



yours for the Right
and the True
Margaret E. Parker

SIX HAPPY WEEKS

AMONG THE

AMERICANS.

BY

MRS. M. E. PARKER, P.G.W.V.T.,

THE CLIFF, DUNDEE,

Representative of Grand Lodge of Scotland to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge Session, Bloomington, Illinois, May 25th, 1875; Representative of Right Worthy Grand Lodge to National Temperance Convention, Chicago, June 1st, 1875; President of the Women's British Temperance Association; President of the Women's International Christian Temperance Union.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KIRK.

In paper, One Shilling; in cloth, One Shilling and Sixpence.

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Dedicated

TO ALL

TEMPERANCE WORKERS,

AND ESPECIALLY TO THE

GOOD TEMPLAR BRETHERN AND SISTERS
OF SCOTLAND,

WHOSE REPRESENTATIVE TO AMERICA I WAS, AND WHOSE
EARNESTLY EXPRESSED WISHES HAVE CALLED FOR
THE PUBLICATION OF THESE PAPERS.



P R E F A C E .



It is with no little pleasure that I write a few lines of introduction to the following pages. I have read them with delight and great profit myself, and so would trust that many thousands of others may do the same. They carry one thoroughly along with the writer in a most interesting journey, so as actually to make him feel as if he formed one of the company at the scenes and among the people whom she visited ; then these scenes are of the most intensely interesting character. Before we leave the green shores of old Ireland we are introduced to charming scenery, and those eighty-four children going with this good ship from Birmingham, where they were waifs and strays, to Canada, where they will be prized and their way opened in the world. Those children as described fill one's heart with sympathy, and do it real and lasting good. All the voyage and journey with all the people, great and small, who are met with or seen in assemblies or otherwise, come before us in their

reality. Then the book gives us an idea of the temperance movement, which we confess we had not before. It is easy to heap up figures and speak of as many thousands, and it is not difficult to describe in general terms the greatness of men and women who take part in a powerful reformation. It is a different thing to take us from one company to another till we are surrounded in spirit with the living masses, and to introduce us to men and women of the most admirable power and character, so as to make us feel as if we had been personally in converse with them. But we have said enough. Our post is only to introduce the little volume by giving a very little notion of how the reading of it has impressed our own minds. He who reads it through in the right spirit will not be disappointed.

JOHN KIRK.

EDINBURGH, *6th December, 1876.*

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A TEMPERANCE TOUR

THROUGH

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

CHAPTER I.

Liverpool to Moville—Mr. Middlemore's Children—Icebergs
—Landing at Quebec—The *Scandinavian*.

WE embarked on board the s.s. *Scandinavian*, April 29th, a party of eight—Brothers Gladstone, Malins, Pollard, Capper, and Dr. Lees, Sister Lees and myself. The Liverpool Good Templars, having entertained us to a public breakfast, came in a body to see us off, and bid us good-bye. As they left us to go back in the tender, we began to realise that we were leaving friends and home behind us. We had a pleasant sail to Moville, on the coast of Ireland, where we waited to take passengers from Londonderry. During the interval we had examined the vessel, and became acquainted with some of our fellow-voyagers. We were much interested in a group of 84 children, collected from the streets of Birmingham by Mr. Middlemore, a worthy Christian gentleman, who is

doing his Master's work in caring for these little ones. On going down to the steerage we were greeted by their sweet, childish voices singing "Sweet Hour of Prayer." They were all in their berths, and, as we passed the little rows of heads, they commenced singing, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." We felt it was a sweet word to pillow our heads on, as we each sought our own berths, to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

At eleven next morning we anchored in Lough Foyle, off the coast of Ireland, and took a boat to Moville, a lovely green spot of the Emerald Isle. We were all glad to feel *terra firma* under our feet, and stand as long as we could on this green spot, some of us wishing that we had not to go back to that unwieldy ship, which was to be our home for so many days, and with which, as yet, we were not specially enamoured. We lingered till three p.m., and regretfully took the boat, which conveyed us to the vessel. We had gathered a quantity of primroses and flowers, which we distributed among Mr. Middlemore's children. They were all arranged on the deck. It was a very pretty sight; the little girls all having scarlet hoods, comfortable waterproof cloaks, and wincey frocks, all alike; the boys equally comfortable and uniformly dressed. They were in excellent spirits, anticipating good homes in Canada. The boats now began to arrive from Londonderry. Among the passengers was Sister Partington, who

was returning home after her two years' sojourn among the Good Templars of Great Britain. I need not recount our daily experience, nor how soon we all succumbed to the miseries of sea-sickness. A heavy ground swell caused a more unpleasant motion than good, honest breakers would have done. We had about three days of this miserable state, but only one of our party gave vent to his feelings by saying, "What a fool I was to come here; I wish I was at home" — a very natural wish, but impossible to accomplish just then. We had a number of religious services on board, and various temperance meetings. I think during the twelve days' passage we held at least thirteen meetings of one kind or another. On approaching the shores of Newfoundland we encountered vast blocks of ice floating for miles around us, which came with great force against our iron vessel, making us shut off steam, and sometimes stop the engine altogether. It was a beautiful sight to see the icebergs glittering with the loveliest colours—yellow, deep-blue, and green—where the sea washed over them. They were, however, dangerous enough neighbours to cause the captain to go up into the mainmast and remain there, anxiously directing our course, during the whole night. We felt a sense of security in knowing that our Good Templar brother, Captain Dutton, had none of his senses clouded by alcohol. Still the sense of fear caused some of us to remain in our state-rooms all night without undressing, watch-

ing the large fields of ice, piling one mass on another as far as the eye could reach, some thirty or forty feet in thickness, knocking against the poor iron ship, and making us fear that the plates would be torn off. It was calculated that we came through three hundred miles of ice. I remembered gratefully my little boy saying to me, "Mamma, don't be frightened when you are in the big ship. I've asked God to take care of you, and not let any storms come while you are there, or big whales: and," he added, with a look of confidence, "I know he won't, for he always hears children's prayers." I told the captain, and he said, "God bless the boy. I'd rather have his prayers for my ship than half the churches."

