

What is the Boy Worth?

Mrs. S. J. M. Henry's Address in the A. O. U. W. Hall on Sunday.

Some Thoughts of Value to the Parents of Victoria.

Following is the address given by Mrs. S. J. M. Henry, the national evangelist of the W. C. T. U. on Sunday afternoon in A. O. U. W. hall, the title of which was:

What is the Boy Worth?

There is one interest which if imperiled all is lost, and that is the interest bound up in the boy that is growing up in your homes. Boyhood is at the foundation of citizenship, and this is the interest which must be preserved. Every interest that has been known among men has at some time in the history of the world found a voice, and obtained a hearing, and it does seem that in all the generations the home should find a voice, and should present its plea, and should obtain a hearing. It is to voice this interest of the home, and not only of the home, but of the church, the school and the state, that I stand before you this afternoon.

In the beginning of our temperance work one of the leading men of the city in which I lived accosted me and said, "Going about your good work, Mrs. Henry?" I said, "Yes, sir." He replied, "Well, we think of you and pray for you in our homes. But you know that I am a practical business man, and I must look at this temperance question from that standpoint. There is no doubt but what you women have a cause. There is reason for all that you have attempted, but you will never succeed unless you can demonstrate that there is money in temperance as there is in whiskey."

I was startled by this statement. A question of money? We had looked at the whole temperance question from the standpoint of the purest and highest sentimentality. There is nothing about which poetry and art, song and story, have woven so much that is sweet and beautiful as the relation between mother and son; and it is this relation that is involved in this temperance question. Had not mothers been just what I am, had not the relation between mother and son been just what God made it to be, and just what it had been preserved to be even in these ends of the earth, history there would never have seen such an uprising as the Women's Crusade; there would never have been a Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

I kept turning this question over in my mind—a boy, a question of money? Must we take what we would have as shelter and protect from every unwholesome thing, whom we would keep secluded, if it were possible during his childhood in the home circle, shut in with everything that would draw his thoughts and aspirations heavenward, should we take him out on the corners of the street where hay and oxen are weighed, and try to find out which is worth the most per pound, the boy who drank or the boy who was sober?

I had come to the conclusion before this time that if we ever obtained a hearing to our plea in the interests of the home and purity of life, we must appeal to that which was known as the practical instinct in man. We had been trying to do this, and we realized many times that we were failing, for somehow we seemed to get no real hearing. Men would listen with their ears, but evidently their hearts were not much concerned. We began to plan as to how to present this matter to the general public so as to gain the attention of fathers and the lawmakers of the land.

I made an estimate of the cost of the average fifteen year old boy, and I will this afternoon give you the results of that calculation. I would like to send every father away feeling rich, and every young man feeling that he is at least worth saving himself. I estimate that for the first two years of his life it is worth a dollar a day to take care of that boy. This would give you the sum of \$730 as the first cost of the average two year old boy. During the next five years you may possibly keep his expenses within \$200 per year. This added to the former sum will give you \$1,730 as the first cost of the average seven year old boy. During the next eight years he will arrive at the age when most people will consider that he is able to take care of himself, and you must keep a debit and credit account, for he is found available in many ways about the house, shop, barn, store and office, so he is partly able to pay his way. But his expenses are heavier. He must have more expensive clothing, and books, and there will be school bills and taxes to be paid. We will allow three dollars a week for his board and fifty dollars a year for his clothing, everything else to be covered by that which he himself actually earns. This amounts to \$3,378 as the cost of the average fifteen year old boy. This is a snug little sum. It is not picked up every day of the week on the street corners in this province, nor even out towards the Golden Gate.

But this is not necessarily the value of the boy. It is simply what has been invested in him as he is growing up. It has been invested in him simply as money has been invested in lands, merchandise or stocks. His value depends on his ability to be made serviceable. If you have been able to give that boy a fair chance among men he has cost you many and many a thousand. Fathers, sit down with your boy and together figure this out. As your boy adds the figures and he finds that they run up into the thousands, his mind will be filled with many new thoughts. Perhaps he will say, "My father was not able to do this; my mother has had her share in the labor of it. I begin now

to understand the meaning of the wrinkles on my father's face and of the look of care on my mother's." I am not romancing as I state this, for I have heard of a father who had a certain report of the thoughts that go on in his heart as this calculation is being made. When he finds he can endure the stress of it no longer he goes out the side door and walks back and forth along the pavement. He is wondering how his boy can best pay back the father and mother that which has been spent upon him. He recalls the expensive habits which he has formed, and decides to cut them off. He resolves that he will never smoke another cigar, and that he will try to preserve the value which he recognizes is in him, and save that which would have been selfishly spent, so as to pay back father and mother that which they have invested in him.

