

12,000 persons, and it seemed to be filled. Every nation and many societies, as well as the army and navy, were represented in distinctive dress. The Polyglot petition, with its signatures, was strung around the balconies and lay in bales on the floor in front of the platform. The words of the petition were thrown in large letters on a white canvas by magic lantern so that all might read and understand, and its resolutions were unanimously adopted. We were addressed by several eminent men, among whom were Canon Wilberforce and Sir Wilfred Lawson, besides several prominent women, and medals were distributed to members of the Navy, for 20 years of faithful service in the temperance cause, by Alice Weston, who has been an earnest worker among sailors' for many years. There was much enthusiasm, but the most pathetic scene was when a number of poorly-dressed children from the slums of London came upon the platform and sang a verse full of sadness at their hard lot and the curse which caused it. Just then, from the front of the building and down the middle aisle, came two rows of girls of all sizes, dressed in white and bearing wands in their hands, on which was held aloft a band of wide white ribbon, singing something which began, "We are coming to the rescue and we wear the ribbon white." They then stood still while another appeal came from the neglected children, when the two lines advanced to the platform, separated, and carrying one end up each side completely encircled the poor children with the "band of ribbon white." It was a touching reminder, and many hearts were tendered.

SERENA A. MINARD.

(To be continued.)

The leading feature of the present time is interest in child-life. Art, literature, education, legislation, philanthropy, and the Christian church are now mindful of the child.—*Rev. J. James.*

OUT WEST.

EDWARD COALE'S LETTERS.

II.

On the 27th of 6th mo. we had been riding all day through hundreds of miles of barren, rocky wastes; no green vegetation ever visible. The dust at times was simply suffocating and the heat oppressive. The car had to be kept closed to keep the cloud of dust (in which our train was constantly enveloped) from gaining entrance. Our feelings can be realized by many of our drought-stricken farmers during the past spring and summer months. A change was near at hand. Off to the north a line of green lombardys were visible. Near by tall fields of waving grain and a neatly painted cottage reminded us that all the world was not a barren desolate waste. We were approaching Nampa, in Southwestern Idaho, the point where we leave the main line of the Union Pacific for a twenty-mile ride north to the capital of the state, Boise City (pronounced by the people here Boisey). These bright green spots continued to increase until nearing the beautiful little city. All kinds of deep colored, rich, luxuriant vegetation was the rule and not the exception. We were met at the station, as per previous arrangement, by R. E. Green, secretary and manager of the Boise & Nampa Irrigation and Power Company, and conveyed to a comfortable and home-like boarding house, where we enjoyed the luxury of a much-needed bath and rest.

I wish I could describe this beautiful little city—a paradise in the desert. We must remember no green thing lives without irrigation. Yet every residence lot almost has its dense, dark, well-kept foliage. Swift-flowing rivulets sometimes skirt the street sides in which are placed *perpetual motion* water wheels ten or twelve feet high, that run for the purpose of elevating water in their cup-like paddles so it can be conveyed to adjacent and higher grounds. We do not see such wonderful growth