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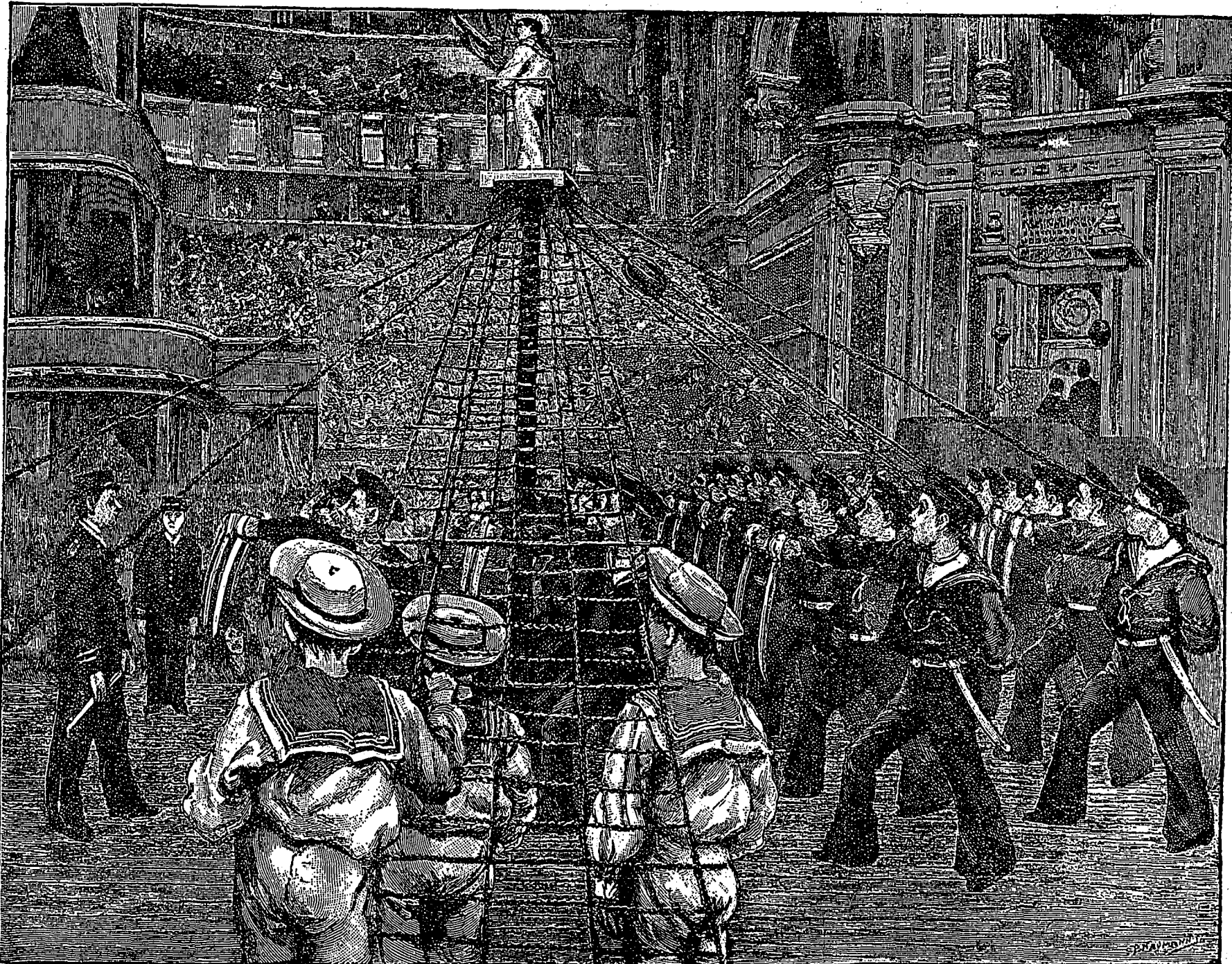
A SWING PANORAMA.

In the matter of organization, says a recent London paper, there are two institutions that run each other pretty closely—the Salvation Army and Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Discipline, precision, and a complete mastery of detail characterizes both of them. At Dr. Barnardo's twenty-sixth anniversary, held at the Albert Hall, the good director manipulated his vast army of children and workers as easily and dexterously as a good type-writer works his machine. A wave of his little scarlet flag and lo! the big platform, especially erected

in the centre of the Hall, is turned into ten workshops, where carpenters, tin-smiths, blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, net-makers, and the rest are all zealously working at their different departments. Very musical was the sound of the hammers, and very picturesque was the sight of the boys in their variety of dresses, among their benches, with the glowing forge in the background shooting up forked flames as if it, too, would add its share to the general festivity. Three sharp whistles and away they all troop with their implements of industry on their shoulders, to be

followed, at another wave of the red flag, by a score of bairns admitted to the Homes in the last twenty-four hours. Poor little wretches! with one shoe or no shoes, or shoes that belonged to somebody else, with women's dresses, and men's coats, and haggard, dirty faces, they looked as if nothing less than a new creation could turn them into the splendid fellows that marched on the boards, in their strong, serviceable emigrant's dress, as the ragged mites stumbled off. They were off in the morning to Manitoba—strong, straight, well-trained, well-disciplined, smart fel-

lows with openings in the new country that could not possibly have been given them here. They deserved the ringing cheers with which they were greeted as they marched out of the Hall to, it is hoped, a successful, manly life. But ere the last emigrant is out of sight the platform has been made into a nursery, and in come gentle-faced nurses with babies toddling, babies laughing, babies in long clothes, boy babies, girl babies—a veritable host, that in another second is scrambling for dolls and balls, to say nothing of a dirty white kitten and a black one, whose dirt



DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES: ANNUAL FETE AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

ALBERT GALLON QUE  
F W M POZER 531202