the reflection. He also must have recognized that the looking-glass was not as it seemed, transparent, for the paw with which he was

feeling about for the other cat was not visible, though the supposed intruder was in view all the time. Tom was satisfied, and would never afterwards condescend to notice mere reflections though the trap was more than once set for him." (*Abridged.*)

The same experiment tried in the case of birds had a similar, though more peaceful, effect. But it was not attended by the same results as to reasoning or demonstration, as might be expected from the more gentle nature of the birds. They seem to be making friends of the birds seen in the picture.



Kitten and the Falling Leaves.

See the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws and darts !
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow ;
There are many now,—now one—
Now they stop ; and there are none—
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire !
With a tiger-leap half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again :
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer ;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.

Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure,
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

— Wordsworth.

The Toronto Humane Society will gladly enrol all readers in its list of contributing members.

Rescuers of Pussy.

When I was a young lady, living in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, I witnessed a most cruel act. A small kitten had strayed into the street. Some wicked boys first set a dog after it, and then when it was worried almost to death they poured benzine over it and applied a lighted match. The poor little creature had been so worried by the dog that it was covered with mud, and that was all that saved its life, for the mud would not burn.

Just then there came along a very nicely dressed gentleman, with clean clothing and hands and with sharp words of reproof to the wicked boys, who slunk away in shame; he stooped down and picked up the muddy, almost expiring little creature and carried it up into his office, where he was editor and publisher of one of the largest papers in the State. Having taken it there he hardly knew what to do with it, so I asked him to let me take it home with me. I wrapped it in a paper, and after reaching home prepared some warm soap suds in a bowl and placed the kitten in it.

Now you must remember that cats dislike even to put their feet in water, but this little kitten seemed to comprehend that I was trying to relieve it, and stood up in the water and *purred* while I was washing it! What little child could have expressed its gratitude better than this?

I must add that it became a beautiful little pet with soft gray and black fur, and was a great favorite with the household.—*Mrs. C. M. Fairchild.*

An instance of a similar rescue by a young lady was communicated by Mr. R. C. Hitchcock, to the editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, as follows:—

"I was walking down the avenue near the Providence depot, when I saw a couple of little ragged 'gamins' run up the embankment, pulling after them a miserable kitten by a string tied around its neck.

"I started in pursuit but it was a 'stern chase,' and the probabilities that at least one of the 'nine lives' would be choked out of the poor victim before I could get to the rescue. But kind Providence was looking out for the cat. As they neared the corner of the station a lady, well dressed and of dignified carriage, turned the corner. A glance, and she took in the situation. She formed herself into a well organized S. P. C. A. on the spot, and dropping her parasol, she seized the two young Neros with a vigor which astonished them; and the shake they got would have done the editor of *Our Dumb Animals* good to see. A few forcible words of advice, and they were off, sadder and perhaps wiser boys.

"The lady picked up her parasol, then looked at the poor little parcel of fur-covered bones. Here was a dilemma. If the case had been my own I would have been entirely at a loss. A starved cat is hardly a piece of portable property to be coveted. But the champion was no half rescuer. She stooped—the poor bedrabbled wretch was divested of his torturing string and taken in her arms. She walked away, the rose of indignation still blooming on her cheek, but dignity restored. I could only doff my hat and say, 'Thank you,' as I met her, wishing in my heart that every persecuted brute might find a true-hearted Boston girl like her as a defender."

Mr. Angell mentions another case:—

"I was glad to read, the other day, what two brave English youths did to prevent cruelty to a cat which three wicked boys had stolen, and having tied a string to her neck, were, for fun, throwing her into a broad ditch of water and then dragging her out. These two brave youths were smaller than the cat's persecutors, and they offered to give all the money they both had—about a shilling—if they would let the cat go; but these boys only laughed at them and refused. Finding there was no other way to save the cat, they both suddenly rushed on the big boy and pitched him into the ditch where he had been throwing the cat; then they rushed with such force at the one who was holding the cat that he dropped her; then they rushed at the third one, and he ran away; and then they picked up the cat and ran away themselves before the cruel boys could get ready to follow. It was a brave battle, fought against great odds, for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and I think the boys who did it deserve to be made knights of the legion of honor as much as any man who ever fought on battlefield."

Little Gustava and Her Pets.

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves. . . .

Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat, [that?]
With her little pink nose, and she mews "What's
Gustava feeds her—she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:

"Good day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen,
Then comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:

"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

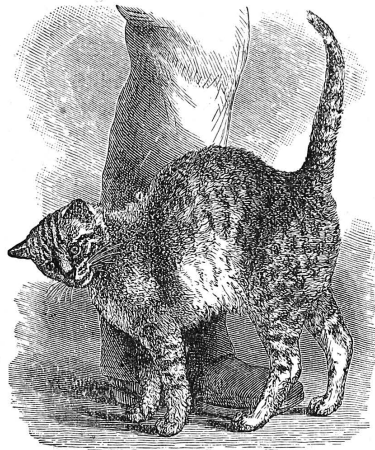
.
Kitty and terrier, Biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves,
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed

To happy little Gustava.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

The Homeless Cat and the Schoolboy.

A lady teacher in a Boston public school had a homeless cat come into her school-room. She fed it; of course treated it kindly, and the cat became a regular attendant at her school. Soon all her scholars showed an interest in it. They would ask the privilege of taking it to their seats, which was granted, often as a reward to the deserving; but the boys would also desire it as a favor. With some words of caution it was often granted, and the pet was never abused by them. Who can tell how far and how long such a lesson of practical kindness will be felt in the lives of all the children who saw it and shared in it?



A peculiarity in this case was that the cat attached itself to one of the boys, and with whom it would go anywhere, and for whom it would leave every one else, including the teacher. When all heads were bent in devotion it would step over or pass by others to rub itself against him, and to lay its head upon his neck, as he bowed his head in prayer.

The Humane Prince, "Unser Fritz."

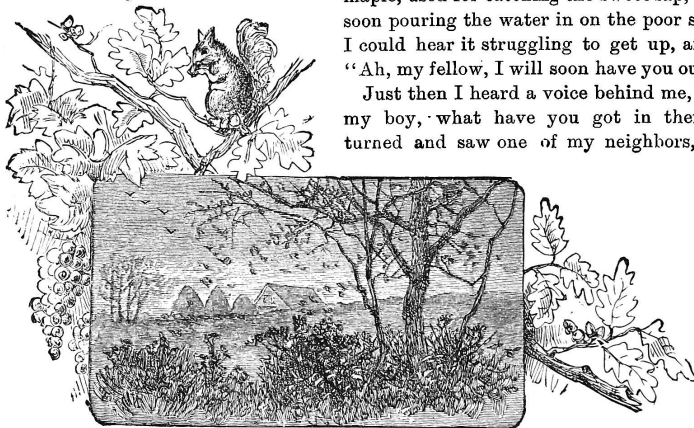
In the *Toronto Empire* of the 19th June, 1888, the following, amongst other telegraphic items from a special correspondent, in Berlin, of a New York paper, regarding the beloved Emperor Frederick, appears. It shows that as a young prince he was both kind and humane.

"On a train coming from Potsdam early this morning" [18th June] "a highly respectable woman in my compartment was crying with such extraordinary bitterness that I spoke to her. She said that she had lost the best friend in the world. 'Sir,' she added, 'I am in the imperial kitchen, where I have been for twenty-four years. I drove a milk cart when I was a

girl, and once, when I was serving my customers, I passed through a corner of the royal park. The then Prince Frederick was walking there with his young bride, the Princess Victoria of England. The dog that drew my cart was tired and would not go, so I whipped him. The Prince came forward at once and patted the dog on the head; then he asked me how much I would gain by selling my milk, and I told him ten marks. I did not know who he was. He asked me not to beat the dog, but to take it home and give it a good rest and a good meal, and I would lose nothing. He seemed so gentle and good that I obeyed him without question, and the following morning an officer brought me a present of a thousand marks from the Prince, who was afterwards the Emperor Frederick! From that beginning I got into service in the palace. His heart was as good and kind as it was brave."

The Frolic and Chatter of Squirrels.

Did you ever watch the alert little squirrel? He loves to linger, sitting upright on the topmost stone of the wall, his tail conforming to the curve of his back. . . . He is a pretty sight,



with his pert bright appearance . . . [as he whisks about upon the wall].

At home in the woods he is most frolicsome and loquacious. If, after contemplating anything unusual, he concludes it not dangerous, it excites his unbounded mirth and ridicule, and he snickers and chatters, hardly able to contain himself; now darting up the trunk of a tree and squealing in derision, then hopping into position on a limb and dancing to the music of his own cackle, and all for your special benefit. There is something very human in this apparent mirth and mockery of the squirrels. It seems a sort of ironical laughter, and implies self-conscious pride and exultation in the laughter. "What a ridiculous thing you are, to be sure!" he seems to say; "how clumsy

and awkward, and what a poor show for a tail! Look at me, look at me!" and he capers about in his best style. Again he would seem to tease you and provoke your attention; then suddenly assumes a tone of good-natured, child-like defiance and derision.

That pretty little imp the chipmunk will sit on the stone above his retreat and defy you, as plainly as if he said so, to catch him before he can get into his hole, if you can. You attempt it; but "no, you can't," comes up from the depth of his little den.—*John Burroughs (abridged).*

Memories of Drowning the Squirrel.

When I was about six years old, as I was going to school one morning, a ground squirrel ran into its hole in the path before me. I thought now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough from beside a sugar-maple, used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me, "Well, my boy, what have you got in there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbors, a good

old man, with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel, and am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, I was engaged one day in drowning a ground squirrel, and an old man came along, and said to me, 'Your are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come along and pour water down on you to drown you, would you not think I was cruel? God made that little squirrel and life is sweet to it as it is to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?' He then added, 'I never have forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to bear this in

mind while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, remember that God does not allow us to kill His creatures for fun."

More than forty years have passed, and I have never forgotten what the good man said, nor have I ever killed an animal since for fun.

—*Anon.*

Squirrels in the Horticultural Gardens.

Alderman Piper has had small wooden houses placed in the trees of the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, for the shelter and homes of a number of squirrels which he has let loose in the gardens. It is to be hoped that the humane lesson which this act teaches, will not be lost upon the boys who frequent these gardens.

Rescuing a Drowning Fly.

In yonder vase, behold a drowning fly !
Its little feet, how vainly does it ply !
Its cries I understand not, yet it cries,
And tender hearts can feel its agonies.
Poor helpless victim ! . . .

Is there no friendly hand, no helper nigh ?
And must thou, little struggler, must thou die ?
Thou shalt not, while this hand can set thee free,
That shalt not die—this hand shall rescue thee ;
My finger's tip shall form a friendly shore—
There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er ;
Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear ;
Go join thy buzzing brothers in the air.—

Away it flies—resumes its harmless play,
And sweetly gambols in the golden ray.
—*Anon.*

The Fairy Nets of the Spider.

John Burroughs, in his "Autumn Tides," thus discourses about the spiders in the fall:—

"Looking athwart the fields under the sinking sun, the ground appears covered with a shining veil of gossamer. A fairy net, invisible at midday, rests upon the stubble and upon the spears of grass, covering acres in extent—the work of innumerable spiders. . . . At the same time stretching from the tops and branches of trees, or from the top of a stake in the fence, may be seen the cables of the flying spider—a fairy bridge from the visible to the invisible. . . . They recall a verse by Walt Whitman:—

"A noiseless, patient spider,
I mark'd where in a little promontory it stood isolated:
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament out of itself;
Ever unreeled them—ever tirelessly spreading them."

Another writer thus defends the spider:—

"Strange, as some people may think it, the spider is really a very useful creature. We owe to it the destruction of numerous insects that would inflict on us the most serious injury. . . . Even, as it is, and in spite of innumerable spiders, as well as birds, farmers sometimes lose largely by the damages inflicted on their crops by parti-



cular kinds of small insects. . . . The web of the common garden spider is a very beautiful structure, being composed of silken threads arranged like the spokes of a wheel, crossed at intervals by spiral filaments. . . . These silken threads are in reality composed of numerous threads twisted together in a kind of cable by the spinnerets of the spider."

The Grasshopper and the Cricket.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up in the fields of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning
brass ;

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those that think the candle comes too
soon,

Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth !
Both have your sunshine ; both, though small,
are strong

To sing to thoughtful years this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter—mirth.

—*Leigh Hunt.*



"HOUSELESS, HOMELESS, MOTHERLESS."

This touchingly expressive picture of one phase of waif-life is by Gustave Doré. Experience has often proved, however, that even such a sad and forlorn face as that of the desolate sister-mother in the engraving can, under Christian care and culture, become as beautiful as that of the girl's, shown on the opposite page.

PART IV.

THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

I. THE TEACHING OF KINDNESS AND MERCY.



A Face of Gentleness and Beauty.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where earth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep.

—*Anon.*

Why is it Desirable to Teach Kindness towards Dumb Animals?

1st. Public health requires kind treatment to give us wholesome meats—and milk, and milk products that are not poisonous.

2nd. Agriculture requires the protection of our insect-eating birds and their nests.

3rd. Gratitude requires it for the services they render us, and the happiness they bring into our lives.

4th. Duty to God who created and gave them requires it.

5th. Because it adds to the happiness of every human being through life to love and be kind to the lower animals.

6th. Because it has been proved in numerous schools of various nations that those taught to be doing kind acts daily to the lower races—feeding the birds, patting the horses, talking kindly to all sensitive creatures, etc.—become in all the relations of life, better men and women.—*George T. Angell.*

Do Animals Reciprocate Our Kindness?

Mrs. Marion Clement, of Williamstown, Massachusetts, thus replies to this question in the *New Orleans Picune*:—

“I have already made mention of the instinctive appreciation and gratitude animals feel and show toward people who are kind to them. All of us have heard and read of this truth, and most of us have seen it. I will relate a true story, in my own experience, which verifies all that has ever been stated as regards the wonderful reasoning powers, the touching and beautiful gratitude and keen intuitions of the canine race.

“Three years ago at this time I was boarding at a hotel, adjoining which was a large house

owned by a liveryman, who also owned several dogs. One was of a pepper-and-salt color, and another was a scraggy, yellow, homely pup, good sized, but thin with hunger, wiry hair, stub tail, clipped ears, and a regular vagabond dog, so far as appearance was concerned. But that disreputable exterior covered a (canine) heart of gold. Every morning, after breakfast, I always went to the stable to pet my beloved horses and my family of cats, and the first time I saw the neglected dogs was in one of my usual trips to my equine darlings. At the back kitchen door, where I passed through, stood two great barrels where all the waste food was thrown. One morning I saw these two hungry creatures standing on their hind legs, trying to reach into the barrel in vain. They ran when they saw me, expecting a kick and a harsh command to ‘get out,’ the usual unkind usage they received. I picked up some bones and nice, large pieces of meat and called them. Both were afraid and would not return, though my yellow favorite wanted to, oh, so badly, for he came a few steps, wriggled and smirked (that word just expresses it), and finally, on my repeatedly calling him in low, soft loving tones, he came to me. I patted and talked to him, and his delight was boundless. I then fed him all he could eat, and it did me good, gave me hearty pleasure to see that loving, friendless, half-starved dog enjoy his treat. All through his meal he wriggled and kept lapping my hands, hungry as he was, in excess of gratitude to me. The other dog was pleasant, but nothing so loving or lovable as this one. For several days after I was ill, and so did not see my young canine friend and protegee, though I often thought of and worried about him, fearing he was hungry. When well again, I one morning walked down to the post-office, and only a few steps from the hotel I heard a queer kind of hesitating, scuffling noise right behind me. I did not look back, supposing it some child at play. Again I heard it, close to my heels, but thought nothing of it. The third time that strange hesitating patter, patter, came close to my side. Then I looked down, and there, with his black eyes fairly speaking his love and delight at seeing me, his stump tail beating the air, wriggling enough to turn inside out, was my quondam friend of the swill-barrel episode. He crouched at my feet, licked my boots, whined aloud in his excessive dog-delight, and would not leave me. I have rarely seen such love manifested by any breathing thing as he then and ever after showed to me. And did I not feel and appreciate this poor, forlorn creature’s touching thanks and gratitude? Ah, yes, indeed; far more than I can express. He would not leave me. He loved and clung to me, knowing I was his only friend. My eyes grew dim and my heart ached to see the inexpressibly touching worship given me for only one act of kindness to him. It was most remarkable also that he should have known me after an interval of several days, just seeing me pass by, not even hearing my voice or seeing my face, which was veiled. He had never seen me but that once when I had fed him. Such a memory and instincts in a young, strange mongrel was truly wonderful. After that I used to see and feed him daily, and his touching devotion to me

grew stronger each day. Usually the contents of the barrel were frozen, but get it for my dear doggy I would, though 'I died in the attempt.' I nearly ruined my new driving gloves in this way, so I then pulled them off and dug out what I wanted with my bare fingers. Thus I befriended my dear little loving friend all through that cold winter; and when I left the hotel, just before the winter ended, I worried about him sadly, knowing how his loyal, devoted heart would miss and grieve for me. What finally became of him I never found out.