That boy of yours, the boy who is six foot tall, and broad shouldered, who is known by some other name out in the world where he is measuring a man's strength with men, but your boy still, how much is he worth to you to-day? It is time for a personal application of this question, and all that is involved in this question. There are vast regions of territory yet to be discovered, fields to be sown, fields cultivated, that may bring forth a harvest and be added to the wealth of the world; and that boy has just the hands for that work. He will make the wilderness bloom like the garden of Eden, if you only give him time enough and opportunity to make use of the gift which lies within him.

I believe that anything that has the will and purpose, whether it has the ability or not, to stop that boy as he is on his way to the place where he is due in the name of the nation and the providence of God, where his work is waiting for him, anything that would undertake to stop him and make impossible for him to do a man's work in the world is a traitor, a traitor to the home, the nation and the kingdom of heaven, and as such a traitor, in the name of the motherhood of the world, I brand the liquor traffic of to-day. The liquor traffic, the saloons, the institutions of which this is simply a part, has no other purpose for its existence but that it may destroy the value of manhood. It is not simply a commercial enterprise. It is not wholly political, but it has for its end and aim the destruction of the image of the divine, as it has been engraved on mortal flesh. There is behind the liquor traffic the satanic power that would destroy the beauty of holiness, which is the likeness of the eternal Father in his human child. The only reason why this enemy of man would take hold of him in his power is because he is nearer to the manifestations of that holiness which Jesus would have represented in him, than he can ever be again in his life, unless the Spirit of the Lord comes to prevent it, that boy will follow the father.

I said to this man who came to me about his son, "I will talk to your wife; I will tell her that she should not let a man out of your boy in spite of you; do she really think that you can, and if she truly labor together with God, as God has provided in the economy of the gospel that she should not let a man out of your boy in spite of you." He said, "I would rather see her in his grave to-day than to know that he would make a man like me."

"But," I said, "how do you expect to prevent it? He is as near like you as any sixteen year old boy out there." "Why, I expect my wife to prevent it, that is what I got her for," he replied. "If she could not make a better man out of my boy than I ever professed to be she had a momentous role; his name is Up to a certain point in every boy's life, his mother is all in all to him; but there comes a time when he looks out that he is not growing up to be a woman, but a man; and then, if there is any con- trover between his father and mother, unless the Spirit of the Lord comes to prevent it, that boy will follow the father."

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you have a better order of things in this province, but I am sure that the matter will bear looking into and watching. The same evil lurks everywhere, and I do not believe that it has any more respect for the children of this country than it has for us in the United States. The liquor traffic is not at all careful as to what kind of flesh it takes to grind up into devil's meat. As we look abroad and see the protection which is given to the saloon, and the scanty protection which is given to the home, we can but think that there is a disposition in the value of men and boys, at least from what it was in the divine mind. Some very pertinent questions have been recorded in the Bible. Jeremiah asks: "The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed?" Then he answers the question: "As earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter." Joel says they "have given a boy for an ox, and a girl for a sow, that they may drink." Isaiah speaks of "I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden vessels of Ophir, that they may fear."

Fathers, I appeal to you, how much is your boy worth to you? If you were to be robbed of that which you expect in your boy, what would your home be worth? Is he worth enough to cause you to allow the Spirit of God to make you the man you ought to be, but he lost in the following you may preserve his value instead of squandering it?

There is many a man who is trying to shift the whole burden of making a good man out of his boy off onto his wife. A father said to me at the close of a lecture and said that he had a boy sixteen or seventeen years old, and wished me to talk with his wife in regard to training him to be a good and useful man. He said that he was not a good man himself, and did not profess to be, but he felt anxious about his son. I said to him: "Do you expect your boy to grow up to be like you? Do you want him to be just the kind of a man that you are?"

"My boy to be a man like me?" he said. "What do you take me for?" I would rather see him in his grave to-day than to know that he would make a man like me."

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The British Commander

Some Facts About Sir Redvers Buller Now on His Way to Africa.

He Knows Both Fos and Country -Some Officers Who Will Accompany Him.

Sir Redvers Buller, general, privy councillor, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.M.G., etc., has so long been a man of mark that his personality is well known to the British public. Soldier, administrator, politician, country squire, he has done much and generally well. Now he is called to the most coveted, if not the highest, post that can be conferred upon a British officer, the command of a large expeditionary army in the field.

