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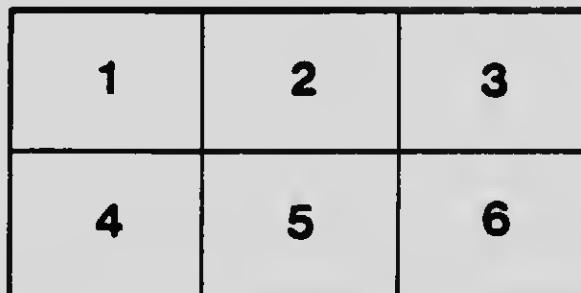
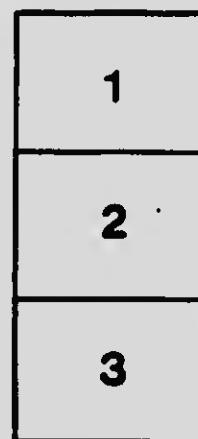
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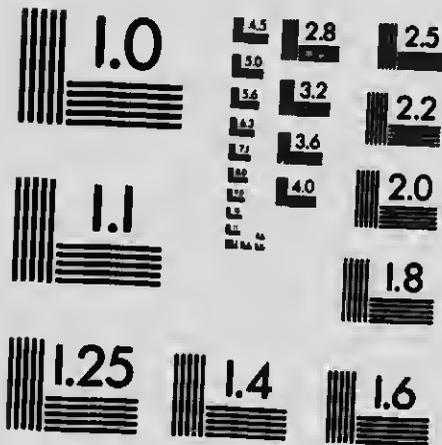
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The Innocents

A CHRISTMAS
STUDY



ALLAN PEARSON SHATFORD

THE INNOCENTS

A CHRISTMAS STUDY

With the author's Christmas wishes

BY
ALLAN PEARSON SHATFORD

For Sale at Local Bookstores

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JOHN LOVELL & SON, LIMITED
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Bernard Aukerman, May 1967.

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Dedicated to
The Promoters and Patrons
of
The Child Welfare Exhibition
Montreal, 1912

1103201



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St. Mathew's Gospel, Chapter 2. Verse 13 to End.

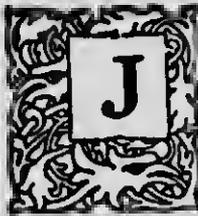
Now when they were departed, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I tell thee; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. And he arose and took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt; and was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord through the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt did I call my son. Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the male children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had carefully learned of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremiah the prophet, saying, A voice was heard in Ramah, Weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children; And she would not be comforted, because they are not.

But when Herod was dead, behold, an Angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead that sought the young child's life. And he arose and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel. But when he heard that Archelaus was reigning over Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither; and being warned of God in a dream, he withdrew into the parts of Galilee, and came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, that he should be called a Nazarene.



I

The Fear and the Flight



JOSEPH Chandler, carpenter, climbed wearily the five flights of rickety stairs leading to his home in the Lawrence tenements, and pushing open the door, entered and sprawled into the one-arm rocker just inside. His face was white and drawn and his hands twitched nervously. A great groan of distress escaped him. Just then, his wife came from an inner room, bearing in her arms a young child. The appearance of her husband startled her.

"Why, Joe, what's the matter?" she cried,—“are you ill?” In a moment she had laid the child on a rude couch in the corner and hurried to the man's side. She put her hand upon his forehead and ran her fingers through his tangled hair. Under the caress, the man broke down utterly. The words tumbled forth in an agony of fear:

“Mary, I can't stand it no longer. We must get out of this stinking hole. It was all right last year when we were alone. You and I could stand it. But the kid, my God! He would surely go under. It drives me crazy to think of it. I can't do my work. Twenty times to-day I made blunders, because this horrible fear knocked everything else out of my head. I couldn't see to hit the nails. My mind hangs on to this thing so much that some time I'll step off that

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cursed scaffolding and get killed. No, no, Mary, we must chuck everything and clear out of this city."

As the fierce sentences raced on, the woman became more and more alarmed. She could not understand her husband's meaning. Her hand slipped from his head and her eyes grew large with fear. Was Joe losing his mind? Or was it just the combination of heat and hard work? She knew how he had to labor all day long under a blazing sun against the side of the building. Again she lifted her hand and stroked his hair—she could not speak.

"There, Mary, I'll let the thing out. I s'pose you don't know what I'm driving at, so I had best tell you everything. I didn't want to worry you with my fears. But now I must, because the thing seems to me more than fear. It looks like a warning. For three nights now I've dreamed that the baby was dead."

The woman uttered a little scream and ran to the couch where the babe was quietly sleeping. She gathered the little fellow in her arms and returned to her husband. Then she held him up for the father to see that there was not the least evidence of illness.

"I know, Mary. There is nothing wrong now. He's as right as a trivet. But when this heat-wave reaches us, what chance will he have in this hole? Don't you remember last year? I've thought of nothing else for a week. During those ten days of stifling heat, 300 children died, and most of them in our quarter. And many of them just the age and just as healthy as this baby of ours. D—— these dirty, crowded tenements!"

He rose from his chair, and almost fiercely tore the child from his mother's arms and hugged it closely

The Fear and the Flight

to his heart. The father in the man was gathering strength in every stride of the room. He was ready to defend this little life with every ounce of his towering might. Going to the one window of the room, he flung high the sash and propped it up with an empty bottle. A fearful stench blew into the room. Down in the back alley there were broken barrels of garbage upon which the fierce sun had blazed all day long. The air was laden with reeking filth.

"What chance for life has a sick baby in that atmosphere?" cried the enraged husband. "Not even a dog could breathe here! This is only a fit place for rats, and God knows there are enough of them in this rotten hole."

"Oh, Joe!" cried the wife, and there was a note of happy relief in her voice. "That reminds me—the minister was here to-day and he said that we could have a week in the country, if we wished. He would sign the paper for us to the Fresh Air Fund."

Joe knocked the bottle from under the window and the sash came down with a crash, shattering one of the panes to fragments. The noise awakened the baby, and it set up a shrill cry.

"To hell with his charity!" angrily replied her husband, as he gave the child over to the soothing care of the mother, "We have as much right to the fresh air as the rich folk. You can't square an act of injustice by a deed of charity. Anyhow, what is a week in the country compared to fifty-one weeks of life in this vile place? It is enough to drive a man mad when he thinks of the helpless, hopeless life of a little child. Did God Almighty intend to make angels of Heaven from people living in such sur-

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roundings as these? Bah! I'm sick to death of churches and ministers when I hear all this guff about bliss and rest hereafter. A man needs a little of that sort of thing now, and an even chance to bring up decently his boys and girls."

It was the bitter wail of fatherhood; and there was painful truth in the man's outburst. The Lawrence tenements were certainly an unlikely place for clean living in any sense. Trains thundered by, night and day filling the air with the shriek of whistles and the clang of bells. Danger lurked on all sides. The filth was indescribable and vermin filled the alleys and out-sheds. The rooms were small and close, and during the hot weather the air was intolerable. Frequently a family of seven and eight was crowded into one room, sleeping, eating, living, all mingled together. Coarse men and coarser women were living in these squalid quarters and filling the hours of the night with their drunken brawl and indecent conduct.