"Ah, me! if all of my own race whom I have befriended had given me the true, staunch love and return that my canine friend did, happy indeed would I have been. But there is no created thing that is so faithful, grateful and undyingly loyal as a true dog. They love and stand by us when all the world hates or persecutes, or casts us off. I love and appreciate and respect them beyond words to express."

The following anonymous article on the same subject is taken from the *Upper Canada Journal of Education* for November, 1862—a periodical of which the Editor of this publication was Editor for nearly thirty years:—

"I was sitting with my little son on my knee one day, when in comes Jack, a very favored member of our household—an individual of the highly respectable tribe, or clan, of Terrier. Enters Jack, I say, and presents arms in the most approved style, by placing the fore-paws on the knee. The boy is not on, and looking up with untold affection out of his deep, luminous eyes, as much as to say, 'Yours respectfully, sir.' I must confess that the dog speaks nearly as plainly as the boy, though dumbly. And just to try the poor fellow I talked to him very earnestly, and half reproachfully, said: 'Now Jack, you can talk; why don't you talk? just speak out and say something; try, for once.' And even the boy takes it up, and patting Jack with his little hand, says with authority, 'Jat, ta'ut.' But Jack, poor dumb dog! does try his best, yet can't speak a word; and it is a pitiful sight, enough to start the tears, to hear his deprecating, half-whine, half-bark, and to see him increase the rolling of his head, with its cropped ears, and his paws beating time, as he lifts now one, now the other, quickly alternating; and above all, to look upon those eyes, now all aglow, rolling in a liquid brilliancy—not to look upon them so much as down into them—into their fiery depths—as into glowing jewels, melting rubies, and seeing that in them which in human eyes we say betokens genius, the light of a noble soul. Thus, Jack looking up, and speaking so eloquently in his dumb way, with his paws upon my knee, actually thrilled me with the sudden thoughts presented thus by his acts—why has not Jack something more than mere mortality? why cannot he have leave to open his mouth, and speak with loosened tongue, since now he speaks by signs you cannot mistake? why must he lie down and die, and those eyes, brighter than any human eyes, go out in utter darkness forever? why do you call that instinct in him, which in the human you call soul or spirit, because, forsooth, the one has

permission to speak, and speech in the other is a life-long prisoner? Has he no moral sense back of those eyes? When I look on my terrier, and watch him thus, his inability to speak in his own defence, his infirmity, in short, pleads with me, and tells me to be gentle with him—to kindly entreat him—to speak to him as a friend—and above all, not to forget to feed him. And I am reminded that caresses will not be lost on him, as upon some two-legged dogs I know of; that soft words will not be wasted upon him, as upon them; and that he will lick the feet, and not wound the heart of his friend and benefactor.

"I would blush in shame to lose a dog's respect, much more to have a dog fear and hate me, because I was more of a brute than he, and had a heart less tender and humane than his own; more than all, I would be ashamed to demoralize the dog, by showing him that passion which will have the same effect on him as upon the child—to awaken the same unruly passion in him who suffers by its exhibition. Kindness to animals is kindness to yourself. You great boy there beating your dog—stop that contemptible work! I wish sometimes that dogs could speak, so that they could testify in courts of justice, and fill up our houses of refuge with young and bad-tempered tyrants. There now, Jack, I feel better. I have said a word for you, and I see it in your eyes that you are very grateful.

"In conclusion, he who has not seen 'Spare Hours,' and 'Rab' (the Dog) 'and His Friends,' by Dr. John Brown, has good, cheerful, entertaining volumes yet to read. Thank you, Dr. Brown, in the name of our Jack, who, with his wagging tail and watching eye, seems to suspect that we are taking his part against somebody, and adopts this quiet method of giving us a vote of thanks, which we pass over heartily to the aforesaid physician of Edinburgh."

The same writer, touching on another and truly practical part of the subject, says:—

"I wish that the Christians thought more of our animals than we do; it is not too humble a subject for our piety to get down to. If we believe that there is no state of future recompense for suffering beasts, we ought to treat them as well as may be in this present state.

"There is the horse, for instance; noble beast, and much abused. I feel a whole indignant essay within me on his behalf, but it must be repressed. The kind gentleman, the Country Parson, has spoken many a good word for him, for which I feel personally indebted; but above all, honor to Rarey, who is a real Howard, and who ought to be a Christian. Here is his great principle, though not in his precise words. 'He that would break a horse must first break himself.' My friends, break yourselves; learn to govern your own spirits and tempers with absolute mastery, and then only are you fit to govern beast or man. I name beast first, for it is easier to play the tyrant on the beast than on the man, who may return your angry stroke.

"I might say a word about our chickens—the lays they sing—and the thanks they cluck and cackle, when I let them out of the coop for the

dress parade, after I come down from the study in the evening; and how they reciprocate kindness, and know who to be afraid of; yea, even the little chaps whose feathers are down as yet, and who soon learn to recognize a friendly hand, although they are very ticklish about being touched—what we call touchy.”

Another writer mentions this incident:—

“Some years ago I was walking near Boston and found a cow tied with a rope to a tree. Somehow she had contrived to wind herself up in the rope, and lay on the ground helpless. After much exertion I succeeded in getting her unwound and on her feet. Then she turned her neck completely around to where I was standing and licked my coat sleeve with her tongue. Was she not grateful?”

Francesco and Rosoletta.

The third book of the Irish National Readers contains the following expressive story:—

“Francesco Michelo, son of a carpenter in Sardinia, had a remarkable faculty for training animals and birds, and they became very much attached to him. Among some partridges which he trained was one which he called Rosoletta. On one occasion it did good service. A beautiful goldfinch had strayed from its cage, and was lost in a neighboring garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised it to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, Rosoletta, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her, along the top of the lime trees, towards home; afterwards she led the way by little and little before him, and at length, getting him home, seated him, in apparent disgrace, in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph at her success.

“Francesco was happy and contented, since, by his own industry and exertions, he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, he one evening ate a toadstool instead of the edible mushroom, and died in a few days, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco’s illness his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed, some lying sadly upon his pillow; others flitting backwards and forwards above his head; a few uttering brief but plaintive cries; and all taking scarcely any nourishment.

“The death of Francesco showed in a remarkable manner what affections may be excited in birds or animals by a course of gentle treatment. Francesco’s birds appeared to be sensible of the loss of a benefactor; but none of his feathered favorites showed at his death such real and disconsolate grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin she flew round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they tried to drive her away, but she still returned, and then forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While that mother lived she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret

of the chapel, which looked upon his grave. Here she lived, and here she died about four months afterwards.”

An Old Woman Saved by a Bird.

I’ll tell you a story, children—

A story you’ve never heard—
Of a woman who lived in a hovel,
Whose life was saved by a bird:
A woman so poor and lonely,
With nothing to make life sweet,
Working, and toiling, and striving,
With barely enough to eat.

.

And once she was faint with hunger,
Weary, and wasted, and ill,
And lay on the floor of her hovel,
Clay-cold, and white, and still;
And the bird was singing about her,
And flying about and around,
And perching on head and shoulder,
And hearing no loving sound;—

O bird, of what are you thinking?
O bird, shall we never know?
You fluttered your wings in terror!
Your pretty eyes glistened so!
You fluttered and ruffled your feathers,
And sang with a frightened cry,
And then you rushed through the window
Away between earth and sky.

And every creature that met you,
You called with a piercing call,
And ruffled and fluttered your feathers,
And tried to appeal to them all.
But never a one would heed you,
For how could they guess or know
That a bird was asking their succor
For the woman who loved it so?

Back flew the bird in its terror—
Back to the hovel again;
And ’tis asking all whom it passes,
And asking them all in vain,
Till near the hovel there met her
A girl with innocent grace,
And a hand that was always ready,
And a sweet little pitying face.

And it fluttered and flew about her,
And cried a despairing cry,
And flew away to the hovel,
And back to the girl did fly.
And the girl looked up with wonder,
But able to understand;
For the quick perceptive spirit
Still goes with the comforting hand.

So the two went into the hovel,
 And life went in with them there;
 For death could not hold the creature
 Of whom a bird took such care.
 And all who heard the sweet story
 Did comfort and aid impart,
 With work for the willing fingers,
 And love for the kindly heart.

Saved by a Toronto Collie Dog.

The Toronto *Evening News* of the 26th June, 1888, mentions the following incident. It is another illustration of the humane instincts, or "dumb reason," of an intelligent collie dog:—

"A little boy, son of Mr. J. F. Hewer, grocer, was run over and trampled upon by cattle near the corner of Queen and Fenning streets this forenoon. The little fellow was crossing the road, when he was struck by one of a herd of cattle that were being driven eastward, and one of the animals stepped on his right arm, breaking one of the bones in his wrist. Had it not been for the interference of an intelligent collie dog the boy would probably have been trampled to death. The dog ran to the boy and scattered the cattle right and left, remaining at his side until he was safely removed to the sidewalk. Dr. Ogden dressed his injury and sent him home."

How Best to Inculcate Kindness and Mercy.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown."
 —Shakespeare.

"If we knew what forms were fainting
 For the shade that we should fling;
 If we knew what lips are parching
 For the water we could bring,
 We would haste with eager footsteps,
 We would work with willing hands,
 Bearing cups of cooling water,
 Planting rows of shading palms."
 —Anon.

In an address on the means of inculcating the duty and pleasure of kindness and mercy, Mr. Angell said:—

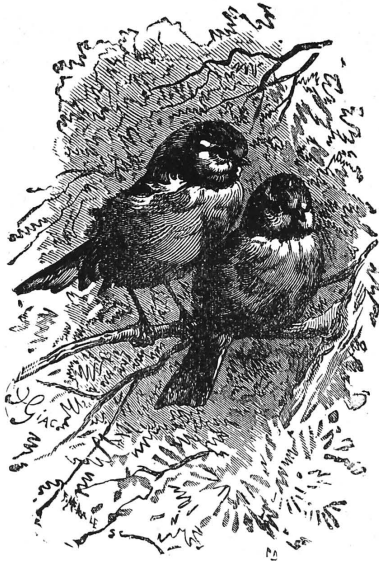
"We have long ago found that the great remedy for all these wrongs lies, not in law and prosecuting officers, but in the public and private schools; that a thousand cases of cruelty can be prevented by kind words and humane education, for every one that can be prevented by prosecution; and that if we are ever going to accomplish anything of permanent value for the protection of those whom our Societies are organized to protect, it must be through the kind assistance of the teachers in our public and private schools.

"We found another important fact—that when children were taught to be kind to animals, to

spare in spring time the mother-bird with its nest full of young, to pat the horses, and play with the dogs, and speak kindly to all harmless living creatures, they became more kind, not only to animals, but also to each other."

"I detect
 More good than evil in humanity.
 Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
 And men grow better as the world grows old."
 —O. W. Holmes.

What a world would ours become did mercy reign! The old would lean upon the young and strong, the happy would share their sunshine with the sorrowing, and the deserted child would find loving mothers. The dumb beasts would need no voice to proclaim their woes, the very forests would sing for joy, the flowers bloom where blood was shed, and the love-birds nest in the cannon's mouth, for "mercy and peace have kissed each other."
 Mrs. Schaffter, of New Orleans.



Birds My Teachers.

Ring-dove! resting serenely calm,
 Tell my bosom thy secret balm.
 Blackbird! straining thy tuneful throat,
 Teach my spirit thy thankful note.
 Eagle! cleaving the vaulted sky,
 Help my nature to soar so high.
 Skylark! winging thy way to heaven,
 Be thy track to my spirit given!

—Anon.



“OH, NAUGHTY PUSSY, SEE HOW YOU’VE HURTED ME.”

II. COUNSELS TO PARENTS ON HUMANE EDUCATION.

"Our homestead had an ample hearth,
 Where at night we loved to meet;
 There my mother's voice was always kind,
 And her smile was always sweet;
 And there I've sat on my father's knee,
 And watched his thoughtful brow,
 With my childish hand in his raven hair—
 That hair is silver now!
 But that broad hearth's light,
 Oh, that broad hearth's light!
 And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
 They are in my heart to-night!"

—Phæbe Cary.

A Mother's Humane Instruction of Children.

"From 'eight to sixteen!' In these few years are the destinies of children fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty—fixed by parents! Let every father and mother solemnly row: 'By God's help I'll fix my darling's destiny for good, by making home more attractive than the streets.'"

Mr. Henry Bergh, writing on the subject of "Dangerous Education," makes the following remarks on the rightful instruction of children by their parents in the principles of humanity, justice and mercy:—

"Spurzheim asserts that there is no part of education more shamefully neglected than the cultivation of conscientiousness. In that he judged rightly. Children of the tenderest age, even before they can articulate, may be taught, through the simple agency of pictures, to admire and appreciate living creatures. A skilful mother should instruct her children in the uses of the domestic animals as playmates, servants and friends. She should impress upon their minds the wickedness of deforming or rendering unhappy what God has made beautiful and happy. She should secure their attention by anecdotes of the horse, the dromedary, the porpoise, the lion, and the elephant. Talk to them of the feathered tribes which sport their glittering plumage in the noon-day sun, and chant their homage of their Creator with their sweet, untutored melody. Speak of the eagle in its dizzy flight toward the orb of day; the little humming bird, ensconced within the perfumed petals of the flower; point to the pigeon's neck with its changing hues, the robin red-breast, and the gorgeous plumage of the peacock, exceeding in elegance the queenly robe and chiding the rivalry of art. Tell them of the habits of animals, their long voyages, their social and their solitary instincts, their clothing and their architectural skill, their care and courage in the defence of their young, and the arts by which they deceive and elude their enemies.

"Nor should she confine herself to those deemed beautiful, but to those also which to the eye of prejudice are ugly, and even hurtful. Point to the spider, building with consummate skill its twig-suspended residence, braced and protected everywhere with human ingenuity

and cunning. Instead of starting back affrighted at the sight of the frog, the worm, the chrysalis, and the caterpillar, teach them to contemplate the wonders of their forms and color, persuade them to take them in their hands, and, when possible, assist their vision with the microscope.

"Let her teach them the difference between might and right, and that a creature's helplessness should be its mightiest defence against injury. Instruct them that no being requires such unbounded freedom as the bird, and that to imprison it in a cage is a crime. Their study of geography may be facilitated by recounting to them the localities of animals on earth—their native homes. The reindeer tells of the sledge and the hut of the Laplander, amidst eternal snow; the elephant conducts them to the wilds of Caffraria and the forests of Ceylon; the fowls which inhabit the rocks upon the seashore, the ostrich of the desert. Point to the awakened interest, by all the powers of affectionate eloquence, the degrading criminality of dog and cock-fights, and all contests between animals, and the wanton killing of any being from motives of sport or relief from *ennui*. Try to describe the misery of a little family of birds or animals, whose parent while in quest of their daily food falls before the senseless aim of the sportsman."

