

The Use of Tools.

(By the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D.)

Before I went into the missionary work I had a pretty good knowledge of the use of tools, and had acquired some skill in various departments of machinery. I had experimented a little in chemistry as it then was, and a good deal in steam. This had come, in a providential way, in the struggle for existence; and I thought nothing of it except as so much time lost from my missionary work.

I had not been in Constantinople three months before I began to revise my judgment. Every one who wanted an English article had to go to Stampa's store for it. And, if he was a missionary, he was intentionally insulted by the 'pious' and profane language about the missionary work used by the drinking English engineers with one another. One called 'Big Taylor' was their leader.

I suffered it once; and resolved to have a talk with them on steam, if I should experience like treatment again, I studied up all the difficult points I knew.

The next time I entered the store, Big Taylor, and two of his pals were there, and their talk was an outrage upon decency. When I was going out, I faced around in front of Big Taylor, and asked him if I might propose to him some questions on steam.

'Why, bless your soul! That is our business! You may ask us anything on that!'

They soon found that they were caught in a trap.

I finally told them that I did not doubt they were good and able engineers; but, as to scientific knowledge of steam, they were perfect ignoramuses! In future, would it not be better if I, wanting to know about anything practical, should come to them, and they, wishing to know about anything scientific, should come to me, and I would answer them plainly, or confess my inability? Big Taylor declared his profound respect; and no insulting or profane word was heard by any missionary, in Stampa's store after that. My studies on steam were not lost.

When I had a boarding-school of forty-two boys and young men, a new experience opened upon me.

The evangelical, or Protestant body of Armenians were boycotted to an extent that reduced them almost to starvation. The students had to provide for their own clothing, and all their resources were cut off.

Against many objections I resolved to introduce industrial occupations by which every student should be able to clothe himself by his own labor.

The opportunity was most favorable. There was a great demand for sheet-iron stoves and stovepipes. I had never made such things, but I knew that the process was simple, and, with proper tools, I could teach the students to do the work. They could undersell the Italian and Jewish workmen by fifty percent and yet make splendid wages. There was no money for such an object, which was not believed in; but I obtained forty pounds (\$200) from the English engineers!

I sent this money to Moses Pond & Co., Union street, Boston, with the simple request that Mr. Pond would send me tools, to that amount, such as he judged I should need. He sent them magnificently, and I hold him to be a genuine and good man.

I had never seen half the tools, but we learned how to use them. The students were enthusiastic; and in three months every one was well dressed, as the fruit of his own labor, without in the least interfering with his studies.

Questions of socialism and political economy came up in the management of this industry. What share would the unskilful, the lazy, the incompetent, have? What percent should be reserved for keeping up the workshop, and the care of stock, etc.? All this was true enlightenment and education.

Friends of mine were alarmed. 'You may make good mechanics; you will make no teachers or preachers!'

I was written to from Glasgow and Boston; and, finally, it was voted that I close the work shop, and sell the tools and stock. I resolved at once to dismount the tools, and informed the station that the clothing of forty students would now fall upon them. The vote was rescinded; the industry vindicated itself. There were very many interesting results that I must not dwell upon.

But there was a boycotted and suffering community that needed, both for its moral and spiritual health, the privilege of work, from which they were debarred. I, as a foreigner, could protect any industry I should establish. I was able to relieve many in this way; and they proved faithful and capable.

There were about a dozen families, and some young men, altogether beyond any means of help. For them, I succeeded through marvellous obstacles and opposition, in establishing a flour-mill and bakery. Mr. Charles Ede, an excellent English merchant and baker, furnished the capital, in spite of many a sneer at his folly.

It was wonderfully prospered. It furnished every man willing to work, the means of a comfortable living for himself and family. In one year we had paid back half the capital, together with interest.

Then came the Crimean War. The English wanted our bread because it was both the best and the cheapest. We made from five tons to six and a half tons a day. Not a Protestant in Constantinople and vicinity were without work at high wages. It was grandly successful.

I aimed at no profit; but, when all was settled up, at the close of the war I had \$25,000 remaining. It was made a building fund, at a time of great need.

Whatever of good there was in all this resulted wholly from the use of tools. I knew nothing of these particular industries; but I knew how to do some things, and they made all other things possible.

