

cation Acts' fame. All were of Quaker stock.

The Italian Marquis of Mortda, the famous botanist, was once plain Thomas Hanbury, Quaker and chemist.

Sir Robert Fowler, who was twice Lord Mayor of London, came of Quaker ancestry. So, too, did Sir Walter Scott; Lord Macaulay, whose mother was a member of the sect; Sir Henry Rawlinson, the decipherer of the Egyptian cuneiform inscriptions; Sir Samuel Cunard, the founder of Atlantic steam navigation; Lord Lyndhurst, the great lawyer; Bolton, who brought the steam-engine of Watt into general use; Doctor Tregelles, the Biblical scholar; Abraham Lincoln, America's martyred President; Doctor Birch, tutor to our King Edward VII., and Sir T. Fowell Buxton, the indomitable and fearless champion of the slave.

But, after all, our material debt to the Quakers, immense though it is, is insignificant when compared with our moral one. They were the first 'passive resisters,' and through and by passive resistance—real passive resistance—they won for us, in great part, the civil and religious liberty we now enjoy. The sufferings of individuals were frightful. Even women were not exempt. Mary Clarke, the wife of a respectable London tradesman, was publicly flogged, and that in the most savage manner conceivable. Mary Fisher underwent 'many grievous scourgings and indignities.' Mary Dyer was hanged. These were the 'Three Marys of Quakerdom.' But they are types only. There were hundreds, nay, thousands, of others—martyrs every one of them.

"Are you going to the factory?"

"Yes, I be."

"How will your mother get her milk?"

"She'll get it when I go home."

"But not this, Norman. What do you want this for?"

"I want it. She don't want it," said the boy, looking troubled; "I must go."

"Do you take it to drink at the factory?"

"No—it's to drink at the factory—she don't want it," said Norman.

He went off. But as Silky set the breakfast on the table, she said—

"Mother, I don't understand; I am afraid there is something wrong about this morning milk."

"Don't think anything, dear," said Mrs. Meadow, "till we know something more. We'll get the child to let it out. Poor little creature! I wish I could keep him out of that place."

"Which place, mother?"

"I mean the factory."

The next morning Norman was there again. He put himself and his jug only half in at the door, and said, somewhat doubtfully—

"Please, ma'am, a ha'penn'orth?"

"Come in, Norman," said Silky.

He hesitated.

"Come!—come in—come in to the fire; it's chilly out of doors. You're in good time, aren't you?"

"Yes,—but I can't stay," said the boy, coming in however, and walking slowly up to the fire. But he came close, and his two hands spread themselves to the blaze as if they liked it, and the poor little bare feet

Norman didn't answer.

"She don't!" said Silky. "Then where does the money come from, Norman?" She spoke very gently.

"It's mine," said Norman.

"Yes, but where do you get it?"

"Mr. Swift gives it to me."

"Is it out of your wages?"

Norman hesitated, and then said, "Yes," and began to cry again.

"What's the matter?" said Silky. "Sit down, tell me about him. What color is he?"

"He's white all over, and his name is Little Curly Long-Ears."

"But why don't you feed him at home, Norman?"

"Father wouldn't let me. He'd take him away, or do something to him." Norman looked dismal.

"But where does he live?"

"He lives up at the factory, because Mr. Carroll said he was to come in, he was so handsome."

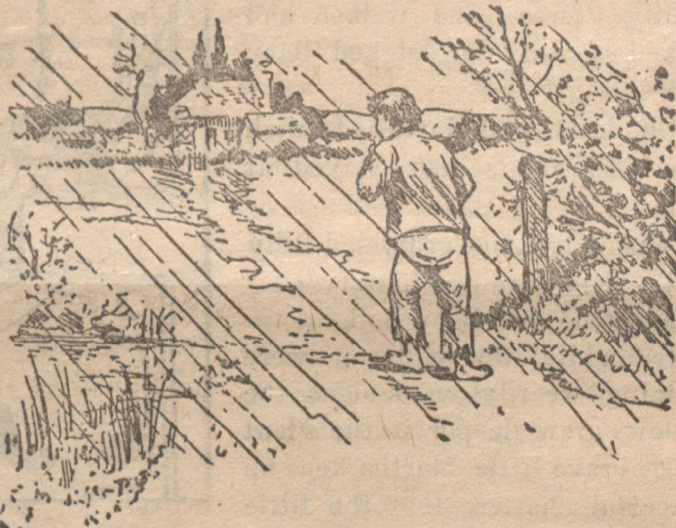
"But your money—where does it come from, Norman?"