Mrs. Schaffter, of New Orleans, says:—

"Train the children, train their hands, train their heads, and, above all, train their hearts, and our future will be one of good men and women."

This publication will furnish parents and others with a most comprehensive text-book for home education in humanity and benevolence.

A Mother's Lesson of Kindness to a Horse.

Here is a beautiful and practical example of the thoughtfulness of a lady who felt it to be not only desirable to give the time, but also a delightful duty to instruct her children in acts of kindness to a horse. See how she pets it herself, and gives it what it so much likes, salt or sugar, out of her own hand. By this act she teaches not only gentleness and kindness, but

fearlessness and confidence. These are things which, in the case of children, are most necessary to be taught. Besides, they appeal at once to the hearts and courage of the little spectators. They see their own dear mother, kind, fearless, and loving to the horse, thus making that animal, in a manner and to their imagination, one of their own little family circle. Would that such examples of considerate and practical thoughtfulness were more common!

"I Have no Time for My Children."

"Hold diligent converse with thy children! Have them Morning and evening about thee; love thou them And win their love in these rare, beauteous years: For only while the short-lived dream of childhood Lasts are they thine—no longer!"

—*Leopold Schefer.*

A writer thus remonstrates with parents who

izer to its possessor. Do not forget, too, that the childish mind, in process of development, absolutely needs the cheerful and happy influences which are produced by amusements, as sure as the plant needs sun and light for its proper growth. And who can be better persons to afford recreation than both parents. The father's entrance after a day's labor should be a cause for rejoicing, and the signal for a merry game, which would benefit him as much as the little ones."

"I'm Hurried, Child."

"Oh mother, look! I've found a butterfly Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why There was no butter. Oh, do see its wings! I never, never saw such pretty things— All streaked and striped with blue, and brown, and gold— Where is its house when all the days are cold?"



A MOTHER'S LESSON OF KINDNESS TO A HORSE.

excuse their constant neglect of an imperative duty by saying that they "have no time" to devote to their children:—

"'I have no time to devote to my children,' says the business man with a sigh; for he really feels the privation of their society keenly. But the excuse is an insufficient one; he should make time—let other things go, for no duty is more important than that he owes his offspring. Parents should never fail to give the child such sympathy in its little matters of life as will produce in its confiding mind that trust and faith which is a necessary element in paternal influence. Filial affection is a great safeguard against evil influences, as well as a great civil-

—"Yes, yes," she said, in accents mild,
"I'm hurried, child."

"Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers;
And when she thought you'd gone down stairs,
Then dolly was afraid, and so I said:
Just never mind, but say 'em in the bed,
Because I think that God is just as near.
When dolls are 'fraid, do you s'pose He can hear?"

"I'm hurried, child."

"Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky—
The sun has left, and won't you, by-and-by,

Dear mother, take me in your arms, and tell
 Me all about the pussy in the well?
 Then tell me of the babies in the wood,
 And then, perhaps, about Red Riding Hood?"
 —"Too much to do! Hush, hush! you drive
 me wild!

I'm hurried, child."

The little one grew very quiet now,
 And grieved and puzzled was the childish brow;
 And then she queried: "Mother, do you know
 The reason 'cause you must be hurried so?
 I guess the hours are littler than I,
 So I will take my pennies and will buy
 A big' clock! oh, as big as it can be!

For you and me."

The mother now has leisure infinite;
 She sits with folded hands, and face as white
 As winter. In her heart is winter's chill.
 She sits at leisure questioning 'God's will.
 "My child has ceased to breathe, and all is
 night!
 Is Heaven so dark that Thou dost grudge me
 light?
 O life! O God! I must discover why
 The time drags by."

O mother sweet, if cares must ever fall,
 Pray, do not make them stones to build a wall
 Between thee and thy own; and miss the right
 To blessedness, so swift to take its flight!
 While answering baby questionings you are
 But entertaining angels unaware;
 The richest gifts are gathered by the way,
 For darkest day.

Grave Responsibility of Parents.

This is a fact of startling importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over his child until sixteen. It cannot be a very difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not wisely and efficiently exercised—and it must be the parent's fault—it is owing to parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real resources of twenty-eight per cent. of the cruelty and crime in England, the United States and Canada lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection; we throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom and kindness.

Mr. Erastus Burnham, Secretary of the Ohio Humane Society, in a paper read at the Rochester meeting of the American Humane Society (1887), said:—

"Children should be impressed and educated to know and realize that the ties of home should far exceed those of all other society and its surroundings. Children have a right to the best training that parents can command. Too frequently through loss of that intimate relation that should ever exist between parent and child, the character of the latter is developed in a wrong direction, owing to the want of any safeguard against temptation. Children should be taught by their parents, both by precept and example, the principles which underlie an upright and honorable life; of purity in thought and action, which will be through all time of untold value."

What Do the Children Read?

Tell me, oh doting parents,
 Counting your household joys,
 Rich in your sweet home-treasures,
 Blest in your girls and boys;
 After the school is over,
 Each little student freed,
 After the fun and frolic,
 What do the children read?

Dear little heads bent over,
 Scanning the printed page;
 Lost in the glowing picture,
 Sowing the seeds for age.
 What is the story, mother?
 What is the witching theme,
 Set like a feast before them,
 Bright as a golden dream?

Deal Leniently with Little Children.

O ye that are wise in your own conceit! never despise the young; never turn from their first sorrow, at the loss even of a doll or pegtop. Every privation is a step in the ladder of life. Deal gently with them; speak kindly to them. A little sympathy may ensure a great return when you are yourself a second time a child. Comfort their little sorrows; cheer their little hearts. Kind words are the seeds sown by the wayside, that brings forth fruit, "some sixty-fold, some an hundred-fold." Bear in mind ever that "the child is father to the man;" and when you would pass a sorrowing one coldly by—whether you see it mourning over a dear friend or a lost half-penny; whether coupled to crime by the iron hand of necessity, or dragged into it by the depraved will of a bad mother, or some other unlucky circumstances—remember that still it is a child, a piece of nature's most flexible wax, and credible to false prints. Spurn it not because its clothes are rags, or its parents vagrants; it is the mighty, and yet the

innocent representative, perhaps of generations yet unborn. Give it the look of kindness that childhood never mistakes; speak to it the word of cheer that even old age never forgets. Do it, if not for the sake of your common nature, do

it, for the sake of One who said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto Me." "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Vermont School Journal*.

III. IMPORTANCE OF HUMANE EDUCATION BY TEACHERS.

The Schoolmaster as a Teacher of Humanity.

Mr. Bergh, referring to the valuable aid which a schoolmaster may be in this beneficent cause, says:—

"The schoolmaster can greatly assist the

upon the ground, or the suffering orphan, widow and stranger."

As an encouraging example Mr. Angell mentions the gratifying fact that—

"A teacher of a large public school in England has, during many years, been carefully teaching the children in his school kindness to animals—to feed the birds, and pat the horses, and enjoy making all God's harmless creatures happy; and he now tells us that out of about seven thousand children that have gone out



merciful purposes of parents by mingling humanity with rudimental instruction. The infant kneeling at the incipient fountain of knowledge, should have his first draught flavored with the sweet ingredients of pity and compassion. He should be taught that knowledge is worthless if undirected by the benevolent virtues, that there is no being so insignificant as to be unworthy of his commiseration and protection, be it the worm which crawls

from his school, not one has ever been charged with a criminal offence in any court."

Mrs. Schaffter, of New Orleans, also says:—

"Mr. Ulric Bettison, the superintendent of the city schools, speaking of the condition of the public schools of Cincinnati under Mr. Peaslee's *regime*, when Bands of Mercy were everywhere, said you have here a convincing argument in favor of this method of heart culture. Think you that a child cannot be influ-

enced? 'Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain hath its own mission.' It may be to sink into the earth, or it may be to swell the sea, or it may be to glide into the throat of a drooping lily to refresh its beauty. An ant, a spider, a leaf, a grain of sand can teach a philosopher, and a child can educate a man."

Another writer impressively adds:—

"When I remember that nearly all the distinguished and influential men and women of the future, and nearly all the possible criminals of the future, are now in these schools, and the incalculable influence which teachers can exert, not only upon children, but also through them upon their parents, I am thoroughly impressed with the belief that in the whole range of humane work there can be nothing more important than the duty of using every exertion to reach and influence the teachers and pupils of our public schools."

Humane Literature in our Public Schools.

Mrs. Lilly Lord Tift, Secretary of the Buffalo Branch of the American Humane Society, in a paper read at Rochester (1887), said:—

"We all know that cruelty is not confined to the uneducated classes. It is not alone men whose interests and amusements are supposed to be entirely outside of books and all the wonders and glories opened to the thinking mind by art in all its forms; it is not these alone that are cruel, that take delight in brutal dog-fights, racing horses until they drop dead, indulging in every form of cruelty which may occur to them, when angry with wife or child, dog or horse, whoever or whatever is in their power. Men of position, of great influence, highly educated men, often have the mask torn off by the hand of justice, and deeds of cruelty that shock a community give unmistakable evidence that the carelessness of childhood, the unreasoning abuse of youth, has become active cruelty in the man or woman (with shame be it written) whose education has been entirely of the head, and the higher education, that of the heart, totally disregarded. A wise writer of two score years ago, Horace Mann, thought deeply on this subject. He says, 'However loftily the intellect of man may be gifted, however skilfully it may have been trained, if it be not guided by a sense of justice, a love of mankind and a devotion to duty, its possessor is only a more splendid, as he is a more dangerous, barbarian.'"

IV. KINDNESS AND MERCY THE RESULTS OF HUMANE TEACHING.

Unconscious Influence of Surroundings.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straight-forward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, and scenes, and actions always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in many other ways they speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow. Teach your childrer, then, to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers; encourage them to put it in the shape of hanging baskets; allow them to have their favorite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern "time to work," but with the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sun rise!" buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms in his or her childish way, give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege and they will make your home beautiful.

Influence of Humane Instruction.

It is impossible to over-estimate the benefit of judicious humane instruction. Its influence is felt by all classes and under every circumstance of life. Our hearts, under its salutary precepts, are kept warm and tender; we are all better prepared to meet our share of life's trials when we have borne relief and comfort to those weaker and more dependent than ourselves, even though it be but an insect in our pathway. A man who is kind to the animals belonging to him will be thoughtful of the feelings and wishes of his family. A woman who, with patience and tenderness, cares for the domestic creatures around her home can but be loving to her little ones; for she must observe how strong is the mother-love in the humblest thing that lives; and loving to her children, she will be more inclined to care for the poor, the friendless, the motherless, who pass her door. Last, but not least, children who are kind to animals will be kind to each other. They will be more loving to their parents and more obedient to all who have authority over them. When they observe the kindness of animals to each other, that "birds in their little nests agree," that individuals of the same brood or litter dwell lov-



LITTLE LILLIAN AND BONNIE GRACIE UNDER THE UMBRELLA.

"Coming home from school together,
In the cold and rainy weather,—were—
Lillian, with her nut-brown hair,
Bonnie Gracie, sweet and fair!"

ingly together, they will soon come to be ashamed to quarrel and contend with each other. Humane children will be humane men and women. The things we learn in early life cling to us through all vicissitudes; we may wander away, but the truths are in our hearts, and they will come to the surface in our lives. We very much doubt whether the hardened criminals who have startled the world by their crimes received any humane instruction while they were young. Show us a boy who delights in maiming insects, robbing birds' nests, and drowning helpless kittens; we will venture to say he is a terror to his comrades, and will grow up a ruffian and a malefactor. Show us a girl—we think they are seldom found—who indulges in kindred tastes, and we predict, if she does not become wholly depraved, she will be a careless and cruel mother, an unkind neighbor, and so rule her domestic circle that her husband and children will flee anywhere to be out of her presence.—*Mrs. F. A. F. Wood-White.*

Lillian and Gracie Under the Umbrella.

Coming home from school together,
In the cold and rainy weather,
Lillian, with her nut-brown hair,
Bonnie Gracie, sweet and fair!
Just behind them, I, while walking,
Listened to their childish talking;
First of lessons learned that day,
Then of recess and their play;
Then a little chat on dolls,
And then of "brother's cricket ball;"
Of this and that, as children will,
Whose little tongues are never still.

"How it rains!" cried Grace, at last,
As the drops fell thick and fast.
"We don't care, though, for you see
We're under shelter, you, and me!"
Then said Lillian, "Sissie, dear,
There's room for one more under here.
And do you think mamma would care,
If we should call that poor girl there,
And ask her—shall I, or will you?
To come in under shelter too?
She looks so sad; and then I know
She's cold, because she shivers so."
A moment more; and presently
The large umbrella sheltered three.

O little kind Samaritan!
Sweet, thoughtful little Lillian!
Remember, as you older grow,
That many a heart so filled with woe

May falter by the roadside drear,
Bowed low with many a grief and fear.
Then from the shelter of God's care
Stretch forth your hand and gladly share
The haven of your pitying love.
To save from angry clouds above,
Ope wide, dear child, sweet charity's door,
Where there is always room for more.

—*Anon.*

In the spirit of this kind thoughtfulness every boy should treat every girl as he would like every boy to treat his sister. Everyone should learn to be gentle towards others, and to give protection to those weaker than themselves. If every boy treated his girl friends as he would like other boys to treat his sister there would be a better state of society when they are all grown up.

Conscience, or the Voice of God.

I have read a good story about a distinguished clergyman of Massachusetts, known throughout the nation as a great and good man. It is about one of the experiences of his childhood, and I will tell it in his own words. He says: "I saw one day a little spotted turtle sunning itself in the shallow water, and I lifted the stick in my hand to kill it, for though I had never killed any creature, I had seen other boys kill birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, '*It is wrong,*' and so I held my uplifted stick until the turtle vanished from my sight. Then I went home and told my mother, and asked her what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and took me in her arms, and said: 'Some call it conscience, but I call it the voice of God in the human soul. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you do not listen to it, or disobey it, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide. Your life, my child, depends on heeding that little voice.'" —*Parker.*

A Maiden and the Birds—A Contrast.

A bird sat singing a carol clear
On the bough of a budding tree—
"Oh life is rare and the world is fair,
And sweet is my life to me!"
And an angel near smiled down to hear
That song so glad and free.

But the bird sang again a sweeter strain
 From the bough of a blossoming tree—
 "Oh love is sweet and the world complete,
 And dear is my love to me!"
 And the listening angel smiled again
 To hear his minstrelsy.

A maiden fair came singing clear,
 As she passed 'neath the blossoming tree,
 Oh the world is fair beyond compare,
 And sweet is my life to me!
 And the angel smiled at the joyous child,
 For she was fair to see.

But the maiden came and sang again,
 And she sang so thrillingly,

Was the mate by my side whence to please thy
 pride,
 Thy love hath torn from me!"

—*Agnes Maule Machar.*

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, May, 1838.

Kindness to Sheep on a Cattle-Train.

This picture illustrates an incident that was related some years ago by Miss L. M. Alcott, the well-known author. We give the story in her own words, as published at the time:—

"Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks, and spread



KINDNESS TO SHEEP ON A CATTLE-TRAIN.

That the birds all stopped to catch the strain
 That rang through the greenwood tree—
 "Oh love is sweet and my life complete,
 And dear is my love to me!"

But the angel smiled not, though well he heard
 That witching melody,
 For the maiden was decked with the very bird
 That had sung in the blossoming tree;
 To please her pride the bird had died,
 And hushed was its minstrelsy!

And she never heard a low sad note
 From a lone bird in a tree—
 "Oh life was sweet with love to greet;
 And dear as thy love to thee

into a wide pool that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train; and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

"Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths.

"The cattle lowed dismally and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while, that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and, while I hesi-

tated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

"I could not hear what they said; but as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats and their bare feet, and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron and spread it on the grass, and emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little barefoot's task a hard one.

"But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was so soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and having no pail, filled her 'picking-dish' with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of these two little sisters of charity." Blessed are such merciful ones, for they shall obtain mercy.