He is not in his first youth, but he carries his sixty years lightly; very varied and eventful service has not laid its weight on him; his figure has lost its sinfulness, but not its activity, and Buller still rides in the first flight with the hounds; his brain power, too, always of the first order, is quite unimpaired. Strength, solidity, unflinching self-reliance—self-confidence it might be called, until wide and generous sympathy taught him better—are his most striking characteristics, plainly seen in his rather austere, impassive face, plainly proved by his attitude in trying situations, and his successful conduct of arduous affairs. Buller won his first laurels in Ashanti, although he had already seen war in China and on the Red River.

It was in Ashanti that he justified Wolsley's keen insight into character, and established his reputation as a young officer who would certainly come triumphantly.

Through Any and Every Task with which he might be entrusted. After Ashanti he made acquaintance with the famous Frontier Horse; the man who asked no one to venture his skin where he would not thrust his own, and who repeatedly risked his own life to save those of comrades sorely pressed by savage foes. Buller gave earnest thought of what he has since abundantly confirmed, his capacity for troop leading; his tactical skill is instinctive; he can handle men with a promptitude and precision born of natural gifts developed in the training and experience. The best of his qualities have been pardonably proud of the calm, wise control he exercised in the most critical moment at Tama and El Tob. It was Buller's skillful manoeuvring promptly conceived and resolutely carried out that saved the shaken squares in those hard fought engagements.

Again, it will ever be deemed one of Buller's best titles to honor that he extricated a beleaguered column from the perilous situation after Abu Klea, when it was all but hemmed in at Metemah, and had lost its most trusted leaders, Herbert Stewart, Burnaby, and many others. The hard-pressed force welcomed Buller's advent like a savior, and his dispatch of post haste by Wolsley to assume command, and regaining all its confidence, cut its way back.

To Korti Without Difficulty. Buller has seen no active service since then, but he has been continuously employed, and has shown his abounding energy in more than in his war record. He was on the headquarters staff in Pall Mall for nearly fifteen years at a stretch, serving through all the senior grades, until, at the last, he all but crowned the edifice by securing the highest post of all. It is no secret now that in 1895 Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman intended him to succeed the Duke of Cambridge as commander-in-chief, and that only the sudden collapse of the Liberal cabinet prevented an act which, despite Buller's merits, would have been a grave injustice to Lord Wolsley. At a time like the present, when he is about to assume charge of what should eventually be one of the best-fought armies that have left the shores of the British Empire, it is satisfactory to know that Buller has all the threads of army administration at his fingers' ends.

He is not of the class which essays to do all the work himself, but his intimate acquaintance with every detail will act as both a check and stimulus to his subordinates. And he will be well and loyal served, for he has the knack of getting the best out of men. All who are brought in contact with him learn soon to respect him. What though his manner may seem cold, harsh, even repellent, his speech often sharp and abrupt, his brief, pithy written memoranda, when they tear through wasted verbiage and fix upon the essence of a question, may be freely forgiven because of what is behind. Buller, withal, is at heart one of the kindest of souls; he is intolerant of imposture, but he is never unreasonably hard on any one, and

Will Seldom Exact the full penalty from any "poor devil" who, as he would say himself, cannot really be blamed "because he is a fool." No doubt the "because" support and alibi which he will always command are largely due to the firm conviction entertained by all that he is absolutely straightforward; he plays no personal game, his abiding principle is to do the best with his means and with his whole heart, and so for the good of the country and the service.

As may be supposed, a commander of Buller's stamp has had an influential say in the choice of his lieutenants and immediate surroundings. He had much to say to the appointment of the staff. Colonel Hunter as chief of the staff of Colonel Wynne also, who is to be his deputy adjutant-general; Colonel Stoper, an A. D. C.—the best notable specimens of the young and rising school of soldiers. He has been consulted, too, and could

not have exercised a veto upon the various divisional and brigade generals who will lead the troops under his orders. They may be said, therefore, to have his imprimatur, and yet no such recommendation was necessary, for they are quite the pick of the basket. No fall list has yet been published, but it may be stated authoritatively that the three divisions will be commanded respectively by Lord Methuen, Sir Francis Clery and Sir William Gatacre.

