

Selections.

TUMBLER OF CLARET.

I poured out a tumbler of claret,
Of course, with intention to drink,
And holding it up in the sunlight,
I paused for a moment to think;
I really can't tell what made me—
I never had done so before,
Though for years every day at my dinner,
I had emptied one tumbler or more.

"A friend" in the loneliest hours,
"A companion" I called the red wine,
And called it a "nectar divine."
And sometimes I poetized slightly,
But to day as I gazed on the claret,
That sparkled and glowed in the sun.
I asked it: "What have you done for me
That my true friend would have done?"

"You have given me some pleasant feel-
ings,
But they always were followed by pain;
You have given me ten thousand head-
aches
And are ready to do it again;
You set my blood leaping and bounding,
Which, though pleasant, was hurtful
no doubt.

And if I keep up the acquaintance,
I am sure you will give me the gout.

"I remember a certain occasion
When you caused me to act like a fool;
And, yes, I remember another,
When you made me fall into a pool,
And there is Tom Smither—you killed
him!

Will Howard you made a poor knave;
Both my friends, and I might count a
dozen,
You have sent to prison or grave.

"Is this a loyal friend's treatment?
Are you deserving the name?
Sav! What do you give those who love you
But poverty, sorrow and shame?
A few paltry moments of pleasure,
An age of trouble and grief;
No wonder you blush in the sunlight,
You robber, you liar, you thief!

"I'll have nothing more to do with you
From this moment, this hour, this day;
To send you adrift, bag and baggage,
I know is the only safe way."
And I poured out that tumbler of claret,
Poured it out, and not down, on the
spot,
And all this, you see, was accomplished,
By just a few moments of thought.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WHEN I COME HOME TO TEA.

To some the morning hour is sweet
And passes all too soon,
Some like mid day, but as for me,
I love the afternoon.
For then as five o'clock draws nigh,
From desk and pen I flee;
And for a welcome warm look out,
When I come home to tea.

Curmudgeons all may scoff and sneer;
Why, let them; what care I?
They're but a race of porcupines,
And I just pass them by.
They grumble deep at all mankind,
And cast sheep's eyes on me;
I wish my joys were theirs as well
When I come home to tea.

Poor slaves of drink, I mourn your ways;
Your stupid tricks I fear;
Your "pick-me-ups" and "knock-me-
downs,"

Your pots of heavy beer.
I scorn your low and smoky haunts
I shun your drunken glee;
And hail with joy that happy hour
When I come home to tea.

Poor bachelors, I mourn for you,
I mourn your luckless life;
Sincerely from my heart I wish
That man would take a wife;
What rapturous joy your hearts would
fill

If you were blessed like me,
In meeting wife and happy bairns
When going home to tea.

Infatuation, oh, how strange!
Which stupid men display,
In leaving home and seeking out
There pleasures far away.
For me—my heaven on earth I find
When children round my knee,
Light up the house with prattle gay
When I come home to tea.

—R. Semple.

A DAY AT BLACK HORSE AND
ANGEL ALLEY.

Many years ago in a narrow alley stood
the Black Horse, one of the worst gin
shops in the East End of London. A
door and a private stairway were in use
for the escape of thieves when a con-
stable was in pursuit of them. A trap-
door also led to an underground room,
where suspected burglars were hidden.
A cellar was used for drunken persons to
sleep off their torpor.

Next door to this place Mr. George
Holland determined to open a school for
the ragged children in the neighborhood.
The first night on which it was opened
eleven young thieves came in to see what
he proposed doing. "Give us a song,"
they said. "If you can't sing, we'll sing
you one," which they did.

They supposed he would send for a
policeman, and a fight would result, so
that the school would be broken up. But
he said kindly, but firmly, "Boys, if you
don't go away, I shall put you out," which
he proceeded to do as gently as possible,
and locked the door. The roughs were
pleased that he had the courage not to
call a policeman to his aid, and Mr. Hol-
land remained unmolested.

Ragged children came who had no food
for a day and a half, who had slept on
doorsteps, on sidewalks, or in empty
boxes, stealing a raw turnip or a carrot
to eat, if possible. Two of the little
girls who came had walked the streets of
London for two whole nights, with no
place to lay their heads. Some of the
children, not over five and seven years
old, were intoxicated. Two little boys
came crying and saying, "Mother is dead.
She died at home." Going to the home,
which was only one room, in which four
persons ate and slept, Mr. Holland found
the dead mother.

The work soon increased, till the Black
Horse was rented, and then Angel Alley,
next door, a liquor and gambling saloon
as bad as Black Horse.

When I reached the head of the nar-
row, dark street, I hesitated about going
further, for I saw ragged women with
babies in their arms, and old, tumble-
down houses, but soon I came to a door,
with a placard telling of the meetings
and stating that all were welcome.

Two ragged urchins opened the door and
led the way to the white-haired man who
had given his life to these people, never
marrying and making for himself a home,
because he felt that he must have no
other thought save for these abandoned
ones.

