

THE MESSENGER.

er at writing or arithmetic. Each section closed with a ten-minute service and prayer, so that the spiritual element was never lacking in the instruction of the boys.

Very soon the character and appearance of the boys in the school came to be very different from what it was at first. Some of them had come almost naked, except for their mothers' shawls which were pinned around them; and there were five separate gangs of thieves in attendance, all of whom, in the course of six months, were earning a more or less respectable livelihood.

Many of the shoeblacks were apprenticed to various trades, and these brought their fellow-mechanics to the school, so that in the course of three or four years the really ragged and unkempt boys were changed into orderly and fairly-dressed lads.

In the meantime the premises of the school had been enlarged, first by a single room, and later by the rental of the adjoining house, which was converted into a sort of dormitory for the boys who had no homes. This house was in very bad condition when they took it up, but Mr. Hogg and the boys went to work with their own hands as amateur painters, carpenters and whitewashers, and soon had a quite respectable and homelike place.

In 1869 a master had become necessary, and the school was moved into still larger and more comfortable and commodious quarters in Castle street. Here they had a fine dormitory, capable of holding forty boys, and Mr. Hogg had a small room partitioned off where sometimes he and sometimes the master slept, it being a part of their office to see that the boys started off for work at the proper time in the morning. All this time religious services were carried on in connection with the mission, both in the old quarters and the new.

In 1871—so many respectable young fellows had taken to coming to the night school that Mr. Hogg suggested to them that they form an institute which should be carried on in a house in Hanover street, while the Ragged School should be held as before in the Castle street premises. Thirty-five boys joined immediately, and for years afterwards did considerable of the teaching in the Ragged School.

The institute thrived amazingly, the little house being packed every night, and in 1878 they moved once more into larger quarters in Long Acre, where they could accommodate 300, and here classes of a more ambitious nature were started, taking up science and art.

By this time the idea was firmly fixed in Mr. Hogg's mind that there was no existing institute which was sufficiently catholic in its aims and tastes. There were institutions which were religious solely, or educational only, or simply athletic clubs, but what he wanted to develop was one which should recognize and teach that God has given man more than one side to his character, and where any reasonable taste could be gratified, whether spiritual, intellectual, social or athletic.

In 1881 he bought the old Royal Polytechnic Institution, and in September, 1882, opened the new London Polytechnic Institute. On the first night of registration over 1,000 young fellows were enrolled, and Mr. Hogg worked at this from five o'clock in the evening until one in the morning, as he made it his duty to see personally every member who was received.

He had designed the place for 2,000 members, but during the very first winter the membership reached 6,800, and has now increased to 15,000. Mr. Hogg declares that the secret of the success underlying all the

work of the institute is in the 'Poly' motto: 'The Lord is our strength.'

The president and founder himself has left the impress of his strong, wholesome life on thousands of London young men. He has won their hearts, and by this means leads them where he will.

Thanksgiving.

Our barns are filled with food for man and beast,
Our cellars with earth's fruitage running o'er,
Tokens to man that 'good will' has not ceased,
But lives and shines through all this bounteous store.

We read of famine's reign on distant shores,
Its chilling penury and gnawing pain,
While, to supply our wants, abundance pours
Her teeming riches from the fertile plain.

Peace, blessed peace, smiles on our happy land;
No foreign foe plans to invade our shores;
At home no trait'rous, vile intrigue is fanned
To kindle civil strife around our doors.

Though nations have been scourged by dread disease,
And winds have wafted death upon their wings,

While heathen tribes, their idols to appease,
Have perpetrated most revolting things;

Yet, Thou, O God of life, hast kept secure,
Year after year, our land from pestilence,
The atmosphere which fans our homes, so pure,
Would quickly drive the lurking plagues, far hence.

We live within a land of liberty.
No slave his galling fetters here bemoans,
No cruel monster's lash allowed to be
The fertile source of agonizing groans.

The law protects alike the weak and strong;
Its justice legislates for every man;
The weakest child, the victim of a wrong,
Can shelter find beneath its righteous plan—

And not for civil liberty alone,
We praise Thy name, O giver of all good,
Nor for the fact that warfare is unknown,
Or that our table teems with choicest food.

Blest boon to weary pilgrims of a day,
To worship Thee, the everlasting God—
The heart is chilled and stilled when we survey
The blood that cries to heaven from the sod;

From out the martyr's grave, the stony street,
The winding, deep ravine, the rocky hill,
Where God's own faithful flock have had to meet
The wrath of demons who did shout, 'Kill! kill!'

How blest the liberty we here enjoy,
Of daily coming to a throne of grace.
With none who dare to hinder or annoy,
We, 'neath our 'vine and fig tree' seek Thy face.

We thank Thee for Thy Son who died, to save
Poor, fallen man from never-ending woe,
That all who trust a present help may have,
To stay and strengthen, as through life they go.

We thank Thee for the grand old British flag,
A herald of God's love to heathen man;
We thank Thee for Thy servants, who ne'er lag
To teach those heathen God's redemptive plan.

We thank Thee for the tie of love between
Our country and the dear old mother land;
We thank Thee for our worthy, aged Queen,
A queen of queens, beloved on every hand.
And all the good and great in every land,
The stay of nations, principles divine,
All who go forth to work at Thy command—
Each lofty impulse truly is but thine.

We thank Thee for our sorrows. Hard may seem
The effort to be thankful 'neath the cloud
Thou knowest best. Teach us, O Lord, to beam
With love and praise when darkness may enshroud.

Knowing that soon the clouds will sunder part;
The sun the brighter shine when breaks the gloom.
Thus may we ever learn how good Thou art,
And that this world is not our lasting home—
WILLIAM MUNRO.

Alice's 'Daisies.'

(By Lizzie Young Butler.)

'Going out, daughter?' inquired Mrs. Thorne, looking up surprised from the sheet she was hemming.

'Why, yes, mother; don't you remember? the committee on decorations for the church concert meets this afternoon;' and Alice Thorne hastily drew on her glove.

'Indeed I had forgotten it, but now that you speak of it I recall the fact. I'm sorry,' added she, dropping her work, 'for Aunt Kezie wanted you to do a little writing for her, but to-night will doubtless do as well—'

'But I told Nellie Hatch I'd go around to her house to-night, mother,' interrupted Alice, a slight flush rising to her cheeks. 'Just a few of us girls, to play Chautauqua games.'

'It's too bad, Alice. I fear Aunt Kezie will be very much disappointed,' said Mrs. Thorne with a little sigh.

'But you see how it is, mother?' said Alice, moving slowly towards the door.

'Yes, I see, but please try and make no engagements for to-morrow. You are sadly neglecting some of your home duties lately, dear, and some day I feel sure you will regret it. However, on your way just step in to Mrs. Amory's and leave this pattern.'

'Yes, indeed,' and Alice hurriedly kissed her mother good-bye and ran lightly down the steps.

'I can't imagine what has come over Alice lately,' said Mrs. Thorne to Aunt Kezie after explaining why Alice had gone out. 'Once she was so eager to do everything possible about home; sought for opportunities to help me and was always ready to do whatever I asked; but for several months she has been so much engrossed in outside affairs—missionary endeavors and church duties—that I have been able to get her help but little.' Mrs. Thorne straightened the stool under Aunt Kezie's feet to hide the emotion in her face, but her voice betrayed her.

'Don't worry about Alice, Gertrude, her heart is all right, I feel sure. These affairs in which she is so much and so rightly interested are well; the child only makes the mistake of many an older one in giving time