

scientific men, but the eminent men of Wales are her bards, her literary men, her musicians; her hymn-composers, and her preachers. What do we see in the cottage homes of Wales? Not pictures of horse-races—not portraits of prizefighters. No, no; but portraits of the pulpit giants of the Principality, portraits of Gospel heroes, of the warriors of the Cross, the messengers of peace.

'As a nation we have many faults, but there are spots even on the sun. Show me a nation with higher national characteristics: a nation among whose people the Word of God has such a power in family and social life: a nation in which law, sobriety, honesty, and industry so prevail as amongst the Welsh: a nation by whom the Sunday is better sanctified and the Sunday School upheld: a nation which is now speaking the same language which was spoken by their forefathers more than 2,000 years ago: or show me another nation whose working men sacrifice the greater part of a week to attend a musical and literary festival in their thousands.'

Some day, perhaps, there will be an English Elsteddod, and then—!

### At the Prison Gate.

'Passing the State prison in Wethersfield on foot, one spring morning, thirty years ago,' said an old gentleman recently—one of the prison commissioners of the State of Connecticut—'I saw the gate open, a man come out, and the gate close again. The man looked pale and worn and sad. He stood by the gate, in the broad May sunshine, in a perplexed, undecided way, and I noticed that the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked up and down the road, up at the sky, then stood with bowed head.'

'Where now, my friend?' I asked cheerfully.

'I don't know, good sir,' replied the man sadly. 'I was just thinking that I would throw my hat straight up into the air and go the way the wind blew it. I would rather go back into the prison, but they won't have me now that I have worked out my sentence. They won't have me there, and I don't suppose they will have me anywhere,' he went on in a broken voice, 'but I have got to be somewhere. I don't know what will become of me; foresight isn't as good as hindsight, sir.'

'I am walking to Hartford; take passage with me,' I said.

'You won't care to be in such company,' he replied, looking at me incredulously. 'Perhaps you don't understand that I have just worked out a sentence in the State prison here.'

'I understand,' I said. 'We are all wayfarers; come along, and we will talk the matter over, and decide as we go what can be done for you.'

It was a lovely, warm day. We walked slowly and talked a good deal, or, rather, my companion talked, and I encouraged him to do so. He answered my questions frankly, clutching hungrily at my ready sympathy. He was very free to talk of himself, and said at last, as I smiled at some unimportant disclosure:

'Reserve was never one of my failings, sir. If I tell any thing, I tell all. That is the way I came to get into prison. Had I kept silent, I should have gone free; but by this time, my heart, full of pent-up sin, would have been a mass of corruption.'

'I found that he had made shoes in the prison. "I never had a trade before," he said. "I think if I had, I would not have

fallen into errors. Had I had a legitimate way of getting a living, I would not have been tempted as I was. I have a good trade to begin on now, however. I have brought that away with me, as well as a better memory and a lasting disgrace.'

'It is not the fact of your being in prison, but the crime that carried you there, wherein lies the sin,' I said.

'But those who are not found out escape the disgrace,' he replied bitterly with a deep sigh, and I hastened to say:

'I think I know a man here in the city who will hire you. He is a large shoe manufacturer, and I am sure he will make a place for you as a favor to me, even if he does not really need a man.'

'The more I thought about it, the more confident I felt that my friend would take him into his manufactory.'

'If I were in your place,' I said, as we entered the city, 'I would not lisp a word about having been in prison.'

'The poor fellow stopped short and looked at me. The hopeful look dropped out of his face, his eyes filled with tears, and he said in a broken voice:

'You have been very kind, but I had better bid you good-bye, sir. I cannot live and lie. I promised my God last night in my cell, that was so dark at first, but so light at last when Jesus came to me there, that I would be true whatever befell me, and I will keep my word.'

'Forgive me for tempting you at the outset,' I said. 'Come on.'

'I saw my friend, and told him the whole story. He had a little talk with my man, and made a bargain with him. That night, just at the hour for the shop to close, we three went into the work-room.'

'Here is a poor fellow who was discharged this morning from the Connecticut State prison,' said the proprietor. 'I am going to give him a start in life by taking him into the shop; he will begin work to-morrow.'