Our Dumb Brothers.

See a countless multitude about us,
Claiming sympathy—our humble kin;
Sadly have they learned to fear and doubt us,
Driven from our side by human sin;
Yet, though dumb, their hearts to ours are
speaking,
Help and kindness from us ever seeking,
Kindness hard to win!

Inarticulate voices, groans of anguish,
Patient sighs, 'neath burdens hard to bear;
From lone places where dumb victims languish,
Plaintive moans are floating on the air!
Soft eyes, seeking ours with wistful pleading;
Can we turn away with hearts unheeding
That unuttered prayer?

Innocent of wrong, our own transgression
Lays on them a heavy load of pain,
Sharing all the misery and oppression
Man has wrought beneath his iron reign.
Touch all hearts, oh, Thou Divine Compassion,
Till they burn with generous love and passion
To remove the stain!

They and we are in our Father's keeping,
Whose compassion clasps both great and small;
Not one wrong eludes that eye unsleeping,
Not one humblest life unseen shall fall.
None can serve Him with a heart unheeding
His dumb creatures' inarticulate pleading,
For He loveth all!

—*Agnes Maule Machar.*

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, October, 1887.

Corliss, the Famous Engine Builder, and the Robin's Nest.

Mr. Corliss, the famous engine builder of Providence, not very long before his death, had occasion to build an addition to his manufactory—a big L for additional machinery. To prepare the foundation for this L it was necessary to remove a ledge of rock by blasting. The men to do the work on the addition had been employed and put on the pay-roll, the materials had been purchased and brought to the building, and the work of blasting had begun. The next morning Mr. Corliss passed by the place where work was proceeding, when the foreman in charge, knowing his interest in pretty things, called him.

"See here, Mr. Corliss," said he; "here's a bird's nest that we've found and that's got to go."

He showed the manufacturer a robin sitting upon a nest that had been built, fast and snug, in a crevice of the rock, among some bushes that grew there. The bird flew off her nest as the men came near, and showed five blue eggs that looked as if they had just been laid.

"Can we move that nest somewhere else?" asked Mr. Corliss.

"I'm afraid not, sir. We'd tear it to pieces getting it out, and it isn't at all likely that you could get the bird to go on sitting again anywhere else. We've got to go on, so we may as well rip it out and throw the eggs away."

"No," said Mr. Corliss, "we won't disturb her. Let her bring out her brood right there."

"But we'll have to stop the work on the building."

"Let it stop, then."

And so orders were given that operations on the addition should be suspended. They were suspended; and the hands stood still, drawing their pay for doing nothing, or next to nothing, while the robin sat on her nest with her air of great consequence and zealous attention to business, and had her food brought by her mate, and at last hatched her brood. And then there were three weeks more to go by, at least, before the young ones could fly. Mr. Corliss visited the nest frequently, not with any uneasiness or impatience to have the robin and the young ones out of the way, but with a genuine interest in their growth. The old birds had all the time they wanted; and when at last they had sternly helped the clumsy, reluctant youngsters over the edge of the nest, and they showed themselves able to get about on their own hook, orders were given to resume the building opera-

tions; and the dull boom of the gunpowder tearing the rocks apart was heard where the birds had peeped.—*Boston Transcript.*

Ben Hazzard's Guests.

Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold,
Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore;
The poor were Christ's, he knew no more.
One night a cry from the window came—
Ben Hazzard was sleepy and tired and lame—
"Ben Hazzard, open," it seemed to say,
"Give shelter and food, I humbly pray."
Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head
To listen. "'Tis awful cold," he said,
And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,
"But the wanderer must be comforted."
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried,
And he opened the door and held it wide.
A milk-white kitten was all he spied.
Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The stout house-doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.
"I thought that somebody called," he said,
"Some dream or other got into my head!
Come then, poor puss, and share my bed."
Then out from the storm, the wind, and the
sleet,
Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet.
Truly it was a terrible storm,
Ben feared he should never more be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And puss was purring soft and cozy,
A voice called faintly before his door,
"Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help, I implore!
Give drink, and a crust from out your store."
Out from his bed he stumbled again;
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said;
"With such as I have, thou shalt be fed."
Only a little black dog he saw,
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
"Well, well," he cried, "I must have dreamed;
But verily like a voice it seemed.
Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
"Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow-
bone."
He went to the cupboard and took from the
shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self.
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept,
His conscience was white and again he slept.

But again a voice called, both loud and clear,
"Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come
here!"

Once more he stood at the open door,
And look abroad, as he look before,
This time full sure 'twas a voice he heard:
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,
And tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.

The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch.
Ben awoke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that called all night,
"Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor.
The humblest creature that sought thy door
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."
"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.
"Who giveth all of his scanty store
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.
Behold the Master who waiteth for thee,
Saith: 'Giving to them thou hast given to
Me.'"

Then, with heaven's light on his face, "Amen,
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.
"Frozen to death," the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright,
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.

—*Anna P. Marshall, in the Congregationalist.*

Reward for Loving Deeds.

Feed the hungry and the weak,
Words of cheer and comfort speak,
Be the angel of the poor,
Teach them bravely to endure;
Show them this, the Father's will,
Confident of kindness still.

Gratitude may be your lot,
Then be thankful; but if not,
Are you better than your Lord,
Who endured the cross and sword
From those very hands whose skill
Waited ever on His will?

Noble is a life of care
If a holy zeal be there;
All your little deeds of love
Heavenward helps at last may prove,
If you seek your Father's will,
Trusting in His kindness still.

—*Anon.*

V. HEROINES OF KINDNESS AND MERCY.

Florence Nightingale and Her Noble Work.

Florence Nightingale was born in Florence, of English parents, in 1820. Her whole life has been marked by the purest philanthropy, and was chiefly spent in the study and practice of hospital management and nursing. At the time of the Crimean War, in 1854, Miss Nightingale undertook the direction of a band of lady superintendents and nurses who were sent out from England to the English military hospitals in the Crimea. By her skilful organization, untiring zeal and personal devotion she saved the lives of numbers of the sick soldiers, and alleviated the sufferings of all. The American poet, Longfellow, has thus gracefully done justice to the noble devotion of one whom all delight to honor:—

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

"Our Margaret."

The Editor of this publication while in New Orleans in 1885, was greatly interested in the history of the monument described below, which he saw. Who was her teacher and prompter in her noble work we can only surmise. It was, doubtless, the Master Himself.

"In the city of New Orleans there are many monuments erected to the famous statesmen and soldiers of the South. But there is one which has a more pathetic and deeper significance than any of these. It stands on Prytania Street, in the midst of beds of flowers and surrounded by dwellings and groves of the magnolia, the orange and the palmetto. It is the figure of a stout woman who is seated, holding a little child, on which she looks down, her homely face illumined with a noble benignity and tender love."

"That is 'Our Margaret,' the stranger is told, and the inscription says, when he asks what it means.

"All New Orleans knows 'Our Margaret.'

"She was a poor woman, who earned her living by making bread, which she sold from a little shop; a thrifty, energetic, business woman, whose heart was full of love for children. Before the counter was always to be found some ragged urchin, who would be sent away with full hands and a happy face.

"As Margaret prospered, and her bake-shop enlarged into a cracker factory, she had her lovers, like other women. But she turned a deaf ear to them all. The only man she would have married was dead, and her heart was full of love only for children; for the orphans and poor little outcasts, who were more wretched than orphans.

"All her money, all her thoughts and care, as years passed, went to them.

"She founded, out of her scanty savings, a Home for them which, as she grew richer, she enlarged and endowed with all she had.

"So wise, so tender and benignant was she in her care of them, that this poor, illiterate woman, who was without friends, and upon whose breast no child of her own had ever lain, became 'Our Margaret' to the people of New Orleans, and a mother to all the poor babies of the great city.

"When she died, other charitable women erected this monument, so that the homely figure should remain among them, a type of the truest mother-love."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

How One Benevolent Woman Incited Others to Deeds of Kindness.

Some years ago, in England, horses were continually slipping in winter on the icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded waggons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals as they tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard earth, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so, to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavement, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spots.

At first the drivers paid very little attention to what she did, but after a little they began to appreciate her kindness; to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests, that they would be more gentle with their beasts.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work and soon set to work levelling the hill and re-laying the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the drivers so grateful that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which bought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overloaded horses from falling, and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and

beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.—*Rev. F. M. Todd, Manassas, Virginia.*

Mrs. Vincent, of Boston.

Mrs. Vincent, an Englishwoman of Boston, Massachusetts, who for fifty-three years was connected with a theatre in that city, left to the Massachusetts Humane Society, at her decease in September, 1837, a legacy of \$1,000, to be used in the protection of dumb animals from cruelty. Her character is thus sketched by Dr. Courtney, the present Bishop of Nova Scotia:—

"There has recently passed away suddenly from our midst one engaged in a profession which, according to common opinion, is beset by many temptations. The one of whom I speak so conducted herself that she not only disarmed hostility and prejudice, but gained the regard and admiration of the general public and the respect and reverence—yes, I say reverence—of those whose privilege it was to know her with some degree of intimacy. Such a character it is an honor for any community to have possessed; and Boston was the richer that Mrs. Vincent lived, and is the poorer now that she is gone.

"The native good sense, the warmth and geniality of her disposition, were all mellowed and rendered more attractive by her useful life. In the doctrines of the Church she found strength in which to overcome the temptations of sin, and for the development of a character which was so beautiful in the eyes of those permitted to behold it. One of the last acts of her life was an endeavor to make Easter more joyful than it would otherwise have been. If only for the sad, the sorrowful, the tried, tempted and poor whom she comforted, helped, guided, counselled and clothed, may her example be well followed, not only by those in her profession, but by those outside its limits."

VI. THE FORMATION OF CHILDREN'S BANDS OF MERCY.

"Be kind to dumb creatures, be gentle, be true,
For food and protection they look up to you;
For affection and help to your bounty they turn.
Oh, do not their trusting hearts wantonly spurn!"

Children's Humane Organizations.

Mr. Leonard H. Eaton, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, Vice-President of the American Humane Society, in a paper read at the Rochester Meeting (1887), asked:—

"How then can we utilize the services of early and later childhood in the humane reformation of to-day? Organization is needed to work successfully. Children are fond of having something to do. They are good workers when they become interested in any object. Bands

of Mercy should be organized in all schools composed of youthful pupils. The public school, composed as it is of all classes, seems to promise the best results. A separate Band may be organized in each room, the teacher being made president. It should have a name. The meetings should be held monthly, and the exercises should consist of humane recitations, songs, and whatever the leader can think of that will both interest and instruct the children. Every member should have an opportunity to narrate any act of mercy or kindness performed by themselves, or learned from other sources. The

pledge, 'I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage,' should be repeated at every meeting. Surrounded by such influences, children will grow up to manhood and womanhood with kind feelings, brave hearts and noble purposes. The success of a Band of Mercy will depend largely on having an intelligent and enthusiastic leader."

"Every first thing continues forever with a child; the first color, the first music, the first flower, paint the foreground of his life. The first inner or outer object of love, injustice or such like, throws a shadow immeasurably far along his after-years."—*Richter*.

Formation of Bands of Mercy.

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the fruits;
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

Next to the personal instruction of children in the family, or in the school, in the duty of kindness to all dumb creatures, the formation of "Bands of Mercy" have been the most effective means of influencing them to deeds of kindness and mercy. They were first formed in Boston in 1882. It is estimated that there are now about 5,000 in operation in city, town, village and counties everywhere. These organizations are very properly designated "Bands of Mercy." Their organization is simple, and the only promise which members are asked to make is embodied in the following

BAND OF MERCY PLEDGE:

*I will try to be kind to all living
creatures, and will try to protect them,
as far as I can, from cruel usage.*

This pledge can be signed, as shown in the engraving on the following page.

"O! let each boy and girl
Sweet Mercy's flag unfurl,
And love its cause.
Dare to be kind and true,
Give each dumb thing its due,
Win them in love to you
By God's own laws.

"Open thy lips and speak,
Protect the dumb and weak,
Their cause maintain.
Why should we then abuse?

14

Why these kind friends misuse?

O! let us never choose

To cause them pain."

—*Sidney Herbert*.

"Education is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them."—*Ruskin*.

Object of Bands of Mercy.

The object of these Bands of Mercy is to encourage in every possible way brave, generous, noble, and merciful deeds; to protect not only the dependent races, but also every suffering human being that needs and deserves protection.

For this purpose let the promoters aim to use the best literature of the world—songs, poems, pictures, and stories, which will promote these objects; and by various other means, to reach all outside whom they can influence.

Mrs. Schaffter, of New Orleans, who read a paper on this subject at the Rochester meeting in October, 1887, said:—

"The aim and object of the Bands of Mercy is twofold: To oppose cruelty, under whatever form it may be and whatever be its object; the fight then is against cruelty to man or beast, be it the result of intemperance, anger, thoughtlessness, or the lack of power to sympathize; and to this end a Band of Mercy would train the young in the ways of mercy. . . . This movement does not seek to fill the mind of the young with foolish sentimentalities. Far from it; a Band of Mercy would so teach the children that they may become judicious philanthropists, and the pledges merely demand justice and kindness to the fellow-creature, whether it be an erring man, a sinning woman, a suffering child, a dumb animal, or any living creature.

WHEN SHOULD THIS WORK BEGIN?

"Starting with the fact that all such reforms must begin with the children, because their hearts are tender, because they are impressionable, and because they indirectly educate their parents, a Band of Mercy might be justly termed a preparatory class for a humane society. In our public schools to-day are the men and women of our future; perhaps side by side may sit the future criminal and the judge, and just so surely as the insects under the seas are building the coral reefs, are the children of the present building the future of our land, its moral and political government. Oh, the importance then of sowing the seeds of mercy and justice, of touching the hearts while tender; for the lessons learned in early youth are the last to be forgotten; like the snatch of the song, they will come to mind, and often they govern our actions with an indefinable influence.

HOW TO ORGANIZE A BAND OF MERCY.

"The beginning is half of the whole," as the old Greeks said. Touch a child's heart, make

it to vibrate with the sufferings of another, make it to have sympathy, sympathy in its truest sense; a like suffering for any object of distress, and the child willingly goes to the rescue. Make the young to have pity for the beasts that suffer and are dumb, teach them of the uses that animals are to man, how blank and hard our lives would be without their service; tell them how much we owe our friends in furs and feathers, and then we reach a higher

giving them work to do, and by making them feel that they are doing something for the cause of humanity. Make them to feel a pride in their cause, and then—never fear—children so taught will work, and work hard, and before long their parents will be working with them, for mercy's sweet sake."

Rev. Mr. Timmins writes that in the five hundred Bands of Mercy in England there are



SIGNING THE ROLL OF A BAND OF MERCY

work, the moral obligation of man as a superior animal to protect the weak and defenceless, and so we proceed until that highest sphere is reached—man's duty to man—but the task grows lighter, the corner-stone has been laid, for the child that has learned to love and protect the dumb animals will never be cruel to a fellow human being. . . . To kindle their attention is one thing, to keep it alive is another, and this may be accomplished by holding meetings, distributing humane literature, by

now over 107,000 members enrolled. He has recently formed thirty in the schools in the vicinity of London. For an account of the Dicky Bird Society in England, see page 42 of this publication.

The Humane Society earnestly entreats those who read the foregoing to aid in the foundation of these admirable Bands of Mercy everywhere.

PART V.

MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED.

I. WORK BEFORE THE TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY.

The Editor of this publication has now nearly reached the end of his agreeable labors. As he proceeded the magnitude of the legitimate work which the Society should undertake seemed to increase at every step, and to grow upon him to an unusual extent.

To accomplish less than what is proposed in the list which will be found on page 204, under the heading of "Miscellaneous Things to be Done," would not fulfil the desirable mission of the Toronto Humane Society. To do so effectually, however, will require liberal contributions, an active organization, and the support of an enlightened and humane public sentiment.