On Sunday, the 9th of May, we came into clear atmosphere, with lovely blue Canadian skies above us. The sun had shone on the ice so much that it was now soft and glittering, and, being covered with the whitest of snow, reflected the colours of the rainbow. It was a day of keen enjoyment to us all. We saw a whale spouting in the distance, and also some seals, and observed many traces of them also on the snow-covered blocks of ice as we passed. The sun remained bright all day, lighting up the snow caverns with gorgeous colours; stalactites and stalagmites of ice glittering and looking fairy-like as we bounded past them. We all agreed that a few hours like this was compensation for all the sickness and other discomforts we had endured. Sister Partington addressed Mr. Middle-

more's children in the morning; Bro. Pollard and myself in the afternoon. Bro. Gladstone preached in the dining saloon—which was crowded—in the evening.

On Tuesday, 11th May, we landed at Quebec; and here let me say, before leaving the vessel, that the arrangements on board the *Scandinavian* were excellent. The steward and stewardess and all the servants attentive; and the food for all classes of passengers as good as it could be. We saw the food cooked for the emigrants, and it was in all respects as good as that provided for the cabin passengers. Indeed, everything connected with the Allan Line of steamers is all that can be desired. The chief steward conducted us through his vast store-rooms, and showed us the quality of all the various kinds of provisions; and no expense seemed to be spared to have everything of the very best description. I should always choose to go on this line of steamers if I had to cross the Atlantic again. We now found ourselves standing on the wharf at Quebec, surrounded by our luggage, which had to pass the custom-house officers. Presently we were greeted by our good Canadian brethren, headed by Bro. Rev. John Cattanach, and on receiving the warm Templar grip and words of welcome we realised that we were not strangers or foreigners, but fellow-citizens of one beautiful, "fraternal home." Here we received an address, and the friends in every way loaded us with kindness.

CHAPTER II.

First impression of Quebec—Our First Meeting—Montreal—Canadian Villages—Ottawa—Address of Welcome—Temperance and Christianity—Match and Wooden Pail Factory—Falls of Chandiere—Houses of Parliament.

THE first impression a stranger receives of Quebec is not at all prepossessing. An amusing exemplification of this came under my notice. A gentleman and his wife left a comfortable farm in Norfolk with the intention of purchasing one in Minnesota, but on landing they disliked the appearance of Quebec and the insubordination of the servants so much that they came back home a few days afterwards without penetrating farther into the country. We were located by the kindness of our friends in a comfortable hotel in the best part of this old-fashioned French town.

We saw ourselves advertised to address a public meeting the evening we arrived. They had only two hours' notice of our arrival; but we found we had got into a land of quick despatch. The meeting was a good one, and an address of welcome was presented, to which we all responded. A number of ministers were there; and further experience through the country showed them to be universally true, both in precept and example, on the great temperance question, and that the church there feels it her duty to throw the shadow of her wing over the cause. After the meeting a number of Scotch people gathered round

to shake hands, and one brother presented me with a poem of his own composition.

We left next day for Montreal in one of the Palace steamers which ply on the St. Lawrence. These steamers were a novelty to us, and very magnificent; they generally have three decks, each having elegantly-furnished saloons, with luxurious carpets, sofas, chairs, &c. There is also a piano for amusement, varied literature, and photographic views for sale. All the inside painting is pure white, relieved with gilt, which has a very pleasing effect. Each passenger is provided with a key to a state-room containing a sleeping berth, which is very convenient, as the journeys are often very long. It took fifteen hours to reach Montreal, where we were again welcomed by our Good Templar Brethren, and driven to a beautiful hotel. Here we had our first experience of a real American breakfast; the number of dishes amazed us; all sorts of meat and fish, eggs differently cooked, potatoes boiled and fried, hot bread, hot buckwheat cakes, and maple syrup; it reminded us of reading of these in Mrs. Stowe's and other works. We were served by coloured waiters; these I prefer to all others, as they seem to be able to anticipate your wants, which relieves you from the trouble of asking for things. At ten a.m., our Good Templar friends provided us with three handsome carriages, with each a pair of horses, to take us through the city. One of the brethren accompanied each party to point out the chief places of interest. We went first to Notre Dame,

a fine Cathedral, but not much to those who have seen the one from which it derives its name in Paris. Then to the church of Bon Secours, which they told us, with great pride, was one hundred years old. This is considered old in this new country. Here we saw a number of devout Catholics kneeling and counting their beads before the various altars erected to the Virgin Mary and other saints. We drove through handsome streets to the office of the Fire Brigade; a most wonderful place. When a fire occurs (which it does almost every day), it is telegraphed to the head office from batteries placed in almost every street. The same electric power which sends the message to where the engines are, strikes an alarm-bell, stops the clock to show when the message arrived, lights the gas, unlooses the horses (they being trained to place themselves to the engine), and throws open the gates. The official in charge said that the average time from the striking of the bell to the engines being on their way was only seven seconds. They kindly let us see the process gone through, so we had an opportunity of ourselves judging of its rapidity. We recorded our names in a book kept for that purpose, and left, filled with wonder.

Montreal contains 160,000 inhabitants, and is charmingly situated on the St. Lawrence. The beautiful Victoria Bridge, built by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, connects the city with the opposite shore. This bridge will only be rivalled in length by the one

now in course of erection over the river Tay. It is 9196 feet, while the Tay Bridge will be 10,321 feet. We then drove to the two principal cemeteries, which are very beautiful. Here the surroundings of death are less gloomy than in our own country; shrubs and flowers are much cultivated, and everything about it tends to make one more hopeful and less sad. It is right to remember that they are "not here"—they "are risen." We saw Mount Royal, and had a lovely view from it, and returned to our hotel at 3 p.m., highly gratified by what we had seen.