'There were indignant glances among the men, and one spoke up hastily:

'I shall leave if he stays. I will not work with a jail bird.'

'Very well,' said the employer, 'any one who wishes to leave can bring in a bill of his time in the morning.'

'Only one man—the man who had constituted himself spokesman—left.'

'Ten years later that discharged convict was the owner of that manufactory, and the man who would not work with a "jail-bird" was one of the journeymen. As I said to begin with, that was thirty years ago. The man whom I met at the prison door is now a Senator in the Legislature of one of our New England States. He said to me the other day:

'I tremble when I think what the result might have been, had an evil, instead of a good, friend met me outside of the prison door.'—'Advocate and Guardian.'

### The Find-the-Place Almanac.

#### TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Jan. 14, Sun.—Certainly I will be with thee.

Jan. 15, Mon.—All the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.

Jan. 16, Tues.—The blood shall be to you for a token.

Jan. 17, Wed.—The Lord went before them.

Jan. 18, Thurs.—Fear ye not.

Jan. 19, Fri.—Go forward.

Jan. 20, Sat.—The Lord is my strength.

### A Remarkable Physician.

Last spring, in the city of New York, occurred one of the most remarkable funerals ever witnessed. The hearse which bore the dead man was attended by sixty pall-bearers, and each man of the sixty, owed his life, under God, to the ministrations of him they bore. Behind the hearse walked eight hundred men in line, hardly one of whom but was indebted to the dead man for his ability to be there.

Two hundred and ninety-three carriages followed, and these in turn were attended by a large number of people on foot.

Who was this man, who, being dead, could so stir the hearts of the people? Who was he, that he should be mourned over by fifteen thousand persons in one day, because they would look upon his face no more? Was he a great general; a world-honored statesman?

No. He was a simple east-side physician, whose patients were dwellers in the tenement districts, and whose mourners were the poor to whom he had ministered.

Doctor Aronson inherited a small property from his father, and early determined that his life should be spent in service for others. He made lung diseases his specialty, and studied with Koch in Berlin, and in the best schools in Europe. When he came back to New York he was unknown, save to physicians, but he immediately opened, at his own expense, a hospital for consumptives in the poorest part of the city, and threw himself heart and soul into the work of alleviating the distresses of friendless patients.

It was his custom when called upon to attend a poor family, to leave a few dollars on the table behind him. In the bestowal of these gifts neither creed nor race was recognized.

A friend said of him: 'He was a man who took peculiar pleasure in seeing other people happy. He often declared that if he had ten millions of dollars, he would spend his life in driving around the tenement districts, and relieving the poor.'

He himself once said: 'I like to discover a case where a hard landlord is pushing a poor tenant to the wall. Then it is my delight to come in at the last moment, raise my hand, and call a halt, with a cheque for the amount owed by the tenant. Then real happiness is seen in the face of the one relieved.'

'A man's life is so short at best,' he was wont to say. 'It would be an easy matter to make the world happy, and oneself, too, if each person would but contribute all he possibly could to the relief of the suffering.'

Several years ago a case of blood-poisoning occurred on the east side of New York. The patient was a poor woman, and she was critically ill. Physicians, to whom applications had been made, had refused to take the case because of the exceptional risk in the treatment that was required.

The night when Dr. Aronson heard of it was the night of his brother's wedding, and he was dressed to attend it. He was to that the woman would die unless she was operated upon in less than two hours. He threw off his dress-suit, hurried to her bed side, and performed a successful operation. A few days after, he himself was taken down with blood-poisoning, contracted from the sufferer, and for weeks lingered between life and death.

Then a wonderful and beautiful sight was seen. Hundreds came daily to inquire for the good physician. Scores of people knelt together in the open air around his doorstep, and prayed aloud for his recovery. The man was greatly beloved, because he had greatly loved and grandly given. When he recovered, he said he would gladly undergo the same again to save life.

At last came a day when upon his return from a call on a poor and wretched patient this good man dropped dead upon the sidewalk, near his own doorstep, his end thus coming, it was said, just as he had long secretly hoped and prayed that it might come.

The end came, we have said. But who can predicate an end to a life so filled with the Spirit of him who was, pre-eminently, the Helper and Healer of men?—'Youth's Companion.'