These are all within the bounds of a hopeful possibility, and, therefore, no cause for fear of the result, or for discouragement, need be felt.

In this connection the following extract will show what has already been accomplished in the way of clearing the ground for the prosecution of the humbler yet no less highly practical, and equally benevolent, work sketched out for this and kindred Societies to accomplish.

Growth of a Humane Christian Sentiment in England—Its Great Achievements, and Encouragements therefrom.

In a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on the 20th May, 1888, Archdeacon Farrar eloquently summed up the achievements and results of the efforts put forth by earnest Christian philanthropists of England to put a stop to the heartless cruelty, in its various forms, which characterized the last century. It furnishes to the members of the Toronto Humane Society a noble incentive to prosecute with increasing zeal and vigor their less prominent, though equally useful, work, remembering that they must not be weary in well-doing, for in due time they, too, shall reap if they faint not.

Pointing, as he did, to the nave and the transepts of the Abbey, filled with memorials of the

renowned and heroic dead, the Archdeacon proceeded:—

"See there how, in the night of Christian morality, Chatham still seems to stamp with the stigma of indelible abhorrence those who used savage means to accomplish righteous ends. Look there, and in the nave, at the monuments of those men who saved England from the guilt of using the arm of freedom to rivet the fetters of the slave.

"Even when our Queen came to the throne there was much for men to do who were inspired by the Spirit of God. Even then the factory children were still slowly murdered by the reckless and heartless greed of gain; even then little children of eight or nine were sent down the black shafts of mines to work as galley slaves for the rest of their days on starvation pittance, to sit there chained and filthy and naked, in damp and darkness all the day long, pushing the heavy trucks with their heads, until even women and little boys grew bald; harnessed to these trucks in the low, black galleries until they grew double, and at last, too often, the burst of the deadly fire-damp liberated them from the world where they had been so grossly wronged, to plead, trumpet-tongued, at the awful bar of God against the rich, who, for gain, had made them toil like negroes, and against the Christian nation which had looked on in callous acquiescence at 'the deep damnation of their taking off.'

"Even in those not distant days the poor little chimney boys, begrimed until they died of hideous diseases, were sent up the black, crooked chimneys, kicked, beaten, suffocated with soot and smoke, fires lit underneath them to force them up or down.

"Even then prisons were still infamous, monopolies and tyrannies still supreme, debtors still treated with cruel harshness, children still uneducated, the penal law still brutally Draconian.

"All these wrongs have been swept away by the might of the Spirit of God. 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' They have been swept away because, . . . stung to rage by pity, eloquent men have roused with feeling voice the unnumbered tribes that toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind. They have been swept away, because wherever the Spirit of the Lord has come down into the hearts of true men it is as a flame to burn up

the guilty wrongs of . . . greedy and callous hypocrisies. . . . Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is reality, there is sincerity, there is enthusiasm; and with these even the paltry ox-goad of Shamgar can turn to flight the armies of the aliens."

Summary Statement of Desirable Objects.

The main objects which the Toronto Humane Society desire to promote, and which it hopes to see fully accomplished have been amply discussed and illustrated in the preceding pages. It only remains to summarize them here, and then refer to a few additional and miscellaneous things to be done. The subjects discussed and illustrated have been :—

1. Various kinds of cruelty practised towards horses, dogs, and other animals.
2. The ways in which this cruelty can be prevented, or its evils largely mitigated.
3. The necessity of feeding, watering, and protecting animals in transit on stock trains.
4. The general and wanton destruction of insectivorous birds.
5. The cruelty, as well as the loss to farmers and gardeners, caused by such destruction.
6. The duty, as illustrated by examples in this publication, of kindness to all dumb creatures.
7. The necessity of caring for the waifs and strays of our large cities.
8. The humane education of children and the establishment of bands of mercy amongst them.

Miscellaneous Things to be Done.

These are the following :—

1. The protection of defenceless children from cruelty and neglect.
2. The establishment of a temporary refuge for neglected children.
3. The establishment of an industrial school for girls.
4. The circulation of humane literature in the home and in schools.
5. The better care of horses.
6. The erection of drinking fountains.
7. More humane methods of killing disabled horses and dogs. Also of cattle, etc., for food.
8. Pounds and refuges for vagrant dogs, and an ambulance for disabled animals.
9. Painless destruction of dogs, etc.
10. And generally, a more kindly and merciful treatment of God's creatures, remembering that He has declared : "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

The Humane Society earnestly invites every reader to become a member of the Society, and thus help to promote these and the other desirable objects of the Society.

II. PROTECTION OF DEFENCELESS CHILDREN.*

This subject has been fully treated in Part II., pages 81–144, of this publication. Writing on this subject in the *Toronto Globe* of March 20th, 1888, "Bel Thistlethwaite" says :—

"The attention of Torontonians has been drawn several times of late to the work which

is being done by the Humane Society of this city for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and for the diffusion of a sentiment which shall give prominence to the principle of kindness in the treatment of children and the dumb creation.

"Of the injustice to which young children

* The address which contains the following sad and painful facts of the demoralization of the youths recently sent to the Penitentiary at Kingston, Ontario, was not delivered when the Editor's statement on a somewhat similar topic was printed on page 119 of this publication (see foot-note). Dr. Lavell delivered the address to the scholars of the Queen Street Methodist Church, Kingston, on Sunday, the 24th June, 1888. He is Warden of the Penitentiary, and was always a useful Christian worker. The facts which he states are startling in their reality, and should be deeply pondered by the community. They should incite the public to a deeper practical interest in the waifs and strays of our cities. The sad work of neglect and demoralization of the young is largely going on all the time. The great enemy is ever busy; and Christian people should be not less so in seeking to counteract his ensnaring devices for the ruin of souls. Dr. Lavell said :—"Of the fifty-eight convicts received at the Penitentiary between January 1st and last Saturday, two-thirds of them were under thirty years of age; of the balance only one was over fifty. Of the number thirteen were under twenty, and ranging from sixteen to nineteen years of age. In addition to these, fifteen were under twenty-five years of age. He had carefully questioned the thirteen as to the causes that had brought them to prison, and, believing their replies to be honest and candid, found that the starting points in their criminal career were disobedience to parents, bad company, and neglect of the Sabbath-day. Five of the thirteen admitted that they had been guilty of truancy from the Sabbath-school. Two-thirds of those received at the prison this year could not read, and were those whom no one cared for, whose parents were dead, or whose influence was not of an ennobling character. All were youths who had been moulded and fashioned in crime. Some were boys from the old country, who, before they were seven years of age, were trained in crime and who often took part in burglaries."

are often subjected through the thoughtlessness, ignorance, or inhumanity of their parents, this department of the paper ('Woman's World') has frequently spoken, but very little that I can recall has been written here on behalf of 'our poor relations,' who, because they can make no complaints, we are apt to think have no reason to complain."

In England too, the year 1886 has seen much useful work accomplished in the direction of hedging round the sacred rights of the young child's life and liberties. Perhaps Mr. Bryce's Act for the Custody of Infants is the most useful and important measure to be mentioned.

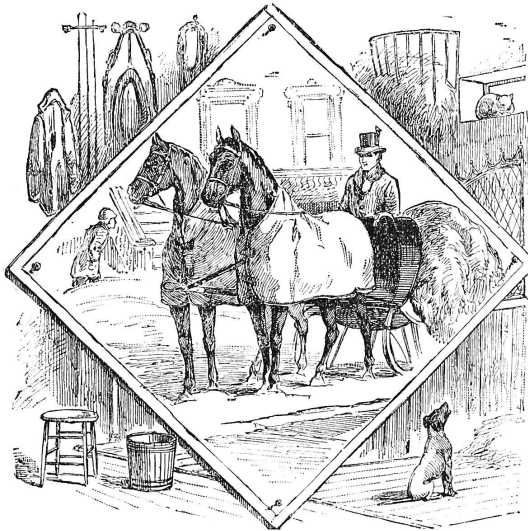
III. THE BETTER CARE OF HORSES.

Chapters II. and III. of Part I. (pages 15-29) of this publication, enters so fully into a description of kinds of cruelty practised towards horses, that the mere statement of them here would naturally suggest a remedy. It has been thought desirable, however, to select a few additional hints and summarize them here, in the hope that they may prove serviceable in promoting the objects of the Humane Society in their behalf.

Proper Winter Covering for Horses.

In order to secure this most desirable object, the proper protection for horses, when standing on the streets in winter, the Toronto Humane Society has issued the following on a card:—

"The Humane Society cautions all drivers against the cruelty of leaving horses standing on the streets in cold weather without proper covering. If the offence is persisted in the officer of the Society is instructed to prosecute the party or parties offending."



PROPER WINTER COVERING FOR HORSES.

Various Hints and Suggestions.*

The following are from various sources:—

1. *Cold Bits*.—Never put iron or steel bits in a horse's mouth in frosty weather without first warming them. They will take the skin off the horse's tongue. "An Experienced Horseman," in the *Kentucky Live Stock Record*, reminds those who have the handling of horses of the cruelty of which they may be carelessly guilty:—"Let any one who has the care of a horse these cold, frosty mornings, deliberately grasp in his hand a piece of iron; indeed, let him touch it to the tip of his tongue, and then let him thrust the bit into the mouth of the horse, if he has the heart to do

it. The horse is an animal of nervous organization. His mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues. The temperature of the blood is the same as in the human being, and, as in man, the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that it would

* Fuller and more valuable information on these subjects, may be obtained from the following useful publications, issued by two Humane Societies, viz.: 1. "Golden Rules for the Treatment of Horses and other Animals," with illustrations; pp. 120. Issued by the Woman's Branch of the Pennsylvania Humane Society, Philadelphia. 2. "The Horse Book; or, Simple Rules, Showing How to Keep and Use a Horse to Advantage;" with illustrations; pp. 62. Issued by the New York Humane Society; originally published by the Royal Humane Society of London, 1865; New York, 1866. 3. "An Address to Drivers of Trucks, Omnibuses, Hacks, and other Public and Private Carriages." A tract of eight pages. Issued for gratuitous distribution by the Woman's Branch of the Pennsylvania Humane Society, Philadelphia. Originally published by the American Humane Society, New York, 1869.

be to the human being, and if not in the same degree, still the suffering to the animal is very great. And it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with difficulty, and the irritation repeated day after day causes loss of appetite and strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause but this. Before India-rubber bits were to be had I used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with it in freezing weather."

2. *Collars*.—Keep the horse collars clean. The dust and dirt which adhere to collars when they are wet with sweat, works into lumps and ridges, and sore shoulders are the result. If the collars become hard, wash them clean, pound them, and apply oil.

3. *Harness*.—Remove the harness from the horses in the hot day, whenever you desire to give them a full, free rest, and once during the day, preferably at night, a thorough currying and grooming will not only give rest, but will do about as much towards improving the animal's condition as will the oats.

4. *Stable*.—Examine the harness on your working team and you will discover that blinds, check-reins and cruppers are simply torturing contrivances, serving no useful purpose. Take them all off, for the convenience of yourselves and the comfort of the horses. Keep the stable well ventilated and free from the strong ammonia, which is injurious to the eyes. Assist the animals to protect themselves against flies, feed regularly, hitch in the shade, and remember that the care which will give comfort to the lower animals will make them doubly profitable to their owners, aside from the humane bearing upon the subject.

5. *Shade*.—Provide shade. How instinctively we seek the shadow when the sun is pouring its hot rays on the dry and parching earth. If the pasture is not provided with shade trees, in a convenient locality, set four, six or eight supports, across which place straw or grass, and thus, in a brief time, and with little labor, make a shade in which animals can rest from the heat of the sun, to the great comfort of themselves and benefit to their owners.

6. *Water*.—Be sure that your horse has every day pure, fresh water, such as you would be willing to drink yourself. Give him a frequent opportunity to quench thirst at times when not too much over-heated, and before eating.

7. *Salt*.—Give the horses salt frequently with their grain, and if a good handful of wood

ashes is added once in a while, they will not be troubled with colic.

8. *Fire*.—To get horses from a burning barn or stable when panic-stricken, put the harness on them and they can then be easily and safely removed. If no harness is at hand, one's coat or a blanket thrown over a panic-stricken horse's head makes him tractable.

9. *Think*.—Think and speak to the horse before you strike it with the whip.

"I reverence the coachman who cries 'Gee,'
And spares the lash."

—James and Horace Smith's *Rejected Addresses*.

10. *Swearing*.—A profane coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said to a traveller: "That horse, sir, knows when I swear at him." "Yes," replied the traveller, "and so does his Maker."

Humane Treatment of the Toronto Street Car Horses.

In January, 1888, the Secretary of the Toronto Humane Society, wrote to the Hon. F. Smith, President of the Street Car Co., asking that a deputation of the Society be received with a view to a friendly talk on the subject of overcrowded street cars, and the treatment of the horses. Mr. Smith replied as follows:—

"You ask me if I would be willing to receive a deputation of the three following gentlemen of your Society: Dr. J. George Hodgins, Rev. Canon DuMoulin, and yourself. I have a high opinion of the three gentlemen you name, as having a humane and kind disposition, and mean to do good; but as none of these gentlemen have had any practice in the working of horses, I might not consider them as of good authority.

"As for the overcrowding of the street cars, the people who have that feeling should not get on a car which they think overcrowded; they should go home five minutes earlier, or wait five minutes for the next car. For you must remember, that the largest portion of the people go home about the same time, and it is impossible to regulate these things to please all.

"Regarding the treatment which our horses get, it is as follows: They are only worked not quite four hours out of the twenty-four—not quite twenty-four hours in the week; they get all they can eat; are well cleaned and groomed; a first-class bed and warm stable in winter; their food is of the choicest kind that can be procured, and their owners give them every attention and care possible; in fact they are better provided for than are a large portion of human beings known as servants.

"Many thanks for your kind suggestions, which will be gratefully received at any time."

IV. DRINKING FOUNTAINS IN THE STREETS.

"The beautiful is as useful as the useful, perhaps more so."—*Victor Hugo's Les Misérables*.

The following is from the Report, for 1887, of the Ohio Humane Society. It so entirely expresses the views of the Toronto Humane Society that the Editor inserts it here, with the accompanying illustration of

City Fountains for Horses and Dogs.

In Toronto this omission is likely to be supplied this year. The Waterworks Committee have, at the instance of Mr. Kelso, Secretary of the Humane Society, reported favorably to the City Council on the subject. At the suggestion of Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., a number of fountains are about to be also erected in the neighboring city of Hamilton.

Mrs. Nettleton's Fountain,

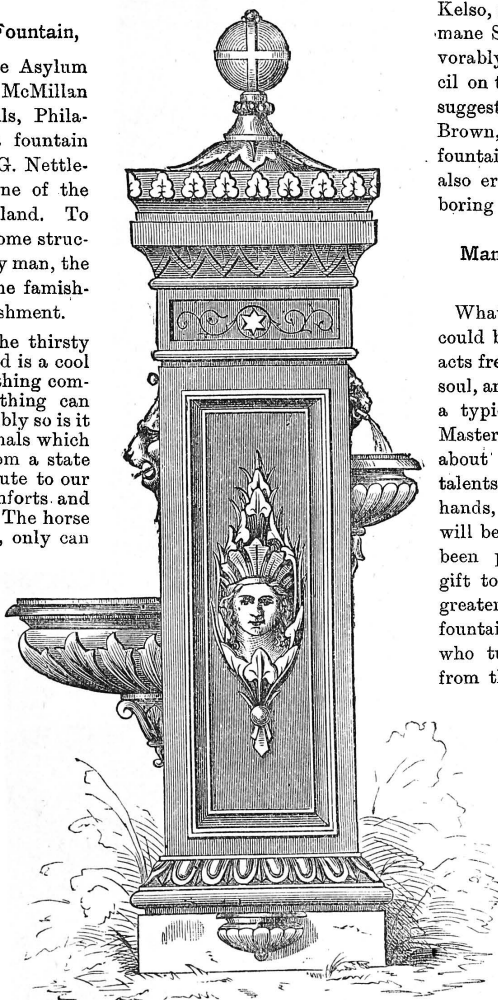
Erected opposite the Asylum for Aged People, on McMillan Street, Walnut Hills, Philadelphia. It was a fountain erected by Mrs. N. G. Nettleton, of that city, one of the good women of the land. To this neat and handsome structure comes the weary man, the thirsty horse, and the famishing dog to find refreshment.