There was a public reception at four. We all responded to the hearty welcome extended to us by the temperance friends of various sections. The same evening there was a large public meeting in the handsome hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. A large and appreciative audience assembled to hear the delegates of England and Scotland, who all spoke. Brother Gladstone left for Texas that same night, and we did not meet him again till we reached Bloomington.

We left the beautiful city of Montreal with regret, having been treated by our Good Templar friends with the greatest hospitality and kindness. Proceeding by steamer, on the Ottawa river, to the new capital of the Dominion, we passed a number of quaint Canadian villages. We called at most of them to land and embark passengers, and our advent seemed to create the greatest interest in these quiet places. At one of them

we landed the furniture for a house; and as the different suites for each room were put on the landing stage, the people gathered round to admire and help to remove it. No one seemed above lending a hand. This element of helpfulness and absence of conventionality was to me a pleasing feature all through America. We passed St. Ann's, rendered famous in the Canadian boat song in the line, "We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn." The scenery was wild and interesting. A number of rafts, with men and boys on them, floated past us. In this way the timber is carried, in great quantities, as far as Quebec. Some of these rafts are so large as to look like floating villages (as indeed they are), as the people in charge build huts on them, in which they live all the way down the rivers. These rafts are broken up, and the timber sold, on arrival at Montreal or Quebec. The quantity of timber here was amazing to us, and forms a great part of the wealth of the country. A large number of saw-mills stud the banks of the rivers; these are driven by water power, and go day and night, and employ large numbers of men cutting and arranging hundreds and thousands of logs of wood. We passed through the rapids; but, as they were not swollen, we did not perceive any alteration in the speed of our vessel. Ottawa is beautifully situated, being on the edge of rocks, over which the river rushes, giving a fine effect. Hundreds of rafts studded the river, which gave it an animated appearance.

Our Good Templar friends, as usual, welcomed us,

and took us all to different private homes. We had travelled twelve hours, but there was no rest for us. We had barely time to get tea before we went to the mass meeting in a large Presbyterian Church—the Hon. Malcolm Cameron in the chair. A number of ministers were present, one of whom presented the following address:—

“To Joseph Malins, G.W.C.T., England; Dr F. R. Lees, G.W.V.T., England; Joshua Pollard, D.D. Master, England, and Mrs. M. E. Parker, G.W.M., Scotland.

“Dearly Beloved and Honoured Brethren and Sisters,— We welcome you to our city, our hearts, and our homes. We hail with delight your visit to this country and continent. As champions of the temperance movement in the Old World, your names are as familiar to us as household words.

“In you we recognise the leaders of our Israel. Slowly, it may be, but not the less certainly and steadily are you conducting them beneath the guiding pillar of cloud and fire to the promised land.

“We are not insensible to the colossal power of strong drink in the Mother Country, but we measure not the arm of God by the finger of man. There may be difficulties to overcome, but they are not insurmountable; there may be strongholds to storm, but they are not impregnable; there may be giants to combat, but they cannot stand before the Lord of Hosts.

‘ For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.’

“We trace with the eagerness of desire the progress of the conflict in which you are engaged, rejoicing in each new success, and ever praying that the God of battles may nerve you for the strife, until the banner of temperance, floating in

every, breeze shall proclaim in the palace of Royalty, in the mansion of wealth, and in the cottage of the common people, that your motto is love, purity, and fidelity, faith, hope, and charity.

“In this young Dominion we are seeking to lay the foundations of Empire upon a basis firm as the Rock of Ages.

“Throughout the length and breadth of this land there exists in the hearts of our people an undying attachment and loyalty to the British Queen and British institutions. Palsied be the hand that would sever this tie of affection and loyalty.

“With an extent of country, healthful in climate and fertile in soil, capable of accommodating many millions of inhabitants—with free institutions, pure laws, and a common school system second to none in the world, we enter upon our national career with cheerfulness and hope.

“The one blot on our escutcheon is the foul stain of intemperance, and this, under God, we are determined to remove.

“Already, through the voice of the people, the attention of Parliament has been called to the subject of prohibition in such a manner as to manifest the fact that no Government or party can ignore the question without imperilling its own existence. Here, in the capital of the Dominion, the cause of temperance is perhaps stronger than at any other point, while in every part of the country Christian Churches and ministers of religion unite with the various temperance societies in praying for the suppression of the liquor traffic.

“Under these circumstances your visit is to us doubly gratifying.

“We pray that you may be protected in all your journeyings, blessed in all your labours, and live to see the glorious word victory perched upon all your banners and ours.

“In the name of the temperance people of Ottawa we give you ‘a hundred thousand welcomes.’

“Signed in behalf of the Committee,

“Ottawa, May 14th, 1875.”

“W. J. HUNTER.

All the delegates responded to this address. The tone of the meeting very pleasingly demonstrated to us that here the cause of temperance is closely identified with the Christianity of the country, and recognised to be of vital importance as an agency to remove the stumbling-blocks out of the way of the gospel. And thus temperance work is made a part of Christian work—a forerunner preparing the way in the wilderness for the coming of the Holy One—a stepping-stone to something higher and better. As the bodies of men become weaned from intoxicating drinks their souls are often led to seek the pure fountains of living water. It was a significant fact that through all our journeyings it was the Church and the ministers who welcomed us quite as much as our Good Templar friends. Would that in our own country we could give a similar testimony regarding all the Churches.

Next day we went to see the match and wooden pail factory. The matches are made by machinery. A square block of wood is put into a machine, and it comes out cut into beautiful square spills, double the length of the match. They are carried on by machinery, and gathered up into a large wheel, and then dipped at each end with sulphur. The machine then cuts them in two, and girls gather them up and put them in paper boxes ready prepared. The velocity with which the girls put exactly the right quantity into the box is marvellous. These paper boxes are made outside the factory, and employ about 900

people. We then went into the department where the wooden pails are made by machinery. It seemed like magic. They are sold wholesale at 6s. per doz. Eighteen hundred are made daily by the firm of Messrs. Eddy & Co., who are Good Templars.

