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AN AFRICAN SEWING CLASS.

In Frere Town the colony for freed slaves set up on the east coast of Africa a few years ago there are gathered over eight hundred men, women and children, under the care and instruction of the Church Missionary Society. In this mission one of the prominent workers was Mrs. A. Downes Shaw, wife of the Rev. A. D. Shaw, and niece of Frances Ridley Havergal. One of her favorite classes in the mission was her sewing class, of which we give a portrait and of which her husband wrote the following lively description:—

"These girls are all the children of our villagers, except the big girl in the centre, who is my wife's maid and helper. When we went to Rabai we found it was the custom for the women to do all the hard work, and for the men to stay at home and stitch. This, of course, did not exactly suit my wife's idea, so she promised to teach the women to sew. But, alas! the erratic African fair ones were too much for her, for they either came in such force

as to be unmanageable (more than 200 being present once) or they came not at all. So, after trying for months to get them into order, she hit on the bright plan of dividing her energies; so now she gives two afternoons a week to the bigger school-girls. These have proved most apt pupils. They have made a large patchwork quilt, sewn bags, and helped to make coats for their brothers."

Mrs. Shaw, to the sorrow of all who knew her, died last April, during a stay at the Mauritius.

ONLY CIDER.

BY ELLA ROCKWOOD.

"I saw Brother Powelson to-day, mother; and he wants a barrel of cider again this fall," said Deacon Jones one chill October evening, as he pushed back his spectacles, folded up his paper, and drew a little closer to the cheerful wood fire that was snapping and crackling upon the hearth.

"He says he'll give ten cents a gallon," he added, as his wife did not reply.

Still no remark; and the knitting-needles only clicked the faster, as the heel of the gray woollen stocking grew apace. Somehow the deacon seemed to feel a trifle uneasy. He ran his fingers through his iron-gray hair; then jumped up and stirred the fire vigorously, going to the wood-box for a fresh stick; then, as he reseated himself, his wife, looking over the tops of her silver-rimmed spectacles, asked, "And what did you tell him, Jason?"

"Tell him! why, I told him he could have it, of course. That's what I call a fair price, and a man must look out for business."

"Business!" repeats his wife, an indignant flash coming into her black eyes. "What kind of business do you call it to sell a man that which is slowly but surely bringing his boys to a drunkard's grave?"

"Tut! tut! wife, don't put it quite so strong as that. Tom and Joe like a glass of cider, I'll allow, and perhaps they drink

more than is good for them, but I'm sure their own father ought to know, and he doesn't seem to object."

"Yes, he ought to know, I'll admit, but it seems he doesn't. I don't see how he can be so blind. Ever since they were little boys, and were allowed to drink all the cider they wanted, just as it was beginning to sparkle, their taste for it has been growing stronger, until now, sweet cider, or that in the earlier stages of fermentation, is insipid to their taste; and only last winter their mother told me that of the two barrels of cider put into their cellar, not a drop was left for vinegar. 'The boys were so fond of it,' she said, and her husband drank it to ward off rheumatism, although, his wife said with a laugh, she guessed he liked it as well as the boys did."

"She told me about one of their neighbor's boys," continued Mrs. Jones after a pause in which the Deacon looked fixedly at the ceiling, but said never a word, "who is somewhat younger than Tom and Joe,



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