"Refreshing to the thirsty man, woman, or child is a cool drink of water. Nothing compensates for it, nothing can take its place. Doubly so is it to the domestic animals which we have drafted from a state of nature to contribute to our own wants, our comforts and our very existence. The horse working in the sun, only can drink when his master gives him an opportunity. Often the driver feels that his faithful animal is thirsting for water, but no facility is near enough to be reached without great loss of time; his poor horse must want, wait and suffer.

"What more blessed thing could be done than to establish drinking fountains at convenient points in our midst? What a blessed use of money!

"The Humane Society feels that its appeals for more fountains will not be in vain; that our citizens who have been blessed with money will use some of it in this way."

This extract, from the Ohio Report, and the one in the next column, appeal in strong and earnest language to the liberal-hearted among our citizens to respond, so that the "many fountains needed" will be supplied.



Many Fountains are Needed.

What nobler use of money could be conceived? Such acts freshen and purify the soul, and make its possessor a typical follower of the Master—of Him who went about doing good. Such talents, placed in such hands, will be recognized; will be accepted as having been properly used. No gift to a people confers a greater pleasure than a fountain, and that person who turns aside a stream from the field and gives a watering trough to the roadside, or provides a fountain at which man and beast can drink pure water is truly a public benefactor. To build one will not cost much; one which will be an ornament and a blessing. How much

good it will do, long after the benefactor has entered upon the reward of the good, the generous, the high-hearted!

On the road between Cincinnati and the little hamlet of Venice, in Butler County, the traveller unexpectedly comes upon a fountain of

pure water. A rustic trough is so arranged that the driver may approach it and allow his horse to drink without descending from his carriage. At a lower level is a receptacle for the accommodation of sheep, swine and cattle. This drinking fountain was provided in 1861 by four young ladies, viz.: Miss Ellen Richards, Miss Mary Cilly, Miss Sarah J. Wade and Miss Jenny Carnahan. Mrs. Amanda French, who owned the land, generously donated it. They were efficiently assisted by Mr. Henry Richards,

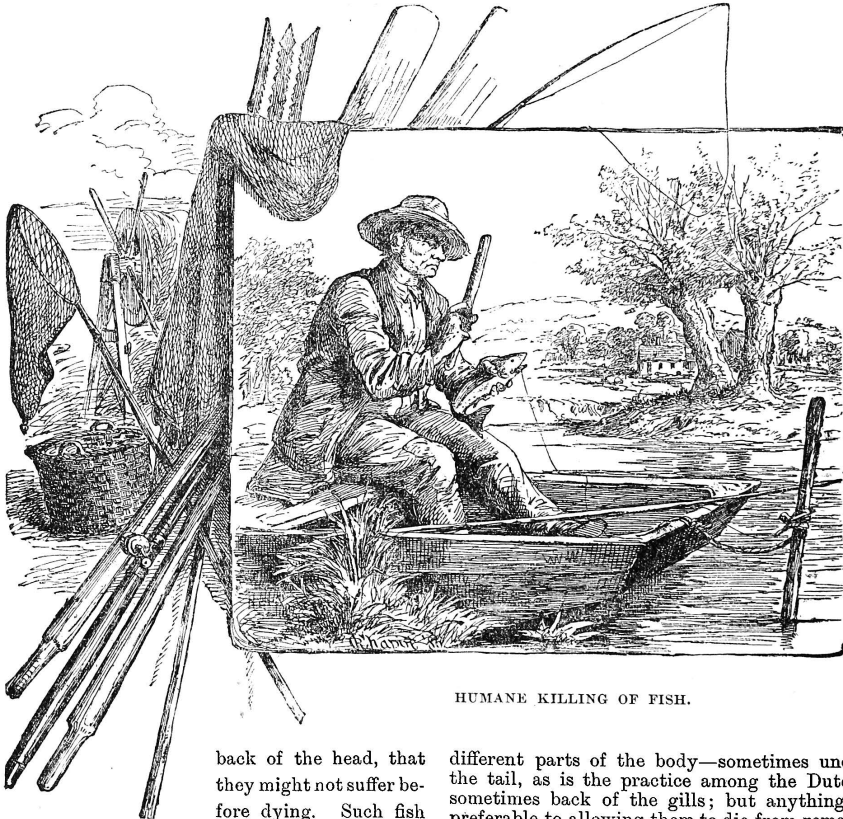
and in 1867 Mr. Giles Richards replaced the original wooden structure by the present substantial fountain. In 1885 Mrs. C. R. Gilbert, the daughter of Giles Richards, placed a tablet upon the fountain, upon which is engraved a motto from Whittier.—*Ohio Humane Society's Report.*

The Humane Society feels that its appeal for more fountains will not be in vain; that our citizens who have been blessed with means will use some of their money in this way.

V. HUMANE KILLING OF FISH AND CATTLE FOR FOOD.

In the case of fish, Agassiz, the noted Swiss-American Naturalist, always taught his pupils to kill fish as soon as caught by a blow on the

Mrs. C. E. White, of Philadelphia, adds:—"There are various other ways of killing them:—By making an incision with a knife in



HUMANE KILLING OF FISH.

back of the head, that they might not suffer before dying. Such fish keep better, and are better to eat; and the best fishermen in Europe and America always kill their fish as soon as they catch them by a blow on the back of the head.

different parts of the body—sometimes under the tail, as is the practice among the Dutch; sometimes back of the gills; but anything is preferable to allowing them to die from remaining out of the water, that is, by suffocation, which not only is cruel, but is considered very prejudicial to the flavor of the fish, so that it does not furnish us with nearly so good food as if it were killed at once upon being taken out

of the water. The custom of killing lobsters, terrapins and crabs by putting them into boiling water is so revolting, and appears so cruel, that some persons of particularly humane dispositions refuse to eat them. They cannot bear the idea, while able to procure any other kind of food, of eating anything which has been boiled alive."

A writer in the *Humane Journal* says:—

"Hardly one in a hundred of our amateur fishermen stops to think that a living fish, deprived of a peculiar means of respiration that the water furnishes, must suffer similarly to a human being cut off from its usual supply of atmospheric air. Death by suffocation is regarded as terrible, and a fish out of water, being deprived of the oxygen that sustains its blood, doubtless suffers intensely. It is the easiest thing to kill a fish, either by striking it a slight blow upon the head or otherwise. Experienced fishermen say that a fish should be killed immediately on being caught in order to render it fit for the table. We know by the fierce struggles of the captive fish that it is in severe pain, and humanity dictates that it should be speedily put out of misery. We have no right to inflict needless suffering upon any creature, and the torture of a fish is quite as bad as the torture of a dog or horse. Nearly every day during the fishing season may be observed boys carrying large strings of fish through the streets, the movements of which show that they are alive and in great pain and misery. In most cases this is the result of thoughtlessness or ignorance. Most boys would dislike to be thought cruel, and if they were instructed by their parents and others on this subject, would probably follow the rule of humanity in the treatment of fishes, as they do in the care of domestic animals."

Killing Cattle for Food—Examples.

In the case of cattle, it has been proven by the best scientists that an animal worried or excited before killing is unfit for food; it has been shown in medical practice that the offspring, if allowed to draw nourishment from its mother while the latter is in the heat of passion, angry, or nerves shattered by pain, will nearly always take spasms, and probably die. Then how must it be if the animal be killed at such a time and the flesh eaten.

The municipal slaughter and investigation houses of Berlin, Prussia, established by Ministerial decree of January, 1883, show how rigid is the inspection and care exercised in regard to the slaughter of animals, of which we have little or no idea in this country.

The Berlin correspondent of the *New York Tribune* explains the system as follows:—

"In a little suburb, within easy reach of the city, rises the structure of one of the slaughter and investigation houses of Berlin. It is im-

posing, not from its height, but from its great extension. The mural inclosure of sixty acres and more, dotted with the numerous barns, stables, shambles, and offices, impresses the visitant as a red-brick hamlet, save for the pandemonium-like chorus of grunts, bleats and bellowings. The extreme cleanliness of every corridor, passage and stall, removes all the revolting and nauseating scents that are natural concomitants of a butchering shop. Nor is humanity outraged at sight of the slaughter, so humane is its execution."

When the cattle are stabled, notice is immediately given to the over-surgeon, who sends his assistants to the preliminary examination, which is quite thorough, necessitating instant removal of any animal found externally or internally diseased. This entirely precludes the killing of sick cattle; for no meat for Berlin consumption, of whatever kind, is allowed to be killed in any other place than in the prescribed slaughter-house. The veterinary police have under their supervision the different shops where meat is sold, and which must bear the city stamp. Rarely are mistakes made in these summary examinations. The veterinary police and farriers are, as a rule, skilled and educated men.—*Humane Society Report.*

Transported Cattle are Dangerous Food.

The Editor has, in Chapter V. of Part I. of this publication (pages 33-38), pointed out the great risk to life and health which people run who eat the meat of cattle transported by rail. The following on the subject from the *American Marketman* refers to the subject thus:—

"One would naturally suppose that cattle having been driven from the ranches to the train at Kansas City, carefully grazing on the way, would be in prime condition for shipment or the shambles. Though the hard and trying part of the long journey is not begun, still the meat of the majority of cattle arriving at Kansas City from the ranches is no more fit for human sustenance than is that of an animal worried and driven to death by men and brutes. No butcher should feel safe from the clutches of civil as well as the moral law to expose for sale meat so killed. So with all these ailments contracted by the drive and poor diet, aggravated by exposure to a climate to which the poor things are unaccustomed, they arrive at the shipping point tired, feverish, lame, and vitality generally impaired even among the more robust of the entire herd. Again, the cattle are often stiff and lame from their long walk—the results being inflammation and fever, which many times have been disastrous to shippers, entire cars being decimated."

The larger cities are in greater peril from the evils mentioned above than are country villages and towns, owing to the fact that the citizens are, as a rule, unconscious of them. People

assume, as a matter of course, that their supply of meat is derived from the adjoining neighborhood, and not by railway. They should, therefore, satisfy themselves on this point, and not run any risk to themselves and families.

Poisoned Milk of Frightened Cows.

No man who owns a cow can afford to have her afraid of him. It is a loss to the owner every time she is frightened. To run a cow to pasture is throwing money away. The cow is a milk-making machine, and should be kept in the best working condition, and this condition is one of quiet. A cow in any way worried will not do her best. The milk of a frightened or abused cow is poisonous. Make pets of the cows and they will make money for the owner. Cows have great affection for their young. The gentlest cow will fight for her calf. At North Conway, near the White Mountains, a few years ago, a cow fought and wounded and drove off a large bear that tried to get her calf. A

boy also, while watching the cows, was attacked by a wolf. One of the cows came to his rescue, attacked the wolf, and saved the boy's life.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Mr. Angell, writing on this subject, says:—

“I would not like to drink the milk of a cow that had been frightened, or in any way abused, for I should know it would not be wholesome. I should not like to drink the milk of a cow that is kept alone in a stable, or that does not have fresh air, exercise and sunshine; for a creature that is kept alone is likely to be very lonely and unhappy; and a creature that does not have air, exercise and sunshine is likely to be unhealthy, and give poor and dangerous milk. If we want good milk we must treat the cows kindly. One of the greatest dairymen in America says that ‘he always speaks as kindly to his cows as he would to a lady.’ We cannot treat unkindly any of God's creatures that supply us with food without danger of suffering ourselves.

“No creature, either bird or beast or fish, should ever be permitted to suffer long before dying, because it is cruel to the creature and injures the meat.”

VI. MERCIFUL KILLING OF DISABLED HORSES AND DOGS.

Killing Disabled or Diseased Horses.

When horses meet with a serious accident, it is often necessary to despatch them without delay, so as to put an end to their sufferings.



In that case, the following method is suggested by the Society:—

Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle within a few inches of the head, and shoot at the dot, aiming towards the centre of the head.

NOTE.—Be careful not to shoot too low at the horse's head.

Killing Disabled or Diseased Dogs.

In similar cases dogs may often require to be speedily put to death. When so necessary observe the following rule:—



Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle near the head, aiming a little to one side of the centre of the top of the skull, and shoot downward at the dot, so that the bullet shall go through the brain into or toward the neck.

NOTE.—Do not shoot too low, or directly in the middle, because of the thick bones.

VII. HUMANE CARE, AND PAINLESS DESTRUCTION, OF DOGS AND OTHER CREATURES.

"Take no pleasure in the death of a creature. If it be harmless or useful, destroy it not; if it be useless or harmful, destroy it mercifully. He that mercifully made His creatures for thy sake, expects thy mercy upon them for His sake. Mercy turns her back on the unmerciful."—*Quarles*.

There are two things, in regard to dogs, which the Toronto Humane Society is anxious to see undertaken, either under the special direction of the city authorities, or by the Society itself:—

First—A city pound and refuge for homeless animals, and for vagrant and unlicensed dogs.

Second—A humane method of killing dogs and other animals doomed to destruction.

Both of these, and other humane schemes, are in successful operation in the city of Philadelphia, under the direction of the Woman's Branch of the Pennsylvania Humane Society.

At the request of the Editor of this publication, Mr. Kelso, Secretary of the Toronto Society, has prepared the following statement on this subject:

"The rapid increase of dogs in Toronto has caused a great deal of discussion in the city from time to time. If financially able, the Toronto Humane Society would gladly undertake the work of catching and mercifully putting to death unlicensed animals. The Woman's Branch of the Pennsylvania Humane Society has been giving particular attention to this subject for many years, and, in Philadel-

phia, this work is entirely under their control. It is supported chiefly by an annual grant from the corporation of \$3,500. The method of putting these animals to death (as explained further on) is asphyxia, by carbonous oxide gas. The Society, by means of persons employed

for that purpose, has taken up and put to death the greater part of the vagrant dogs running at large in the city. The animals are collected in a small chamber, into which the gas is allowed to enter. Without any apparent signs of suffering the animals soon become insensible, and death ensues in the space of a few minutes, usually at the time they fall insensible.

"This work, being under the direction of a Humane Society, is a guarantee that it will be done without undue pain or cruelty. Arrangements could be made whereby valuable animals would not be unneces-

sarily destroyed until ample time were given for their redemption.

"In cases where the dog was the pet of a poor child or family, as shown in the illustration, assistance might be given to make up the redemption fee."

In Philadelphia the Humane Society paid



POOR CHILDREN PLEADING FOR THEIR PET DOG.

\$33.75 to the city treasury in helping poor people to redeem their dogs. The report says: "No one without experience can know how much distress is caused in families of the poor

when the children lose their dog. And many a poor woman, in going out to her day's work, depends for the protection of her house and children in their absence upon their dog."

VIII. THE PHILADELPHIA SYSTEM OF DEALING WITH VAGRANT DOGS.

The Philadelphia system of dealing with vagrant and unlicensed dogs is very complete, and very satisfactory in its working. It has now been in operation for many years under the care and direction of the Woman's Branch, as already explained. Being, therefore, desirous of obtaining the fullest information on the subject, the Editor of this publication corresponded with the Philadelphia Manager on the subject. The obliging Vice-President of the branch (Miss Adele Biddle) has kindly furnished the Editor with several reports, from which, and her letters, the following information is chiefly compiled:—

Capturing of Vagrant Dogs.