Close by are the Falls of Chandiere, and, although smaller, were more interesting to me than Niagara. These boiling waters were covered with logs of timber, and, as they rolled and bolted over, carried with tremendous velocity, the scene was quite animating. We noticed that all the logs were marked, so that they could be claimed by their owners on arrival at their destination.

The new Houses of Parliament at Ottawa are nearly completed, and very fine structures they are, rivalling those at Westminster. They are built on an eminence, which gives them an imposing appearance, and the extensive grounds around are being laid out with great taste. This comparatively new city has every prospect of being one day of some importance. We left at 11:15 p.m. for Napanee, where we arrived at 6 a.m. next morning. This place I reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Napanee—Address by Dr. Lees—Toronto—London—Banquet to the Delegates—Detroit.

ON our arrival at Napanee we were received by W. S. Williams, Esq.; Mayor of the town, and R.W.G.S. Here Colonel Hickman, R.W.G.T., and his lady joined us, also Hon. Mrs. M. B. O. Donnel, R.W.G.S.J., and a number of other delegates, on their way like ourselves to Bloomington. Next day being Sunday, all the churches were placed at our disposal. In the morning Bro. Pollard, D.D., of Bradford, preached in the C. M. Church, which was crowded; at the same time Bro. the Rev. M. Burgoyne, of Nova Scotia, preached in the Methodist Episcopal Church; in the afternoon, Sister Partington addressed the large Sunday School in the Wesleyan Church; and in the evening the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches omitted their regular services to attend the Episcopal Church, which, though very large, was packed in every part to hear Bro. Dr. F. R. Lees, F.S.A., and G.W.V.T. of England, preach on "Bible Temperance." As all the utterances of Dr. Lees are good, I give the following report from the *Canadian Casket*:—

“BIBLE TEMPERANCE.

“The learned lecturer opened by saying that a principle of prime importance commonly ignored was that of the command to rightly divide the word of truth, so as [properly to apply its lessons to the circumstances and needs of man.

Neglecting this, men twisted the most monstrous things from the Bible, and among them that poisonous drink is a good creature of God, citing everything *in* the Bible as being expressive of the divine mind, and therefore not dividing it rightly. Give him the premisses, and he could prove any conclusion upon unwarrantable reasoning. The doctor wished them all to distinctly comprehend and note every word of the statement that he was about to make—namely, that nowhere in Scripture is the element of divine truth, by way of sanction or approval, associated with the dietetic use of intoxicating wine. He then proceeded to prove that those passages in which wine was mentioned as bringing a blessing, *un-intoxicating*, as the context proves, is meant. No doubt God, who *permits* evils, permitted the use of intoxicating wine, but nowhere does he sanction its use. He took three propositions for showing that the Bible comprehends completely all the principles of the temperance societies of the present day—‘That the seers and prophets of the Bible, in their character as such, teach that intoxicating wine is bad.’ This first proposition was most lucidly argued, and wonderfully brought out a remarkable mine of study and information, as the lecturer told of the allegorical method of teaching, as suited to the early world, by symbolism founded on nature, and how from first to last in Scripture intoxicating wine is the selected symbol of evil. The second proposition affirmed that the Bible represents that intoxicating drink is evil by direct, descriptive, or ethic teaching, in which it was shown by citing the writings of men of other nations than the Jewish, but contemporaneous with them, that without contradiction in every age of the world there has been a total abstinence movement. Solomon characterised wine as a mocker, strong drink as full of violence, and warns us against being deceived by them, and in his day accurately described the fermenting process of wine as now stated by Liebig. Our readers, at least all Good Templars, are familiar with the passage, ‘Look not thou upon

the wine when it is red,' &c.—the whole passage harmonising with Liebig's analysis of grape juice. The third proposition was that the Bible as a book of history, which is 'philosophy teaching by example,' represents the use of strong drink as being seductive in its nature and corrupting in its consequences. It does this by its biographic notices and by its national annals. He instanced its curse to Noah, to the previous pure and just Lot, to Nadab and Abihu, and to priest, prophet, and patriarch, and, on the other hand, its blessing to the self-denying Nazarite. In the beginning God established the most perfect of diets in Eden. In the case of Samson, the angel of Jehovah twice appeared to his mother, commanding her to abstain from strong drink. The mother of Samuel had pledged her son as a Nazarite, a total abstainer. The doctor next dwelt upon the origin and present numerical standing of the Rechabites, of whom Jehovah said, 'There shall not fail in the line of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, men to stand before me for ever,' and who, proselytes to the Jewish religion, an Arabian and nomadic tribe, now flourish in increasing numbers, the noblest chivalry of the East. He then stated that the Bible implies that teetotalism is a physiological law. In this connection he illustrated the case of Daniel nourished on pulse and pure water, so that, as our readers will remember the incident, he was, after ten days, fairer and fatter in flesh than all the youths that ate the King's food. The Bible, he said, represents abstinence as a divinely appointed physical preparation for the highest spiritual life, and that Christ did not come in the fulness, or fitness, of time, until the people were prepared by abstinence to receive him. We must give but one more illustration, one taken from records entirely extraneous to the Bible and proving the abstinence vein that ran through other nations than the Jewish. In the Hieratic Papyria, taken from tombs as old as 2000 years B.C., there was a letter found from the priest Amen-eman to his pupil

Penta-om in which this passage occurs :—‘It has been told me that thou hast forsaken books, and devoted thyself to pleasure ; that thou goest from tavern to tavern smelling of beer at eventide. If beer gets into thee, it overcomes thy head. If thou wieldest the rod of office, men shun thee. Thou knowest that wine is an abomination ; thou hast taken a pledge concerning strong drink, that thou wouldst not put such liquor into thee—hast thou forgotten thy promise?’ We have endeavoured to place the facts of the lecture in the same order in which they were given, but thoughts we have skipped and principles we have overlooked keep continually entering our mind as we now close, which, of course, would not here be in their proper place. Already sufficient is given to show the ‘texture and style’ of the learned address, but not enough for a fair conception to those absent of the real force, profound learning, and astute reasoning of the truly great man. Dr. Lees has impregnated the mass with leavening principles that shall work in the fermenting process until the pure and unmixed conviction of the truth of Bible Temperance shall result in the complete establishment of its principles. He has scattered the seeds of the Bible granary with a lavish hand, and for years to come the fruit will crop out here and there ready for use when needed.”

