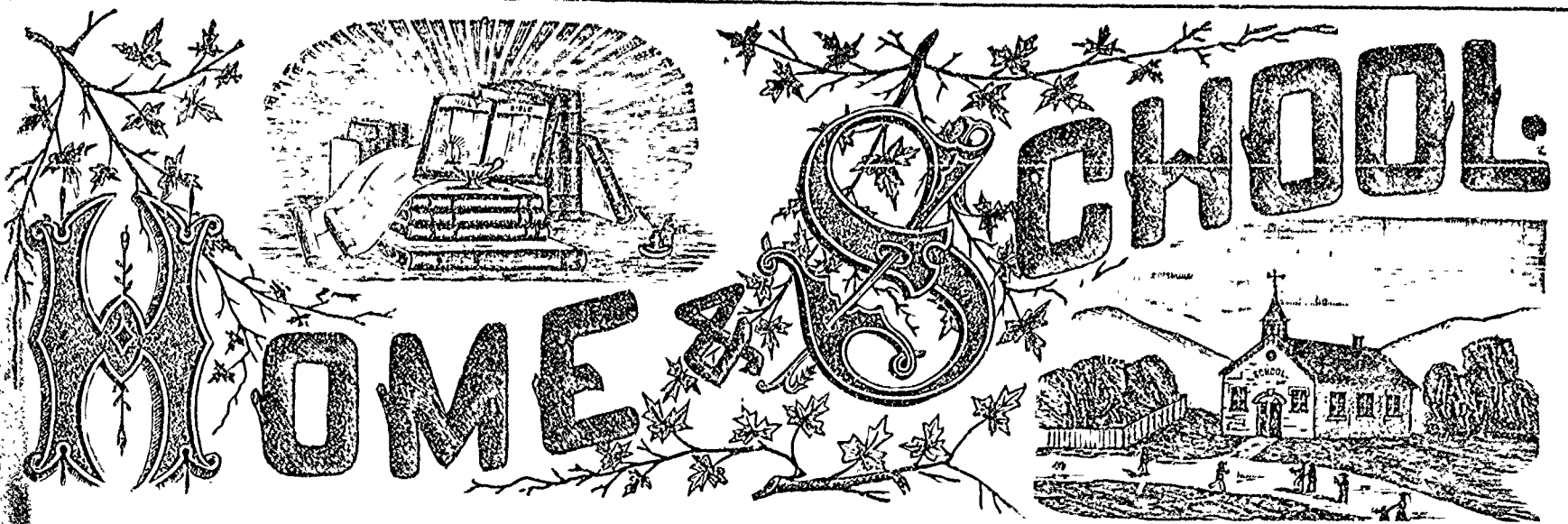


# HOME SCHOOL.



### What I Live For.

Live for those who love me,  
For those I know are true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too ;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task my God assigned me,  
For the bright hope left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

Live to learn their story,  
Who've suffered for my sake,  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake ;  
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crown history's pages  
And time's great volume make.

Live to hail that season  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When men shall live by reason,  
And not alone for gold,  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

Live to hold communion  
With all that is divine,  
To feel that there is union  
Twixt Nature's heart and mind ;  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truth from fields of friction,  
Grow wiser from conviction—  
Fulfilling God's design.

Live for those that love me,  
For those that know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above  
me,  
And awaits my spirit, too ;  
For the wrongs that need resist-  
ance,  
For the cause that needs assist-  
ance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

John Howard.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is just about one hundred years ago since John Howard was initiated into his life-work of Prison Reform by his appointment to the office of Sheriff of Bedford. It may not be an inappropriate commemoration of that important event to trace briefly the principal incidents of his life, and to note the results of his philanthropic labours.

John Howard's father was a successful London merchant, in religion a Nonconformist, of respectable Puritan stock.

Having amassed a very considerable fortune in trade, he retired to the little village of Cardington, in Bedfordshire, where the subject of this paper—early orphaned by the death of his mother—spent the years of his childhood. The date of his birth is not definitely known. It was probably in the year 1726. He was a gentle, shy, and sickly child,

giving no anxiety of that strength of character and force of will which he afterwards evinced.

Young Howard had good masters, but exhibited no genius for learning. He was early placed in a London counting-house, where, among ledgers and day-books, invoices and bills of lading, he formed that practical acquaintance with business, and acquired those habits

on the Continent, his Puritan training and his high moral principles preserved him from the fashionable vice and folly of the gay European capitals in which he sojourned.

### HIS SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

On his return to England, after an absence of two years, he was obliged to live the quiet life of an invalid at Stoke-

stranger back to life. On his recovery he astonished his simple landlady by the offer of his hand, his heart, his fortune. She refused his rather portentous offer, alleging as reasons her age—more than twice his own—and their disparity in social position. He was urgent : he felt it his duty to marry her, he said ; and, having overcome her scruples, marry her he did.

The wedded life of this singularly matched couple—one of calm and quiet joy—lasted only three years, when Howard's grave and gentle spouse, always infirm in health, died. His domestic ties dissolved, his empty heart yearned for employment to fill its vacancy. Action was a habit and necessity of his soul. The fearful earthquake of 1755 had just occurred. The city of Lisbon was shaken to its foundations, and 60,000 of its inhabitants were buried in its ruins. Howard hastened to relieve the distress of the sufferers ; but his generous purpose was frustrated. The Seven Years' War was raging. French privateers swept the seas. Howard was captured, and suffered the barbarities inflicted upon prisoners of war in the French dungeons of Brest ; and those sufferings he never forgot. The iron of affliction entered his own soul, and made it ever thereafter more sensitive to the sorrows of others. He was released on parole, obtained an exchange, and rested not till he had procured the freedom of all his fellow-prisoners.

In three years Howard married again ; and this time the choice of his heart was—in age, rank, person, and character—every way worthy of the good man whose life she was to bless. Mild, amiable, pious, and philanthropic, she ably seconded his benevolent designs. With a spirit answering to his own, during the first weeks of their honeymoon she sold the most of her jewels to establish a fund for the relief of the sick and the destitute. Richer jewels in her husband's eyes, and a fairer adornment of her character, were her alms-deeds and charities, than any wealth of pearls or diamonds that could bedeck her person, and in the sight of God an ornament of greater price. After seven years of wedded happiness



JOHN HOWARD AND HIS PRISON WORK.

of industry, which characterized his after-life. At the age of seventeen he became, by his father's death, the heir of nearly the whole of his large fortune. But Howard's health was poor, and a change of air and occupation was imperative. He therefore forsook the leaden skies of London for the balmy atmosphere of France and Italy. While

Newington. Here an event took place which gives an insight into his character. He lodged with a widow, a Mrs. Lidore. She, too, had been an invalid for years, was in humble circumstances, homely in appearance, and fifty-two years of age. While in her house, Howard became dangerously ill. She tended him like a mother, and nursed the sick