

make a gentleman! Let no boy, therefore, think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one or all of these these things do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, have no horses, live in a poor house, and spend but little money, and still be a gentleman. But how! By being true, manly and honourable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and respecting others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments. — *Parish Visitor.*

ROOM AT THE TOP.

NEVER you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell,
The work is the work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop,
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
There's always room at the top.

Courage, and faith, and patience,
There's space in the old world yet:
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get.
Keep your eyes on the goal, lad,
Never despair or drop,
Be sure that your path leads upward;
There's always room at the top.

RESCUE THE CHILDREN.*

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IN working for the children of England we are working for the future. The past is past. Whatever may have been its horrors—and it would require the pen of the Recording Archangel to delineate them as they are in all their ghastliness—they are now irrevocable:

The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

And the present is the present, with all its miseries and all its discouragements. Here and there,—but, alas, here and there only,—a drunken man, or still more rarely, a drunken woman, may be saved. Saved, but too often scathed and injured, as one plucked out of the fire, or, if I may borrow the terrible imago of the peasant-prophet, “as a shephord tears out of the mouth of a lion two legs and the piece of an ear.” But we know, alas, by bitter experience, of failure and helplessness in the work of reclamation, that, for the most part, confirmed drunkards will still be drunkards, and will die the drunkard's death; and the drunken homec will still be drunken homes, with all their indescribable squalor; with all those hideous secrets which few know; with all those tragedies before which, in their loathliness, the worst horrors of Grecian tragedy grow pale. But when we work for the children we work in the region of hope. And that is why I would say to every Temperance reformer, Do all

you can, strain every effort, to save the children, to rescue the children. “Give me the children of the nation,” said Cardinal Wiseman, “and in twenty years England shall be Catholic.” Give me the children of the nation I say, and in twenty years England shall be temperate, aye, (and the more words open out a vista of progress and prosperity, such as now we can hardly conceive), England shall not only be temperate but even a nation of abstainers. For it is said that there are 600,000 drunkards in England. Who will fill the gap when these go down, go down prematurely, go down in their helpless misery and consummate degradation, to the drunkard's grave? Who will fill the gaps? Those who are now children—sweet and innocent children. Those who are now boys and girls, honest and merry boys and girls. God grant in His mercy that it may not be your boys or mine! But it will be the children of somebody, the boys and girls of some like ourselves. It is something then to rejoice in—it is a gleam of hope in a troubled sky—to be told that if there are 600,000 drunkards in England, there are 900,000 children enrolled in her Bands of Hope.

Persons who strain at the very tiniest and most microscopic gnats, while at a single gulp they are daily ready to swallow the most monstrous camels, talk of its being unfair to children to induce them to take the pledge. Now, which is the most unfair to children, to induce them to take the pledge, and so to try to save them, or, with the pitiless obstinacy of callous prejudice, to leave them defenceless before the rushing tide of enormous evils, and the wild-beast-spring of terrible temptations? You talk of its being wrong to give children the pledge, do you consider it quite right to leave them helpless to drink and all its consequences?

Consider with me for a moment to what they are exposed?

They are exposed to *shameful neglect*. Go to the wynds of Glasgow, go to the filthy back streets of Liverpool, go to the foul feverish slums of all our great cities, and see children—children full of eternity, children for whom Christ died—in the low infamous rooms of the low infamous streets—growing up in the haunts of crime and misery, amid the reek of gin, and the sounds of blasphemy, dirty, dissolute, diseased, with always at least one prosperous place hard by—the public house—flourishing like some bloated fungus in a region of decay and death.

And not to neglect only:—they are exposed to daily and horrible *accidents*. A drunken driver is driving his van, in a drunkard's heavy, brutal way, through the streets of Southwark, a woman is passing with a babe in her arms and leading a little girl by the hand. He runs over them, severely injuring the woman, killing the little babe of eleven months, and breaking the leg of the little girl of four. He is only drunk, so no one thinks more about it!

More children are every year sacrificed to drink in England than were ever burnt to Moloch in the worst ages of Judean apostacy in the Valley of the Children of Hinnoom.

Again, they are exposed to dreadful congenital sickness. In her last book the graceful authoress of “John Halifax” describes her visit to the East London Hospital for Children. She went into a ward where were children

suffering from every form of constitutional corruption—rickets, hip complaint, bone disorder, cancer. “These,” said the nurse, “are our worst and most painful cases.”

Is there anything worse to which they are exposed? Yes, they are exposed to *sin*. Neglect, accident, sickness, and cruelty, these may maim and torture the body, murder and suicide may end the life, but sin ruins the soul. And how often are the children of the drunkard trained in *sin*!