Joseph Chandler was an unlettered man of finer sensibilities than most of his class. He was a good workman, though only capable of the rougher sort of carpentry. His wages made it impossible for him to afford a better home, and even here rents were exorbitant, far beyond the merits of the place. Such luxuries as ice and fresh air were unknown to the tenements—it was even difficult to get a sufficient supply of water. It was almost a miracle that any child survived ten days of heat with the thermometer running above 100 degrees. Mother's love was not strong enough to battle against the tremendous odds of impure air, suffocating heat, unwholesome food, wretched sanitation.

Mary crooned her baby back to sleep. The tor-

The Bear and the Flight

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tured heart of the father was eased of its pain. "Now I think that I can speak a little more calmly," he laughingly said, as he settled himself in a chair, by his wife's side and laid his sunburned, horny hand upon hers. "Mary, what could we do without our kiddie?" There was a catch in his voice. He swallowed hard, and then unfolded his plan.

"My dream haunts me. It seems a warning to me not to stay here. The papers to-night are telling of a hot spell shortly due. I dare not take the risk of remaining. Won't you come with me if I can get work somewhere down the river—for the sake of this little fellow?" and he playfully touched the spare growth of golden hair upon the head of the slumbering babe.

"Yes, Joe. I'll go anywhere with you, if it is necessary to protect baby. But I *do* think your dreams are silly. There was never so healthy a child as ours."

"That's fine!" gleefully cried Joe, springing to his feet. "I know a firm down the Province, where I think I can get work for the summer. And there's a family on the third floor that will be glad to move up here and take our rooms. Now let's have a bite of supper, old girl. I believe I'll sleep to-night without rocking."

The next morning Joe went whistling to his work. So sure was he of all things panning out satisfactorily, that he dropped into the third floor flat and arranged with the man there to take his flat for the next three months. If he did not return to the city at the end of that time then the flat was to be absolutely handed over. They could agree at some future time about the transfer of rent.

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Joe quitted work at noon that day and went home with a joyous heart. He bounced into his home, caught up his protesting wife and hugged her like a bear.

"It's all settled, old girl!" he cried, "We're off by the steamer to-night! I saw the foreman of the Company; and he has taken me on for three months—perhaps longer. If the work there continues he may be able to give me a steady job; and he says that we can get good board and lodgings at the Company's big house or take a little cottage all by our lonesome. Of course, they're all French down there by the sea, and we may find it a bit lonely, but you'll have the kiddie and I'll have my work, and in the evenings we'll have each other; so get busy now and pack up our small belongings."

He was fairly out of breath with the hurried recitation. His wife was infected by his enthusiasm and they were soon bundling things up. Everything was taken, as the wife preferred to have a little cottage of her own rather than to board with a lot of French people, so her husband gladly consented to take the cottage, even though it meant a little more money.

It was a very murky night as they stood on the steerage deck of the river steamer when she pulled away from the dock. There were unmistakable signs of heat. The sun had set an hour before, flaming red. It looked like a huge ball of fire as it dipped behind the western hills. A heavy pall of smoke hung over the city. The air was stifling, and as a light draught of wind came over the building, it was as if it had passed through some huge furnace. The lights on the streets were dimmed by the stolid atmosphere—appearing like shiplights in a thick fog. All

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kinds of winged insects circled about the big arc-lights, beating themselves to death in a blinded, drunken frenzy. Men, bareheaded and in shirt waists, crowded the cars as they sped towards the open spaces on the farther side of the city.

Joe Chandler and his wife stood together as the gulf yawned between the steamer and the wharf. He held the child in his arms whilst the perspiration streamed down his face.

"God, Mary, it will be terrible in the tenements tonight!" he sighed, as he inwardly thanked God that they were safely out of them. He turned his eyes towards the sky. Just in front of them were the huge grain elevators and the Transportation building. Above them the black smoke of the factories along the river front shaped into a monstrous figure with gleaming, greedy eyes, one arm stretched out towards the tenement district, its huge fingers twisting and outspreading with avaricious grasp. Then the other arm shot out suddenly towards the steamer, and a look of baffled rage seemed to pass over the grim tyrant's face. Involuntarily Joe stepped back a space and closer hugged his first-begotten son. Then a bend of the river hid the city from sight and the father turned towards the sea. A faint wind rippled along the water and lifting itself to the steamer's bow gently stirred the stray locks of Mary's tumbled hair. How sweet the wind was! It carried the perfume of new-mown hay and the scent of buttercups and wild roses. A snipe shrilled his cry from the river bank and a night bird called across the stream. The water boiled and hissed about the prow of the boat. A full moon climbed the Eastern sky and shed its radiance upon the sleeping farm houses that dotted

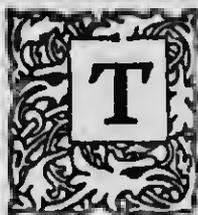
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either shore. Out here there was neither smoke nor stifling heat. The breezes were becoming stronger and cooler and the air clearer and sweeter as the steamer dropped down the river. It was good to be alive. Fears were banished, and a sweet peace flooded the troubled hearts of the carpenter and his wife. They secured camp stools, and sat far up in the bow of the boat, determined to remain up all the night in order not to lose one breath of this pure, sweet air. They did not want to think of the unhappy wretches in the sweltering tenements of the city. No unpleasant recollection must mar the glory of this moment. They were richly content with their present blessings.

Thus Joseph Chandler and Mary his wife fled with their little child from the coming catastrophe and found shelter and safety down by the sea.

II

The Massacre and the Mourning



THE twelfth of July, 19— marked the hottest day of an unprecedented hot period in the city of our story. The thermometer had climbed to 105 degrees at the noon hour. Business was practically suspended. The early morning trains were crowded with people, fleeing to the hills and mountains and lake shore and river side, wherever there was promise of temporary relief from the smothering heat. For nearly two weeks the sun had blazed from a cloudless sky. Each day the heat grew worse, until the stone and brick of the city seemed soaked with blistering flame. The hospitals were overcrowded with patients, suffering from sun-stroke and heat prostration. The most frequent vehicles on the streets were ambulances and hearses. Sweltering horses, covered with the sombre pall, were to be seen all day long on the avenues leading to the cemetery. Hundreds of children had died. In the tenement districts the anguish was terrible—there seemed no hope of relief. Mothers were worn out with sleepless watching over fevered babes. Scarcely a family here where sickness or death had not entered. The black crape was upon scores of houses.

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In the quarter where the Lawrence block stood there were 40,000 people congregated—one of the most densely crowded districts in all the world. Rows of bursting garbage barrels lined the sidewalks and alleys, and the stench was suffocating. Young boys and girls had discarded their last garment in the hope of relief from the blistering heat. Wherever there was a cellar or basement people congregated, lying all the night through upon anything that seemed to offer a cooler place for their bodies. To add to the deplorable condition, the water main along the street here had broken the night before the twelfth, and water had to be carried for blocks to these unfortunate folk. An enterprising paper in the city had undertaken to supply ice for the poor, but the demand was so heavy that the resources had long since failed. Such were the conditions in the tenement quarter on this day of the great calamity.