Next day (Monday) two meetings were held, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening, which latter was of such an enthusiastic and demonstrative character as to call for special notice. Long before the time of meeting the spacious church in which it was held was crammed to the door, and hundreds had to go away, being unable to gain admission. The church was decorated with flags of the I.O.G.T., intertwined with the Union Jack of Britain and the Stars

and Stripes of America. The large carpeted platform was filled with velvet-covered chairs, which were occupied by the various delegates, who now numbered about fifty. Various addresses of welcome were presented from the Good Templars, the working men, and the sisters of Picton, which latter was presented by Mrs. Youmans, and claimed by myself for the sisters of Scotland. I was much interested in hearing that these noble women, learning that strong drink was sold in the steamer that plied between Picton and Napanee, chartered one for themselves, that they might be freed from the companionship of alcohol. The account of this spirited conduct, on being mentioned in the meeting by the chairman, was greeted with a storm of applause. Such was the enthusiasm of the people that the meeting was not broken up till after eleven.

We next proceeded to Toronto, where a similar programme was gone through, with the addition of a banquet held in honour of our visit. The city is beautifully situated on the shores of Lake Ontario. The streets are wide and handsome, the houses substantial and elegant, and altogether the town bears the appearance of a well-to-do, rising place. It happened that the funeral of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Mr. Crawford, took place the day we arrived. The whole city seemed to have turned out to attend it. The shops were closed, and public business was for the day suspended.

The temperance friends in Toronto seemed to vie with each other to do us honour. We were entertained in elegant private rooms, and handsome carriages were provided to take us through the city. Toronto is the capital of Ontario, and the most flourishing city in the province. It has a population of 80,000, and is situated on a beautiful circular bay, on the north shore of Lake Ontario. During navigation vessels ply to all the ports on this extensive lake. A number of manufactures are carried on here—iron foundries, paper mills, candle, soap, starch, and oil cloth. Toronto has five daily, six semi-weekly, twelve weekly, and eight monthly papers. The editor of the *Toronto Globe* is the Hon. George Brown, a Scotchman, and native of Fife. The cause of temperance is here, as elsewhere in Canada, a popular one, and a recognised power for good. Our presence was hailed everywhere by the Christian public and the friends of temperance (and it seemed to me that the two were identical) with enthusiasm.

I had a brother-in-law within 70 miles of this city, and I wished much to break off from the party here and visit his family, but Bro. Malins protested against it strongly, saying that I was the only Scotch delegate, and I *must* stay to represent Scotland. I yielded, but it took me several hundreds of miles extra travelling to reach it from the States in coming home. The distances are so great that it takes a European a long time to realise the vastness of the country. I have

been amused since my return in thinking how innocently I imagined that I could easily slip across to California from Illinois. I found that slipping across involved five days and five nights continuous railway travelling, and £60 railway fare. I naturally gave it up.

We left Toronto with reluctance, and proceeded to London, where we were welcomed by Marcus Knowlton, Esq., G.W.C.T. for Ontario, and other friends, and taken to the Tecumseh Hotel. Here a magnificent banquet was provided by the G.W.C.T., a wealthy and generous brother. I suppose the guests numbered about sixty; and the variety of dishes, rare and costly creams, ices, fruits of many kinds, showed that the beauty, elegance, and enjoyments of the table are not dependent on the presence of wines, &c., for here they had no existence. Indeed, in all our travels we never saw intoxicants, and were never insulted by having them offered. After the banquet we proceeded to the meeting. I was much pleased to see that the juvenile Templars, all dressed in white, were ranged at the back of the spacious platform, and their sweet childish voices greeted us on entering. It must have been pleasing to Sister the Hon. Mrs. O'Donnell, R.W.G.S. of juveniles—her heart is so thoroughly engaged in the juvenile work. One cannot help seeing the fitness of having mothers for the little ones—to gather them into, as well as keep them in, the fold. Our Good Templar Order is destined to develop and

bring into use a vast amount of buried talent among the sisters in our lodges. The Almighty Lawgiver has committed the keeping of the young mostly into the hands of women, and he makes no mistakes. Her patience, tact, and intuitive perceptions make her the fittest ruling officer and president in the juvenile lodges. The meeting was crowded and enthusiastic. Colonel Hickman, R.W.G.T., gave a brilliant address. He is a noble champion of the temperance cause, being justly proud of having never taken intoxicating liquors, tobacco, or snuff. A noble and commanding figure, along with a gentlemanly and courtly bearing, fit him to be a leader in our order.

We started next day for Detroit, arriving about 7 p.m. Here our luggage was again subjected to the custom-house officers, who, on learning that we were temperance delegates, "guessed" that temperance people were mostly good, and the search was only nominal. Our good brother, the Rev. John Russel, P.R.W.G.T., met us at the station, and took us to a comfortable hotel. I had seen him as a delegate in London (England), and we met as old friends. We had barely time to swallow a hasty tea, when we were taken to a meeting in the largest church we had yet seen. It was filled with a respectable audience, among whom were a number of coloured people. The evening was warm, and I noticed that all the men and women had fans and used them. American churches are much more comfortable and ornamental than ours.

