

Wives * and * Daughters

"The Sailor's Friend."

Agnes Weston's Work. How It is Accomplished.

Probably no woman in England is so well-known as Agnes Weston, popularly known everywhere as the "Sailor's Friend." For years and years her life work has been in the interests of the sailors. She keeps a list of many hundreds, to whom a circular letter is addressed every month, and from whom she hears constantly. In sickness and in health they are remembered of her.

Lady Somerset in her Signal gives the following interesting report of a recent interview which will be of interest to the Canadian readers of the CITIZEN AND HOME GUARD.

LADY SOMERSET'S VISIT.

A beautiful breezy day with bright sunshine, the "three towns" nestling in the valley, the undulating green hills surrounding them, and the blue sea stretching away beyond. Such was the morning when I set out to visit Miss Weston. Even the streets of Devonport looked cheery as we drove through the crowded thoroughfares and noted here and there the trim figures in the naval uniform that told of the life that forms so great a part of the interest of the place. Close to the great dockyard gates we stopped before a splendid building of imposing proportions, the fine plate-glass windows filled with china vases, plants, and other bright, attractive ornaments; while on the colored glass were depicted ships and naval devices. "To the Glory of God, and the Good of the Service" is the legend carved on the stone in the smallest building which adjoins this larger and finer structure, and which was the original Sailors' Rest where all the work began.

On entering, we find ourselves at once in the restaurant and coffee bar, splendid in its proportions, attractive in its fittings, in the bright cleanliness and the excellence of all its appointments. The spotless marble tables, the great semi-circular bar with gleaming coffee cans and appetizing viands, all tell of the care bestowed in every detail, and speak eloquently of the possibility of making temperance bars attractive. We were, however, soon shown into Miss Weston's private room—a pretty, homelike parlor with books and photographs that spoke of a taste cultivated and refined, and many indications of the ceaselessly busy round of work that characterizes the life of the mistress of that great home.

THE SAILORS' FRIEND.

I found Miss Weston, however, willing to give her time to reply to my numerous questions with the cordial geniality that has won her the love of that great body of men to whom she is known as the "sailors' friend."

"You have a wonderful work here," I said; "although such a remark must appear banal to you, it is the thought uppermost in my mind, and I must express it."

"Yes," answered Miss Weston, "it is wonderful the manner in which it has grown. A few years ago we had but one small house; we were wedged in between public houses, and ironed by public houses, but gradually I was able to buy them up, and also buy the licenses, and then I got the whole site, and this place stands where three of the worst public houses and dens of Devonport formerly existed. You see, it faces the dockyard gates; it is the first building that greets the blue-jacket when he comes on land, and that is a wonderful power for good or ill."

"You have, I suppose, an immense number of men always passing through?" I said.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE. "It is remarkable," answered Miss Weston, "even in ordinary times—I mean," she added, "when the squadron is not here or the naval man users are going on. Every night we have men sleeping on improvised beds in almost every room. We have sleeping accommodation for almost 400, but it is not nearly sufficient; and we must enlarge at once. We take them in drunk or sober," and then with a quiet smile, as though the remembrance was very vivid, she added, "we have such scenes here, sometimes at 1 o'clock in the morning; they come to fetch me, and I am generally able to secure order."

"Mother," said a burly blue-jacket to me, "I'm sorry that you should see me like this, but I've been keeping my birthday, and had a lot too much. You'll forgive me, mother, and look it over." I felt that I could have looked it over more easily; but for the fact that I had crossed by keeping his birthday once during the past year, I was thankful.

From the perils of the black every night that I have seen, it is the only place where a man can have such a no one knows what surround a "Yes," she con- veying inquiry; much, when one of the royal Navy is who do not, forced to

admit what teetotalism has done for the men. When Lord Charles Beresford was here some time ago, selecting the crew for the Undaunted, he, of course, gave the preference to those of fine physique, good moral character, knowledge and skill; and he said to me afterwards, 'I found, Miss Weston, they were nearly all your boys.' It is universally recognized now that the temperance men rise quicker in the service; indeed, some of the petty officers are mere boys, but they push on so fast, they are promoted directly."

HELP ASHORE AND Afloat. "How do you stand with the authorities, Miss Weston, as regards your work?"

