

A. L. O. E.

The news of the death of A. L. O. E., will bring a thrill of sadness to the hearts of thousands whether old or young. There is probably hardly a Sunday-school child living in English speaking countries who has not read some of her books. A writer in the *British Weekly* gives the following sketch of her life:—

Miss Charlotte Maria Tucker, better known as A. L. O. E., (a lady of England) died on December 2, at Amritsar, in the Punjab, aged seventy-two. She was the daughter of Mr. Henry St. George Tucker, who was connected with India for over sixty years. In 1786, when only fifteen, Mr. Tucker went to Calcutta as a midshipman on board an Indian ship, and in 1792 he became a member of the Bengal Civil Service. He rose to be Accountant-General in India, and afterwards a director in England of the East India Company. He married in 1811, Miss Jane Borwell, of North Caversham, in Scotland. His death took place in 1850. Mrs. Tucker lived to see her daughter's name a household word in every English speaking country. From 1855 to 1875 was the period of A. L. O. E.'s greatest literary activity. Her works fill eleven pages of Messrs. Nelson's catalogue, and nearly as many columns in the catalogue of the British Museum. They include over forty separate volumes. Perhaps her most ambitious production was a tragedy in five acts, entitled 'The Castle of Carlsmont,' which appeared in 1868. She also published several volumes of hymns and poems, but it was by her stories that she found her way into every corner of the land. We doubt whether any writer during that period gave so much pleasure to so wide a circle of readers. In the remotest Sunday-school libraries her yearly tale was eagerly expected. Country librarians used to find that no books wore out so quickly as A. L. O. E.'s. The news of her death must have recalled to thousands some of the happiest hours of their childhood.

Her vivacity, gaiety, and sympathetic spirit made her dear to young and old alike, but she never forgot the great purpose of her life—to be a Christian teacher. When her mother died she was free to devote herself to the work of Indian missions, and in October, 1875, she sailed for the Punjab. She never saw England again. One who welcomed her on her first arrival says: 'She came to us early one bright morning, and instantly our hearts went out to the gentle lady. Her soft, grey hair, drawn smoothly away from a fine brow, her clear eyes full of intelligence, and the frank, sweet smile playing over her features made hers a very attractive face. How thoughtful she was for the comfort of others; how keenly she appreciated what was good and beautiful around her.' On the day after her arrival she took her place among the native Christians in the mission chapel. Miss Tucker's is a missionary family. Her brother, who fell in the Indian Mutiny, was full of the missionary spirit, and her nephew, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, is well known as the head of the Salvation Army's work in India. Miss Tucker spent the last years of her life as an honorary worker in the Church of England Zenana Society. Those who saw her during recent years tell of the ceaseless energy with which she visited in the town and district of Batala, where her station was. 'On fine days,' she would explain, 'I visit in the country; on wet days I am busy in town.' Now she has passed away to her well-earned rest, and England and India join as mourners at her grave.

'THE STRANGER WITHIN THY GATES.'

A STORY FROM FACT.

By Mrs. Clara Smith Colton.

Some years ago, in a town in the West, a new teacher was added to those employed in the public school. She was a pale, silent, sad-eyed girl, of whom no one knew anything except that she was a faithful teacher. She boarded herself in a distant part of the town. Her one school dress, a gray flannel, was old and thin, but it was kept scrupulously darned and cleaned.

'She has only one collar and white apron,' said a pupil, scornfully, 'and she washes them out on Saturdays.'

'No wonder she coughs,' said another, 'wearing that little, pinched walking-jacket and straw hat.'

'She looks as if she lived on tea and crackers one week and crackers and tea the next,' said rich Lulu Armitage. 'Where does her salary go? Perhaps she has to hire some one to keep still about her history, or, perhaps, she is paying a lawyer to get some disgraced relative out of trouble.'

'It's very peculiar, to say the least,' chimed in another. 'We can't take her into our set until we know more about her.'

Young Mrs. Allen, who usually decided the status for new comers, said:

'She has a good face; I pride myself on being a judge of character, and I despise such gossip about her. But the truth is, she is a sort of social betwixt and between, and I can't see where she can be placed properly.'

So the new teacher remained unplaced, and, as she did not seek companionship herself, she went on her way alone. She never remained in the library to chat with the other teachers. 'Perhaps she would if we had asked her,' they said afterward.

She sat in a back seat in church, and slipped quietly out as soon as service was over. Perhaps she would not have hurried so had those in the same pew kindly do-

One of the teachers said, 'If I thought she was really ill I would go to see her; but she does live so far out and I don't know exactly where the house is. I guess she'll be here all right to-morrow in that everlasting black straw turban.'