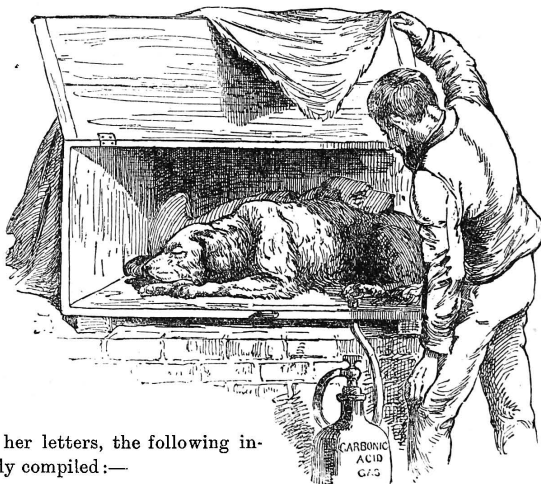
It was on account of the former cruel method of killing the dogs taken up under the city ordinance, that the Woman's Branch determined to make an effort to obtain the contract from the city authorities, and so have the taking up of the dogs and the putting of them to death under its control. The contract was, as desired, given to the Society. One of the cruel modes of capturing dogs was by the lasso. When the dog resisted capture, as he naturally would, he was liable to be choked to death. Now stout

nets are made and fastened on a ring and thrown over the dogs, and they are thus secured.

Modes of Putting Dogs to Death.

The first change made by our Branch was

the abolition of the use of clubs, with which the dogs had been killed, by striking them on the head. The first mode adopted of putting dogs to death was by the use for that purpose of a gas formed of chemicals of carbonic acid (as shown in the illustration). But subsequently a better way was adopted, viz., the use of gas formed by charcoal—carbonous oxide—which is very



simple and inexpensive. The requirements for this process are: an air-tight chamber with a stove, or stoves, placed outside of it; pipes and dampers so arranged that when the charcoal is generating the fatal gas, it can be turned into the chamber in which the dogs are confined.

Another mode which has been suggested of putting dogs to death is by electricity. It is instantaneous; but we believe the gas to be an almost painless mode, as the animals so soon become insensible on inhaling it.*

*The *Toronto World* of June 23th, 1898, publishes the following:—"The dogs in the pound at New York are to be killed by electricity without waiting for the new law as to capital punishment to go into effect. Mr. Schuyler S. Wheeler, the electrical expert of the Board of Electrical Control, has suggested procuring a gas engine, a dynamo and a hopper somewhat similar to the top of an old-fashioned coffee mill. Two sides of the hopper will be of zinc or other highly conductive material and the two poles of the circuit will be attached to them. Then the dogs can be dropped into the hopper, and as they come in contact with both zinc plates the circuit will be completed and the animals receive their death-shock. Mr. Wheeler says 800 volts of electricity will probably suffice to kill a dog, but he has recommended using 1000 volts so as to insure success."

Time of Killing Vagrant Dogs.

The law requires a delay of only 24 hours before the captured dog is killed. The Society's rule, however, is that even the least valuable dog shall be kept for three days. Of course they receive food and water while in pound.

Dogs in the City Pound and Shelter.

The Superintendent lives at the pound. Two large yards adjoin his house, surrounded by a high fence. The dogs are let loose and cared for in those yards. Many of the captured dogs are redeemed either from the waggon or from the pound, at a cost of \$2 each, which is paid into the city treasury. The following are the particulars in detail:—

During the year 1887 there have been received at the city pound and shelter 4,422 dogs. Of these 3,499 were taken up in the streets, and 923 were sent in by their owners, or sent for singly by the Superintendent.

Number of dogs killed at the pound . . .	3,405
Killed within the city because homeless, sick or injured	2,120

Total	5,525
-----------------	-------

Number of dogs redeemed at \$2 each . . .	943
Redemption money paid the city	\$1,886

Of the remainder, some were returned to their owners by the Society and the city, 8 were given away, and 9 remain over. Fifteen of the best dogs that were unclaimed were redeemed by the Society and sold. Four that were presented to the Society were sold. Fifty-five persons not able to pay the whole redemption fee were assisted to make it up; in many cases the dog was the pet of a poor child.

Number of goats taken up and delivered at the Almshouse, 206.

Humane Killing of Dogs by Request.

Owners of dogs often write to the Superintendent of the pound to send for dogs which they wish killed. They also bring them there for the same purpose. The mode of killing in such cases is by the fumes of charcoal, as explained on the preceding page. The theory of this method of killing is based on the poisonous nature of carbonic oxide gas. This gas burns in the air with a blue flame, but when so burning it is converted into carbonic acid gas, which is not so deadly. When the fuel is in condition to burn on top with a blue gas, and then the upper part of the stove is closed tight so that no air can get into it, the flame will be extin-

guished, and the poisonous gas will pass into the box through the pipes.

Humane Killing of Cats.

After much consultation with veterinary surgeons and experts, no better or more merciful method of killing cats has been found than to put, with a long-handled wooden spoon, about half a teaspoonful of pure cyanide of potassium on the cat's tongue, as near the throat as possible. The suffering is only for a few seconds. Great care must be used to get pure cyanide of potassium, and to keep it tightly corked.

Refuge for Lost and Suffering Animals.

The Philadelphia refuge was established in 1874. To it are brought homeless animals, wandering about the streets and alleys, whose lives are a burden to themselves, and a greater burden to those who feel for their sufferings. Up to the end of the year 1887, 93,536 animals of various sorts were received into the refuge. During the year 1887, the numbers were 13,304. Of these 11,180 were cats, and 2,124 were dogs. During the previous year (1886), 4 rats, 3 rabbits, 3 canaries, 6 sparrows, and 2 chickens, more or less suffering, were brought to be mercifully put to death. In addition, 120 favorite cats were taken in as boarders.

Infirmary for Various Animals.

Mrs. R. W. Ryerss, a kind and generous friend of the Society in Philadelphia, bequeathed \$70,000 to found an infirmary for animals apart from the refuge.

The *Toronto Mail* of the 26th June, 1888, states that on the preceding Wednesday (20th June) the Baroness Burdett-Coutts opened the "Animal Institute" in Belgrave Square, London. "It is a large hospital for the treatment of all kinds of injured animals. Pugs of the opulent must pay for their medicine; but the mongrel dog of poverty will be there cared for gratis."

Home for Toronto Dogs.

In a letter to the *Toronto Mail* of the 7th of July, 1888, Mr. Henry Cawthra, of College Street, gives the following good reasons for the establishment of a temporary home for lost and vagrant dogs in Toronto. He also does more; he promises good substantial assistance in the establishment of such a home by the Toronto Humane Society. It is to be hoped that other wealthy citizens will follow Mr.

Cawthra's encouraging and benevolent example. He says :—

"Having advertised in vain for a lost skye terrier pup, I went to-day to search for him at the dog's pound. I was told that 80 dogs were there, all of which are to be destroyed to-morrow, Saturday. The man in charge kindly showed me to the kennels. I believe there are dogs there whose owners would be glad to rescue them. I hope this may attract their attention in time to save some poor brute their children are attached to. But the purport of this letter is to suggest a dogs' home like that in London, authorized by Parliament, where only useless curs are destroyed, and valuable dogs, after detention for a fixed time, without reclamation, are sold to purchasers whose title is good against former owners. This is more humane than indiscriminate destruction of valuable animals. And if the Humane Society, or some humane ladies, will undertake the task, I promise them on my own and some friends' behalf a subscription to start a dogs' home."

Homes and Pounds Elsewhere.

Russia.—In 1887, the St. Petersburg Humane Society renewed for three years its contract with the municipal authorities for the taking up and disposing of stray dogs. The Society is to have besides 500 roubles and a site for a temporary dogs' home, 3,000 roubles yearly for three years.

Italy.—In Florence the dog-catchers make their rounds twice a day. The owners have to pay from 10 to 25 francs fine, and 1 franc 70 cents a day while in pound. 900 dogs were captured in 1887. Those not redeemed were destroyed by asphyxia (charcoal), as in Philadelphia. The railway directors of Northern Italy also require that all fowls (poultry or birds), of any kind alive, shall be placed in baskets or cages, with boards at the bottom, so constructed as to contain drinking vessels, and sufficient room for the creatures in them to move about freely. Equal care is also taken in the transport of cattle. Other steps are being taken to prevent cruelty to animals. Queen Victoria became Honorary Patroness of the Society in 1881, and received an address from it during her visit there in 1888. The Society is chiefly supported, greatly to their honor, by English residents in Italy.

England.—In the *Toronto Mail* of the 15th June, 1888, it is stated that—

"A home or rest for horses is a successful English scheme. The chief object is to give temporary rest to the horses of cab-drivers and poor traders, who in most cases are obliged to keep their beasts at work until past help, when a timely holiday would restore the poor crea-

tures. Every comfort and convenience is at hand to make life pleasant and easy to the old horses. Summer and winter boxes, large and airy, warm clothes, regular and plentiful meals, an extensive stable yard for winter exercises, and a splendid grass run are at their disposal; and if anything ails the ancient almoners the veterinary surgeon of the Society comes with his skill to their aid."

Ohio.—The Ohio Humane Society is desirous of establishing a home or pound for all homeless animals where they can receive proper temporary care and, if necessary, be humanely killed. It states—and this is true of Toronto also—that if a portion or all of the dog tax could be secured for this purpose, it would be of great public benefit. One important advantage would be that, in connection with such a home as this, the Society might establish a free clinic for the treatment of diseased or injured animals, whose owners are not able to provide care for them.

Dear Little Baby's Confession.

With his little soft hand in mine,
And the light on his golden hair,
My baby after his day of play
Kneels down for his evening prayer.
His eyes gaze into the unknown land,
As he whispers each solemn word,
And he speaks of "dying before he wakes,"
With the look of a startled bird.

Then he tells with a quivering lip,
Of the deed he has done to-day—
How a butterfly stopped at a rose to sip,
And he killed it in his play.
Ne'er to a murderous soul
Comes anguish and grief and fear
In a stronger tide than sweeps to-night
O'er the soul of my baby dear.

But I soothe the little trembler,
And hold him in my arms,
And give him the comfort that mothers know,
His grief to soothe and charm.
Till he whispers, raising his soft, blue eyes,
Where the tears still hanging lie—
"I dess de butterfly has a dood time,
In de roses in de sky!"

Then I lay the bright head on the pillow,
With a lingering good-night kiss,
Thinking how much God loved me
To give me a child like this;
And I pray, as I turn from the bedside,
He will help me guide aright
The feet of the little darling
I leave in His care to-night.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

IX. FORMATION OF LOCAL HUMANE SOCIETIES.

How to Organize a Humane Society.

The establishment of a Humane Society in any community would have a most beneficial effect in lessening the practice of cruelty generally, and in calling attention to the necessity of showing more kindness to dumb animals, and in caring for ill-used or neglected children. As a rule, people are generally kindly disposed, yet there is much that may be learned, even among a very intelligent people, as to their duty to all kinds of animal life. To organize a Society it is only necessary for some person to secure the signatures of those who may wish to have a Society to a petition to the Mayor, or Reeve, of a municipality, asking him to call a public meeting to discuss the subject. Care should be taken beforehand to obtain information as to the scope and objects of such an organization, and to secure a few ready and sympathetic speakers. The petition might be in the following form:—

To the Mayor, or Reeve, of the Municipality of ———.

The undersigned residents of ——— and its vicinity are desirous of organizing a Humane Society at ———, and to that end request you to call a public meeting of the inhabitants of this municipality [town or village], for the purpose of organizing among us a Humane Society.

Dated this — day of ———, A.D., 18—.

(Signed by ten or twelve reliable citizens.)

The topics to be discussed at the formation of a local or branch Society might be one or more of the following:—

Some facts about the benevolent effects of Humane Societies generally; the condition of animals before these Societies were formed; cruelty to wild birds and caged birds; effects of cruelty on the meats we eat, and on the milk we drink, and to fish; and how old and injured domestic animals can be killed mercifully. Speak also of cruelty to lobsters, frogs and toads; of carrying poultry with heads hanging down; sticking pins into insects; keeping fish in glass globes; that earth worms, turtles, etc., are harmless and useful. Recommend them to feed the birds in winter, and speak of the great advantages which have come from having pet animals well taken care of.

In regard to horses, speak of cruelty in blinders, check-reins, overloading, frosty bits,

twitching the reins while driving, not feeding and watering often, which the small stomachs of horses require.

Organization for Humane Work.

Mr. Oscar B. Todhunter, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writing on this subject, in effect says:—

“With a permanent headquarters in charge of a proper executive officer, the Humane Society could soon wield a powerful influence for good. The headquarters could be made a rallying point from which could be arrayed in line and set harmoniously at work all the humane forces of the country. It would soon become a bureau of information upon all humane topics. The executive officer—call him the secretary—could inform himself of the exact status of humane work in every section of the country, and could collect data upon every topic of direct or collateral interest. Now let us illustrate some of the results which might follow the proposed arrangement.

“1. Funds for different purposes might be established, as for instance, an organizing fund, to be expended in securing organizations in those localities where none exist; a literature fund, to be expended in the publication and distribution of humane literature; and so on with other funds.

“2. Agents might be employed and sent into places where no work has been done to secure legislation and organization.

“3. Plans might be matured and courses of lessons, and books might be prepared so as to secure the general introduction of some uniform system of humane instruction in the public and Sunday-schools.

“4. In like manner, matter could be prepared to furnish to ministers of the gospel to induce them to preach on humane topics occasionally.

“5. By means of carefully prepared circular matter, the whole press of the country could be arrayed, as occasion might arise, against such a fashion as wearing the plumage of birds, or using check-reins, or against hydrophobia delusions. In the same way seasonable hints in regard to the care of animals could be sent out from time to time, and many other things could be done which will occur to you.

“6. The establishment of veterinary schools could be encouraged and veterinary knowledge could be circulated.

“7. A perfected series of humane laws could be proposed and advocated.

“8. The best methods for rescuing and providing for unfortunate and dependent children could be urged upon public attention in the different states.

“9. Lecture courses could be organized and capable lecturers put in the field.

“10. Matured and systematic plans for organ-

izing Bands of Mercy, Audubon* Societies, and other such popular auxiliary movements could be put into operation.

Need of Local Humane Societies.

The local Humane Societies are greatly "needed in every community, town, village and city. It has often been remarked: 'We have no cruelty to animals or human beings in our place.' Now, it may be asserted that there is not a community of one hundred inhabitants in a locality where there is not more or less cruelty practised every day in the year. To learn this to be true, we have only to give it our attention. Organize a Society, and it will soon find all the work it can perform."—*John W. Woodhull.*

Rules for Branch Humane Societies.

Such a Society, if formed in a town or village, might, for greater permanence and efficiency, subsequently connect itself as a branch Society, with a larger one in a neighboring city.

1. Its management should be in the hands of an active and vigilant Committee.
2. The Committee to consist of its elected members.
3. It should appoint its own officers, one of whom shall be named its chairman.
4. It may make its own by-laws.
5. It may collect and disburse its own funds.

6. It shall hold its annual meeting at a date to be fixed, and at which meeting its chairman shall be, and other officers may be, elected.

7. It may appoint one or more local agents for practical work, if found necessary.

8. Its chairman shall be *ex-officio* a Vice-President of the parent Society.

9. It shall be entitled to representation at the annual meeting of the parent Society, by three elected delegates, exclusive of the chairman.

It should be distinctly understood that the parent Society asks no financial assistance from branch Societies in the form of funds, unless voluntarily offered, or with a view to the diffusion of the parent Society's publications of humane literature.

Diffusion of Humane Literature.

Mr. Charles R. Fraser, of Ohio, writing on the subject of this diffusion, says:—

"Humane literature is one of the most important factors in educating not only offenders, but agents and officers of Societies. They should always be supplied with a quantity of this class of literature; and if distributed properly, to teamsters, car drivers, farmers, stockmen, etc., it will be sure to improve them in the humane cause. Officers of Societies should make regular visits to the stock-yards, dairies, slaughter-houses, etc., and at these places they should leave copies of any publication of humane literature which they can obtain."

X. OTHER KINDRED AND DESIRABLE OBJECTS.

The Toronto Fresh Air Fund.

The useful and benevolent purposes of this Fund are explained and illustrated on page 136 of this publication.

The Beneficent Flower Mission.