Johnnie Graves, aged twelve, lived in the Lawrence block with his father and stepmother. There were five other children, but they were only half brothers and sisters to Johnnie, and they united to despise him and make his life unbearable. His life was a grind of hard, unremitting toil, with never a kind word to cheer him along. When he came to the city at seven years of age, he was immediately set to selling newspapers. It was a miracle that he had not been killed, for he was scarcely big enough to climb on the street cars without help, and here he often ventured to sell his papers. At nine years of age he was put at work in a steam laundry where he was obliged to carry heavy baskets of clothes up and down weary stairs. His little back ached so badly that he was scarcely able to walk home. His father lived upon the first floor

The Massacre and the Mourning

of the tenement. He was a surly brute and vented all his wrath upon Johnnie's head. The boy was often beaten black and blue, and carried many scars upon his poor tortured body. He was not allowed to sleep with any of the family. In the winter his bed was a few coal hags near the hallway stove. During the summer months he spent his nights in an old shed at the rear. He was never allowed an hour's recreation. If he dared to loiter on the way home from work, he was made to suffer for it. He was the drudge of the family. The stepmother despised and maltreated him and the children derided him, heaping upon his defenceless head every vile epithet and stinging insult.

The Orangemen had planned a big procession for the glorious twelfth. There were to be seven bands, and no end of gorgeous equipages and gaily caparisoned horses. The terrific heat compelled the organizers to change the route through the city. It would be suicidal to cover all the streets originally suggested. The thousands upon foot would suffer dreadfully. But the zeal of this loyal order was too intense to permit a postponement of the celebration. Their patriotism was proof against even this scorching heat. So it was unanimously decided to curtail the route of the procession and only tread the principal thoroughfares.

At ten o'clock that morning Johnnie was seated for a moment on an upturned basket, waiting for the next consignment of clothes to be taken upstairs, when a fellow-employee burst in upon him.

"Come on out and see the percession!" he cried with ill-suppressed excitement. "It passes just a block away."

The Innocents

"I can't," replied Johnnie. "There may be a load of clothes come along any minute."

"It won't take ten minutes," said his companion. "And jimminy! it'll be a peach of a perecession! Seven big bands, horses jumpin', and gold waggins, and flags and millions of men in brass buttins and lace on their collars."

Now Johnnie had never seen anything of this kind. His father took good care that no such boyish delights as this should ever enter his life. The lad remembered his father's cruelty on the one occasion when he had stopped to witness a boy's game of ball on the adjacent square, so he firmly shook his head.

"No, it ain't possible. I must stay here."

Just then the strains of a distant band floated in through the open window and a cheer came echoing through the street.

"Come on! Don't be a mutt! I'm off," cried the other lad, and he dashed out and down a cross street towards the enchanting sound.

The music grew very distinct and throbbed its glory into the boy's ears. It was a very riot of sound. To this lad Heaven seemed to open all its gates and pour its harmony upon the city. Scarcely had the first music trailed off into faint echoes before another band swelled into enthralling vibrations. The cheers were beating back and forth along the street and the steady tramp of the many men had a compelling sound. And still there was no fresh load of clothes for Johnnie. Might he not have time just to catch a glimpse of the passing glory? The fife and drum corps was drawing near. The shrill notes made a merry sound, and the sharp tattoo of the drums was irresistible. Out Johnnie ran, and with the speed of

The Massacre and the Mourning

a hare raced to the corner and reached the main street in time for the biggest and best part of the procession. He stood rooted to the spot. What a riot of color and a glory of music assaulted his unaccustomed eyes and ears! It was the moment of his transfiguration! Everything was forgotten but the surpassing exhilaration of this precious sight. He filled his hungry little soul with the glory of it. All his pains and aches and bitter recollections were washed away in the flood of this overwhelming passion of richness and sweetness. For some moments after the procession passed he lingered, his soul and heart aflame with tense, stunning rapture. Then he remembered, and hurried back to his work. He had only been gone half an hour. But it chanced that the boy's father called at the laundry that morning just at the hour of his son's absence. When Johnnie returned, it was to meet his father in a black and towering rage.

"Curse your lazy hide! I'll learn you to loaf!" cried the man. And he struck the lad a blow in the face, knocking him clear across the hallway of the office building. One of the young men, hearing the thud of the fall ran out and picked up the bleeding boy.

"You great big coward!" shouted the angry clerk, "to strike a mere child. For two pins I'd give you a mighty good thrashing."

"He is my own son," replied the father. "I guess I can do what I like with my own, without your interference."

He seized the boy roughly by the arm, dragged him from the building and so towards home.

That night was an Inferno for Johnnie. He was beaten by his father until he was faint from the blows. The stepmother lashed him cruelly with her tongue

The Innocents

and all the children vied with one another to make his life a hell. Perhaps the terrible heat made them all unnaturally cruel. Certainly the place was like an open furnace. Nerves were raw and bleeding, and the least thing might have made men insane. Johnnie went to his filthy couch in the shed, hungry, every bone in his hammered body aching, and with a slumbering hate in his soul. His brain pounded against his temples until he thought his head would burst. The agony of all his past centred into one great intolerable pain. He tossed about feverishly. His little mind ran back and forth over the years and he could not understand the reason of all this cruelty. He recalled his mother to-night and the stories she had told him of his father's brutality. His heart rebelled against every incident of his life. He had always hated and feared his father and often he had wished him dead. And his soul was embittered against his stepmother and her children. He would get even with them all. Dear Lord, how the pain in his head racked him! He sat up on the rags and wondered if God up in the sky knew anything about all this torture. Didn't He have a hell where all wicked people would burn? and surely such cruel folk as his father and step-mother would be sent into the flames! He could even see them now, burning, burning, burning! Perhaps he could help God, and put his parents in hell right away. It was just what they deserved. They had made him suffer when he was not conscious of having done wrong—now it was his turn to do the punishing. If God had been treated as badly as he was, there was no doubt that He would start His hell at once. So he would do the same. Johnnie got off his rag couch and walked out of the

The Massacre and the Mourning

shed. The clock in the church tower a few blocks away was just striking twelve. Stealthily he entered the basement and gathered together a few sticks and some paper. Then he thought of the can of oil. That would help to make a fine blaze! He piled his little armful against his father's bedroom door and then poured the oil over it. May be his father would be sorry when the flames were eating into his heart. But Johnnie would not be sorry for him. God was not sorry enough to let the people out of hell. So the match was touched to the pile and the flame leaped up the door toward the ceiling. Something in Johnnie's head snapped and he laughed aloud. Then he ran out of the tenements and never stopped till he reached the bridge spanning the canal above the river.

The fire in the tenement district that night will go down into history as the worst fire the city ever experienced. Four blocks were absolutely wiped out, and forty children were burned to death, besides Mr. and Mrs. Graves. The broken water main made it impossible for the firemen to do anything. The chemical engines were able to accomplish something. There were many heroic rescues, but these did not alleviate the terrors of that night. The Lawrence block was the centre of the holocaust. In the adjoining tenements the people had time to get out but the fire travelled so quickly in the first block that rescue in many cases was out of the question. There were no fire escapes. Children were flung out of the upper windows and caught upon blankets by the firemen below. Many limbs were broken and many people—principally children—were terribly burned. Mothers wailed and shrieked when they counted up their children and found one missing. It was a wild

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scene of disorder. Men were cursing, women were sobbing and praying, and half naked children were hurried away in vehicles and carts of every description. At four in the morning it began to rain, and never was rain so grateful or merciful.

The city was paralyzed by the horror of this midnight fire. Relief was immediately established for the homeless ones, and messages of comfort and consolation streamed in from all quarters. But the mothers refused to be comforted, because they wept for babies which were not.

In the morning at ten o'clock a large-eyed boy, with a face tragically old, walked into police station No. 5, and told the first policeman he saw that he had started the fire because he wanted to burn his father and stepmother for their cruelty to him.

