

could be asked for to help one live as he desires.

Great may surely be our gain, and what may be our loss?

9th mo. 29, 1893. ARLETTA CUTLER.

QUARRIER'S SCOTTISH HOMES.

Mr. Wm. Quarrier, the superintendent of these homes, has been rightly termed the Miller of Scotland. He is doing a most excellent work, which deserves special notice. In a sense, Mr. Quarrier himself was a child of misfortune, and one of the most pathetic incidents he relates of his childhood is of his standing, when a boy of eight years, in the broad thoroughfare of High street, Glasgow, bare-headed, bare-footed, cold and hungry, having tasted no food for a day and a-half. It was probably these early struggles which helped to mould him for the years of toil that followed; and even while he was yet a young man he determined, if spared, to do something to alleviate the hard lot of the children of poverty. Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Quarrier began his work; returning home one night in November, 1864, he relates that he met a little ragged fellow on the street crying bitterly because someone had stolen his stock-in-trade. This might seem but a small thing, but to it the orphan homes of Scotland owe their bread. The work was on a small scale, and what was then known as a Shoe-black Brigade was formed, and for seven years Mr. Quarrier continued to help the newsboys and shoeblacks of the city to a better life. But while thus engaged, he says, "I was led to see that something more was needed to help them more effectually and to bring more of home and family influence to bear upon their lives; and again I longed for the establishment of an orphanage home for Scotland." He committed the subject to God in prayer, and announced through the papers that he wanted from five to ten thousand dollars. However it may seem to others, Mr. Quarrier accepted

this as a call from a higher power, and he has carried this conviction throughout all his work since. I have a friend who was living in Scotland at this time, who tells me that Mr. Quarrier was not an object of praise. He met with considerable opposition and not a little ridicule, as the newspapers spoke of him as "crazy Will." But his splendid home for waifs and the dregs of society in the city of Glasgow, his magnificent orphanage homes at the Bridge of Weir, and the hundreds of children he annually reclaims from the streets and slums and rescues from the poorhouses and reformatories, long ago convinced a nation that W. Quarrier was not a fanatic or a dreamer. His work now stands unique in Great Britain, and will, from its very beginning, bear microscopic inspection. Against its conduct not the faintest whisper, not even by priests or men envious of his success, has ever been heard.

Before giving an account of the work of these homes, it might be well to remark on the monetary aspect of Mr. Quarrier's operations. He asks no man for anything, and accepts no restrictions with money subscribed to any department of his work. Those sending him money are requested to state whether it is to be applied to the homes, or emigration schemes, building funds, or to the department of the children, but beyond that he exercises full control of its administration. He has no board of directors, no committee on ways and means. He accepts no endowments. A few years ago he refused forty thousand dollars for one of his peculiar reasons.

There are at present forty-four buildings situated at the Bridge of Weir, a journey of one-half hour by rail from Glasgow. The cost of these was six hundred thousand dollars, and more cottages are being erected. Children from the age of one to sixteen will be in each cottage. Several years ago Mr. Quarrier found they were in need of a church, and said to a friend on the street. "We are still in need of a