

obligations, yet when these are perverted or abused, public authority nobly interferes to shield the defenceless and forsaken. It either coerces that degraded father to do his duty, or does it for him. If the one refuses, it stretches out its hand to that helpless outcast, and seating him on one of the benches of your ragged or reformatory schools, exclaims, "This my child was dead and is alive again, it was lost and is found." (Applause.) We hail it as a token for good that that wide gulph of separation which so long yawned between the upper and lower classes, — the extremes in society, — is now happily in many ways being bridged over. We have benevolent societies, numbering in their acting Committees the best blood of the land, their members cheerfully treading the lanes and alleys in these neglected wildernesses of human life. We have noblemen who feel it no disgrace to their coronets to preside at working men's associations, and take part in lectureships for the humbler classes; and though last, not least, we have our own beloved Queen, as the true mother of her people, and as the true granddaughter of good King George III., setting the proud example of entering the Highland shieling, — listening to the strange accents of the Celtic tongue — (cheers) — teaching the young Princes of England the eternal beatitude, — "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, — the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble." (Loud applause.) I have often thought that there is a false partiality, — a sentimental sympathy not infrequently manifested for distress at a distance, — pitying misery, and pain, and heathenism not seen, to the overlooking and ignoring of that which is at our own doors. How our hearts were wrung with chivalrous compassion for those brave and devoted soldiers of ours who, a year ago, were perishing with cold and hunger in our terrible struggle in the East. They deserved all the sympathy they received. Not a tear too many was shed, not a sigh too many heaved, nor was they neglected, and suffering, and full of brave. But, without for one moment wishing to detract from a nation's devotion to her warriors, I believe were the case examined, were the records I perused last week in connection with another benevolent object in Glasgow investigated, we should feel — unsurrounded, indeed, with the halo of martial renown, the pomp and heraldry of war — sufferings as great, and privations as terrible, and tales as sad, in the garrets and yards of Edinburgh and Glasgow as in the wiry trenches and dismal night-watches of the Crimea. (Cheers.) I would say the same with reference to the young heathens we wish to gather into our ragged schools. Let it be from me to utter one disparaging word about our missionary schemes. They are the barometers of a Church's spiritual life, — the articles of a dying or reviving Christianity. But while we indulge a right sympathy for the heathen abroad, is it not often done while there is an unfair proportion of interest in the heathen that

are near? In our zeal for the remote, we forget that seething cauldron steaming forth its corruptions in the midst of our dense cities, — a dreadful volcano sending its poisonous lava streams into the very vitals of society. Supposing that tidings reached you that at your own port of Leith or Granton some vessels had arrived from distant lands, freighted with a hideous cargo of human beings, unreclaimed savages, branded negroes, wild in their demeanor, with wan and squalid forms, what a burst of noble and magnanimous feeling would these hapless crews call forth. Many a sympathizing visitor, many a gay equipage would be seen speeding down to the quay to gaze on that crowd of imported misery, and pour in willing benefactions for their temporal and spiritual relief. But do you ever think that every day this awful and heart-rending picture is in your very town a sober reality, — that a ship manned with a shivering, ragged crew (and all the more sad because they are in the infancy of their being) is anchored at your own doors. Anchored, did I say? Nay, rather plunging and heaving in life's terrible sea, the neglected young voyagers calling from their port-holes in the old town, as they see the beacon-lights of luxury which stud the new. "Come over and help us." Is it fair, I again ask, to hear the cry from the distance and to shut our ears to the piteous wail of hapless thousands perishing within our own sight? I believe if we were witnesses to the miseries and distresses which at this moment, while I am speaking, might be seen in this city, we should not retire to our downy pillows with such light hearts to-night, without an effort to dry these embittered tears of injured and degraded childhood. (Applause.) I regret extremely the absence of the reverend Doctor, for if he had been present he would have relieved me from the necessity of making any particular reference to the great Bible principles which have been recognized in connection with this Ragged School ever since its formation, and which, I trust, shall never undergo either alteration or modification. I rejoice to think that, when this vessel of which I have spoken, with its ragged crew, nine years ago drew near to shore, that then it cast anchor, and has ever since retained its moorings under the majestic shadow of Protestant Bible truth. (Applause.) Its unchanging principle is, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." — not the truth dealt out in homopathic doses; not religion, a mere matter by the way, to be conveniently shoved into a corner, to which the children, after the other and more important lessons of the day are over, are to come with exhausted brain, and give to it the dregs and remnants of their time; not religion, some awful isolated mystery, divorced from daily life and school hours, but that which is the business of all hours, and which ought to be interwoven and intermingled through all. Long may the day be distant when the chief glory of this

and other kindred institutions as Bible schools will be in any way tampered with. (Cheers.) You might train up these juvenile delinquents in all secular knowledge; but apart from religious and moral instruction, you would train them only to be learned thieves; not honest men and humble Christians. You would teach them the scientific knowledge of the crowbar. By a course of instruction on the lever and pulley, dynamics and acoustics, conductors and non-conductors, you would drill them on scientific principles into a more dexterous dealing with locks and keys, and the management of ascents and descents; you would kindly superadd to the practice of their professional skill a knowledge of the theory. But, by leaving the heart uncultured by religious truth, you might elevate them to be very angels in intellect, while at the same time they might be demons in depravity as ever.*

* (Speech of Rev. J. R. Macduff at the annual meeting of the Original Ragged Industrial Schools.)

A Well-spent Sabbath.

A well-spent Sabbath promotes domestic affection. The members of the family have the opportunity that day of being all together, and of cultivating one another's acquaintance. Neatly dressed in their Sunday clothing, and cleansed from the dirt that begrims some of them during the week, their appearance is better fitted to begot respect and affection. If the Sabbath did nothing more than encourage cleanliness, it would be an important blessing. Self-respect is greatly promoted by the workman being able to turn out on a Sabbath morning with his well dressed family, and fill their pew in the house of God. The respectful feelings of others are attracted to such a family. The workman feels that to be able to appear thus on the Sabbath, is something worth exerting himself for. His industrious wife feels the same. Both are reluctant to squander money and time, because one of the effects of such extravagance will be to prevent them from appearing at church with their children. It is remarkable how closely the loss of Sabbath-keeping habits is connected with self-respect. When a man has no desire to appear decent with his children on the Sabbath, it may be presumed that his self-respect is gone, and it will be no easy matter to keep him from degradation and ruin.

A well-spent Sabbath furnishes moral energy against temptation and vice. The immense proportion of crimes that spring from neglect of the Sabbath is a well-known fact. Many criminals while under sentence of death, or of transportation, have confessed that their career commenced with Sabbath desecration. The painter, Hogarth, so remarkable for his minute acquaintance with human nature, in his series of pictures illustrative of "The Rake's Progress," which ended at the gallows, introduced him as an apprentice, playing marbles on a tombstone during divine service. The committee of