Cushioned seats, stained-glass windows, flowers, and, in winter, evergreens, add much to the attractiveness of the churches. There is almost always a large platform instead of the pulpit. This church was called the Tabernacle of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Brother Russel presented a beautifully worded address, welcoming us not only to Detroit, but to the State and country, as representatives of sacred, philosophical, social, and moral principles, upon the practical application of which the future welfare of the human race very largely depends. He remarked that "strong drink is the most destructive and implacable foe of mankind. Science asserts alcohol to be poison to the healthy human system, and that total abstinence from it is the only safe and consistent rule of personal duty. Social science and political economy correctly taught, show us that the entire alcoholic drink trade is an illegitimate branch of commerce, an unmitigated public nuisance, that consequently all moral, social, and political agencies should combine for the complete extirpation of the business." Brother Russel is a keen and accurate logician, and the whole address, though delivered extemporaneously, bore evidence of this. Our delegates suitably replied. The meeting was almost like a religious service—singing and prayer interspersing the speeches. The hymns were prepared for the occasion.

Detroit is situated on the river of the same name; it is seven miles below Lake St. Clare, and 18 miles

above Lake Erie, and the most important town of the State of Michigan. It has 100,000 inhabitants, and one of the best harbours in the United States, with all the requisite facilities for an extensive commerce. This town formed the terminus to our Canadian tour, and our entrance into the States, a twelve hours' journey from here, brought us to the wonderful city of Chicago, the description of which I reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Chicago—Reminiscences of the Great Fire—Lake Michigan
Fresh Water Tunnel—Visit to the Pork-Curing Estab-
lishment—The Churches and Sunday Schools.

TWELVE hours' travelling brought us to Chicago. By some mistake, we did not anticipate a meeting that night ; but, on arrival, we found that a large meeting was assembled and impatiently waiting our coming ; so we were hurried off without food or rest, except what we had got in the train, and found an immense hall filled with people whom the friends had had hard work to retain until our arrival. It was well that the number of delegates was so large, and only three-minute speeches were expected of us. We found on the platform our Good Templar brother, the Hon. William Fox, M.A., ex-Premier of New Zealand. A

local committee gathered round us after the meeting, and appointed all to comfortable homes or hotels, providing an escort.

It was my good fortune to be the guest of C. N. Holden, Esq. ; and in going there I realised something of the size of the city—my escort telling me that the street we were going on was sixteen miles long, and the horse cars, or tramways (as we call them), run all the way. We, Sister Partington and myself, were kindly welcomed by our host and two brothers (Canadians). It was very late, and we did not see our hostess till next morning. She enquired particularly concerning the success of Mr. Moody in Great Britain, and told us that her son was married to Mrs. Moody's sister. I had much pleasure in telling her that the half had not been told. The American papers had copied from our own, and she asked if the wonderful accounts were true. I was able to confirm them in full. Mr. Holden's house was built of white marble up to the roof—the first of the kind I had seen. The pure white marble had a very imposing effect.

Chicago is the most wonderful city of the West. Less than half a century ago it was merely a station for trading with the Indians ; now it has a population of 450,000, and is rapidly increasing. One interesting fact is that the grade of the first city was several feet below what it is now. The new buildings being more elevated, the streets were filled up to accord with them ; and what is strange to us in this country,

whole streets of the old houses were raised by hydraulic power to the same level. It is very common to move the most solid buildings from one part of the city to another. This is mostly done during the night, in order not to interrupt the traffic. Nothing seems too hard for the enterprise of the people. If only they see that a thing is desirable, they seem to laugh at impossibilities, and straightway go and do it. It is at once the most philanthropic and the most extravagant city. Its private homes are perfect palaces; its charitable institutions are on a magnificent scale; its hotels are not excelled by any in the world. It has streets sixteen miles long, being the length of the city, while its breadth is eight miles. Our Good Templar friends brought eleven handsome carriages to show us some of its wonders. We drove from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, going twenty-five miles, and did not see one-third. Among the princely residences we saw that of George Pulman, Esq., the inventor of the palace railway cars, and royalty itself need not disdain such a home. The traffic in the streets is so great that, to relieve it somewhat, a tunnel has been constructed under the Chicago river. It is so built that there are three carriage roads in it, separated by arches. It is lighted brilliantly, day and night, with gas. Mr. Holden told me that during the great fire many people ran into this tunnel for safety; but so intense and furious was the fire that the flames seemed to be sucked by the wind right

through this long tunnel, and they perished. I listened with deep interest to his descriptions as an eye-witness of that terrible disaster. Solid stone churches were quite consumed by the intensity of the heat. Thousands of families were rendered homeless, and bereft of everything; but the magnanimous character of the people rose to the emergency, and for a long time it was as in the days of the early disciples, "they had all things in common." Those who escaped opened their doors day and night, and kept a free table for the houseless ones. They made beds in every available corner, which the wanderer was more than welcome to occupy. It glorifies our poor human nature that at such a time a God-like charity found such beautiful expression. Mr. Holden said that nothing was more common than for one business man to say to another who had lost his all, "Here, my friend, take this cheque" (it might be for a thousand or more dollars), "and if it is not enough, come to me for more," and they never looked for repayment. All honour to such practical Christianity. Would it were more common. It is true that it was born under a pressing need, but it has a divine afflatus, which makes one exult in the recital.

Another great engineering enterprise is the tunnel introduced into the centre of Lake Michigan for supplying Chicago with pure water. It is about two miles from the shore, and the water is pumped by four engines of twelve hundred horse-power each to the top

of a high tower, from which it supplies the city plentifully.

We visited the famous pork-curing establishment, where the animals literally walk in alive at one end, and come out at the other as cured pork. This place occupies one thousand acres, and is like a large horrible estate. The hundreds of men who are employed live on it with their families. If any one wishes to turn vegetarian, let him come here; he will obey the Jewish law with regard to pork ever after. Every man has his own department. The poor animals are caught up by the hind legs by a hook worked by machinery and swung up. These hooks are fastened to iron wheels, which run along a kind of elevated railway, and, as they pass, each man stands ready to perform his share of the horrible work; and they said that, during the season, one man (who stands with knife in hand) kills three thousand a-day; but the details are too brutal and revolting. Most of us recorded a vow never to touch pork again. If I had known where they were taking us, nothing would have induced me to go. Even to this day the sight of pork in the shop windows brings up visions I would gladly forego.