And down by the sea, when the news of the terrific disaster reached the lumber company there, a man and his wife kneeled beside the cot of a little child and in speechless gratitude, thanked God for their deliverance.

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III

The Crime and the Criminal



HE Court room buzzed with excitement. The lawyer for the Crown had just finished his address. It was admitted by everybody to be a masterly effort. He had made out a strong case against the boy. He was well aware that he had the unpopular side of the trial. But it seemed to him that his was a noble position—to hold the gate of justice against the flood tides of emotion. He was guarding not only the present but the future. His fight was in the interest of public safety. If he was hated for the merciless way in which he analyzed the atrocious deed of this lad, there was something of self-sacrifice in his act. It was well known that juvenile crime was frightfully on the increase. Statistics showed that 20 per cent. of the crimes of the previous year were committed by children under fifteen years of age. And if a boy, any boy were deemed responsible in all other particulars, why should not this boy be held accountable for his unspeakable crime? There was a growing sentimentality which rather wearied this stern man of the law. It was high time that women's tears and silly sympathy should give place to sterner measures, in order to check the tendency of juvenile crime.

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So the prosecuting attorney sat down, well satisfied that he had espoused the right cause and that he had done it remarkably well.

Public opinion was much divided on the subject. Many thought that the boy was too young to receive what he was doing and that to shut him up in prison for the rest of his life would be well nigh criminal. Others held that he was a moral degenerate and should, therefore, be confined somewhere. Others again held that he was a moral degenerate and should, therefore, be confined somewhere. Others again held that he was goaded to this terrible deed and was temporarily insane and should therefore be acquitted. A jury was empanelled to decide the matter. It was to be either life-confinement or complete freedom. The two best lawyers in the Province were appointed to address the jury, and upon their presentation of the case depended the boy's future. A crowd of interested citizens attended the hearing. The mothers of massacred children were there, protesting that the "horrible boy" would get the extreme penalty. Parents from the higher walks of life, whose boys were precious to them, quietly hoped that the lad would be set free. And all the while John Graves languished in prison, herded with hardened criminals, silent, grave, uncommunicative, evidently caring little about the result.

There was a deep hush upon the court when the lawyer for the defence rose to speak. He was a noted criminal lawyer. He had come forward at an early outset and offered his services, so there could be no doubt that his championship of the lad was sincere. The press reporters bunched their papers together, examined the points of their pencils and were ready to take down every word. The trial was unusual; it would be historic. Other cities were interested in the outcome. The nation was looking on. Ind

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the world was eager to know what would be done with the perpetrator of the worst crime ever committed by a child.

"My Lord and Gentlemen," he said, beginning in a very quiet, conversational tone, "I should like to tell you why I have undertaken to plead for this boy's acquittal. It is a law of the universe that every living thing should have a chance. The present case is not a question of second chances; for this boy has never had a first chance."

This was an unexpected beginning. The Crown lawyer wheeled about his chair and gazed out of the window where the trees were just commencing to drop their richly-tinted leaves. He had a fair idea of the line of the defense—he was tired of the whole thing.

"I will not trouble you with a recitation of the crime. It is said to be the worst ever committed in the nation. I grant you that it was, but perhaps you have allowed the present horror to blind you to the conditions which led up to the crime." The lawyer paused a moment as if to give the jury opportunity to adjust their minds to this aspect of the case. Then he went on calmly, dispassionately.

"When this boy was born, his mother was suing her husband for divorce, on the grounds of cruelty and failure to support her. The divorce was granted. From the hour of the boy's birth he was taught to hate his father. Everything that went wrong was attributed by her to this man, and for seven years she drilled this into the boy's heart and soul. Then she died, and the lad was turned out into the world alone with but one idea seared across his heart—to hate his father. He was told by neighbours that the father must support him, and cruel circumstance

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drove the tender lad of seven to seek refuge in a home where from the first he was unwelcome. The father had married again and there were other children. Fear of the law alone compelled the father to take the boy in. But all the members of the family united to abuse the lad. He was obliged to slave from morning until night, without the least suspicion of boyish pleasure or delight. I ask you to remember that this happened at an age when most boys are shooting marbles and spinning tops."

There was a slight pause in the even flow of the address. The Crown lawyer coughed noticeably—he had hoped that they would be spared this appeal to sentiment.

"We all remember," continued the lawyer, "the terrific heat of the day when this lad burned his father and stepmother to death. I will not undertake to say that the smothering heat had anything to do with the crime, but it might be well to keep the day in your minds. This lad had committed the unforgiveable offence of leaving his work for half an hour to watch the Orangemen's procession. Mark you, he had never seen anything of the kind before. This boy knew nothing of base ball games, of swimming sport, of circuses. He had never even owned a dog to soften the hard circumstances of his life."

There was a shifting of the jurors and a stir among the spectators. Could it be possible that such a boy lived in this city?

"For the sin of watching this procession, although the lad's employers found no fault with him, he was beaten cruelly and sent supperless to his accustomed rag-couch in the wood-shed. In the suffocating heat and stench of that place he tossed for hours, his heart rebelling against the cruel treat-

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ment he had received. I will not say that if some compassionate hand had been laid upon his throbbing temples at that moment the crime would never have been done. I do not assert that the boy was insane. But you must remember how his little soul had been tried, how he had been goaded to this deed by the harsh and brutal treatment of the whole family."

The lawyer for the prosecution was thinking hard. He tried to imagine his own boyhood days lived under such conditions. He recalled that when he was twelve years old his chief anguish was that the boys at school jeered at him and called him "brick-top" and "toad-face" because he had red hair and was freckled. On one occasion he had thrown a rock at one of the boys. Had it hit him it might have killed him. Would *he* then have been guilty of murder? Was there criminal intent behind that hurled stone? Might *he* have developed into a murderer if there had been no counteracting influences? But in the case of Johnnie Graves there were no counteracting influences.

"I ask you," the lawyer went on, lifting his hands and raising his voice, "how much of this crime may be laid at the door of those who prepared such conditions for this boy? Who is responsible for the hard circumstances of his life, for the hatred spilled into his soul, for the grinding toil in which he and hundreds of other children spend their days, for the rotten, filthy, impossible surroundings of his home life, for the pleasureless, joyless, sunless experiences through which he passed his mornings, noons and nights? Can you measure the power of such an environment as John Graves knew? How much of the evil done in the wretched hovels, where crime and disease find ready nursing, is to be laid at the door

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of the individual, and how much ought Society to be held responsible for? The boy who was the immediate cause of this outrageous deed is not the criminal on trial to-day. Listen to me, gentlemen, while I tell you who the real criminal is."

The lawyer stepped closer to the juror's box. There was a tense silence in the room. Something unusual was about to happen.

"You are all familiar with the story of King Herod and the Innocents," said the attorney, as he dropped his voice to an impressive key. "There is a modern Herod who is criminally responsible for the massacre of those forty children in the Lawrence tenements. We would try and fix the crime upon the shoulders of a boy of twelve years—a boy whose whole life is but the outcome of untoward conditions. Have you ever read a book called 'Put Yourself in His Place'? I should like you to try to put yourself in this boy's place. If it is not too great an effort of the imagination, try to conceive the result of such a life for any one of you. A knowledge of this boy's environment is enough to satisfy you that he is not wholly biameable for this deed. He is not a degenerate. The few months in jail amply show that. Evidence in plenty is at hand to prove that he was sensitive to kindness and the better influences. But this boy is only a type. There are hundreds, yes thousands, born and reared amid such surroundings. The marvel is that such crimes are not committed every day. What is there to hold back these children from evil? Do they realize, as you and I do, after years of careful training, the awfulness of murder, immorality, blasphemy? Can you judge them by our standards? Must you not take into consideration the extenuating circum-

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stances of birth, training, condition, influences, situation? And who made these conditions? Some one is to blame, and I dare to tell you that *we* are to blame."

