



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVI., No. 25.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1891.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

THE AUTHOR OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

A recent writer in an article on some distinguished literary women of America gives this interesting sketch of Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose fame can never be bounded by her country's borders. With her great sister Catharine, who has gone before, and her great brother Henry, now also awaiting her on the other shore, she presents a unique picture, as now serenely standing, with her seventy-seven years, between the double glories of the life that is and the life that is to come. If immortality be all of future life, she has it now. She hears the angels calling her, and yet all human hearts so closely hedge her round, she cannot go until the last loving cups of earthly fame be quaffed.

So fathered and so husbanded, so brothered and so sistered, and so adopted as a child and mother in every home, she is like Cato's daughter, who was also the wife of Brutus, and therefore could not but be great.

When Lord Byron died fighting for liberty in Greece, her father said: "Oh, I am so sorry Byron is dead! What a harp he might have swept for Christ and liberty!"

That was Harriet's first inspiration for liberty, and at ten years of age she lay down all day in a strawberry field, as she says, looking up into the sky, and thinking about it.

Two years later her composition on "The Immortality of the Soul" was read by the master at a school exhibition at Litchfield, Conn. When her father, on the stage with the trustees, asked, in surprise, "Who wrote that composition?" she heard the answer, "Your daughter, sir;" and, seeing her father's emotion, says, "That was the proudest moment of my life."

Of such things character is made, and such fathers with such daughters can understand something of her feelings when, thirty years later, all the world asked, "Who wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?'"

Was she not raised up providentially for that very purpose?

Was not all the world educated in the elementary lessons of liberty by laughing and crying together over Topsy and Eva, Uncle Tom and old Legree?

Every printed language on earth contains that story, and the British Museum had to set apart a whole alcove to contain its forty-three separate editions in English, twelve in French, eleven in German, and so on through nineteen languages.

It was published ten years before the war, and but for it, and the sentiment it roused in all the world, who can tell what might have been the result of that war, or whether slavery, entrenched as it was in the very Constitution of the country by the sad and compromising necessities of its forefathers, might not have been even yet tolerated, and, perhaps, perpetuated and

legally established forever? Let us remember that even American independence was mainly gained, or rendered certain, by the sentiment kindled in France which brought the United States us this great alliance at Yorktown.

As it is, the famous golden bracelet presented to Mrs. Stowe in England, in the form of a slave fetter, should be the proudest heirloom of her family, as it contains

Many of them are great stories, "Nina Gordon," "Our Charley," "The Minister's Wooing," "Agnes of Sorrento," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Old Town Folks," "Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories," "Religious Poems," "Little Foxes," "My Wife and I," "We and Our Neighbors," "Pink and White Tyranny," "Poganuc People," etc. These show a busy life, and a wide range of thought and culture.



MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Humanity's most important dates. On one link is engraved the date of the abolition of slavery in England, and all her colonies; on another, the date of President Lincoln's proclamation of freedom; and on the clasp, the date of the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting slavery forever in the United States.

We need but a word for her other works.

Mrs. Stowe is described within a few weeks past, by Frances E. Willard, as still walking out alone in the streets and fields at Hartford, and usually walking five to seven miles daily. "She is small in stature, and weighs less than one hundred pounds. She said her twin daughters kept the house, and would not let her do a thing; which was as well, since they knew

exactly how she wanted everything done. She showed us a charming photograph of her grandson, saying he is so handsome that he is not vain, as he thinks it a quality belonging to all boys. I spoke of the future, and she recited a verse from one of her own poems:

"It lies around us like a cloud,  
A world we do not see:  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be."

We leave her with this verse from Julia Ward Howe:

"Her breath is prayer, her lips are love,  
And worship of all loving things;  
Her children have a gracious port,  
Her daughters show the blood of kings."

THE LOST PURSE.

Seventeen years have passed since the following incident occurred, but the impression it left on my mind has not faded, nor ever will fade, from my memory.

Located during my college course within five minutes' walk of an old friend, I often stepped in for a little intercourse after my lessons, were ready for next day. So it happened on a certain Saturday afternoon, having no Sunday engagement to carry me into the country, I thought to spend an hour with my friend.

I found him in a fever of excitement, and elicited the following in explanation. He had paid his men in the City, closed his shop, and hurried to the train at Ludgate-hill, with his overcoat on his arm. As he jumped into the train he thought he heard something drop on the carriage floor; he looked down, but seeing nothing, took no further notice.

On reaching Walworth-road (his destination) he came in to dinner, and wishing to hand his wife some coin, went to his great coat, and then discovered he had lost his purse containing £20 in gold. He had just made the discovery as I stepped in.

He was a good man and true, but, Peter-like, very impulsive; hence, when I proposed we should have a word of prayer over the matter, he at once protested: "No, not now; there is a time for everything; this is the time for action."

"Very well; what are you going to do?"  
"I don't know; I cannot make up my mind what is the best to be done."

"That, I think, is a sufficient reason in itself for prayer."

"Perhaps; but I don't feel like praying just now. I think I'll go at once to the Crystal Palace, the destination of the train in which I travelled, and see if honest hands have picked it up and handed it in at the terminus; and I'll telegraph to Moorgate, whence the train started, advising them of my loss."

As soon as he had gone his good wife suggested that now we might have a little prayer together. We knelt and pleaded that God would direct and over-rule to the finding of this purse; and then rose with a calm assurance that all would be well. Turning to his wife I said, "I think I will

W. M. P. 53179  
AUBREY GALLON QUE