

MORLEY AND SCHOOL

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Indian School.

THIS is a picture of an Indian school in the North-West. The Methodist Church has several such. One of these is at Morley, a place named after Dr. Punshon. Here is the McDougall Orphanage, which commemorates the martyr missionary of the plains, the Rev. John McDougall, who perished from all-night exposure beneath a wintry sky while in the discharge of his duty on his vast mission field. His life, written by his son, published at our Book Room, ought to be in every Sunday-school library. The Indian boys and girls are instructed in reading, writing, the knowledge of the Scripture, mechanical work, and household duties, by kind and faithful teachers, and thus are fitted to become good citizens and true Christians.

Who is the Criminal?

A RAGGED, shivering little boy was brought before a magistrate for stealing a loaf of bread from a grocer's window. The grocer himself was the informer. The judge was about to pass sentence on the little wretch, when a kind lawyer offered the following considerations in mitigation of his offence:

"The child," he said, "was the eldest of a miserable group; their father lies low in a drunkard's grave. This morning, when the act was committed, the mother lay drunk on the floor, and her children were crying around her for bread. The elder boy, unable to bear such misery any longer, rushed from the hovel, resolved to obey that paramount law of nature which teaches us the principle of self-preservation, even in disregard to the law of the land. He seized the penny loaf from the grocer's window, and returning to that wretched home, spread the unexpected morsel before his hungry brothers, and bade them 'eat and live.' He did not eat himself. No. Consciousness of the crime, and fear of detection, furnished a more engrossing feeling than that of hunger. The last morsel was scarcely swallowed before the officer of justice entered the door. The little thief was pointed out by the grocer, and he was conducted before the public tribunal.

"In the midst of such misery as this," said the

kind-hearted lawyer, "with the motive of this little criminal before us, there is something to soften the heart of man, though I deny not that the act is a penal offence. But the tale is by no means told. This little circle, now utterly fallen and forlorn, is the wreck of a family once prosperous, temperate, frugal, industrious, and happy. The father, strange

its back upon the miserable victim of intemperance—the church expelled him from its communion—the wife sought refuge in the same tremendous remedy for all distracting care, an oblivion of her domestic misery. Home became a hell whose only outlet was the grave.

"All this aggregate of human wretchedness," said the lawyer, "was produced by this very grocer. He has murdered the father—he has brutalized the mother—he has beggared the children—he has taken possession of the farm—and now prosecutes the child for stealing a loaf to keep his brothers from starving!

"But all this is lawful and right—that is, it is according to law. He has stood upon his license. The theft of a penny loaf by a starving boy, where his father laid down the last farthing for rum, is a penal offence!"
—Aton.

How Letters Are Carried in China.

IN China, on the opposite side of the globe, the mail-service is exactly opposite from that of the United States. Letters are carried more slowly than in any other country, and the government has really no postal service. The only time when there is anything like mail-carrying is once a year, when thousands of students are trying to gain the "literary degrees" in "Confucian classics" at the great college examinations. It is such a high honour to be learned enough to win these "degrees" that as soon as the names of the sixty successful members are declared hundreds of messengers and swift boats hurry in all directions to carry the news to different towns. Sometimes carrier-pigeons are used to carry the glad tidings to the anxious relatives. All the rest of the year the letters are carried by postmen, who walk as slowly as they please, carrying a paper lantern, a paper umbrella, and in warm weather a paper fan. The let-

ters are very few, and are in a little bag strapped upon the shoulders. There are no mail-trains, and only a few clumsy boats used for general mail-carrying; and if people are in a hurry, they send letters in care of the English merchants who live in China, for these have a kind of little postal service of their own.



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as it may appear, was once a professor of religion. The very first drop of that accursed tincture of destruction which conducted him through the path of corruption to the grave, was handed him by this very grocer, who now pursues the starving child of his former victim for stealing a penny loaf. The farm became encumbered—the community turned