"Mr. Swift," said Norman, very dismally.

"Then doesn't your mother miss it, when you carry home your wages to her?"

"No, she don't, 'cause I carry her just the same I did before. I get more now—I used to have fourpence ha'penny, and now they give me fi'pence."

And Norman burst into a terrible fit of crying, as if his secret was out, and it was all up with him and his dog too. "Give me the milk and let me go!" he exclaimed through his tears. "Poor Curly!—poor Curly!"



The Christmas Stocking.

By Elizabeth Wetherell, (author of 'The Wide, Wide World'.)

(Continued)

"After I had been on the cupboard shelf awhile, however, and got to know the faces, I saw there was one little boy who came morning and evening too. In the morning he fetched a half-pennyworth and in the evening a pennyworth of milk in a stout little brown jug; always the same brown jug, and always in the morning he wanted a half-pennyworth, and in the evening a pennyworth. He was a small fellow, with a shock of red hair, and his face all marked with the small-pox. He was one of the poorest-looking that came. There was never a hat on his head; his trousers were fringed with tags; his feet bare of shoes or stockings. His jacket was always fastened close up, either to keep him warm or to hide how very little there was under it. Poor little Norman Finch! That was his name.

He had come a good many mornings. One day, early, just as Mrs. Meadow and Silky were getting breakfast, his little red head poked itself in again at the door with his little broken jug, and "Please ma'am—a ha'penn'orth."

"Why don't you get all you want at once, Norman?" said Silky, when she brought the milk.

"I don't want only a ha-penn'orth," said Norman.

"Why don't you take it all at once?"

"I don't want it."

shone in the firelight on the hearth. It was early, very cool and damp abroad.

"I'll get you the milk," said Silky, taking the jug; "you stand and warm yourself. You've plenty of time."

She came back with the jug in one hand and a piece of cold bacon in the other, which she offered to Norman. He looked at it, and then grabbed it, and began to eat immediately. Silky stood opposite to him with the jug.

"What's the milk for, Norman?" she said pleasantly.

He stopped eating and looked troubled directly.

"You needn't be afraid to tell me, dear," Silky said gently. "I'm not going to do you any harm. Does your mother know you get it?"

He waited a good while, and then when she repeated the question, taking another look at Silky's kind, quiet face, he said half under his breath:

"No."

"What do you want it for, then, dear? I'd rather give it to you than have you take it in a wrong way. Do you want it to drink?"

"Oh, don't tell!" sobbed the child. "It's for my little dog!"

"Now don't cry!" said Silky. "Your little dog?"

"Yes! my little dog." And he sighed deeply between the words.

"Where is your little dog?"

"He's up yonder—up at the factory."

"Who gave him to you?"

"Nobody gave him to me. I found him."

"Does your mother know you get the milk?"

"Here 'tis," said Silky, very kindly. "Don't cry—I'm not going to hurt you, or Curly either."

He dried his tears, and ran, fast enough, holding the little brown jug carefully at half-arm's length, and his bare feet pattering over the ground as fast as his short legs could make them.

The next morning Norman came again, and Mrs. Meadow was there.

"Suppose," said Mrs. Meadow kindly, "you come and see me to-morrow—it's Sunday, you know, and you have no work—will you? Come bright and early, and we'll have a nice breakfast, and you shall go to church with me if you like."

Norman shook his head. "Curly'll want to see me," he said.

"Well, about that just as you like. Come here to breakfast—that will do."

The next morning it rained—steadily, constantly, straight up and down. But at the usual time Mrs. Meadow and Silky were getting breakfast.

"I'm so sorry, mother," said Silky; "he won't come."

(To be continued.)

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