The Flower Mission is one of the simplest and sweetest of the charities. It has already, where it exists, dispensed comfort and blessing to the bedsides of sickness and the work-rooms of weary toil. It first originated with a Boston girl, in the following manner:—

Walking along the streets one hot summer day, with a bunch of flowers for a sick friend, this girl noticed, as probably many others would

have done, how many of the passers-by turned to look at it; how little children begged for "just one flower, please"; and the weary and dusty ones seemed to brighten a little as it passed. The thought occurred to her, Why could not the flowers so abundantly lavished upon the country be brought to those who cannot go to them—to those who by sickness, or poverty, or toil, are confined all the long, hot summer months in the city.

Being not only a thinker but a doer also, this idea resulted, by the aid of others, in what is known as the Flower Mission of Hollis Street Chapel—so called because of the pleasant room kindly offered for its headquarters.

Those who are well and surrounded by na-

* It is stated on very good authority that some years ago there arrived at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, an old-looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed people that resorted thither. Yet he was more noted than anyone in the whole company. He had been entertained with distinction at the table of princes, learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged; for he was John J. Audubon, the famous American ornithologist.

ture's beauties can scarcely realize how a simple bouquet will brighten the tedious routine of hospital life and suffering. And it is not unlikely that with such gifts one may overhear snatches of low conversation which show that the gift of flowers is but a cover for other and more substantial bounties. Indeed, the flower itself is but a trifle compared with the thought and good-will which prompts the offering. And it is this which makes the Flower Mission thrice blessed.

Those who distribute the flowers can tell many interesting incidents attendant upon their pleasant task. Oftentimes the flowers are declined at first, the girls thinking they must be paid for; and it does not take a profound mathematician to calculate how much, out of a week's wages of four or five dollars, a girl can spare for the luxury of flowers. But when they understand that they are a free gift from those in the country to those in the city, the pleasure with which they are received and put in some improvised vase, and set upon the sewing machine or on the window seat, where the sight of them may shorten the weary hours, and suggest, in the midst of heat and steam and stifling air, the green woods—this, if seen, would repay, many times over, the trouble that the gift has cost.

Sometimes they are sent to the city jail and state prison; and wherever they go they are

seen to touch and awaken that which is best in every human being. They are also sent to the city missionaries for distribution in miserable quarters which they strive to purify. And one of them told, with tears in his eyes, how he had seemed to reach, by the simple gift of a flower, hearts which for months he had been trying in vain to touch.*

It is gratifying to know that within the last few years a kind lady on Jarvis Street, in this city, established and most successfully carried out the benevolent and beneficent objects of a Flower

Mission in Toronto.†

A children's flower service was held in connection with St. Peter's Church Mission, Toronto, on June 3rd, 1888. The *Evangelical Churchman* of June 28th states that—

"The service was very bright and interesting. Quite a number of bouquets and plants were brought in by the children, which, after being decorated with Scripture texts, were sent to the Female Mercer Reformatory, Toronto."

A Hospital Sunday in Toronto.

In 1887 and '88 an effort was made to establish a Hospital Sunday in Toronto, but for various reasons it was not successful. The *Toronto Evangelical Churchman* in November, 1887, publishes the following account of the effort made to establish this commendable enterprise as an "institution" in Toronto:—

"On the 24th ult. a paper on this subject was read before the Toronto Ministerial Association.



A CHILD'S HELPFUL IDEA OF HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

* Those who have read Miss Marsh's touching and beautiful sketches of her work for the Master will remember the illustrative case of this kind which she mentions in "The Rift in the Clouds" (Nisbet & Co., London; Carter Brothers, New York), under the heading of "A Crimson Azalea." Every effort of hers having failed of reaching the heart and conscience of a young consumptive, she sent him a crimson azalea in full bloom. It so touched him that he afterwards welcomed her gladly, and she delivered her message with such an assurance of its acceptance, that she ever rejoiced that her simple effort to reach him had been so blessed.

† The Kingston (Ontario) *Whig* of Monday, the 26th June, 1888, mentions that Flower Sunday was celebrated in the Queen Street Methodist Church in that city on the previous day. The Editor says:—"The edifice was gay with flowers and plants. They were banked about the pulpit, altar, and across the orchestral rail. The preacher was almost hid in the profusion of bouquets and flowering pots. Many of the attendants wore boutonnières and bouquets." The sermon was on flowers, their beauty and usefulness. The display was afterward, we believe, distributed amongst the various city charities.

by Dr. J. George Hodgins. We have only room for the first and last part of it. We cordially commend the subject to our readers. He said:

"Such an institution as I propose to advocate in this paper has been in existence in England for nearly thirty years. It is, therefore, no novelty there, and I trust that it will soon be no novelty here.

"The most practical of the liberal givers for benevolent objects have ever sought to develop on a broad and liberal scale a scheme of systematic benevolence, so as to make it a perennial source of untold good, not only to those who receive, but especially to those who give; for have we not the divine warrant for saying, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'?"

"One of the most successful efforts in this direction has been the establishment in various cities of England of an organization known there as Hospital Sunday. They have also added to its efficiency by instituting Hospital Week, and in some places Hospital Saturday.

"Hospital Week, as the Secretary of the fund in London informed me, 'is the week before Hospital Sunday, in which special public meetings are held in as many parts of London as possible, to try and educate the masses on the subject of hospitals and what they do, and then to try and get as many as possible to church or chapel on the Sunday to give their contributions.' Such an effort, as will be seen, must have a most beneficial effect on the Sunday attendance at public worship.

"In speaking of Hospital Sunday, Canon Miller, of Birmingham, says, 'Both in Birmingham and Liverpool they are not only continuing their Hospital Sunday, but there is a very remarkable movement still more satisfactory, namely, there is being initiated at Birmingham a Hospital Saturday—a movement by which the artisans will have an opportunity of contributing to institutions from which they derive so much benefit.'"

"Hospital Sunday, as its name implies, is one special Sunday in the year set apart, on which, from all of the pulpits of the metropolis, the claims of the sick and suffering, and those who otherwise 'have no helper,' are brought before the various congregations, and a special collection for their benefit is taken up. These various collections are thrown into one common fund, and it is distributed amongst all of the hospitals and kindred institutions.

"After Hospital Sunday had proved to be a practical success in Birmingham, Christian benevolence was invoked on its behalf in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, Chester, and many other large towns in England. It soon became one of the popular institutions, or enterprises, in these important centres of population. In 1873 an influential meeting was held in London to promote its establishment in the metropolis. Representatives from all of the churches took part in that important gathering, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor.

"There is no reason, in our small community, why the objects and contributions of Hospital Sunday in Toronto should not embrace the whole field of our charities, including the Hospitals and those of institutions recently established, especially the Humane Society, the Re-

lief Society, the Industrial Institute for Girls and the Industrial School for Boys. It would have the effect of giving a wider scope to the objects of the proposed Sunday, and would tend to enlist the sympathies of the entire community, for every object likely to excite its interest or regard would be embraced in the field of operation. The Mayor, as in London, might be president and treasurer *ex officio*."

ADVANTAGES OF HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

"The following is the conclusion of Dr. Hodgins' paper:—

"It only remains for me to summarize some of the advantages of the institution of Hospital Sunday in Toronto:—

"1. It would, on the principle of concentration, emphasize, from all the pulpits of this city, with a distinctness and force never before felt, the great and exalted principle of Christian benevolence, and of giving to those in need for the Master's sake.

"2. It would bring home to the entire community pointedly, at least once a year, a sense of their responsibility and duty to those of our brethren who are helpless and dependent upon others for loving care and sympathy.

"3. It would be a means of diffusing among the mass of our citizens some information in regard to our various charities and benevolent institutions; and it would incite a desire to know more about them than is generally known at present.

"4. Such information thus diffused, with the loving appeal which would accompany it, would have the effect of stimulating a desire to respond to an appeal thus made.

"5. The effect of giving under such circumstances would be to neutralize the evil effects of perfunctory giving—merely to get rid of the collector. Such giving, as the last report of the Wisconsin State Board of Charities points out, 'is the easiest and cheapest way to get rid of the subject; but it is not true charity. The truest charity,' it states, 'gives thought and sympathy, and time and trouble, and then gives money when it is really needed.'

"6. It would greatly lighten the arduous labors of the devoted Christian ladies (though it would not relieve them of the duty), on whom devolve the difficult and often discouraging task of collecting for our charities.

"7. It would concentrate public attention on the condition and needs of the less favored amongst us, and who, as children of a common Father, are dependent upon the help and ministrations of those who lovingly acknowledge the Fatherhood of God.

"8. It would give a specific and distinct place, in the Church festivals or anniversaries, to the subject of the duty of caring for the afflicted and distressed, which our Lord so earnestly and lovingly inculcated as a service unto Himself. For the King shall say unto them—'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

"After the paper was read a vote of thanks to the author of the paper was passed on motion of Rev. D. J. Macdonnell.

“Rescue the Perishing.”

One other pressing duty which devolves upon the Christian people of Toronto, but which can be better undertaken by a committee of earnest ladies, is that of assiduously looking after the young girls that come to the city. So many terribly sad cases of the fall, degradation and remorse of these terribly wronged and inexperienced girls are from time to time recorded in the daily papers that their recital causes a shudder to the reader, and an anxious desire that some organized system should be adopted to rescue these innocent, unsuspecting victims from the wicked wiles of their destroyers. Much has been done and is doing, but it seems ineffective to meet the necessities of the case. One case is cited as a typical one. It is given below from the *Toronto Mail* of the 9th of July, 1888. A reporter had just encountered a tramp, and, as he says,—

“Was debating with himself the advisability of following and addressing the stranger, when the wreck of what once had been a woman stepped out of a neighboring house and hurried up the street. Her clothing was of the tinsel type, but was sadly the worse for the wear. A scarlet shawl covered her head, and a pair of slippers her well-shaped foot. Dissipation had left its trace on what had been a beautiful face at one time, but now bore the unmistakable stamp of the outcast from society. She glanced at the reporter, who was speaking to a policeman, as she hurried by, and her eye still retained something of the light and life of happier days.

“Do you know her?” queried the officer.

“No,” was the reply, “since I gave up police work I have lost track of these women.”

“I knew that girl in London four years ago,” said the officer; “but of course she doesn’t know me. Her parents were most respectable people, and her ruin caused her mother’s death just as sure as you are standing there. The poor woman was never herself after Maggie left home. The mother dragged along for a couple of years and then died. After her mother’s death the girl went down hill at a gallop, and is now living with a man who treats her some-

thing as Buckley did that poor girl of his a few weeks ago. A few months ago she tried to poison herself. It is too bad, for she was a magnificent girl, and was educated in a convent.”

“Ten minutes later the girl returned, but on the other side of the street. On the same side, but going north, were a couple of girls in the blue gowns of the Salvationists. As they walked along they sang—

“‘Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storms of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.’

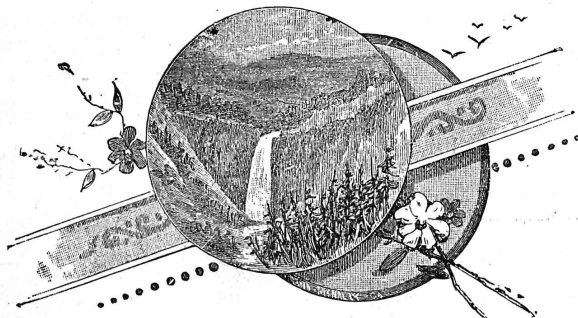
“They met the girl and spoke to her. What they said could not be heard, but they evidently did not make much impression upon her, for with a poor attempt at a laugh she started down the street again. The Salvationists turned and accompanied her to her door. There, it appeared, a parley was held, for after a minute or so the three entered the house. Whether or not the words of the good-meaning girls had any effect upon her cannot be said, but it is more than probable that the seed fell on stony ground.”

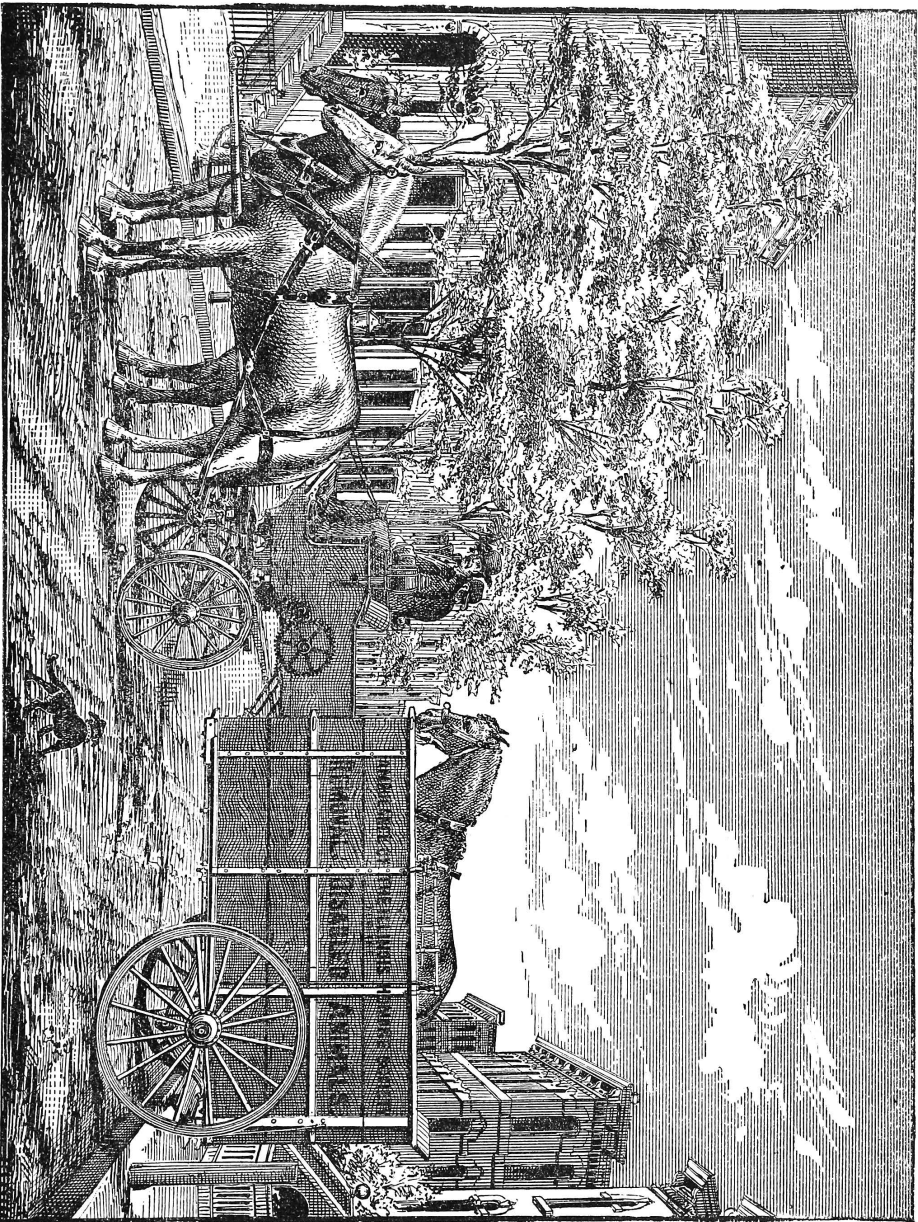
Oh, Speak to Her Gently,

For, worse than a murder,
By far, was her fall!
’Twere better, far better,
For her and for all,
If o’er her, while sinless,
Were spread the dark pall.

Her heart was once gentle,
And lovingly true—
The joy of the many,
The hope of the few;
With smiles and caressings,
Reproach she ne’er knew.

Oh, heap not her sorrow,
Who pride yourselves so
On braving temptations
You never could know;
If mercy has saved you,
Add not to her woe!





CHICAGO AMBULANCE FOR THE REMOVAL OF DISABLED ANIMALS—AN EXAMPLE FOR TORONTO.

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