"Come this way till I show you my
children," said George Holland, with his
beaming face. Here was a large, clean
room, with an organ made by a working
man, neat mottoes on the walls, and a
company of the most ragged and forsaken
children I have ever seen. Their feet
were bare, their dresses and coats hung
in tatters about them, and their faces
were thin and worn for lack of food and
sleep. With all-night revels in house
and street, no wonder that these little
creatures are puny and die early.

Another room was for industrial work,
where the boys learn to be carpenters,
make fret work with their little saws,
and print with their small printing
presses. In the next room was the
school school for the very small children,
some of whom were scarcely able to walk.
When they are through this school for
the day, they go to the toy-room, where
these worse than orphan children ride on
rocking horses, or draw little wagons, or
admire the animals in Noah's Ark.

Another part of the house was used
for a Kitchen Garden, where the girls had
little tables, plates and cups, brooms,
brushes and small tubs, and were taught
to be good servants.

We step over into the Black Horse and
Angel Alley, where are beds for homeless
girls, a day nursery where babies are left
for the day while their mothers work,
they paying four cents for the care of an
infant, or six cents if they have husbands.

As soon as the children are brought in
the morning, their dirty clothes are re-
moved, and when bathed, clean ones be-
longing to the house are put on. Each
crib has a red blanket with the name of
some wild flower embroidered on it.
Over the cot some flower is painted, with
a text of Scripture. Over a pretty dark-
eyed baby that put up its hands and
wanted to come to me, were the words,
Daisy, Malachi 18: 2.

Another has Lily of the Valley, Mat-
thew 6: 28-30; Mignonette, Sweet Pea,
etc.

Beyond are neat little beds for home-
less boys. One little fellow seemed near
to death when found by Mr. Holland.
He had a big dog who had been his com-
panion, and he could not bear to part
with him, but how could they have a dog
at the Home?

"Don't take him away," pleaded the
boy. "I han't got no father or mother,
and he's my only comfort. He lies on
my breast and keeps the life in me. Be-
sides, when I'm laying on the street at
night, he barks when he hears a police-
man, and wakes me up so that we get up
and move on to another place." This
brings to mind Dickens' Joe, the street-
sweeper, who murmurs as he is dying,
thinking that the policeman is urging
him on, "I'm a-moving to the berryin'
ground—that's the move as I'm up to."
The dog was brought to the Home, and
the boy became well, thanks to care and
food. By and by some boys and girls
collected fruit for him to sell, and he
earned his living till old enough to go to
sea.

One of the most interesting things in
connection with this work for the ragged
is the Tuesday dinner for invalid children.
Few of these at their own homes ever
had over a slice of bread for breakfast or
dinner, and often not as much as that.
The children are charged two cents each
for this Tuesday dinner, the cost for each
being about twelve cents. The pinched
little faces brighten when they see the
meat, which they never see on any other
day. In the coldest weather a basin of
soup and a piece of bread are given twice
or three times a week. The children
have a Boot and Shoe Club. The day I
was at the Black Horse, a wee ragged
child, with pretty black eyes and curly
hair, came in to get her share of money
from the club bank.

Her poor cloth shoes were out at the
sides so that her feet touched the pave-
ment. The teacher showed me her re-
cord, how that for many a week, from
her scanty earnings by selling matches or
flowers on the street, she had laid by one
cent till she has saved, with what little
her mother had put in the club bank for
her, enough to buy some cheap shoes.
For every twenty-five cents that a child
earns, Mr. Holland adds four cents. The
girl went away happy with the money
for her shoes.

The mothers' meetings are full of in-
terest. All gave one cent a week that
they may have tea together once a
month. One of the poor men said, "I
wish you had a place for the men at the
back of the mothers' meetings, for by
what my wife tells me, it must be beauti-
ful to be there."

The poor in the out-of-town mothers'
meetings send nosebags to their desolate
sisters in the city; so kindly is human
nature in its lowest estate. In the sum-
mer, bunches of flowers are given to these
ragged children, and they will come the
next morning to repeat the Bible verse
which was pinned to the flowers.

There are sewing classes where the
mothers make garments for three hun-
dred children receiving four cents an
hour for the labor, and obtaining the
garments at cost. There is a Free Labor
Loan Society, to which every man pays
ten cents a week, and can borrow when
he needs. In seven years over \$30,000
have been loaned, and so honest are these
workers that only about ten dollars have
been lost.

These ragged schools, such as the
Black Horse, at George Yard, White
Chapel, were started by a cobbler, who
gathered children around him by dis-
tributing hot potatoes, speaking with
such kindness and a smile on his face,
that all the children listened. The first
society was organized in 1844, in a cow-
shed.

When these schools were first estab-
lished the boys were so rough that they
threw ink bottles at the heads of the
teachers. Sometimes six boys would
put the head master on the floor, and,
sitting on his back, would say, "Pop goes
the weasel." One boy of thirteen, who
had been in jail over a dozen times, when
dressed decently, looked in the glass and
said, "Oh, sir the dog won't know me!"

From the beginning of this work, the
noble Earl of Shaftesbury was president
of ragged schools. About a half million
children have been helped to better
education and morals, and juvenile crime
has decreased seventy-five per cent in
twenty-five years.—Sarah K. Boulton, in
A True Republic.

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dramatic action, and carries his audi-
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quence.—Templar Watchword.