

Asleep.

PETER ANDERSON.

And far within the thicket's shade With flecks of sunshine struggling through, The dear old head was lowly laid On lap of mother earth so true. And there I found her fast asleep, Just like an over-wearied child, Among the shifting shadows deep, Out in the forest, fresh and wild. The thin gray hair had fallen down O'er wan thin cheeks still wet with tears, Hiding the furrows time had shown In the long lapse of troubled years. Still seemed she not as one who grieves There in that dim cathedral hush, But broken by the rustling leaves And by the singing of the thrush. I softly called her name—in vain— I whispered low with bated breath, "Will light come to those eyes again, Or is it sleep, or is it death?" Alas! the light I longed to see Had found the night so dark and deep, No one could break it only He "Who giveth His beloved sleep." Hepworth, Oct. 30th, 1893.

Our Jails and Lock-Ups.

137 Church street, Toronto, November, 6th, 1893.

TO THE EDITOR: Sir—We are asking the ministerial associations of the province to join us in the prison reform movement. With a view to effect a better classification of prisoners in our county jails, we have asked the Ontario Government to establish one or more reformatories in the province for inebriates, so as to relieve the jails of the habitual drunkards; and we wish the county councils to establish poor-houses where necessary, and also to make separate provision for the custody of children, altogether apart from the jails or police cells. These changes would make it possible to effect a better classification of jail prisoners. We hope in time, however, to see the cellular system adopted in Canada, but unfortunately the change would be rather costly, as in the cellular system each prisoner is supplied with a room to himself, large enough both to work and to sleep in. This system has been adopted in all the local prisons of Great Britain, and with very gratifying results. By this system first offenders are not only separated from old offenders, but also from each other.

In the meantime we earnestly solicit the co-operation of the ministerial associations in the cause of prison reform, as follows, viz.: Firstly, by asking the Ontario government to establish one or more reformatories for inebriates, both with a view of effecting their reformation, and also with a view of relieving the overcrowding of county jails—in accordance with the recommendation to that effect by the Ontario Prison Reform Commission. Secondly, we solicit co-operation by calling the attention of the county municipal councils to the great need of reform in our county jails, and especially with a view of making said jails reformatory as well as penal in their character. Able-bodied prisoners should be supplied with constant industrial employment; efficient means should be adopted for making a better classification of prisoners; the jail should be supplied with wholesome literature; when necessary material aid should be given discharged prisoners, and independent provision should be made for the poor of the county.

In this movement we would suggest united action on the part of both religious and temperance bodies. Possibly the Catholic clergy and the county W. C. T. Unions would be glad to cooperate.

We will also be glad if the ministerial associations will still further promote the cause of prison reform by making an investigation into the condition of the police cells and lock-ups. We are led to believe that in many cases much harm is done by the association of prisoners in these places; that it is exceptional to have a matron to look after the interests of female prisoners, and that both police cells and lock-ups are far from being as clean and as comfortable as they should be.

Respectfully, A. M. ROSEBRUGH, Sec. Prisoners' Aid Association.

NOTE.—Toronto jail is, by special arrangement, under the management of the City Council instead of the County Municipal Council. At present able-bodied men are well employed filling in the marsh at Riverdale Park, adjoining the jail farm. The prisoners are classified as well as the construction of the jail will permit. We would be glad, however, to see a new wing built, with say forty cells, and the cells constructed on the English system, so that first offenders may be kept absolutely separate from all other prisoners. For the purpose of encouraging the introduction of the cellular system in this province, the Ontario government might possibly be disposed to contribute say 25 or 50 per cent. of the cost of a new wing.

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Ledlard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Did the readers of the children's column ever sit down and consider the above quotations in their relations to each other; dove-tail them, in other words? It is well worth doing and the more time and thought expended on the study the better. It was not my privilege to attend the World's Fair, or I have no doubt that threadbare subject would have found its way into this column before this. But a friend, whose powers of observation and description are both unusually well developed, has told me many interesting things which she saw there, and some that I have not heard mentioned by any one else. But I think the thing that interested me most was the account of the Machinery Hall. Machines of all sizes, and of every conceivable kind, all of perfect workmanship and perfectly adapted for the work for which they were intended, were there. But the greatest wonder of all was the engine which supplied the power by which they were all operated; perfect in its kind and able for more than all the demands made upon it. And I thought of that wonderful engine as a type of God's power in His church. We, as Christians, are all adapted for some special form of work in God's service, and His power is almighty and can never fail. Why do we not work more thoroughly, more steadily and more effectively? Now, if my friend in passing down that wonderful building had noticed one machine standing idle while the others were in activity, he would have wondered why it was, and have been still more surprised to see another thrown off being operated slowly and laboriously by a treadle, or another one working spasmodically and therefore unreliably, and yet these would only be little types of the work done or left undone by many so-called Christians of to-day. Faith is the connecting band by which God's power can be applied to our lives and our usefulness will be entirely in proportion to the strength of our faith. God's power never fails, whether we use it or not, but our work will succeed or suffer just as we use or neglect it. Some of us are foolish enough to try to do something in our own strength, and it is invariably a failure, while with others the faith is so weak that it carries very little power with it. Others allow some sudden shock or trial to throw their faith to the winds, while others do nothing either with God's power or their own. On the other hand we see and know of men and women with whom the connection is so strong with divine power that it does us good to look on and rejoice in their strength. Not a speck or rust of spot is supposed to remain, but the whole soul is kept pure by divine cleansing and in perfect working-order by the Holy Spirit and the band of faith kept strong and close all the time. Such persons are doing their share of "all things that are possible" and the parting appeal and loving command to His church by the risen Saviour is the one grand, sublime thing among all others which can be done by faith. It looks hard and discouraging at times, and we wonder how it can even be accomplished, and yet if only the readers of this column could be persuaded to take firmer hold of God's strength and use it in His service, we should be astonished at the results. Why don't we? For one reason we are selfish. We like our own ease too well, and a life of faith would likely involve some relinquishment of our personal comfort. Another reason is, that we do not care, and do not take the trouble to find out enough of the facts of the case to awaken our interest, and so we have no use for the power of God in our lives. We are like a little four-year-old boy of my acquaintance, who is passionately fond of toy tools, by any means, but such as his father uses, and a little while ago he had a present of a new set, which delighted his heart. But Sunday came along before he was ready, and he was not willing to put them away. His mother tried her best persuasions and told him that Jesus would not like him to work that day; that the Sunday belonged to Him, and so on, when the little fellow looked up brightly, thinking he could get over the difficulty, and said: "Well, ma, He can have to-morrow." And so it is with children of a larger growth, we are willing to give up everything but our own wills, and that is too hard. If we feel that our faith is so small and weak that we scarcely know whether we have any, let us go right down to the root of the matter and adopt the first sentence of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty," and when we can endorse that firmly let us use it for the connecting link which binds us to the divine power, and then strengthen and lengthen the band by adding to it faithfully in His word, and all it teaches us, and by degrees we shall find it long enough and strong enough to make our lives useful and beautiful. J. E. L.