"They are very good to me," she answered, "they recognize that my work has benefited the men, and they allowed me personal privileges that facilitate the success of the cause. For instance, meetings are not permitted on 'men-of-war,' but I am always free to hold them, and I can get 500 or 600 men together at any time, and on the training ship Impregnable often 1,000 boys. Again, my papers which are sent all over the world are franked officially, and you can see how that assists me. 'Ashore and Afloat,' and the letters I send that have been called 'Bluebacks,' have a circulation of 500,000. A seaman said to me the other day, 'When I carry your letters round the men throw down their Lloyd's or their Deadwood Dicks, or anything else they may be reading, and they say, 'Give us each one, chum, we all like to read those little chap.' The Royal Naval Temperance Society is organized on every ship throughout the Royal Navy; there is not a vessel without teetotalers, and the most numerous are on the Queen's yacht, where they are, of course, picked men. 'I do wish her Majesty would sign the pledge, they say to me, these simple-hearted sailors, it would be such a splendid thing for the temperance cause.'"

"In the foreign ports is anything done on the lines of your Sailors' Rests?" I said.

"Yes," answered Miss Weston, "there are places of the same sort. At Gibraltar, Malta, in Japan, Australia, Vancouver, and Halifax. I do not believe in their being officially connected with this institution, as I cannot supervise them; but I have helped them with money and advice."

THE FIRST LETTER.

"How did you begin the work?" I asked, always anxious to get the first cause.

"I began," answered Miss Weston, "by writing a letter 26 or 27 years ago (I have been here 20 years) to a soldier. I was working then with a mission for soldiers. He was on his way to India on board the Crocodile, and I had been asked to write to him. He read this letter to the sick-berth steward, and the man said after he had listened, 'You soldiers are fortunate. What would I give to receive such a letter as that, to tell that anybody cared enough to write it! I wish the sailors had such a friend.' When my soldier answered my letter he told me of the steward's comment, and I was glad to write to him also, and thus by degrees I obtained the names of others and my personal work for sailors began. I knew the sick-berth steward under the name of George Brown, but I afterwards learned, however, his real name was Dorokant; he was a Pole, and when he left the service the Liverpool Medical Mission engaged him. He did so well that some of the Liverpool merchants subscribed to send him to America and gave him a full medical training. That man to-day is Dr. George Dorokant, head of the Medical Mission in New York."

"I must show you the premises," she said on rising, for I was already apologizing for the length of my visit.

We passed out through a charming reading-room opening into the bright hall where the Gospel temperance meetings, services and concerts are held, into the boys' room. As Miss Weston explained, "sometimes we have 700 or 800 boys; a week ago they spent £10 here in coppers. They come here on Thursdays and Sundays. Last year 2,000 signed the pledge. The Duchess of Edinburgh when she was here said this was the most interesting part of our work. She used to go in and out among them and talk to them as they sat round the tables."

From there we went to the bath rooms. No hydropathic establishment has more delightful convenience, and the luxury is much appreciated. The accommodation has to be extended, for the men wait in rows for their turn to come, to occupy one of the little bath rooms with hot and cold water, and spacious lavatories. Lockers for the men's clothes and possessions were next shown us. More reading rooms where several men were reclining on the different sofas after the night watch. The petty officer's bright clubroom, the small bedrooms set apart for their use; and then the long rows of "cabins," as they are called, with an excellent spring bed, a small wash stand, chair and looking-glass, bright texts and pictures on the walls. On almost every door a small brass plate with a touching inscription tells of some heart that was glad to commemorate one whom it would see no more

till the sea gives up its dead, by bringing brightness into the lives of others. Cheery, inviting, exquisitely clean and with nothing of the dreary scrubbed-up look of an institution, the Sailors' Rest is the model of what such a place should be; a home in the truest sense of the word, with a mother's touch on everything, and a mother's love through all.

Ten Thousand Spinisters.

"Therefore 10,000 women have now lost their chance of marriage."

Those faithful words, it is almost unnecessary to say, are from the pen of Walter Besant. He is commenting upon the fact that the Bank of England has decided to appoint women as clerks, that various merchants' offices are doing the same thing, and that in certain branches of the civil service women are being employed. It all means, he argued, that 10,000 men will be unemployed, will seek fields and pastures new, leaving 10,000 other women husbandless! He finds no ray of light in the gloomy prospect. He admits that the country will save about £500,000 a year by the change. "But," he goes on, "10,000 possible families are not called into existence. Now, 10,000 families may average 40 children. The country, therefore, loses the work, brains, productive power, fighting power, colonizing power of 400,000 men and women. Putting the productive power of one person at £100, we have a loss in the next generation of £4,000,000 a year. Which is better—to save £500,000 a year, or to secure the services and strength of 40,000 English men and women, reckoned at £4,000,000 a year?"