It was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The auditors were beginning to see the drift of the lawyer's address and they listened breathlessly for the rest of it.

"You and I must share the responsibility for the social conditions which made this crime possible," cried the lawyer, as with tense, eager face he turned half around so as to include jury and spectators in the sweep of his hand. "*We* are blameable, in that cruelty of the kind meted out to this boy could exist in a Christian city. *We* are to blame that such rotten, utterly wretched tenements as the Lawrence disgraced our city without protest. *We* are responsible for the fact that laws do not exist forbidding the employment of children who ought to be at school. It is not only Industry, with its iron hand laid upon every child's strength to glut its treasury; it is not only Capital, that erects infernal tenements as dwelling-places for the employees who are underpaid; it is not only Society that drives its motors through our streets and like some ghastly Juggernaut crushes beneath its racing wheels the bodies of children—but you and I and all these good people come to witness the fate of a boy innocent in God's sight of murder—*we* make up the Herod who massacres the children and causes Rachel to go uncomforted because her children are not."

This terrific arraignment of modern society caused a commotion in the Court room. There was a slight applause but the judge immediately silenced it. As the lawyer proceeded to elaborate his argument the

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Crown prosecutor sat gazing out of the window, but his mind was running over his own life. He knew from a full experience that what had been said was true. Many were the dreadful stories that had come to him in the course of his practise. He was well acquainted with the wretched lives of the people living in the tenements. Yet what had he ever done to improve conditions? Had he not often championed the cause of Industry and Capital as against Labour? Did he not know that the laws were largely made for the monied interests? Had he done any pleading in his time for the poor man, endeavoring to secure for him better wages, shorter hours, a modicum of pleasure and decent habitation? His own soul rose up and condemned him. He had done much to give power unto Herod and to establish him securely upon his throne. The voice of the speaker arrested his thoughts. It was growing tenser with every utterance, as though the man were putting his very life into his plea.

"Gentlemen," he cried, and his eyes blazed, "Can you conviction into the hearts of the jurors, 'Can you deny this boy a chance? Can you stand in the way of God's giving him his chance? For the Almighty Father pitieth his children and desireth for every one an opportunity to make the most of his life. But this boy has been denied a just opportunity to show what is in him. Dare we add to the injustice of which we have already been guilty, by hiding this lad behind prison doors for the remainder of his life? You will not be defeating the ends of justice by granting him his freedom. Justice cries to heaven for this boy's acquittal. All things living have a chance, and after a careful investigation of all the facts associated with this case I am fully persuaded that I am doing

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the right thing in asking you to give John Graves a chance to live the life of an honorable citizen."

And then he quietly sat down. His face betrayed the strength that he had put into his effort.

The judge added a few words of caution and advice to the jury and they retired. The Court room hummed with excited whispers. Reporters dashed to the telephone booths to send the address to the papers in time for the evening edition. And still the lawyer for the prosecution sat apparently unmoved, intently looking out upon the trees in the yard. It was true that all living things had a chance. The leaves had a chance to grow, the birds to sing, the earth to yield, the sun to shine. If the jury brought in a verdict for imprisonment, might not he have been the one to stand in the way of the boy's chance? His speech would be a strong factor in determining the verdict. Twelve years seemed to him younger now than when he was delivering his speech for the Crown. For the Crown? Was it then the Crown's duty to see that this stripling was incarcerated for life? And was he to bear the responsibility of standing in the way of God's giving this boy a chance? What a boyhood he had experienced! Never at a circus, never shared in a ball game, never had a swim in the country swimming hole! And to be shut up for evermore where he could not see the sun rise or set, or the stars come out at night. It would haunt this lawyer for years—perhaps when he was an old man his nights would be made horrible by the memory of this day's trial.

The jury was returning. A great hush fell upon the Court as the men took their places in the Box and the foreman stood up to deliver the verdict. Then a cry of pain broke from the lips of the Crown

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lawyer. He rose to his feet and held up his hand to stay the foreman's utterance. It was a most dramatic moment.

"My Lord"—his voice was broken and weak and there were tears in his words—"I crave your permission to say that I think some of us have been mistaken. I am in favor now of giving the boy a chance."

There was a moment's silence: then a storm of applause swept through the room. The lawyer for the defense reached across the table and warmly shook the hand of his opponent, saying at the same time:

"That was as brave a thing as ever I knew a man to do."

The jurors held a whispered consultation and then the foreman gave their unanimous verdict for acquittal. It was afterwards learned that they had come into the room equally divided in their vote upon the matter. The usual things happened. Several women laughed hysterically, others silently wept. Then the Crown prosecutor rose again. He spoke very quietly and earnestly—he seemed to have gained control of himself.

"If it please Your Lordship I desire to make application to this Court for the guardianship of John Graves. I hold myself personally responsible to the court for his future conduct."

Then he walked calmly from the room, down the steps and out under the trees. Perhaps it was quixotic. Some people would judge it so. Others would declare that he had publicly acknowledged defeat at the hands of a brother lawyer. But what mattered it? He had been true to himself. And after all, behind the people, and behind public opinion, there was God.

IV

The Preparation and the Preaching



TEN years have rolled by. They were years of quiet work and preparation. The wave of sympathy caused by the memorable fire and the unusual trial quickly fell away, as waves are apt to do. There is not much reliance to be placed in popular movements. The mob's excitement soon passes. So there was strong feeling for a time in favour of the masses, but it had not strength enough to produce anything of a lasting character. The two lawyers who had figured so prominently in the trial of John Graves were not idle, however. They realized that a good deal of spade-work must be done before the seed of the new ideas could find a fruitful lodgment in the soil. So they collaborated in an earnest, patient effort that stretched itself over more than a decade. The Crown lawyer gave his time and attention to the education of the lad. Knowing that the public school system was not ideal in its preparation of the young for life's work, he turned to other sources for the lad's equipment. He put at his disposal such literature as would fashion the mind along definite lines. One of the first books given into Johnnie's hands was Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." That would create a desire to do some-

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thing for the unfortunates, if such desires did not already exist. He found that the boy was a hungry student. His mind eagerly appropriated ideas. There was an intensity about the lad's soul which much impressed the lawyer. Before the age of fifteen the future was largely determined. The soul was aflame with zeal for the children. There were times when the lad's outlook was so determinedly set that the lawyer was afraid that he would not be able to curb his passion. A fierce resentment against every form of injustice dominated his life. There were days when anger burst forth into flame and threatened to devour the boy's whole character. And again he was so gentle and patient that his guardian marvelled at his self-possession. It was only on rare occasions that the boy would unburden his soul, but they were sufficient to reveal a depth of power and feeling such as greatly moved the man of the law.

Thus the years sped silently by until it seemed that the young man was ready for his life's work. It rejoiced the heart of the Crown Prosecutor that he was giving to humanity's cause a force which would shake the city to its very centre. He never had a doubt but that the strange young soul would give a good account of himself. The world would know shortly how powerful an agent for good is a just and wholesome environment.