Tuesday morning came bitterly cold, but the thin figure of Miss Mansfield was not seen struggling along in the wind toward the school building. The principal dismissed Miss Mansfield's room for the day and sent the substitute teacher and a high school girl to find out the reason of her continued absence. The family owning the house where she rented a room was away. The house itself was in a large yard of trees and stood at some distance from others. The young ladies went as they had been told to the 'north wing, the room opening on the porch,' and knocked. Getting no response they pushed open the door. In the dim light of the room, with drawn curtains, they saw Miss Mansfield, half sitting on the bed-lounge, with her little old jacket on over a faded wrapper. She had a school record book in her hand and examination papers were scattered about. There was no fire, no carpet on the floor, no furniture except two chairs, and a little table beside the bed-lounge, on which were school books and a Bible, and a plate of crackers and a cup and saucer. All these surroundings the visitors took in at a

glance, and hurried to the bed—shocked and full of pity.

But 'the new teacher' did not need their pity now. She did not feel the cold desolation of the room. There was a smile on the poor, pinched face, and the dark eyes had lost their feverish, anxious expression, as they seemed now to be looking upward upon unseen things. A pencil had fallen from her hand. She had left a few lines feebly traced: 'I feel strangely to-night. My head swims and I cannot think. If anything should happen to me, please send my month's salary to my mother at her address.' The name of an out-of-the-way little country place was given. On the open page of her Bible was pinned a poem clipped from a newspaper:

If I should die to-night the eyes that chill me
With averted glance
Would look upon me pityingly, perchance,
And soften in a kindly way.
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?
Oh, keep not your kindness for my cold, dead
brow!
My path is lonely. Let me feel your kindness
now.
Think kindly of me. I am travel worn.
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
For friendship and for love I plead.
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The sympathy for which I long to-day,
To give some brightness to my weary way.

The room was soon filled with tearful, conscience-smitten neighbors. The physi-

cian said, 'Death from cold and lack of proper nourishment causing collapse or complete exhaustion.' The nearest neighbor said, 'She froze and starved to death and I living within a stone's throw.'

They found that her salary had been sent home every month to a bedridden father and mother and a feeble sister, to keep them out of the poor-house and to pay back bills for medicines.

The town where this happened is no less charitable or social than others. The teachers and the church people are no less kind. They sent a sum of money to the poor parents, and the papers spoke of the 'many mementos in memory of Miss Mansfield, whose sudden and sad death has cast a gloom over the whole community.' Many kind-hearted people said, 'If we had only known about her in time!'

Said the teacher who related this story to me: 'To think that I kept still when people talked about her. I used to see that they had no ground for it, but because some of the prominent ladies slighted her I never said a word in her favor. It makes me feel as if I had helped kill her by my cowardly silence. As the minister said, "We saw her a stranger and we took her not in;" now it is too late.'—*Congregationalist*.

WHOLESOME READING FOR THE CHILDREN.

It is hard to start a child toward heaven without the help of good books.

Why isn't it just as cruel to starve the mind of a child as it is to refuse to give him bread?

Unless the mind of a child is fed with that which is good and wholesome, it will be as sure to go astray as a starving sheep.

If parents don't look after the feeding of their children's minds the devil will.

When sheep can't do any better they will devour brush and blackberry bushes, and the same is true of the lambs in every farmer's house.

Some of the daily newspapers are as good helps as the devil wants for starting children toward the pit, and yet they are taken into the home and put into their hands, while the Bible is on a high shelf out of their reach, covered with dust.

Too many parents let their children fill their minds with blood and thunder trash, and then find fault with the preacher because they do not join the church.

To be sure it will cost something to put good books and newspapers into the hands of the children, but it will cost a great deal more not to do it.—*Ram's Horn*.

WHAT BLOCKS THE WAY.

What a vast improvement would result in the physical comfort of the families of the working men if the money now spent for beer and ale were used for food, clothing and fuel. This estimate has reference to physical comfort only; but there is also a moral aspect which every man who cares for his fellow man cannot fail to be deeply interested in.

It is the liquor traffic only that blocks the way so that this vast amount of money, the wages of labor, is squandered in beer instead of being spent for the comforts of home. The rum-sellers do their utmost to divert this money to their own pockets, leaving wives and children to freeze and starve. The law of Maine strives to protect the homes. Is one year in jail too harsh a penalty for the villains whose trade it is, in violation of law, to blast them as by fire?—*Neal Dow*.

THREE-FOLD

Little by little the clouds that have long shrouded Africa are lifting. A treaty has at length been signed at Brussels, by all the great powers, in which they bind themselves to do their best for the suppression of the African slave trade. France and the United States hung back for a time, but have fallen into line, and the civilized world is now united. The object of the treaty is three-fold—to put down the slave trade, to restrict the sale of fire arms, and to reduce the sale of intoxicants.—*The Missionary*.

WHENEVER a stone is thrown at church entertainments it always hits somebody who is not bringing all the tithes into the store-house.



THE LATE MISS TUCKER ("A. L. O. E.")