

Philanthropic & Social Progress.

The "Rights" of the Shopman.

In the course of a speech delivered at a great meeting on behalf of the early closing movement, held in the City Hall, Glasgow, a few days since, the Rev. Norman McLeod observed:—"It is not only good for the mind, but for the soul, this early closing movement; and it is not only good for the bodies, and minds, and the souls, of the young men, but it is good for the employers themselves. It is good to their consciences, for these don't upbraid them with the oppression of the labourer. It is good for the cashbooks, for they have afforded their young men the means of improving their morals, and establishing rectitude of principle. It is good for ministers. We depend upon young men. To whom do we look for Sabbath school teachers, for collectors and for the energetic agencies and operations of the church? Chiefly to the younger portion of the population—to the young men, and young women, of the city. But it is absolutely necessary to meet them in classes, and lectures; and we feel it incumbent upon us to appeal to the employers for their own sake, for the sake of the young men and women, for the church's sake, for Christ's sake, to let the young people go free. But it is not only for your good, as human beings, it is your right to have more liberty. It is your right to be happy. No person has a right to diminish your happiness. And what diminishes your happiness? The late shopper drops in easily at the twelfth hour—looks at your goods—speaks of their colour, but never thinks of yours; asks if it wears well, but never thinks whether you will wear well; says it looks rather thin, but does not consider that you, too, look rather thin; no, no, on the contrary, you are expected to be spruce and cheerful—for that, of course, is a more comfortable thing for your customers; and all the while, though your back may be breaking, and your head racking after the toil of the livelong day, with oceans of silks and tathoms of ribbon passing through your hands. Of this the fair customer has no thought. Her sole consideration is how she may strut and sounce to the best advantage, and what particular piece of goods will best bring about this desired effect. But you have a right to the consideration of the public. It is in vain to tell me that you will abuse your liberty. I may not spend my time well, but is that any reason why I should be locked up? The idea is intolerable. Why should you not have a right after your day's work, when you have given fair labour for your wages, to close your windows and lock your shop-door, and return to your homes, and indulge in the pursuits of learning—or luxuriate among the sweets of poesy—or see how the world is moving, and what it is doing—or play the fiddle if you please, there's no harm in it—or talk with your mother, or brother, or sisters, or your sweetheart if you like, and you've got one. Has a draper no right to a sweetheart? Is all this luxury of mind and affection merely the employers'? By no means—it's your right too; and those who would deprive you of it are equally cruel and unjust. Well, now, how is this evil to be cured? I believe it will be cured by the good sense of the Drapers themselves. If they are slow to move with the age, the public must give them a hearty shove. The public must make it a positive duty to encourage those chiefly who attend to the comfort of their employees, and to enter no shop after the reasonable hour of shutting. And if I, or any one belonging to me, should in a brown study slip into your shop after that hour, I hope you will take me by the shoulders and tell me I have made a great mistake, and that I had better not come there again."

New Method of Lighting Churches.

In the new Reformed Dutch Church in Seventh-avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth-streets, there are arranged in the ceiling, in the form of an ellipse, twenty-four gas-burners concealed by slides during the day, so that you see no gas fixtures. Behind each of these is a reflector, so adjusted as to throw the light directly upon the heads of the audience.

During evening service, the slides being drawn, a most splendid light, rivalling that of Sol himself, fills a room sixty feet wide, seventy-five feet long, and thirty-five feet high, so that you can see to read with comfort the print of small psalm-books, and sing with ease from "minion." The convenience of this arrangement is, no dazzling globe or jet pains your eyes, for there is no light on the pulpit, or on the gallery, or on the side-walls of the church. The comfort is in its agreeableness to the eye, all being reflected from above, and equally diffused, and nobody is able to get in your light. The economy is in the absence of expensive gas fixtures, which are a nuisance during the day, and an eyesore at night, and in the ability to get as much light, and of a better quality, from nearly one-third of the burners that are necessary on the old plan. This is an improvement worth looking at, and as the church is open every Sabbath evening, the pastor being engaged in a course of lectures, the editors of the Times and its readers would be pleased with the sight. No notice has yet been taken of this new arrangement by the press—probably because it is not known. In my judgment it is a fine affair, and, when seen, cannot fail of being admired.—*New York Daily Times.*

A Song for the Ragged Schools.

To work, to work! ye good and wise,
Let "ragged" scholars grace your schools,
Ere Christian children can arise,
They must be trained by Christian rules.
We ask no fragrance from the bud
Whom canker-vermin feeds and reigns,
We seek no health-pulse in the blood,
Where poison runneth in the veins.
And can we hope that harvest fruits,
In living bosoms can be grown,
That palms and vines will fix their roots,
Where only briars have been sown?
Man trains his hound with watchful care,
Before he trusts him in the chase;
Man keeps his steed on fitting fare,
Before he tries him in the race;
And yet he thinks the human soul,
A meagre, fierce and untaught thing,
Shall heed the written Law's control,
And soar on Reason's steady wing.
Oh, they who aid not by their gold,
Or voice, or deed, the helpless ones,
They who with reckless brain withhold
Truth's sunshine from our lowly sons;
Shall they be blameless—when the guilt
Of rude and savage hands is known;
When crime is wrought and blood is spilt—
Shall the poor sinner stand alone?
Dare we condemn the hearts we leave
To grope their way in ajcet gloom,
Yet conscious that we help to weave
The shroud-fold of Corruption's loom?
Shall we send forth the poor and stark,
All rudderless on stormy seas,
And yet expect their spirit-bark,
To ride out every tempest breeze?
Shall we with dim short-sighted eyes,
Look on their forms of kindred clay,
And dare to trample and despise
Our sharers in a "judgment day"?
Oh, narrow, blind, and witless preachers!
Do we expect the "ragged" band
To be among God's perfect creatures,
While we refuse the helping hand?
To work, to work! with hope and joy,
Let us be doing what we can;
Better build school-rooms for "the boy,"
Than cells and gibbets for "the man."
To work, to work! ye rich and wise,
Let "ragged" children claim your care,
Till those who yield Crime's jackal cries
Have learned the tones of peace and prayer,

ELIZA COOK.