Presentation at Walkerton.

MISS LEONORA WHITEHEAD, President of C. M. B.

DEAR FRIEND: We the undersigned, in behalf of the Mission Band, desire on this the eve of your wedding, to present you with a small token of our sincere regard for you. Having been associated with you in the work of the band for the past few years, we assure you that it pains us to think that the time has arrived when we are to be separated, no longer to listen to your wise counsel and be guided by your gentle and tender leadership.

Listening as we often have to your earnest prayers to our Heavenly Father

that we might be His loving and dutiful children, we trust that in your new home you will continue to remember us, and that a goodly share of Heaven's blessing may be strewn in your pathway.

We present you with a photograph of the members of the band, and when you look upon our faces, may memory recall to you the many pleasant meetings we have enjoyed with you. We would ask you kindly to remember us at the throne of grace. Wishing you and your chosen partner every happiness that earth can give, and in the end eternal life, we pray that God's blessing may rest upon you.

Signed in behalf of the band, MYRTLE CUNNINGHAM, AMY MAY, MARY C. ROYCE, EDITH SHANIZ. Walkerton, Nov. 15, 1893.

Jimmie State, and the Little Bird's Prophecy.

BY AGNES. CHAPTER IV.

It was several days before James Mitchell could give a clear account of himself. Overheating and constant bathing and swimming, combined, with the heavy blow on his head and the pain of his broken leg, to make him a very sick boy. Jimmie knew no hing except that the boys had tried to intercept him. The other boys kept very quiet. They were a good deal frightened to learn that one of their number had had his leg broken. Besides that, the old couple whose house they had entered surreptitiously, and whose pantry they had rifled, had instituted strict inquiries, and seemed determined to find out who were the house-breakers. To do the boys justice they had never gone so far before; that one day's work did more to break up their clique than anything or anybody else had ever done. Big Bob Ford and one or two others went to work shortly after, and I am happy to tell you they are respectable citizens now. Jimmie sometimes spent an hour in James' sick room. By mutual consent they avoided speaking of the accident, until one day, fully six weeks after, when Jim was wheeled out to the veranda he opened the conversation by saying: "What did you think we were after that day?"

Jimmie reddened, poked his toes in the gravel, got up from the edge of the veranda, and threw a stone at a hen who was making preparations to take a sand-bath in Mrs. Anderson's choicest flower-bed. When she had flown, protesting loudly, over the fence, Jimmie sat down again and blurted out: "I didn't know. I knew that Bob Ford headed a rough gang, 'n I didn't want none o' them kind in Mr. Anderson's democrat, not while I was drivin'. Besides I had eleven dollars and sixty cents in my purse, Mrs. Anderson's money"—He stopped, hot and uncomfortable, seeing the painful scarlet rush up to the other boy's face and neck.

"Do you mean to say you thought we wanted your money? I would have fought every fellow in the crowd if they had offered to touch a cent of your money," he cried hotly. "What we wanted was, as I told father and Mrs. Anderson, to take the lines from you and drive out to Wolf Creek."

"'Twasn't my money; that's why I was scared," said Jimmie quickly. "But I'm awful sorry I hit you so hard. I wouldn't a done it if I knowed what would come after. To think of you layin' there six weeks!" Jimmie got up and turned away; the enormity of his deed pressed very heavily upon him.

"Don't go, Jim," called James. "Shake hands, old boy, I was on the gallop for—ah—Mr. Nicholas Benjamin, in fact, and I am a thousand times obliged to you for reining me up and getting the bit back in my teeth."

It was easily to be seen that this flippancy was only to hide deeper feelings. There was good in the boy. He was strongly affectionate; his love for the memory of his mother was little short of veneration. His home life had been inexpressibly lonely since her death. He was one to whom companionship and sympathy are a necessity. Mrs. Anderson, with her motherly woman's heart, noticed this at once. She touched with tender skill on all that was best and truest in him. There was good seed in his heart, which would bear manifold fruit by and by when the fetters and briars of bad habits had been removed.

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