It was a great relief to turn into the magnificent parks, which remind one of the Champs Elysées of Paris. Miles of artificial beauty; lakes with islands, and pleasure-boats on them, and foreign birds; and carriage drives which seem endless. Chicago has the largest timber trade in the world, the largest wheat

and grain export, and also the largest cattle export, both alive and as beef. The churches are numerous and elegant. Their great size impresses the stranger, and their internal beauty and comfort is very pleasing. Mrs. Partington and myself went to one of the Methodist Episcopal Churches (Dr. Peck's) which seats 2500. Festoons of evergreens were hung right across the church from the pillars and stained-glass windows. They had been there since Christmas, and still looked fresh and pleasing. There was a platform instead of a pulpit. It happened to be the missionary services, and Bishop Foster preached—Dr. Peck being on the platform with him. After the sermon a collection was made in a novel way to us. Dr. Peck said they hoped to raise 2000 dollars that morning, and asked who would give 200 of it. He then stationed tellers in all parts of the church, and asked a brother to come up and act as secretary, and as the tellers called out the names and sums subscribed, they were noted down, and soon the 2000 dollars were given or promised; then, to crown all, plates were handed round for those who did not wish to announce their amounts—a novel but certainly effectual way of taking up a collection. Another novelty was a remark made by Bishop Foster during his sermon. In speaking of the value of the labours of Christian women in the churches, he said, "Two-thirds of all the faith, hope, and charity in the world, dwell in the hearts of women." I could not help

wishing that all our Good Templar brethren could have heard him, because these are the watchwords of our Order, and the principles by which we profess to be governed.

In the afternoon we went to the Sunday School connected with the church—a most pleasing sight. Eleven hundred attend it; the adults meeting in the body of the church, and the children in an elegant schoolroom below. The floors are richly carpeted, the seats cushioned; everything looked the essence of comfort; and the walls were bright with pictures and texts. No wonder Mr. Moody grumbled at our dull-looking schools after being accustomed to the attractiveness of American ones. The infants have a room shut off by folding doors. It was the prettiest sight imaginable to see the little things, some of them not more than two years old, sitting on seats made purposely for them with cushions, and a rail to rest their little feet on. Truly the lambs are cared for here. They are taught by women, motherly-looking and refined, mostly ladies from luxurious homes, where their own children had developed motherly and Christ-like patience. The same lesson is uniform through all the classes and in all the churches throughout the land, and the tact of the teachers simplified it to the little ones; and every two or three minutes they sang lively tunes. I noticed that classes of young men were mostly taught by women, and *vice versa*. Dr. Peck asked Mrs. Partington

to address them, which she did. He invited me to address the adults in the church, but I had not courage; but I rejoiced to find a minister liberal enough to ask women to take part in his services. He said he believed the church was shorn of more than half her power by ignoring her fittest workers. The religion of Jesus Christ is essentially feminine in principle; its doctrines can be best preached, as they are best exemplified, in the lives of women.

CHAPTER V.

The Washingtonian Home for Inebriates—Banquet in the Palmer House—Second Visit to Chicago—The Leading Chicago Journals.

ONE of the many benevolent institutions of Chicago is the Washingtonian Home for reclaiming inebriates, which owes its origin to a few earnest, zealous, and benevolent Good Templars. These noble few who consecrated their influence, time, energies, and money, twelve years ago, to this end, have good reason to be proud of the noble institution of which they were the real founders. They are reaping the golden fruits of their labours and sacrifices. Up to the present time the institution has become more and more important, and its influence more widely spread. It has been a

blessing in many a home desolated by strong drink, not only in this garden city of the West, but throughout the State and nation. Upwards of 1500 have passed through its walls from all parts. Of these about 20 per cent. are considered hopeless. It is under very efficient management, having a president, three vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, consulting physician, resident physician, a large board of directors, an executive committee, a superintendent and matron, a committee on admissions and discharges; and last, but not least, a ladies' committee, to whom it owes a large share of its success. These indefatigable workers not only contribute and collect funds to sustain the institution (for two-thirds of the inmates are received and cared for free of charge), but they seek out the most apparently hopeless cases with a zeal and devotion which never wearies. They have established experience meetings for Sunday evenings. We had the delight of attending one of these, and the touching recitals of real experiences in the lives of these poor fellows, told in their own language, often with accents showing them to be from far distant lands, is thrilling, and the tone of earnest gratitude for the benefits of the Home most pleasing. Only three minutes are allowed for each speaker, and the chairman strikes a bell if any exceed that time. The conviction was forced upon me that "prevention is better than cure," when I heard these poor fellows describe the struggles they had with the terrible appetite for drink. Blessed be all the agencies

which place a barrier between the intoxicating cup and the unpolluted lip! Our band of hope and juvenile lodges are like stars in the dark. When will our country cease to license a traffic which underlies so much of the misery, desolation, and crime she suffers from? The present Home being inadequate, a new building is in course of erection, which will contain on the first storey 90 rooms, besides reading room, gymnasium, service room, &c. The main building is 104 feet long in front; a rear building, connected with this by corridors, contains the dining-room, kitchen, laundry, chapel, and hospital.

I must now speak of the banquet held in our honour by the ladies' committee of the Washingtonian Home. It was held in the Palmer House, the largest hotel in the world. We were received by the ladies in one of the magnificent drawing-rooms of the hotel, and cordially welcomed as fellow-workers for one common object. After about an hour of converse, we were conducted to a banqueting hall, built of solid white marble. The guests numbered about 300. An elegant repast was set before us, composed of numberless dishes of the most *recherché* description. We were attended by coloured waiters, about fifty in number. These had all white waistcoats and gloves, and did their duty perfectly, anticipating every want. Our host, Mr. Holden, occupied the chair, and after the banquet a number of toasts or sentiments were proposed. I must here explain that in America

these are not accompanied by wine drinking ; indeed, I never saw wine or strong drink on *any* table all the six weeks I was there. A number of excellent speeches were made, and then came the toast of the evening—"Our guests, the Good Templars." Bro. Malins responded, but this did not content them, and my name was called out, and I had to respond *impromptu* to a toast for the first time in my life. It was some consolation that the *Chicago Times* next day said it was done "very happily."

