

sistently stifled, will accomplish more for you and the children than the words of another. Shall I multiply instances in which the members of your Senior societies may lead the children of our Mission Bands to feel that you are truly in sympathy with their small efforts. No, the fact is self-evident that this interest must be *felt* and *shown*, a certain amount of responsibility *must* be assured if these future laborers in the Lord's vine yard shall have proper training.

"Come let us live with the children," cried dear old Frederick Froebel, one who would have every child's heart filled with love to God, and a kindly sympathy for his fellow mortals; therefore let us echo his cry, ki dling enthusiasm for the work, and a greater love for the souls of "those who sit in darkness" by the fire of the children's zeal and pure devotion.—*Condensed from Mission Studies.*

### THE FAMILIES OF PRISONERS.

I found a mother, once an educated, proud and happy wife. When her husband had gone to the penitentiary, she came with her three children to a neighborhood in my parish, and soon gained the reputation of being queer. She told me her sorrow, but not until I had disclosed my knowledge of it, and showed her letters from friends who had asked me to seek her out. I asked her if some of the ladies of the church might call on her. She shuddered as she replied: "Oh, no, I don't want to make any acquaintances; I don't want any one to know about it." After the ushers have taken their seats at the evening service, I sometimes see this woman slip into the rear pew, and she is gone before the benediction.

When the stain comes upon the home, the curtains come down at the windows. The children are kept from the day school, from the Sunday school, and from association with playmates on the streets. The family moves hurriedly, and almost at random, to another place. Their conduct does not invite acquaintance. The children are restrained from finding associates. Calls are not returned; schools are shunned. An impression quickly gains footing in the neighborhood that there is something strange about this new family. A woman said to me: "It has followed us wherever we have gone; not a person before has come to talk kindly to me; and only the other day a neighbor called and said she wished I would keep my children in; she did not wish her's to play with them, for reasons which she presumed she need not name." She added: "I don't know what to do." Add to this the common element of poverty. Before the crime, they were generally poor, their possessions scant, their income small and probably heavily taxed for the benefit of the saloon. But now their support is gone. The care of the family

comes upon the worse than widowed wife and mother, while the boys and girls must work or beg to aid her.

A convict with whom I was once conversing (whose family I had learned were living not far from my own), when I asked him how his wife supported herself, burst into tears and replied: "God only knows, sir. Just read her last letter." It was not a kindly letter, because she had to tell him of her starving condition. Being then on my way for an absence from home, I telegraphed a lady where she would find the suffering woman, and asked her to be quick with relief. She was in a tenement house, third storey, with a babe seven months old, with not a stick or shred of furniture in her one bare room, except a sofa so in pieces that it could not be sold. The woman, barefoot, had supported herself for days by watching until the hall was quiet, and then slipping to a garbage barrel under a stairway for such bits as her miserable neighbors had thrown away, which she had cleaned from sweepings and ashes, and eaten. She had no friends, and could obtain no employment. She would not telegraph her respectable family in the State of New York, because she did not want them to know of her disgrace. And here, in this century, in a town of ten thousand inhabitants, she was found sick and starving, with a dozen church bells ringing lustily in her ears, and the clatter of Christian commerce about the walls of her worse than prison.

As to Christianity, its followers must certainly be ready to visit those who are in prison, to heal the broken-hearted, and to set at liberty those who reside in these bruised homes.—*Rev. Frank Russell, at Cleveland.*

THERE is an extraneous force of will which acts upon matter in derogation of laws purely physical, or alters the balance of those laws among themselves. It can be neither philosophical nor scientific to proclaim the impossibility of miracle, until physiology or science shall have determined a limit, beyond which this force of will, so familiar to our experience, cannot act upon or deflect natural order.—*Gladstone.*

THE card-table has no good and much evil. In its most innocent forms it is only the picket-line of a great and evil army. It is like the wine-cup. There is no argument against the one that does not hold against the other. And but for the love of fashion, the fear of society, and the lack of taste for intellectual and spiritual occupations, no Christian would think of patronizing or defending the card-table.—*Dr. J. H. Vincent.*

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.—There are now in the world 3,804 affiliated Associations.