



AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

The sailors truly have a good friend in Miss Weston, and we are glad to note that valuable contributions are sent to her from time to time to help her in it.

THE following bit of advice will, we are sure, be taken in good part by the younger clergy. It may influence them to read and think more, and trust less to rhetoric and physical force in the pulpit: "A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observed it, and inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered: 'When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future.'"

### LEPROSY AND LEPERS.

By MRS. H. J. EVANS, MONTREAL.\*

ANY of us will remember with painful vividness the horrors of 1885, our small-pox year; for though the ravages of the disease were most keenly felt among certain classes and a certain nationality of our population, yet no class and no nationality were entirely exempt, and we all saw or heard enough to fill our minds with loathing of a scourge so dreadful in the sufferings it in many instances inflicted, and, when not fatal, so

frequently disastrous in its disfiguring effects.

The horrors of St. Roch's Hospital in the early days of civic incompetency were simply appalling, and heart and soul still sickened at the revolting recollection.

But what shall we say of this disease, of which and its victims, we are to day treating? If we compare it with small-pox in the latter's most virulent and loathsome form, or with cholera or diphtheria, or the many forms of epidemic fever with which science is familiar, there is something comparatively merciful in the attacks of each and all of these, for they slay or spare within given limits of time; but this protracts the suffering and the torture, or the inhuman insensibility worse than torture, indefinitely.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, from whose able article on "Leprosy past and present," we shall have occasion largely to quote, says:—"More cruel than the torturing weapons of old, it distorts and scars and hacks and maims and destroys its victim, inch by inch, feature by feature, joint by joint, sense by sense, leaving him to cumber the earth, and tell the horrid tale of a living death, till there is nothing human left of him."

But some will say, what is this to us? Leprosy is the scourge of the East, not of the West, and assuredly not of our New World here in the North.

Alas, such is not the case.

To quote again from the above writer:—"There is no occasion to linger in the Old World, at Jerusalem, at Beyrout, at Damascus or Aleppo: to know that mankind is still subject to the hideous disease of leprosy. In our own Dominion of Canada, the scourge is upon the people, and in New Brunswick it runs its fearful course of corruption and mutilation, bringing with it a merciful, though scarcely human insensibility, till the insensibility of death itself intervenes."

Some contend that leprosy is not contagious,

\*A paper read before the Montreal Woman's Auxiliary, May 5th, 1889.