The lawyer for the defense had likewise been busy. He was reckoned to be one of the most skilled lobbyists who ever succeeded in carrying a Bill through Parliament. And in this capacity he had done very much for children. He had forced a Bill through the Legislature making it an offense against the State for any individual or Corporation to employ a child under sixteen years of age. It was a long and bitter

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fight but by masterly strategy and consummate skill he had brought it to pass. He was henceforth feared and hated and loved and admired. Through his labors the laws were strengthened regarding educational matters touching the child. Parents were held strictly under compulsion to keep their children at school until after sixteen. If this law were properly enforced, it would work wonders for future generations. Every one knew that only about three out of every hundred school children ever passed through the High School. Up to this time the nation had to depend upon men whose education was largely confined to the primary and intermediate grades, supplemented by such observation and experience as practical life might give. This lawyer was determined that the laws should be firmly carried out.

The tenement question was, however, the most serious one of all. It was difficult enough to persuade the citizens to establish parks and play-grounds for children, to institute a juvenile court, to provide a place for young offenders apart from inveterate and hardened criminals. But when it came to the matter of abolishing wretched tenements and forcing landlords to properly care for their tenants, the fight was on. After the terrible fire one problem was immediately solved. The railway running through that district bought up the land where the destroyed tenements had stood, in order to build car-shops upon it, so those former hovels could not be duplicated there. But that only left affairs in a worse condition than before. These people had to be housed somewhere. They rushed off to existing tenements with the result that worse crowding than ever occurred. And the treasuries of the landlords were bursting with increased rents.

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Archibald Kresus was the famous owner of tenements in large areas of the city. On several occasions the city authorities had made some slight effort to compel him to look after these buildings. But the man was a heavy tax payer and a powerful politician, so he generally managed to escape. He was a great horseman. Out in the country he had a magnificent stock farm where he kept his race horses. The buildings were beautifully kept and the surroundings were ideal. There was plenty of good, fresh air, hot and cold water, clean stables, with the very finest apartments for his valuable horses. A visit to these spacious quarters, followed by another visit to the tenements left small doubt in the visitor's mind that Mr. Kresus cared much more for his animals than for his tenants. The income from rents, however, would amply pay for the upkeep of the horses and their splendid dwelling places. Mr. Kresus had great power. His generosity to the campaign funds shut tightly the mouths of the politicians. His munificent contributions to church and philanthropic institutions made him very popular. And the Press gave him large place in its columns, noting carefully every donation, and recognizing the movements of the family connections as well as providing liberal space for the races won by this great man's horses. He would be a courageous man indeed who dared to break a lance with Archibald Kresus.

These were the conditions and this the man, when John Graves, Preacher, stepped into the public arena.

It was at once recognized by those who sympathised with the purpose of John Graves that he could not ally himself with any existing church organization. For the reason that there was not unity enough among the churches for him to hope for their com-

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bined support. And his was a cause that leaped over all ecclesiastical barriers and included people of every religious conviction. Jealousy would at the outset mar the efficiency of his appeal, if he attached himself to a particular denomination. In the name of "the Friend of little children," therefore, he ventured upon his mission.

He began his work in the very heart of the tenement district. At first he was obliged to be content with any building which served his purpose. He was, of course, looked upon with suspicion everywhere—even by those whom he had come to befriend. But by patient work and devoted zeal he soon won the poor folk to his side. He succeeded in establishing centres where mothers could go and be taught by skilled physicians as to the proper care of children. He was able to show them how, even in poor surroundings, they could make provision for the better treatment of babies. It was not long before the tenants of their own accord cleaned up their yards and kept a measure of fresh air about their places. What puzzled Graves most of all was the "little mother." In most of these working families the mother was obliged to go out every day and work, leaving the care of the baby to girls of ten years of age. The most pathetic sacrifices were daily made by these "little mothers" on behalf of their charges. But they knew little or nothing about feeding, dressing and otherwise caring for little babies. So a league was appointed through which these devoted young souls were instructed in their responsible duties. And many tender lives were saved by this agency.

Graves realized, however, that all these efforts were but a temporary expedient, a plaster upon a festering sore. The chief need was to remove the cause of

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the evils, to make such conditions as would result in healthy lives. An ideal had taken definite shape in his mind. Environment, he realized, is a potent force in the development of character. There may be a few strong souls in life who can triumph over untoward circumstances. Like unto the water-lily, drawing its purity and sweetness from foul mud, are the rare souls who are able to build up a beautiful life in the midst of the most unwholesome surroundings. But human history leaves no doubt in one's mind that, for the vast majority, circumstances have almost an unconquerable power. The stream will not run sweet and pure so long as the source is bitter and unclean. The branches will not bear good fruit when the tree is sucking hurtful nourishment from the soil. Grant a clean environment and wholesome surroundings, and what multitudes of strong, healthy lives might be given to the nation! After all, the overwhelming majority of men owe their greatness or their smallness to the fact of circumstances. So Graves looked across the river which ran along the edge of the city, and claimed the spacious areas there for a Garden city. If he could persuade the people of the tenements to desire a place where ample opportunity would be provided for clean air, comfortable dwellings, sweet surroundings, then there would be great hope for these submerged souls. This would not be an easy task. The pity of the whole matter is that the poor people are often quite content to live in their wretched tenements. Many of them would rather be there, where they are close to all the attractions of a large city than out in the country where the glitter and tinsel of modern life are lacking. There must first be created a desire for better conditions. These people must be shaken out of their content with such

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environment. A hunger and thirst after righteous living must be awakened.

So Graves set about quietly preaching his doctrine of independence and self-help. He manifested no hurry. He did not prate about charity. It would be fatal to the success of the whole scheme, if once the idea prevailed that these people were the objects of charity. Experience had often proved that to bestow goods upon the poor gratuitously defeated the end in view. Give them a fair and equal chance to provide for themselves. The pride in man always responded to this.

It took a long time for Graves to kindle a passion for better living. Through his institutional church he accomplished much. He was not content to give the poor man what the rich man could do without. His church was not filled with the cast-off furniture and clothing of up-town churches. The very best that money could buy was put into his institution. He made the working man feel that he was worthy of the highest and that he must bear his share in the responsibility of securing it.

Through the kindness of a courageous minister in the up-town district he was able now and again to plead his cause before the people there, and so forceful, tense and irresistible was his appeal that he enlisted the sympathy of many capable friends. His ideal was taking hold everywhere. There were enemies of course. The success of the proposed Garden City meant a blow at the tenements, and consequently the landlords were indignant. Much was made of Graves' former life. The tragedy of the fire was daily flung in his teeth. But he never attempted to conceal anything. The lever of his own tragic history lifted the man's power heaven-high and

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his sacrificial earnestness blunted the edge of his adversaries' blasphemy.