Evidently he still heartily agrees with the verse one of his feminine correspondents derisively sends him. She writes:

Oh, why should a woman go forth into work,

And sink some man that she may swim?

Let us rather sit down with the wise calm Turk,

And dream of a not impossible Him!

Lady Aberdeen on Female Education.

Last week the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen visited University and Victoria Colleges at Toronto, and both of them were very happy and practical in their remarks to the students in attendance. The address of Lady Aberdeen to the young ladies at University College was of a very practical character and clearly indicated that, in her opinion, ladies, "accomplishments" should consist largely in what is of a practical character. To all Canadian girls her remarks are well worth careful reading and thought. She concluded a very happy address with these words:

"And so ladies, if you will allow an ignoramus to speak to such learned ladies as you, let me once more beseech you to remember what a responsibility rests upon you shoulders to show that this higher education of women can train women, as a conventional education can not, to use every power of head and heart and soul for the good of the world. (Great applause.) And one thing more. You are young; you are glorying in the fields of intellectual culture now open to you; you belong to a country to which it is a proud privilege to devote every power of mind of which you may be possessed. (Loud applause.) But never let yourself be tempted to think that intellect is greater than heart, or that knowledge is greater than love. (Loud applause.) It has been well said that the faculty of love is the main power of woman—that it is the sign by which we conquer—and I am sure that the university education of women if taken in the right way will only convince us and the world in general more and more of the fact that if head and heart are each to have full weight, they must never be divorced from one another, but each valuing the other's place, learn to act in perfect unison." (Loud applause.)

At Victoria she pursued much the same strain of thought. Among other things she well said: "A very peculiar responsibility rests upon all women who are receiving the advantages of university education in these days, if they would see those same advantages spread to their sisters throughout the world, because outsiders are watching as to what manner of women this movement is to produce, whether they will be women who will help to build up, not only the public life, but also the home life—whether it means that education is to help them to make better wives, mothers, and friends, whether it means not only that they shall receive a certain amount of knowledge, and a certain amount of power to impart that knowledge, but also an inspiration to use all these advantages for the building up of humanity in whatever sphere of labor they may be called. (Applause.) There are many fears still existing concerning

higher education for women; there is often one expressed that it may tend to put love and faith in the background of woman's life, instead of in the foreground—that it may tempt them to believe that knowledge is more than love; but I believe that already we are feeling the fruit of this movement, and realizing that this will not be the case, but that this higher education will also tend only to make those who have taken advantage of it to see the reasonableness of the old faith in one whose friendly teachings alone can make us solve the mysteries of life—alone can enable us to take the very best advantage of those talents which are given to us, and inspire us to use our power in striving to make every region where our influence is felt parts of God's kingdom, where his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Personal Notes.

The Empress of Russia, it is said, pays her physician \$350 a day when in attendance upon his august patient.

Two Chinese women have taken the examination for the medical department of the University of Michigan.

The Empress of Austria, it is stated, not only smokes from 50 to 60 Turkish cigarettes a day, but during the course of the evening also smokes "terribly strong cigars."

Queen Victoria took up the study of Hindustani about four years ago in order that she might converse in their own tongue with the Indian princesses who came to pay their respects.

In Denmark, a bill granting municipal suffrage to women lately passed the Folkething, or popular branch of the Danish Parliament, by a vote of 39 to 13, but was defeated in the more conservative Upper House, 25 to 12.

The death is announced of Mrs. Austen, the sole surviving sister of Cardinal Manning, whose senior she was. She always regarded Manning as a younger brother, whose improvement she had at heart. Mrs. Austen was a member of the Church of England, says the World.

The Woman's Suffrage executive of New York State are getting up a petition asking to have the word "male" stricken from the clause in the State constitution, thus removing the obstacle in the granting of the franchise to women. The petition is to bear the signatures of over 100,000 adults.

Mrs. E. P. Vail, chairman of the mothers' meetings of the Bethesda Mission, has inaugurated a children's meeting, and Friday afternoons the little ones of this part of "Darkest Chicago" gather at the mission room and under her instruction become interested in Bible history and the life of a Saviour of whom many never hear mention in their own homes. Mrs. Vail is nearly four score years of age, but is more active than many a younger woman.

Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, National W. C. T. U. Superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction in Public Schools, says: "We have only six more States to win before the whole United States and Territories will be under compulsory temperance education, with their 65,000,000 inhabitants and 18,000,000 school children. Already in 44 States and Territories the law says that their 18,000,000 school children should be taught as a part of their regular school education God's law of abstinence from alcohol and all narcotics, with other laws of health."

Here is a suggestive item to church workers: A year ago 33 ladies in St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, were given \$1 each to turn to the best account and return the proceeds in January, 1894. On Monday night the cash was summed up and the trustees were amazed to have \$2,318 placed in their hands. Mrs. Mackie, wife of the esteemed pastor, made the greatest gain. Her dollar realized \$160. The Rev. Principal Grant, as an expression of admiration of the lady's success, wrote out a check for \$160 more. The ladies will work the scheme again and have set \$4,000 as the amount needed.

Harper's Bazar for last week says: "Probably the first Chinese woman in this country to wish to qualify herself as a nurse and doctor is Cy Yoke, of San Francisco. When a baby she was sold by her parents in China to high-binders, and by them brought to the United States. She was early taken charge of by the Methodist Mission, was raised and educated at a mission home, and has for the past three years supported herself by nursing among the Chinese. She feels so keenly her lack of knowledge in her chosen work that she is desirous of studying first in a nurses' training school, and afterwards at a medical college. The chief difficulty in her way is the opposition of the other pupils in the nurses' school, some of whom object to having a Chinese girl room with them, eat with them, and meet them on a plane of equality. The final decision in the matter rests with the board of lady managers."

The last mails from Australia state that a disgraceful row took place in the New South Wales Legislature recently. Copeland, one of the members and Minister of Land, was making a violent speech when Hindle, one of the members, objected that the speaker was intoxicated and should not, therefore, be allowed to address the House. Copeland then rushed across the floor to assault Hindle when he was caught and restrained. The speaker ordered his arrest and removal from the House.

With the Poets.

Work—Not Alms.

[Wm. H. Hills, in Harper's Weekly.]
What! charity? No, thank you, sir!
I haven't come to that!
I'm poor—in want—but I'm not here
A-holding out my hat.
I've two good arms, a willing strength—
I'm not the man to shirk.
I don't ask alms, sir. All I want
Is just a chance to work.

I'm not a beggar, sir, thank God!
I only ask my right—
A chance to earn what I and mine
Require, and in the sight
Of fellowmen to be a man,
And hold my head up straight,
Whose child your child, sir, could not
scorn
As an associate.

My wife and child need food and warmth
And I can give them all
They need, with work—and help, as well,
At any neighbor's call.
But idle hands are helpless, sir,
And so I ask of you
A chance to show what mine are worth—
Some honest work to do.

I'm only one of thousands—and
We are not beggars, sir!
We're just as willing now to work
As good men ever were.
Don't treat us, sir, like mendicants
Whom you would fain avoid,
But give, for God's sake, if you can,
Work for the unemployed!

Hard Times.

The times are hard, and hunger and cold
Threaten and growl at many a door;
The wolf's long cry is fierce and bold,
Borne on the sullen night wind's roar.

But this is the hour for courage, Love,
For daring the foe with nerve and skill,
Meeting our care in the strength of prayer,
And waiting and working with steady will.

We greet each other with cheery signs
As we set our battle in brave array;
Closer we draw the household lines,
And gallantly meet each dawning day.
Now and then as the dark clouds rill,
We catch a glimpse of the sun on high,
And, harkened, together a song we lift—
There's always blue in the upper sky.

The times are hard, but the children play,
And we tuck them under the coverlet
When we reach the end of each struggling day,
And the stars in heaven for lamps are set.
Then, Love, we look in each other's eyes
And the kindling light of triumph see.
Oh! what does it matter that times are hard,
When I have you, Love, and you have me?

—Elizabeth Chisholm.

It All Will Come Out Right.

Whatever is a cruel wrong,
Whatever is unjust,
The honest years that speed along
Will trample in the dust.
In restless youth I railed at fate
With all my puny might;
But now I know if I but wait
It all will come out right.

Though vice may don the judge's gown
And play the censor's part,
And fact be cowed by falsehood's frown,
And nature ruled by art;
Though labor toils through blinding tears,
And idle wealth is might,
I know the honest, earnest years
Will bring it out all right.

Though poor and loveless creeds may pass
For pure religion's gold,
Though ignorance may rule the mass
While truth meets glances cold,
I know a law, complete, sublime,
Controls us with its might,
And in God's own appointed time
It all will come out right.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Prayer.