Every educated man should have an industrial education as an important part of his course. The eye, the head, the hand, should work together. Our Lord was a carpenter. It is honorable to have a kit of carpenter's tools, and to know how to use them.

I was delighted to find how easy it was to add a movable forge and a few blacksmith's tools, and then a small furnace for melting ores. No one will become an adept in these things; but he will have a good deal of fun, good health, and some usefulness from them. He will laugh at his failures, and rejoice at his successes. He will keep in touch with this age of mechanical achievement, and will be more of a man among men.—'The Christian Endeavor World.'

Boldness.

In olden times Oriental despots expected ambassadors to cringe in the dust if permitted to appear before them. Many did this, but when England's ambassadors came they stood bolt upright. They were told they could not see the Emperor without going on their hands and knees. 'Very well,' they said, 'we will dispense with the luxury.' By so doing they actually rose in the respect of the Oriental nations. It must be just so with Christ's ambassadors. Our cowardice subjects the gospel to contempt. Jesus was never mean or cowardly, nor must his servants be.—'Spurgeon's "Feathers for Arrows."'

Correspondence

Port Maitland, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the sea-shore. I can see three fish-traps and Cape St. Mary's lighthouse, when the weather is clear. I can see steamers and vessels when they pass by. We often pick up drift stuff, and one time I picked up oranges.

ALMON, aged nine years.

Falmouth, Hants Co.

Dear Editor,—I live in the pretty little village of Falmouth, which lies along the banks of the Avon River. The water of the Avon is very muddy, but the tide rises so high, and rushes in so swiftly, that, while looking at it and admiring it, we forget the muddy water. The orchards are clothed in pink and white, and the grass has grown tall enough to wave, and is so bright and green that our country looks very beautiful. Our farm is very large, and we have been busy putting in the crop. I can help quite a lot, as I am able to drive a team, harrow and take care of the cows, calves and pigs. We have a very pretty little colt, a few days old. At present I have no pets excepting a Maltese kitten and a pigeon.

DOUGLAS M., aged twelve.

Napanee, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters that come from the North-West, and it seems to me I would like to be there when all the flowers are in bloom: I am a great lover of flowers, and wherever I see one I feel like picking it. One time when I was quite small, I went and gathered a lot of field daisies, and brought them home to set out in my flower-garden, but when papa found it out he made me burn them up as they are such a troublesome weed. I think the apple-blossom of itself, about as nice a flower as there is.

GERTIE.

Mitchell Square.

Dear Editor,—Pa keeps a general store and post-office, and I am learning to wait on customers. The country is lovely, everything is robed in beauty. I am very fond of music.

VIOLET, aged ten.

Rugby, N. Dak.

Dear Editor,—I have five sisters and one brother, he is next to the youngest. We have an Indian pony and we have a big dog. Papa has nine horses, and with the pony, it makes ten.

EDNA, aged ten.

Hazel Cliff, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I live about twenty-four miles north of Wapella, between the Qu'Appelle River and the Little Cut Arm, which is a very pretty place, especially in summer. I am putting in some seeds in my garden. The weather is nice and warm, and everything is growing well. I like the summer very much.

PEARL, aged ten.

Upper Musquodoboit.

Dear Editor,—We are going to have a rally soon, it is expected to come through the place where we live. I often go fishing, as there are a great many trout in the brooks.

NORMAN, aged eleven.

Shoal Harbor, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm, and I have a lot of pets. Our house is by the sea-shore, and in the summer time we play on the beach. In the winter my brother and I skate on the ice. Papa has a saw-mill, it is great fun to watch the wheels going around.

NELLIE, aged nine.

Noel Shore, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I always read the correspondence column first. I was much interested in the letter which Maggie, of Lower Selma, wrote, she is a friend of mine.

I have two sisters, and had five brothers. Two are in the American navy. They are cruising about Cuba. The condensed milk factory at Truro was burned a short time ago. The tide now brings cans of condensed milk to the shore, and we pick them up at noon-time when at school.

We have a garden in which there are lots of roses. We also have a large orchard. I have not many pets, but I like all the little birds, especially the bobolink or swamp robin. It is back now.

MYRTIS LEONA, aged twelve.