

to one under an assumed name, and back came catalogues of obscene pictures, and advice as to the best way of ordering, with a special caution to 'our customers in Canada.' Who are these customers? Are they *your* boys and girls? How may you be sure they are not? I have the assurance from some of my helpers that these papers, and worse things, are sent broadcast. School catalogues furnish names—*private* schools, not the much berated *public* schools, for their pupils' names are not printed.

"In one of our cities, four clubs of boys were discovered, whose object it was to read and circulate impure papers, books and pictures. The parents of these boys never suspected it. Two have been broken up, and hopes are entertained of the death of the others.

"An item in a newspaper, not long ago, said:—'The cigarette makers have decided not to enclose pictures in the packages, as they cost too much; one firm paid well up to six thousand dollars a year.' Think of it! Six thousand dollars a year for the corruption of the minds of the young, for those who have examined them pronounce these pictures the vilest of the vile.

"In this, as in most of our departments, I am satisfied that the one thing that cripples our work is apathy. If we could once get the people aroused, we would reach the end of our desires speedily. Then let us all be active in throwing the light of truth on our work, so that all may see the need of action."

Yes, dear reader, we echo from the Province of Quebec the cry of our sister from the Maritime Provinces. "The thing that cripples our work is *apathy*. If we could but get the people aroused!"

But how is it to be done? We are constantly publishing facts that are surely sufficiently startling; "throwing the light of truth" on the dangers that surround the children on our streets, in our schools, yes, and in their own homes also, where, alas! mothers think they are so safe.

If the Christian mothers of Montreal would arise in the God-given power of their mother-love, and say that such pictures as have disgraced St. Catherine street of late—with their suggestions to the minds of their boys and girls of immorality and crime—should no longer be tolerated, they would soon disappear.

If they should so gain, and hold, the confidence of their children as to hear from their lips *all* of their school life, conversations in the playground, papers and books passed from hand to hand, and freely commented upon, &c., they would soon insist upon purifying the moral atmosphere these children are breathing every day. If they would take means to *know certainly* what comes to their children through the mails, what kind of reading they indulge in at night, and what is the habitual current of their thoughts, how much evil might be averted, how much holy influence be brought to bear upon them.

We know that many a mother will indignantly throw down our paper, saying, "There is no danger to *my* child." Alas! dear mother, in your own apathy, in your fond assurance that *your* child is utterly unlike the many children who have yielded to temptation and broken hearts as confident as yours, lies the terrible danger. But even were you sure your own were safe, what about the hundreds of young feet that you acknowledge are treading a downward path? Can you not awake to their danger? Can you not do something to save them?

In the minutes of the Maritime Convention, from which I have already given extracts, there is a report by Mrs. Turnbull, Superintendent of the Social Purity Department Party, in which she says:—

"While teaching our own, let us not forget those who have no mother's gentle teachings, no kindly voice of warning; the little girls who are tempted into a life of sin before they are old enough to know its horrors. Very recently, in my own city, a little girl under thirteen years of age was found in a house of infamy. Oh, think of it, mothers! when you clasp to your bosom your own little girls of that tender age, scarcely thirteen, and her young

life blasted through the wickedness of men, who, if they had possessed any of manhood's honor, would have protected instead of debased her; and oh, the shame of it! that women are found base enough to entice and harbour young girls in their infamous dens, teaching them the ways that "take hold on hell." We cannot shut our eyes to these terrible facts that are being constantly exposed through the daily papers. The time has gone by when 'tis considered unwomanly to be intelligent or not to shrink from duty. Perhaps you think that such instances only occur to those in the lower walks of life. Alas! there are those who have been as tenderly cared for as your own sweet girls, who have been victims to man's infamy. If you could see a dear mother's face, as I saw it, when she told me of a cruel outrage to her child, her sweet, fair girl, just entering girlhood; if you could have heard the despair, the heartache in her tones as she said, "If he had taken my child's life, I could have borne it, but this, oh, this is **TERRIBLE!**" you would feel as I felt. Dear sisters, something must be done to stay this dreadful evil, that brings a more deadly blight upon the home than even strong drink alone could do. If it is true that angels weep, what bitter tears must fall in heaven over this most cruel of all wrongs that can be committed by man. There are few mothers who have not known the sorrow and suffering of giving back a little child to God, but it can be nothing in comparison to the agony of parents whose innocent little girl has been a victim to man's foulest crime. Why should not Christian men and women seek more earnestly to teach the doctrines taught by our Lord; to put into practice the precepts of the White Cross? Do we dread the world's harsh criticism, its misrepresentation and misjudgment? Remember how it treated Him whom we desire to serve, He who is our pattern, and who bids us—"Follow thou Me."

There are many pictures representing the Man of Sorrows. There is one (a German picture, I think) where He is represented with clothing soiled and torn, in the act of rescuing a lamb that has strayed, while He tenderly removes the brambles of the thicket. His own hands are wounded by the thorns. In seeking to follow Him, to do His work, we, too, shall be pierced by many a thorn, wounded by the world's harsh criticisms and discouraged by its scorn; but He bids us fear not. Oh, how many victories are lost through fear! how many opportunities! how many souls! We want workers, these days, who know no fear but the fear of God, who will be ready for every good work; souls more willing to surrender all for Christ, more ready for entire consecration. While we wait and hesitate, the souls of our sister women are going down into the "blackness of darkness for ever," and "the enemy lurketh in the thievish corners of the streets, that he may slay the innocent." We must come to the rescue, not trusting to our own strength. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

Again we say, we as workers in Quebec can echo every word. We, too, have seen a mother rock to and fro with a wail so bitter, an anguish so terrible, that we stood stricken before her, powerless to attempt to comfort where comfort there was none, with only a silent prayer that God, the great, merciful Father would somehow speak to the heart of his afflicted one, and hasten the day when all wrongs shall be righted, and sorrow and sighing flee away. We pray, day by day, Thy kingdom come, and come it surely will, for God has promised. But is not the Master saying to each of us, "Occupy till I come," and "Follow thou Me," and shall we not follow Him through good report and evil report, bearing our cross and despising the shame, occupying as He occupied, sorrowing as He sorrowed, working as He worked, loving as He loved, and, if need be, losing our life, striving against sin, that at His command we may find it again where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary rest with God.