Of these three the first is so familiar a figure to Londoners that it is scarcely necessary to recall his portraiture; the spare, stalwart, erect frame, the fair, handsome face, the bonhomie so pleasantly mixed with old-world courtesy, have won "Paul" Methuen's troops of friends in every class in and out of the service. He is

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One of the Best Type of modern hardworking guardsmen devoted to his profession, ever eager to join in the fray, and having considerable practical ability in troop-leading. Sir Francis Clery may be less well-known, except in the hunting-field, where he is a notable performer, or in the service clubs, or in Pall Mall, the sprucest and best-turned-out man in London, but who yet has his none of the "dandy" in his composition.

Clery is a hardworking soldier, in early days adjutant of a crack corps, a staff college graduate, who has served with distinction in South Africa, especially in battles against the redoubtable Zulus, and was engaged in Egypt under Wolsley. Clery has few equals in the business of soldiering; he knows every move, has a quick eye for country, and a clear knowledge what troops can and should do. Sir William Gatacre is one of the youngest of major-generals, who owes his somewhat rapid advancement to the last Sudan campaign, where he led first a brigade, then a division, of British troops with unflagging energy and zeal.

The most marked trait in Gatacre is a restless, untiring activity, he spares no one, himself least of all, and it is said that he sometimes wore out his men on the Nile by

His Incessant Marchings and rehearsals. But he has shown since then a very considerable gift for troop-leading, and he will certainly not be the least useful of Buller's assistants. The brigade commands will be in the main given to major-generals, and the choice has fallen almost naturally to those at present holding active commands. The adjutant-general will be a Guardsman, as entitled by the privileges of the household troops, and his brigadier will be Sir Henry Colville, at present at Gibraltar, a Guardsman, like Walker and Methuen, who has never lost a chance of active employment, and with in more than in his war record. He was on the headquarters staff in Pall Mall for nearly fifteen years at a stretch, serving through all the senior grades, until, at the last, he all but crowned the edifice by securing the highest post of all.

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about Sudan affairs, with the tale of so-called guides and spies, but let it be told the truth of Gordon's death. "A week before the fall of Khartoum Gordon had given up hope. Ordering him Pasha Fauzi, he called him to provision one of the steamers, get all the Europeans on board and set off for the north. To their credit, he said, they refused to leave unless Gordon saved himself with them. Finding him reluctant, a plot was made to seize him while asleep, carry him off and save him in spite of himself, but somehow he heard of the plot, and smiled and said it was his duty to save their lives if he could, but it was also his duty to

"Stick to His Post." As the troops must be near, then sail north, he told them, "and tell them to bury my body." "Each day at dawn, when he retired to rest, he bolted his door from the inside and placed his faithful body servant, Khaleel Agha Orpahl, on guard outside. On the fatal night, Gordon had as usual kept his vigil on the roof of the palace, sending and receiving telegraphic messages from the lines every ten minutes, and as dawn crept into his thinking that the long-threatened attack was not yet to be delivered, he lay down, few minutes later attracted no more attention than the little firing heard for months; but when the palace guards were heard firing it was known that something serious was happening. By the time Gordon had slipped into his oil serge or dark tweed suit and

Grabbed His Sword and Revolver the advancing dervishes were surrounding the palace. "Overcoming" the guards a rush was made up the stairs and Gordon was met leaving his room. A small spear was thrown, which wounded him, but very slightly in the left shoulder. He must be for the dervishes knew what was happening, three of them lay dead and one wounded at Gordon's feet—the remainder fled.

Quickly reloading his revolver Gordon made for the head of the stairs, and again drove the reassembling dervishes off. Darting back to reload he received a stab in his left shoulder blade from a dervish concealed behind the corridor door, and on reaching the steps the third time he received a pistol-shot and was wounded in his right breast, and then, great soldier as he was, he rose almost above himself.

"With his life's blood pouring from his breast—not his back, remember—the Fought His Way Step by Step kicking from his path the wounded and dead dervishes—for Orpahl, too, had not been idle—and was passing through the doorway leading into the court yard, when another concealed dervish almost severed the right leg with a single blow. Then Gordon fell, the steps he had fought his way—not been dragged—down were encumbered with the bodies of the dead and dying dervishes. No dervish spear pierced the live and quivering flesh of a prostrate but still conscious Gordon, for he breathed his last as he turned to face an assailant, half raised his sword to strike and fell dead with his face to heaven.

"The account I have given of how Gordon died differs so very little in essentials from the account which I have since received from Khaleel Agha Orpahl, and which has been read to Khartoum survivors, with the idea of comparing the statements made by the man who had for he breathed his last as he turned to face an assailant, half raised his sword to strike and fell dead with his face to heaven.

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