And, lastly, even if they be not trained in *sin*, how fearful is the lot of the drunkard's children from the fatal taint in the blood, the awful *hereditary craving* for alcohol, which either drives them into the same terrible destruction as their parents, perpetuating the crimes and miseries of the world; or else involves the necessity of a lifelong helpless struggle, lest the wild beast of temptation should leap out before them, and hurl them down with its fatal spring—a struggle noble indeed, and heroic, and requiring as much virtue and resolution as would make a dozen ordinary saints, but one which makes life one awful and continuous martyrdom, almost from the cradle even to the grave.

There are thousands of persons in England (like the popinjay in Shakespeare's play of Henry IV.) who call anyone “an untaught knave, unmannerly,” if, in the strictest performance of his duty, he “brings a slovenly unhandsome corpse between the wind and their nobility.” But I appeal to you, nay, I appeal to a higher, I appeal even to a Divine tribunal, which is the worst sensationalism,—the feeling which will not suffer us to ignore these facts, or the false sentimentality, the heartless callousness which lets these things be, lets them go on from day to day, and from year to year, and never stirs a finger to resist their hideous repetition? But to you, I say, do what you can to save these children. Listen to the ever-rising groan of their inarticulate agony. You pitied the factory children, and interfered by legislation for their protection; but the wrongs of the factory children neither covered so vast an area, nor involved such cruel sorrows, as those caused to children by drink. Nay, you even pity the dumb animals. You will not allow the horse to be overdriven, you will not allow so much as a cat to be tortured. Nay, you interfere by law on behalf of the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea. You protect the sea-birds which wail round our coasts, and will not suffer them to be wantonly shot, merely that they may flutter away on their wounded wings to die in lonely places. Will you not try to protect the children of England from all the horrors on which I have so passingly, so slightly, and so inadequately touched? Will you not try to break down the system which now exposes them to all this neglect and cruelty, and murder, and accident, and sickness, and lifelong struggle with hereditary taint? Are animals, and birds, and fishes worth protecting, and are little English children not worth an effort in their protection? Little children like those into whose rosy innocent faces you look at home—little children for whom Christ died—little children of whom He said that their angels do behold the face of My Father in Heaven—little children of whom He said “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.”

THE FLOATING POPULATION OF A CHINESE CITY.

AS we approach Canton, one of the strangest sights of this strange land is the vast wilderness of boats, which serve as the only homes of a floating population of more than 100,000 human beings. As our steamer made its way slowly through this city of boats to her wharf, it seemed as if half of Canton was afloat on the water. All around us were acres, yea, square miles of junks, moored in blocks or squares, with long streets or canals between them, while darting hither and thither were hundreds on hundreds of others, carrying passengers or freight. These boats are of various sizes and shapes, and are partly covered with bamboo matting, the one or two apartments furnishing space for parlor, kitchen, dining room, bedroom, woodshed, barn and an idol shrine. These multitudes on multitudes of men and women, parents and children, grand-parents and babies, find a home, each boat often sheltering more souls than Noah had in his ark. There thousands are born, grow up, grow old and die, seldom being on land until carried there for burial. Many of these boats are manned by women and girls, whose large, bare, unbound feet prove that they are not Chinese ladies, and yet they have learned to “paddle their own canoe.” Babies are fastened to the deck by strings, and other children wear life-preservers of gourds or bamboo, to keep them from sinking if they fall overboard, though the parents do not seem to grieve much if one does get drowned. There are larger and more gaily and decorated junks called “flower boats,” used as floating pleasure houses of no good reputation. A few years ago a typhoon swamped thousands of these small crafts, and hundreds of inmates were drowned.

PAPER RAILROAD TIES.

THE wooden sleepers under our railway tracks consume an enormous amount of wood every year; 70,000,000 railroad ties are needed annually in the United States alone, and the life of the underlying lumber is only five years long. Three hundred thousand acres of forest are yearly cut down to supply the wood needed for railroad construction and repair. The railroads would in time strip the country of every tree. It has now been found that paper made from straw can be so manipulated as to supply the sleepers and ties now made wholly of wood. It will last ten times longer than wood, and does not cost much more originally. There is no end of straw and other fibrous materials which can be used in the manufacture of paper, while our woods are disappearing, each tree of which it takes nearly a hundred years to mature. Paper has been used to make every part of a house including all the furniture and utensils. Of late years it has been very generally used in the construction of car-wheels. Its employment for railroad ties will save our forests.

“POLLY,” said a lady to her servant, “I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning.” In a few minutes Polly returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was 72 years, 7 months and 28 days old.

* Speech at the Annual Meeting of the National Temperance League, Exeter Hall, May 2, 1881.