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A Chinese Court of Justice.

In their legal affairs, as in other matters, the Chinese are peculiar. Under the patriarchal ideas which lie at the basis of the Chinese system of government, much larger powers are given to the judge of the court than is common with us. His power is in fact almost despotic, and limited only by the customary practices of Chinese courts. He can show great mercy or he can exercise great severity; he can dispense justice or he can take bribes from the most wealthy party, and give the most unjust decisions without being called in question, unless his conduct should be too flagrant or his contributions to the support of the higher authori-

manded to prison for a month or more, and another set of interrogatories is framed, ingeniously bearing upon the questions and answers at the previous session of the court. Again the questions are asked; again the prisoner is remanded to jail, and sometimes a third series of questions is framed and asked. It is only the most adroit minds and most retentive memories which can pass a series of three sets of questions, purposely framed to interlace and interlock with each other, with clearness and success. This method is undoubtedly ingeniously contrived to elicit the truth, and to enable the judge to give a just judgment. It is also well calculated to wear out the spirits and patience of the contesting parties, and to bring a

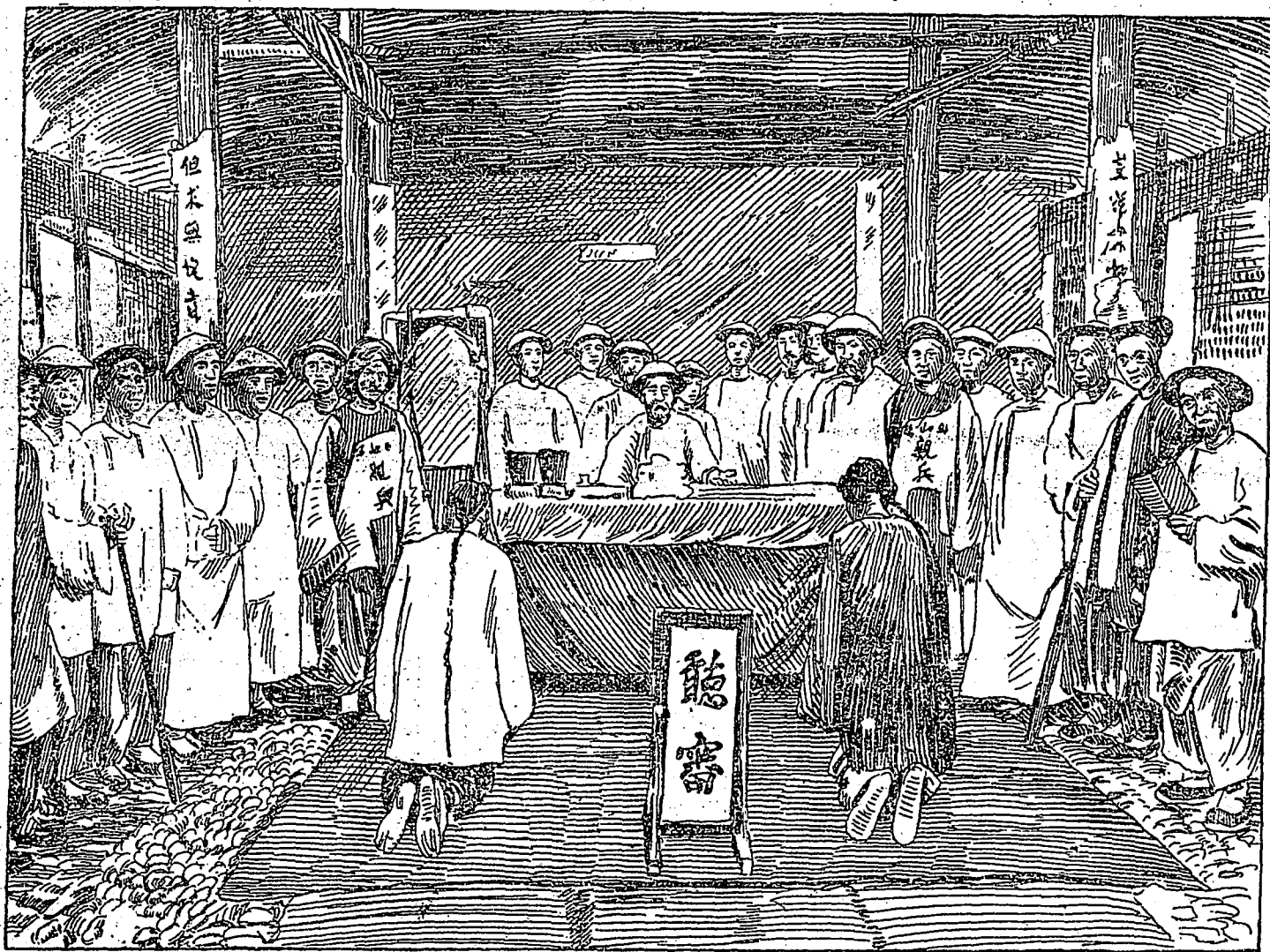
Tom-All-Alones.

Lady Henry Somerset and a Quaker companion from England called one night at a police station in New York, and asked if they could inspect the lodging rooms.

An officer led them to two underground rooms.

There they saw rows of pine boards littered with bundles of rags. The boards were beds; the bundles were degraded human beings who had asked for a night's shelter, and would return to the streets in the morning. The walls were black with grime. The air was foul. The ladies turned away with a shudder.

'Can any one out of work sleep there for



A CHINESE COURT OF JUSTICE.

ties too limited. The cut which we give of a Chinese court of justice is representative. The judge is the only one who is seated. Behind him and on either side, stand the officers of the court. The two kneeling figures are the criminal and the accuser; both alike show the greatest humility in the presence of the judge, and in cases where specially favorable consideration is desired, they prostrate themselves upon the floor. Witnesses give their testimony in the same position.

The proceedings of a Chinese court are usually in the form of personal interrogatories by the Judge. In framing these the Chinese show great ingenuity. In important cases it is customary to have a long string of questions all written out. These are asked the culprit and his questions are all taken down by the secretaries. He is then re-

pressure upon them to offer bribes to the judge for a speedy termination of the suit. With all the resources of family connections and personal supervision, which are customary in Chinese social matters, the Chinese judges undoubtedly have excellent means of administering affairs with justice and equity, if they are so inclined, but the lack of rigid responsibility allows the great corruption, which, according to all accounts, is far too common in the courts of justice in China.—'Baptist Missions Magazine.'

If thou wouldst conquer thy weakness, thou must never gratify it. No man is compelled to do evil; his consent only makes it his. It is no sin to be tempted, but to be overcome.—'Temperance Truths.'

one night and ever regain self-respect?'

The officer replied, 'Yes, it is possible.' Then he told them the story of a New York 'Tom-all-Alones.'

It was a bleak corner of the water-front. Poor Jo liked it because it was a quiet place, where he could look at the water and dream of his English home.

One stormy night in 1870, when he had been in America six months, he was on the verge of drowning himself there.

He had been out of work for a fortnight. That was his home. He had spent his last penny and was hungry. His only companion was a small wharf-dog whom from sheer loneliness he had befriended. The rain was falling. He was cold and wretched. Life seemed more than he could bear.

Around his neck there was a ribbon with