

## THE FRIEND OF ANIMALS.

The noblest monument that can ever be raised to the memory of any man is the work he leaves behind him, and this, in no modified degree, can be said of the late Henry Bergh. Twenty-two years ago, when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was organized in New York, one could not walk the streets of that city without being daily and almost hourly sickened with sights of the terrible sufferings of dumb animals inflicted by the brutality of men. Cats straying from the homes of their owners had tin cans tied to their tails and were hunted to death; stray dogs were tortured to madness; half-starved horses were harnessed to loads that were too heavy for the strongest, well-cared animal, and then kicked and beaten with clubs because they were not able to pull them; cock-fights and dog-fights were as common as daylight and if they did not receive the sanction of the law certainly they did not get from it any condemnation; horses, old and infirm from long service, were turned out on the roadside to starve instead of being mercifully shot; cattle were brought to market hundreds of miles in cars crowded almost to suffocation, where the weaker ones fell and were gored or trampled to death by the stronger.

All this Henry Bergh noted in his youth and greatly deplored, for he was powerless to prevent it. If he, with more courage than most of his fellows, ventured to remonstrate with a man who was furiously kicking a weak, sick horse, or a butcher ill-treating an animal which he himself had goaded to madness, he was admonished by the human brute in no very gentle terms to "mind his own business, the animal was his own and he should do as he pleased with it." That a man has no right to do as he pleases with his own property unless he pleases to do right is a lesson that humanity in all ages has been slow to learn.

Henry Bergh was born in New York, in 1823, of German parents. His father and grandfather were well known ship builders, and on the death of the former the business fell into the hands of himself and his brother. But Henry proved to be more of a literary than of a mechanical turn of mind and, in 1842, the ship yard was broken up and the partnership dissolved. Having an independent fortune of his own he desired to travel, and after his marriage to the daughter of a wealthy Englishman then living in New York he went abroad, travelled for some time and finally settled down in the Rhine country, near the old home of the Berghs. During these years he dabbled considerably in literature and wrote a number of dramas, poems and tales.

In 1862, while he was still in Europe, he was appointed Secretary to the American Legation at St. Petersburg, but was obliged, two years afterwards, to resign the appointment on account of ill health. Returning by way of England he made the acquaintance there, among many other distinguished men, of the Earl of Harrowby, at that time President of the great Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in London, which had then been many years in operation and, doubtless, from him obtained many practical hints which he was later to prove so successful in working out on this side of the water.

In 1864 Mr. Bergh returned to New York, and the next year the society which will ever keep his name in remembrance was organized, with himself as its president, and to it since has been given the best years of his active life as well as his very considerable fortune. In 1866 statutes were passed, largely through his instrumentality, giving him the right, without which he could do almost nothing, to arrest and prosecute any one whom he or any member of the society should find abusing the smallest dumb animal. What that society has since accomplished is too well known to need any details here. But better than stopping all the hitherto commonly practised cruelty through fear of fine or imprisonment, it has taught men that from even the sometimes selfish motive of economy it is better to treat their animals kindly than otherwise. Cattle brought to market by careful drovers, who do not allow them to become overheated or injured by the way, bring higher prices than animals driven in the old way, and there is twice the satisfaction to be got from a horse that is

well fed and carefully driven, that there is with one that is weak and half starved and has to be urged to his work with shouts and blows. The fight to attain all this was long and severe, but long before his death Mr. Bergh had the satisfaction of knowing that the principles of his society had been adopted and were in active operation in almost every populous community throughout the country.

But Mr. Bergh's work did not stop with the animals. In 1873 he arrested a man for cruelty to a little girl and out of this incident grew the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a society which has done and is doing the noblest work.

In 1871 Louis Bonard, a wealthy Frenchman, left the society the handsome bequest of \$150,000 which enabled the society to greatly extend its work and move to its present commodious quarters on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second street.

In person Mr. Bergh was tall and spare, with sharp features, high forehead and light blue eyes, with usually so sad an expression as to win for him the title of "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance." He died on the 12th of March, just when the great blizzard was raging most fiercely. His will bequeaths part of his property to

making signs to Fred Reed across pews, or planning some piece of mischief to pay much attention.

The good deacon lost his patience regularly, each Sabbath, and it was only when Sam felt his mother's dear little hand steal gently in his that quiet would at last reign in the deacon's pew.

"Sam," Mrs. Sterns often said on the way home from church, "if you would only listen to the sermon, my son!" but he didn't.

Sabbath after Sabbath passed, spent just the same way. At one communion season Deacon Sterns and his wife experienced the great joy of seeing their eldest son, John, come out on the Lord's side; and at another little Abner professed Christ; but Sam held back.

Deacon Sterns told his wife "He didn't believe that boy ever had a serious thought."

The mother knew better. "He has the warmest, tenderest heart of them all, father," she replied, "not one of our boys has so many friends," and then the faintest pink glowed in Mrs. Stern's fair cheeks; for how dear Sam was to her only a mother can know.

The deacon heard from the same lips,



HENRY BERGH.

the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and requests his nephew, also Henry Bergh, to devote his life to the work.

## SAM'S "LIVING EPISTLE."

BY MYRA H. ALFORD.

