

ampton, and then conveyed to the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, in Saville Row. Here an examination was made by Sir William Fergusson, in presence of other medical men, including Livingstone's old friend Dr. Loudon, of Hamilton, for identification of the body. On examining the arm fractured by the lion, the false joint was displayed, which had been recognized by those who had seen its condition in former days.

'The first glance,' says Sir William Fergusson, 'set my mind at rest, and that, with the further examination, made me as positive as to the identification of these remains, as that there has been among us in modern times one of the greatest men of the human race—David Livingstone.'

On Saturday, April 18, 1874, the remains were laid in their last resting-place, among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey.

The following estimate of his character was given by Sir Bartle Frere:—'As a whole, the work of his life will surely be held up in ages to come as one of singular nobleness of design, and of unflinching energy and self-sacrifice in execution. I could hardly venture to describe my estimate of his character as a Christian better than by saying that I never met a man who fulfilled more completely my ideal of a perfect Christian gentleman—actuated in what he thought, and said, and did, by the highest and most chivalrous spirit, modelled on the precepts of his great Master and Exemplar.'

### The Heart's Lullaby.

(Ophelia G. Burroughs, in the 'American Messenger'.)

Quiet, my heart, thou needest not to fear,  
The One who loves thee best is always near!

Why dost thou tremble, or with terror start?  
Quiet, my heart!

Patience, my heart, although the night  
seems long,

The morning's joy will wake the glad,  
new song,

And then all shadows for thee shall depart:  
Patience, my heart!

Courage, my heart, thy foes may press  
thee sore,

Yet thou shalt shout the victory o'er and  
o'er:

The shield of faith shall quench each fiery  
dart!

Courage, my heart!

Hope thou, my heart, fruition is at hand,  
When all life's mysteries thou wilt understand;

And know the whole—no longer but in  
part:

Hope thou, my heart!

Rest thee, my heart, content with God's  
sweet will;

Delight thyself in Him. He will fulfil  
All thy desires: for thou His treasure art!

Rest thee, my heart!

If smoking on the streets, street-cars and other public places is not a nuisance, there is no such thing as a nuisance. For no one can smoke in these public places without compelling those to imbibe the smoke who do not wish to do so,—and that, too, at second-hand, when it is doubly befouled.

## Drink and the Laboring Man.

### GREAT ENGLISH LABOR LEADER'S SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CURE OF POVERTY.

(*'The New Voice.'*)

John Burns, the distinguished labor advocate and member of the English Parliament, recently delivered a speech remarkable for its keen appreciation of the drink curse as a fundamental cause of the misery and degradation of so large a percent of the laboring classes. Following are specially interesting portions of the address:

Friends and Fellow-citizens,—When last I addressed you, I spoke on the duties of citizenship. . . . To-night I speak to you upon 'Some Social Problems'—not only those questions that affect your material surroundings, such as physical environment, local needs, industrial troubles, and inequalities of social life, but I intend to deal not only with some bur-



JOHN BURNS.

dens that are imposed upon you by past neglect and present mismanagement, but also with those burdens and grievances which you are partly responsible for, through the tastes you satisfy, the desires you gratify, the cravings you intensify, the difficulties your undisciplined conduct creates. . . . I am here to state the problem of London poverty as I see it, and to suggest to those who are, or will be, within its toils how best it can be overcome—yes, and three out of five in this hall will be, ere you die. The social problem in London is mainly begotten of poverty of means in the poor, poverty of ideas in the community, and perpetuates itself by these sordid and characteristic conditions. In this, the greatest, wealthiest, and presumably the best governed city in the world, we have a problem that demands much of the energy and wealth we are dissipating for less worthy causes in the outposts of the Empire. Solomon has said that 'the fool has his eyes in the ends of the earth.' That, by recent events, is lamentably true, as can now be easily seen in the past three years, which proves that there are too many fools in this country. The fact is there are 900,000 people in London living in overcrowded dwellings, of whom nearly 500,000 are living the life of the one-room tenement. . . . Beyond the remedies I have sug-

gested—viz., parliamentary help by fair rent courts, building and municipal owning—the one supreme remedy is for the overcrowded to think more and drink less, of their own initiative to help reforms that will help themselves, to be persistent in rising upwards and not vigilant in sliding downwards, and to spend on the improvement of their lot, even on rent, what is now devoted to drink, betting and worse. . . . Making every allowance for environment affecting will and conduct, there are thousands of homes in London which are dirty because the dwellers are drunken, filthy because their tenants are foul, verminous because their tenants are as lazy as their landlords are exacting. . . . Go into some mean streets, where wages are under 30s. One home is clean, bright, attractive, and in the same street, with more money, and often more room, others are dirty, untidy, noisome in their conditions. Why? Because the workman works hard five days, but on the sixth is generally found at the 'Corner Pin,' spotting winners and catching losers.

Will can counteract environment just as 'men are the sport of circumstances when circumstances should be the sport of men.' See to it that, so far as you are concerned, the home, however humble, shall be the abode of men and women free from the curse of drink, and the chloroforming effect it has upon all who come within its power. It makes all the difference to the appearance of home whether a little soap, some love, and will are there or not. . . . But I deem it my duty to say that but for drink and its concomitant evils, our problem would be smaller and our remedies more effective. Drunkenness has increased from 428 per 100,000 to 674 per 100,000 in 1899. In London the number of apprehensions had increased from 20,658 in 1887, to 56,066 in 1899, or from 3 3-4 per 100,000 to 8 1-2 per 100,000. . . .

I believe that the best and most simple remedy for drink is abstinence, but this must be supplemented by local or legislative action. One drink-cursed district, Liverpool, has since 1889 added 78,000 to its population, reduced its police drunkenness cases from 16,000 to 4,180, its crime from 926 to 552 per 100,000, its policemen to 100, at a saving of £8,000 to the rates by the simple remedy of having got rid of 345 licensed premises in eleven years. If this is practicable in Liverpool, why not in London, where, owing too frequently to magistrates and police, a similar reduction has not been made? In London there are over 10,000 licensed premises, thickest in poor districts, sad alternatives to poor, dreary and overcrowding homes, sapping physique, as recruiting figures prove, undermining morality, impairing skill, deteriorating efficiency, stifling happiness, killing homes and breaking hearts. Four pounds per head of population or £20 per family, is the average of our swollen drink bill of £160,000,000 for the last year.

There was once, I am told, a merchant who came into his office smacking his lips, and said to his clerk, 'The world looks very different to the man who has had a good glass of brandy and soda in the morning.' 'Yes,' said the clerk, 'and the man looks different to the world, too.'