Thus he wrought patiently and painfully until the hour was ripe for launching his scheme. It chanced that this was the year of the Provincial elections. And after much persuading John Graves accepted the nomination for the tenement district of the city. He was known as the "Children's Candidate." There was no hiding of the platform upon which he stood. There was but one purpose in his seeking the suffrages of the people. If elected, he would plead in season and out of season for the children. His main object was to force through the Legislature a Bill to establish his Garden City. It was a long document. It meant light, freedom, purity, life to the working man. It spelled death to the tenements and aimed a blow at the power of the landlord. Archibald Kresus was overwhelmed with "the audacity of this murderer-preacher." He was easily persuaded to offer himself as a rival candidate. The war was on. It was a fierce battle between Capital and Labour. Kresus had unlimited money and power. His hold upon his tenants was unscrupulous. Any man who dared to vote against him would be homeless at once. There were thousands of men in the city who would lick the dust at his bidding. It seemed an unequal fight. Graves had practically no money. And against him always was the terrible massacre of years past. But the two lawyers of his famous trial were stout allies. The three men were orators of great passion and skill. Never did a city ring with such flaming, brilliant speeches as were delivered by Graves and his two friends. As the days of the campaign sped on Mr. Kresus realized that there was something stronger than money. The people were flocking to the sup-

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port of John Graves. Desperate measures must be used or the day would be lost. And Archibald Kresus was not the sort of man to turn squeamish over questionable methods.

He possessed a trusted secretary who loved him with a quenchless affection. There was the closest confidence between the two. Many were the schemes that the secretary had put through, and he was unflinchingly discreet regarding procedures.

Kresus sat in his spacious, richly-furnished office on the morning before the election, when his secretary entered. There was a whispered consultation.

"Ten thousand dollars would do it," said the secretary, "and I think I know the man. It can be arranged at the big meeting to-night in such a way that no one will question the accident. This foul creature has hoodwinked the people long enough."

Without a protest Kresus paid over the money.

The meeting in the Arena that night was the largest ever held in the city. Long hours before eight the hall was packed to suffocation. The night was warm and all the windows of the building were thrown sky-high. Dense crowds girdled the edifice in the hope of catching a glimpse of "The Children's Candidate." A high platform was erected in the centre of the Arena in order that the immense crowd in the amphitheatre might hear the address. A small desk covered by the Union Jack was set upon a dais near the edge. Below there was a large orchestra playing popular tunes. When Graves appeared a fierce demonstration shook the building. He looked pale and worn but round the corners of his mouth there played the winning smile which had captured so many hearts. His eyes burned with tense, controlled passion. The man's body seemed to be consumed by the white heat

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of his soul. His great shock of raven hair was tumbled carelessly. He wore a gray suit, a soft collar and a long, flowing tie.

No time was lost in preliminaries. Graves was given an early place. His rich, penetrating voice carried to the farthest corner of the building. He scorned to use the stand provided. There were no pulpit tricks about this man. He began his address very quietly, rehearsing briefly the cause for which he asked their sympathy.

"I am a child of the people," he said simply, "and for the children of the people I make my plea. I am not making any extravagant demand when I ask for them an equal chance to live clean, honest, independent lives. We are not seeking charity, but justice."

There was a storm of applause, intermingled with groans and hisses.

"We can't hear ye," cried an unknown man in the rear of the hall, "step up by the desk, won't ye"?

There was an eager hand-clapping of approval. Ever ready to oblige his audience John Graves stepped upon the slight dais and grasped the rude desk with both his hands. Scarcely had he done so, however, when there was a tearing of pine, a lurch forward and before the audience realized what had happened, he pitched headlong over the platform and down upon the orchestra, striking his head upon a chair as he fell. A great harp, heavily mounted, crashed over upon him giving him an ugly scalp wound. Several musicians eagerly raised him whilst the blood flowed copiously down the side of his head. He was quickly borne to the dressing-room. No one had stirred. Only a shriek or two gave any hint of the accident. The vast crowd seemed to realize that a tragedy had been enacted before their eyes. In a few minutes

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the chairman returned and announced that Mr. Graves had been seriously hurt and that, therefore, the meeting must be ended. Solemnly and quietly the immense throng filed out of the doors, only to break silence when they reached the outer air. And then pandemonium broke loose. Never was heard such acclaim as Graves received that night. No speech of his could ever have received so popular and forceful a demonstration.

Early next morning the people went to the polls. John Graves was lingering at the point of death. Bulletins were posted every few minutes giving particulars of his condition. The Doctors refused to give any definite news. There was no change through all the morning hours. The man was unconscious. He had never moved since the accident. And still the voting went on. It was the quietest election in the city's history.

When the poll closed at five o'clock a bulletin was posted to say that Mr. Graves had regained consciousness and was resting peacefully. Then for the first time that day a subdued cheer rolled through the city. At seven o'clock the news was published that John Graves had been elected by an overwhelming majority. The excitement of the people passed all bounds. Roar upon roar of gladness swept the city.

In a private ward of the hospital that had its location near the tenements, the Doctors watched anxiously over the patient. A slight examination revealed a severe concussion of the brain. There was no chance of recovery.

When the cheers of the crowd penetrated into the death-chamber John Graves temporarily regained consciousness. He asked the cause of the tumult.

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"The Children's Candidate" has won a splendid victory," said one of the attending physicians.

Graves smiled thinly and muttered brokenly: "And He took them up in His—arms, put—His—hands—upon—them and blessed them."

Then he slipped quietly into the land of eternal peace and rest.

V

The Remedy and the Return



HE being dead, yet speaketh." The death of John Graves accomplished more for the cause he had advocated than any other event could possibly have done. The public felt that it was due his noble sacrifice to carry his cherished plans into execution. The Press throughout the country took up the cry on behalf of the children and kindled a flame of protest everywhere. An investigation had been made into the cause of the accident. Whilst no culprit could be found, it was incontrovertible that the collapse of the platform was a deliberate and malicious crime. Graves had been foully murdered, and it was currently supposed that his political opponents had schemed the whole thing. There was great indignation manifested and with it a growing determination to realize the ideal of the fallen hero.

In the bye-election, the Crown lawyer, guardian of Graves, was elected by acclamation. He would plead with no less eloquence and work with no less zeal than his ward would have done. At the very first session of the legislature the Bill relating to the Garden City was passed. All opposition had been dissipated by the untimely death of Graves.

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A company was at once formed and operations begun. A large area of land was purchased and divided up into lots. The streets were generously wide. Each lot was big enough to contain a small cottage and garden. The new city was graded into sections, suitable to the wages of the residents. There were houses of five rooms for the smaller families and larger houses for those with growing families. The Edison concrete mould was used, so that homes were erected quickly and at a very small cost. The lowest rental was five dollars per month, so that in ten years the man owned his home and the Company got a fair rate of interest on its money. These houses were all two-storey high, modest, clean and comfortable. There was no crowding, and excellent arrangements were made for ventilation. At the outset the Company planted trees along the sidewalks and gave each resident the necessary seeds for his garden. The city paid a number of gardeners to instruct the unlearned and to keep a general supervision over all garden lots. Prizes were offered yearly for the best kept gardens and an annual exhibition was held, when flowers were shown and rewards were made. There was great rivalry among the residents on these yearly occasions. Laws to govern the city were very carefully made. The loafer or shirker was severely penalized. He became the drone in the hive and was quickly held up to scorn and ridicule by his fellows. In the course of time a council was formed from among the residents for the government of the city. It was surprising what talent was discovered. All these people needed was a fair opportunity, and they shortly manifested the keenest interest and ability in the management of their own affairs. Then there came the matter of

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institutions. A school system was established to train the youth along economic lines. The main ideal held constantly before the organizers was the future life work of the pupils. So boys were trained for certain arts and sciences and girls were taught along domestic lines. In the event of the bread-winner being taken away by natural death or accident, his family became the care of the city. A common fund was established into which all paid a small fee and this was managed by the city authorities. Thus was obviated the necessity of mothers going out to work and so neglecting their children.

