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GENERAL BOOTH LECTURING ON HIS EMIGRATION SCHEME.

All the world is now familiar with "General Booth's" last work "In Darkest England, and the Way Out." The book at first met with a large sale, and the schemes advocated in it were received with great favor. Later, however, numerous objections were brought forward. Some objected to the methods of the Salvation Army altogether as being undignified and quite inadequate to the great needs; while others pointed out, and very truly, that these very methods had already been working for years, though on a smaller scale, and were indignant that these first and successful efforts to reach and rescue the "submerged tenth" should be so completely ignored. Disagreements arose also in the "Army" itself, among the officers regarding the distribution of the funds, which resulted in the retirement of Mr. Frank Smith. But in spite of all discouragements without which no great scheme was ever started, there is every prospect of the plans being carried to a successful issue. Our picture on this page was sketched from life on one occasion, while, in his well-known energetic manner, the "General" unfolded his cherished plans for restoring to self-respect and usefulness those now lying sunk in hopeless poverty and degradation. "General" Booth's capacity for work is said to be enormous.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

BY HELEN A. STEINHAUER.

It was a beautiful day in early spring, and the genial warmth and bright sunshine

had filled Broadway with a sightly stream of pretty girls in new and pretty spring suits. Among the number was Agnes Hetherington, conspicuous by reason of her unusual height and perfect figure, and

an indescribable something about her which, to her great annoyance, invariably attracted attention that caused men to turn for a second look at "that magnificent woman!" But unquestionably the chief charm lay

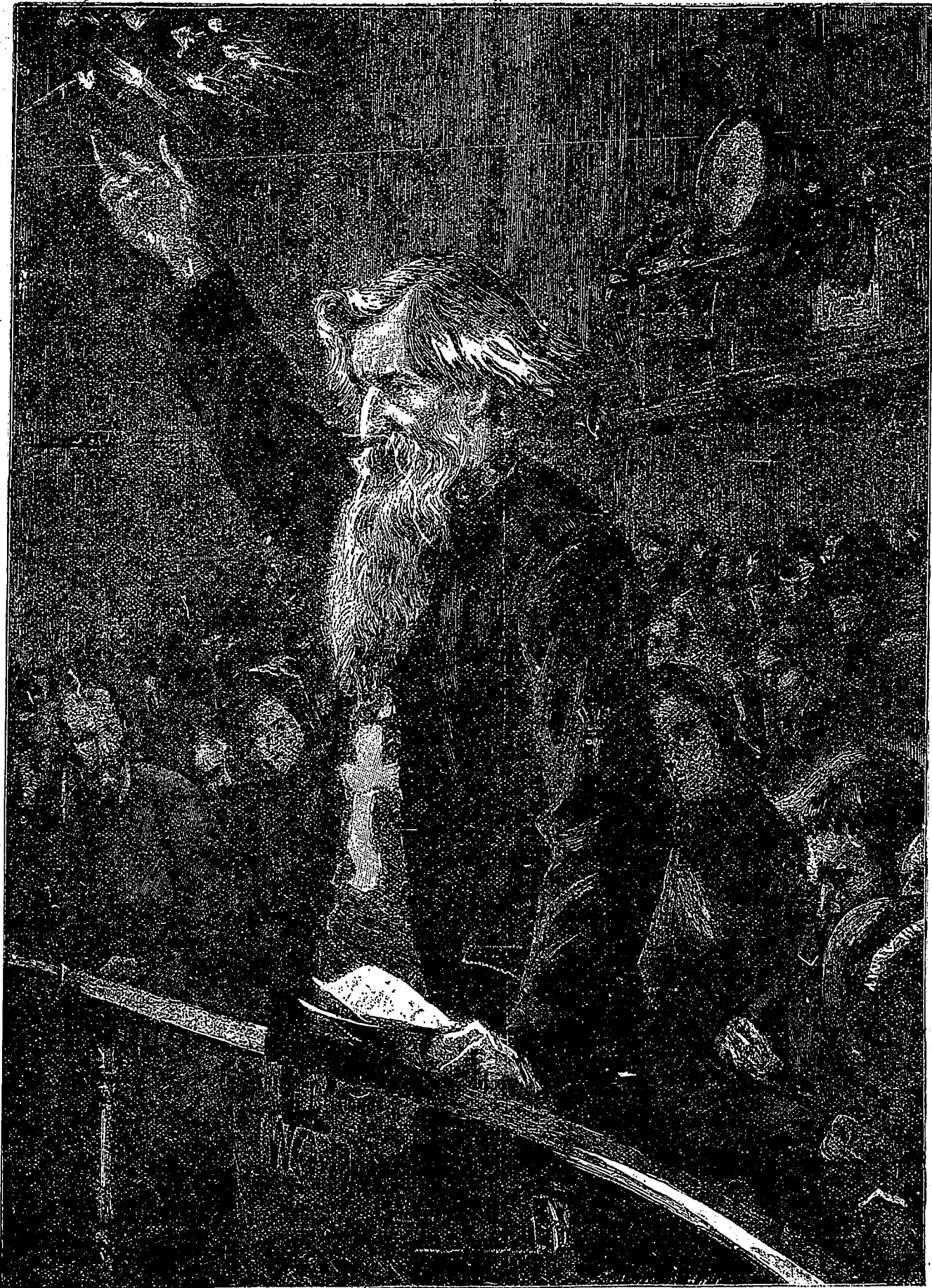
in the expression of her mobile countenance, which now was thoughtful and absorbed. Although elegantly and stylishly dressed it was evident that she was no mere butterfly of fashion, whose sole aim in life was to make conquests and to be admired. Our Agnes was an earnest Christian, who for two years past had labored as a teacher in a mission school, connected with the somewhat aristocratic church of which she was a member.

Now her thoughts were busied with the father of one of her pupils—a man who had known better days, but whom drink had dragged down to a very low level.

She had reasoned and pleaded with him, and done all in her power to help him rise from the depths, but to no avail. His self-respect was crushed, and when that is paralyzed it is like writing on the sands of the seashore, the first wave of temptation sweeps all away.

Inly praying God to give him strength and herself wisdom and opportunity, she suddenly noticed a crowd before her, seemingly gathered around some object at the edge of the sidewalk.

"Probably some terrible accident," she said to herself, and turned, thinking to cross over to



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