God keep you safe, my little love
All through the night;
Rest close in his encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray;
Good night, God keep you in his care
always.

Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the
window bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—
The night is long;
I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer,
Good night! Sweet dreams! God keep you everywhere.

Some Nova Scotia Wits.

The Hon. J. W. Longley, the versatile Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, has an interesting paper in the current number of the Canadian Magazine on "Howe and His Times," in which are some interesting anecdotes of some of the well-known legislators of the past generation. There were among them some men of very keen and ready wit.

Joseph Howe possessed a great fund of good humor, and was remarkably quick-witted. On one occasion Mr. George R. Young, a somewhat heavy and solemn man, read a paper before the Halifax Mechanics' Institute. Howe followed with a somewhat rollicking sort of speech, in which the paper was humorously treated. Young, who was somewhat nettled, retorted, and among other things he said he did not come to such meetings with a lot of stock jokes bottled up in his pocket. Howe's ready retort was that no one could say whether his friend carried humor bottled up in his pocket, but everyone could testify that if such were the case he never drew the cork.

At one time when Howe was in power one of his former Parliamentary supporters deserted him and went over to the Opposition. Party feeling ran high and "a turn coat" was scored. The member was making a speech in the House vehemently defending his course when, by accident, a little terrier dog began to bark fiercely. The speaker ordered the sergeant-at-arms to "remove that dog." Lawrence O'Connor Doyle, an ardent friend, spoke up in the disturber's behalf and exclaimed "the dog only smells a rat."

On another occasion the subject of pickled fish was being pretty warmly discussed in the House, and as it too often the case, even yet, the "debate" degenerated into a mere personal squabble, whereupon Doyle rose and declared that all the "pickle" had leaked out of the discussion and there was nothing left now "but tongues and sounds."

At another time some wag put an extra B in a label over the door of the barrister's room at the Halifax Court House, making it read "Robbing Room," instead of Robing Room. It touched some of the gentlemen in a tender spot, and they were very indignant. Doyle's comment was that "the sting was all in the other B."

A story is also told of John Young, a leading member of the House many years ago, who was also quite an active farmer. He had imported some thoroughbred cattle, which were rough looking. Hon. Mr. Uniacke, a strong opponent, made some rather derogatory remarks about them in a debate intimating that they were scrubby and would not generally take with the people. Mr. Uniacke, it was well known, had married a lady with a good deal more money than beauty, and Mr. Young in reply intimated that he had selected his cattle like some men selected their wives—not so much for their beauty as for their "sterling worth." That incident has become a matter of history in Nova Scotia.

The ultimate ground for any belief should be understood to be the fact that it can stand the freest discussion from every possible point of view.

—LESLIE STEPHEN.

A Minister's Opinion.

To the Editors of THE CITIZEN AND HOME GUARD:

I write to say that I have read with great pleasure Mr. John Cameron's letter in your last issue re the closing of the "three sluices," manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors, in order to make a prohibitory liquor law effective from the beginning. To the excellent adage "touch not, taste not, handle not" let us add "make not." It is not true that the Scott Act, and even the Dunkin Act, did not do good service. They did, educationally, and were largely our schoolmaster leading to the goal now reached by the plebiscite, so wisely and timely given by the Hon. Mr. Mowat, our Premier, who also now has given to our late deputation all the encouragement and promise in his power to make prohibition triumphant. We thank God and take more courage. Yours, etc., T. MACMILLAN, The Manse, Mount Forest, Ont., Feb. 12, 1894.

The Price of a Soul.

"I recollect how Mr. Rowland Hill once held an auction over Lady Anne Erskine, who drove up in her carriage to the edge of the crowd, while Mr. Hill was preaching. He said: 'Ah! I see Lady Anne Erskine.' A careless, thoughtless woman she was then, and he said: 'There is a contention about who shall have her. The world wants to have her. What wilt thou give for her, O world? I will give her fame, and name, and pleasure. And sin wants to have her. What wilt thou give for her, O sin? A few paltry, transient joys. And Satan wants to have her. What wilt thou give for her, Satan? And the price was very low. At last Christ came along, and he said: I give myself for her. I give my life for her, my blood for her.' And turning to her ladyship Mr. Hill said: 'You shall have her, my Lord Christ, if she does not object. My lady, which shall it be?' he said, and she bowed her head, and said that she accepted Christ's offer, and would be sold to him, and be his forever."—[C. H. Spurgeon.]

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