



OFF TO THEIR SLAVERY AT DAYBREAK.

greed. Go to the glass works, and, amid the roar and the glare and the torrid heat, gaze on the scorching and shriveling children clustered about the red-hot hives of the furnaces. By night and by day they are there, running constant chance of being burnt and blinded by fragments of molten glass splintering through the room—little workers always wilting in the fierce heat, always breathing the powdered glass sleet through the air. Gaze on the haggard, hurrying young creatures harried through hours of intense, monotonous work, their bodies parched, their sleep-robbed eyes blinded by the intolerable glow of furnaces and seared by the insufferable heat, the tissues of their tender bodies, inside and outside, rankling with the cruel fog of the powdered glass.

Think, comfortable reader, how you would feel if forced to work in the hottest days of summer, when men are prostrated even while walking across a quiet street; think how much you would feel like working

in the heated chamber of the Turkish bath, where an attendant gives you iced water to sip and keeps a cold pack on your head; and then think of children working in just such deadly heat from ten to sixteen hours by day or by night.

Thousands of children by day or by night are at work at this intense and prostrating labor in glass factories. O Dollars, how diabolical are the crimes committed in thy name!

There is a legend of a Chinese bellmaker who gave his daughter to the porcelain vats that he might cast a bell that would vibrate the delight and the despair of perfect music. Looking on the exquisite purity, the delicate radiance of the manifold things of glass that minister to our need, and thinking on the human life burnt out in the glass factories that these beautiful bright things may be—these crystal drinking-cups, these praying windows, these heaven-searching lenses—one feels that, like the mad Chinese bellmaker, we may be sacrificing for this