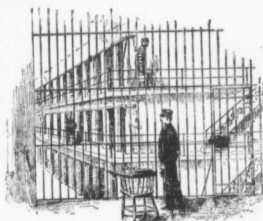


"IN PRISON, AND YE CAME UNTO ME."

BY ALFRED E. LAVELL, B.A.

LET me tell you a true story of the power of kindness. One day, many years ago, in one of the dungeons of Kingston Penitentiary, there was confined a convict, named by the officials as one of the most incorrigible men they had ever



had under their charge. He was a comparatively young man, but this, they knew, was by no means his first term in prison; and as for his life outside, they could only guess at it, and feel sure that their worst surmises would no more than equal the truth. While in prison, rarely a month passed that did not bring reports against him for bad behaviour, and no advice, warning, punishment, not even the fearful sentence to the "cat," seemed to be of any avail in bringing him into subjection. Our "system," if its aim were ever to force men to reform, had certainly met its match.

Even now upon this day was he in the dungeon awaiting merely the examination of the penitentiary surgeon, that if pronounced physically "fit," he might upon the next day undergo a flogging for some more than usually grave offence. He slowly paced to and fro in the darkness, then sullenly turned as he heard his lock slide back and saw grey light partly dispel the darkness, as through the open door someone entered his cell. The newcomer was a man of spare form, not tall, with a face intellectual, commanding, and such as would win the complete trust and homage of any child or man, sinner or saint, who ever looked into those kindly eyes. It was the doctor. With the tender thoughtfulness of one who loved his fellow-men under all their guises, and yet with the thoroughness of the expert, he made his examination. The convict was physically fit for the punishment. His duty done, the doctor turned to leave, and with slow step and thoughtful brow reached the door, hesitated, looked back, turned, and came again near the convict; and now it was no longer prisoner and surgeon face to face, but man and man.

"Jim, my lad," said the doctor in a low voice, "how is it that you cannot keep straight?"

No answer.

"Don't you think, Jim," urged the quiet, firm voice, "that if you tried you could do better than you do?"

A quick glance shot from the sullen face, and slowly from between clenched teeth came the muttered words:

"You don't know me or you wouldn't say that."

"What do you mean, Jim? I am sure you can, with the help of God."

"Well sir, this is what I mean." The words came in a low voice full of suppressed emotion, which gave them a fearful force, "Here is my life. I were born and bred in the worst slums of London. I were trained to crime and have been in prison or worse places all my life. I've knocked agin the world and it has knocked agin me, and you are the only one in the world who ever gave me a kind word. Try to reform?" Here his voice arose with a fierce pitch, "My God! I have tried, but what's the use! The world hates me and I hate it. I'm going to hell, and I can't help it," and the voice sunk as all his breath went, and came again, and burst into a broken sob.

Tenderly the doctor placed his hand upon the convict's shoulder.

"Try once more, Jim, and win. I have to go, but before that I want you to give me your hand and make me a promise. Promise me that you will, with God's help, make another attempt to be a man, and I promise you that you will not be flogged to-morrow."

He held out his hand. A new spirit seemed to look out of the face of the

gently touched upon the arm by a stalwart, bearded man, and beckoned to one side. It was Jim, and there upon the street he told the doctor of his struggles, and his victories under the power of God. He was now doing well at a trade, married, and living an honest life. And again and again, with tears in his eyes, he thanked the doctor for the few kind words spoken in his cell years ago, which had meant his salvation and his reformation.

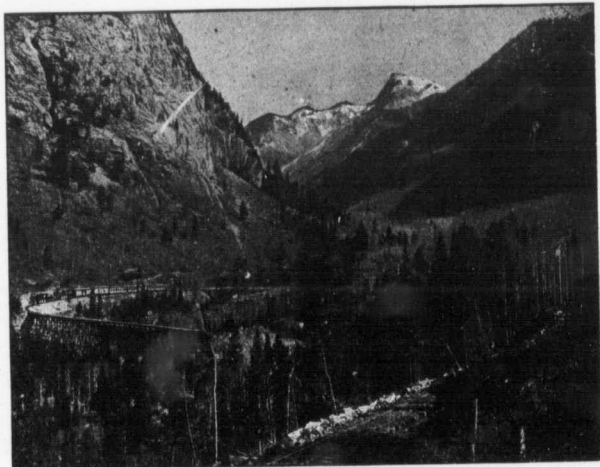
The doctor was my father. I never heard him tell the story but once. We were alone one evening and he seemed to be talking more to himself than to me; but I had there and then a glimpse of the never-ending joy that comes to a man when he has let his life reflect the love of God to a fellow-man, and a lesson of the power of kindness to lift up, strengthen and save a soul who is lost in the depths of sin and despair.

Ayr, Ont.

THE LEAGUER IN BUSINESS.

BY REV. W. McMULLEN, B.A.

TAKE it for granted that you are in business, either as your own master or as the servant of another, and that hammer or yard-stick, paint-brush, pen, or plough, are not unfamiliar to



OPHIR LOOP, DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILWAY, COLORADO.

other, and there in that prison cell surgeon and convict clasped hands. No word was spoken, and they parted.

Immediately the surgeon interviewed the warden. The convict's punishment was cancelled. Two years longer he remained in the penitentiary, and never once was he reported for a single breach of discipline. At the end of his time he was discharged, left the gates, and the officers saw him no more.

Years after, the doctor, while walking along in one of our large cities, was

you. You belong to the great army of workers, the world's untitled nobility, her unacknowledged heroes, who, amid dust and smoke, in cold and heat, with scanty praise and abundant censure, are bearing, Atlas-like, with weary yet willing muscle and brain, the load of our race's sustenance. To such I speak.

Don't be ashamed of your business. If your work entailed soiled hands or face, remember that the Man of Nazareth bore soiled hands as well as thou. The touch of Labor soils but never stains. Honor