Various institutions were erected in the course of time. Ample provision was made for the people's amusement. There were places of recreation, halls for lectures and entertainment, and a well stocked library. The theatre and moving picture show were not omitted, for these people need such delights a good deal more than the well-to-do. It required time to bring about all these things, so every year witnessed an improvement in civic affairs.

The Garden City began on a small scale. It was laid out for 5,000 people, but there was room for growth. It became evident at once that the venture would be a success, for applications poured in for lots and homes. It appealed to the sense of independence inherent in every man, for no person wants to be the object of charity. And just because these hard working men and women saw a chance to go through life unashamed, and to contribute something to the common weal, they eagerly embraced the opportunity.

One of the first persons to make formal application for a home in the Garden City was Joseph Chandler, from down the river. He had never been content to

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live there. Always he longed to get back among his own people. Whilst his child remained young, however, he could not bring himself to take the risk of a home in the tenements. Whenever his wife pleaded for return, he spoke of that terrible fire from which they had so miraculously escaped—and they were both silent. No other child had come to bless their wedded life. Their all was centred in David. He was now twenty-one years of age and a youth of great promise. Because they lived in a French community, the boy's education had to be undertaken by the father. It was not quite ideal but it was thorough, and the boy had a great fondness for books. Every spare dollar of the father's money had been spent in books for the son. The story of the fire and massacre had been told so often that the youth was solemnly impressed and in his soul was a slumbering desire to do something in the way of gratitude for his spared life.

There was great joy, therefore, in the Chandler homestead when word came that a home in the new city had been set apart for them. They were about to return from their long hiding, but it was not to the old city of the child's birth. The terrible power of Herod had been broken and a new life of freedom and rich usefulness among their own people stretched before the happy trio. The steamer seemed to crawl up the river, for these eager hearts were throbbing with high expectation. And when the white, tidy cottages of their new abode broke upon their view as the steamer rounded a bend in the river, the cup of their happiness ran over. Chandler looked seriously into the eyes of his son and said quietly:

"Dave, my lad, perhaps God will point the way here for you to pay your account with Him, for 'twas

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His hand that led us out of danger and now leads us back to a free and equal life."

* * * * *

The following Christmas was a time of great joy in the Garden City. Elaborate preparations had been made for the Feast of the Child. An event of great moment to the community—the choice of a minister—was arranged for. A simple and beautiful church had been erected by the people. For the most part it had been built by the workmen in their spare hours. Their pride in it was naturally very intense. It was to be called "The Church of the Holy Innocents." There were no sectarian rivalries and jealousies here. The people were a unit religiously. A common danger and a common purpose had knit them together. If a leader with sympathies broad enough could be secured to guide them, then, the future would be rosy with happiness. At the first meeting held for the purpose of selecting a minister the decision was at once made to follow the scriptural method. The choice must be by lot. Each man and woman would write the name of the desired candidate on a slip of paper. So they cast their lots, and the lot fell upon David Chandler. The choice was unanimous. It seemed that God was in their assembly and had directed the choice. The new minister would be ordained for his work on Christmas day. Invitations had been sent to the representatives of the churches in the city to assist at the dedication service and with one consent they had accepted. So the plans for the day went forward merrily. Peace and good-will dominated all hearts. But in the souls of Joseph Chandler and Mary his wife, there was a joy unspeakable.

Christmas Day was ideal. The air was crisp and cold and the sun shone from a cloudless sky. For

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the preceding twenty-four hours great feathery flakes of snow had fallen steadily until city and country were covered with a mantle of unsullied white. Jewels seemed to flash from every side. Wherever the sun found a point of manifestation, the glory of light filled the place. Everywhere there was the glitter and sparkle of a flawless winter's day.

Many were the plans made for a joyous commemoration of the Nativity. Homes were festooned with garlands, and Christmas trees were laden with gifts. The afternoon and evening would be devoted to domestic celebrations. Laughter and music would fill all homes and children would gather round the family altar and own their gracious Lord.

But the centre of interest for this day must be the Church Service. All the details had been carefully arranged. The hour appointed was at half past ten in the morning. It was to be largely a children's service. On this day when all the world loved the cradle and knelt in homage before the Babe it was surely right that the children should have a place in public worship, so there were four hundred boys and girls at the Christmas Service. They sat in the front seats, the girls in white dresses, the boys in comely black. Eager and tense were their faces as they sang "Once in Royal David's City." Their sweet voices seemed to be a refrain of the song which once awoke the echoes of the Judean hills. The choir was composed of boys, all vested in white robes. The black frock coats of assisting ministers and the scarlet robes of a Bishop made a delightful background. When the time came for the ordination of David Chandler there was rapt attention. He wore a long, loose robe of spotless white, with flowing sleeves. He stood facing the people and made the promises of loyalty

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and devotion to their highest interests. Then he turned, and kneeling before the simple altar recited his belief in the eternal verities. He was given a Bible by the two lawyers who had played so splendid a part in the cause of the children. They were acting as deputies of the people. When the "Veni Creator" was softly sung by the kneeling congregation, the hands of all the ministers present, including the Bishop and the hands of the two lawyers, were laid upon the head of David and he was ordained the minister of the people. It was a solemn and impressive moment. The children were large-eyed with interest and the parents were either praying or meditating quietly on the wondrous scene. A few women whose memories were busy with the tragic scene of the fire in which they had lost their children, wept unrestrainedly.

The Bishop gave a short address from Christ's charge to St. Peter, "Feed my Lambs." He was a big-hearted, broadly sympathetic man, somewhat like the Bishop in the story of 'Les Miserables.' His voice was rich and mellow, full of the love which swayed his whole being. He sketched the apathy of the Church in the past toward the children. And then simply he told the story of the present movement which seemed to him beautifully in keeping with the Gospel of the Child. He rejoiced to know that all the churches had been able to endorse this cause and be represented at this service. It was a fulfilment of the ancient prophecy "A little child shall lead them." Out of all their petty rivalries and antagonisms, out of all their selfishness and mistakes, the child had led them into union and concord. No church could long endure which

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neglected the child. No church could claim to be Christian which shut the children out of its worship and its work.

Then the Bishop turned to the newly-ordained minister and said,

"You, my brother, have been called to a sacred and solemn work. From your very infancy it was ordained that this leadership should be yours. God's hand singled you out of the many children and saved you from the furnace. "Saved as by fire" might be truly said of you. He hid you from calamity and brought you back to "feed His lambs." Feed them with the Bread of Life. Minister to them in unflinching love. Remember your salvation and be in return a saviour unto them."

As the Bishop ceased speaking, David came forward and lifted his hands in blessing upon the people. His face shone like unto Stephen's when he looked into heaven. The people with one accord fell to their knees. The prelude to a hymn was softly played. All hearts were concentrated in prayer. Then the choir sang very quietly their Christmas hymn.

"O Holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be horn in us to-day.
We hear the heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel."

For a long time after the organ ceased the people remained on their knees. They did not even look up towards the sanctuary. Then a slight rustle of garments caused them to lift their eyes. They noticed that the other ministers were retiring. David was standing before the altar with face uplifted to the

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window where a picture of Christ amid the children glowed in a soft, rich light. He quietly turned and walked down the centre aisle towards the entrance of the church. Instinctively the congregation arose and followed him. Out into the great world of work he led them. The sunshine was upon all their faces and the peace of God in all their hearts. "So he fed them with a faithful and true heart and ruled them prudently with all his power."