Deacon Sterns had four boys: John, Samuel, Abner, and Peter. Every Sabbath they occupied the third pew from the front in the old Presbyterian Church at Fulton. John and Abner and little Peter usually came in together, then the frail mother and the portly Deacon arrived, and later, after the family were all comfortably seated, in would come the disturbing member of the family, Sam. Then the skirmishing generally began; for Sam, big boy that he was, claimed the seat next to his mother, and the people in the surrounding pews could not help smiling to see how he managed it. Sometimes, it was by coaxing, sometimes by shoving, and one memorable Sabbath he sat right down in John's lap to everybody's amusement. It was Sam who fixed the foot-stool for mamma's feet, and who found the places for her in the hymn-book; but when the sermon began he was far too busy reading his library-book, or whispering softly to John, or

now and then, how helpful Sam was, how devoted to little Peter; but the good man invariably thought his wife was mistaken. He told his friend about Sam's mischief, until he really convinced himself that the boy was incorrigible. And certainly that had been an unusual winter in the way of mischief even for Sam. Early in the season, he had broken two big store windows, throwing stones, so that all his spending money had been needed to repair damages. If it hadn't been for mamma's thought for him, but then, mamma always did think, and whatever she did was so quietly done. Then in November, Sam had defended a small boy against a great big fellow, and had come home so knocked up that father who was talking to the minister at the door didn't recognize his own son. Two long weeks Sam had to be absent from school mending from that affair. And Hallow E'en! Never did six boys enjoy a better frolic than Sam and his friends on that night.

As I said before, it had been an unusual winter; but through it all mamma had never lost patience with him. Over and over again Sam determined to do better for her sake. It was this great love for his mother that put the idea in his mind to go to prayer-meeting a certain Wednesday

evening. He did not say a word to her on the subject; but he told all his five boy friends that he intended going that night, and he stayed at home and learned his lessons in the afternoon. Sam watched his mother working up to the meeting, as the boy called it, all day, just as some people would go to a party or a concert. "I'm working up to it, too," thought Sam. "Mother and I! And a queer sense of comfort took possession of him in following in her footsteps."

When Deacon Sterns and his wife started for church that evening, they left the four boys as usual poring over their studies, around the big dining-room table. No sooner had the hall door shut, however, than Sam slipped away too.

It was after the first prayer that six boys stole softly in. So softly that Deacon Sterns never noticed them; but his wife did. Just one heart cry went straight up to God for her boy. And the ministers saw them. Perhaps never did the good man preach more eloquently than he did that Wednesday night. His theme was, "The Love of Jesus," that it was not to the righteous, but sinners, that the Son of God came. Why? Because poor, sin-sick souls needed him. As an illustration of Christ's love the minister spoke of the tenderest love we can know here on earth, that of a mother for her child; and he added, "The love of Jesus for a poor, lost sinner, is even greater than a mother's love."

Sam's attention was riveted. He could appreciate that illustration. Through the line of faces he could see mamma's with the patient look always there. A great love came surging through the boy's very being for Christ. It was then that Sam accepted the Saviour.

Before the meeting closed there was an invitation given, to any who desired to converse with the minister on the subject of their soul's salvation, to remain. Afterwards, the doxology was sung and the people began to disperse. Deacon Sterns was putting on his overcoat, when his wife's hand touched his shoulder, and then he saw that mother, for some reason, was deeply affected, and, for the first time, he noticed those six boys waiting. "The Lord be praised!" ejaculated the Deacon, while Mrs. Sterns and Fred Reed's mother passed quietly out together—two such thankful mothers.

Later, the minister told his wife about the wonderful testimony Sam Sterns had given that night to the power of a Christian mother's life. "Truly," said the good man, "Sam's mother has been to her a boy living epistle."—*Presbyterian Observer*.

## HOW DOES IT COMPARE?

Six hundred millions of dollars are spent every year by the people of the United States for tobacco, and but five and a half millions for the spread of the kingdom of God. How few young men ever realize that by giving up one cigar they have it in their power to deduct its value from the six hundred million devoted to King Tobacco, and to add that amount to the five and a half million for King Jesus. Olshansen maintains that there is but one idea in the Lord's Prayer; and this idea permeates it from "Our Father" to "Amen." It is expressed in the petition "Thy kingdom come." Yet I may say, "Thy kingdom come" a thousand times without praying it once, for prayer is not a mere repetition; it is the offering up of our desires unto God. Now how strong is my desire that God's kingdom may come? How does it compare with my desire for money? Suppose we test it with the smallest coin issued by the Government. Is it stronger than my desire for one cent? If so, it is prayer; and if every Christian in the country were to pray "Thy kingdom come" morning and evening, and were to take out of his pocket one cent each time and consecrate it to the evangelization of the world, he would not only have offered up a real prayer, and one that the infinite God would surely answer, but there would be given in this way alone every year seventy-two million dollars, or more than twelve times the amount contributed to foreign and domestic missions by the people of the United States. If some such plan as this were adopted, what a change would take place in our missionary operations at home and abroad. What a lengthening of the cords and strengthening of the stakes in India, China and Japan.—*Rev. Robert H. Barr, in Christian Intelligencer*.