Few of us will forget the banquet in the Palmer House. It was like an Eastern scene. The marble hall, the ebony waiters, the brilliant surroundings, made us think of the scenes in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments ;" and it was so new and fairy-like that I shut my eyes two or three times to see if they would open again on the same scene ; but it was real enough. Another banquet awaited us on our second visit to Chicago, after being at Bloomington, but I must not enlarge on this here.

Chicago is the commercial metropolis of the North-West, and the largest city of the State of Illinois. It is situated on the south-west shore of Lake Michigan, at the north of the Chicago river, which, with its north and south branches, divides the city into three nearly equal parts. The leading journals are the *Chicago Times*, daily, tri-weekly, weekly, and Sunday—W. T. Storey, editor and proprietor. The *Chicago Tribune*, by the *Tribune* Company. *Chicago*

Evening Journal, daily, tri-weekly, and weekly—Andrew Sherman, editor-in-chief. The *Chicago Evening Post and Mail*, by the *Post and Mail* Printing Company. The *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, &c. The chartered banks number 24, and represent a capital of 10,000,000 dollars. There are also some thirty private banking firms and brokers' offices. The hotels are magnificent and too numerous to mention. They represent the most liberal investment in land, building, finish, and furnishing, that can be imagined. Most of them have cost millions of dollars. The charges per day vary from eight shillings to one pound, and the higher up your room is, the lower the charge, generally; but the drawing-room hoist, into which you can step on the first floor, will land you at your room without any fatigue. This is elegantly fitted up with velvet-covered seats, and brilliant with glass and electroplate. A coloured man is continually employed in working this up and down. The number of guests make it in constant requisition. It holds from twenty to thirty people at a time.

Chicago was active during the late war. An immense bazaar was held to provide hospital accommodation for the soldiers. It was called the sanitary bazaar, and owed its origin and success mostly to the efforts of two ladies, Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hoge, assisted by the ladies of Chicago. Vast sums were realised, and this gave an impetus to similar efforts

in other towns. After this Chicago was one vast storehouse, where all that was needed in the military hospital was to be found. There was a prison at Camp Douglas (a place now within the limits of the city) for the Southern soldiers taken in battle. These were as much cared for by the citizens, and had as much attention and kindness shown them, as their own soldiers. Everything seems to be done in princely style.

CHAPTER VI.

American Chivalry—Scarcity of Female Servants and its Results—Intemperance—Comfortable Railway Travelling—Liquor Traffic in Bad Repute.

ALMOST the first thing that strikes a stranger in America is the absence of conventionality and the air of free independence among all classes. If you hire a cab, or "hack," as they call them, your driver seems to think he is doing you as much a favour as you do him in hiring his machine. If a porter takes your bag, he does it as a favour, and it is quite natural to thank him as you would a gentleman here. A lady may travel through the length and breadth of the land with the greatest ease, and her path will be smoothed for her all the way. The chivalry of Americans is beyond all praise. The best seat in the train, or in the steamboat, and especially at table, is always given to a lady, and in the most unobtrusive manner. Every

man seems to think he should help any lady who is alone. I remember when I was landing at Lewiston, after crossing Lake Ontario from Toronto, and was stepping on to the landing stage with a travelling bag in my hand, a gentleman took it, saying, "Allow me, madam, to carry this ; we don't allow *our* ladies to carry heavy weights. I think you must be from the old country." This was done in the most respectful, easy manner, as a matter of course ; and again and again I found my way smoothed in a manner I could not have anticipated as a stranger. This is the case all through—that no American will allow a woman to carry any burden that he can carry for her, or do any rough work. A working man would think himself disgraced for life if he allowed his wife to clean his shoes or cut wood. They would scarcely believe it possible that our working men's wives often cleaned their husbands' shoes. One man said, "Well, I should think that rather *thin*"—meaning that the husband who expected it was too selfish for any thing. If you see a family out, the father always carries the youngest. I never saw a woman carry a baby all the time I was there ; but I often saw fathers, with the greatest pride, doing it ; and it is no uncommon thing to see gentlemen of great wealth giving the children an airing before breakfast ; perhaps while the wife gets it ready.

The scarcity of female servants is one of the serious problems of American life ; but the ladies have nobly risen to the emergency, and in many cases rendered

themselves independent of servants, or helps as they are called. Three dollars a-week is the average wage, and the class who condescend to come and help in a household are the most independent, unreliable people one can imagine. They think themselves at liberty to go at any moment they think proper. It is no uncommon thing to see elegant, refined houses, the abode of taste and wealth, with no domestic—the lady and her daughters quietly doing all with the greatest ease, seeming, by good management, to be always at liberty. For one thing, the houses are planned differently from ours, and, being mostly owned by the tenants, everything that can make work easy is studied. The dining or eating room is always next the kitchen, and the table is always kept ready set, and large enough to allow a number of guests to join the circle without making any difference in the arrangements. As soon as the breakfast dishes are washed, they are replaced on the table, and all put ready for dinner, which meal is very like breakfast, as they always take tea at dinner, and so, with the aid of the beautiful cooking-stove in the adjoining kitchen, dinner is not such a formidable trouble, and educated labour is greatly superior to uneducated. The kitchens are perfect delights to see—no disorder or dust; the store-rooms close at hand, with the shelves all covered with white paper with ornamental edgings; and the pretty porcelain sinks. A lady has everything at hand, and house-work is elevated into a fine art. The rooms are

swept with a brush running on wheels. This brush revolves in a light tin box, just the size of the brush, which keeps in all the dust, instead of it flying about the room, as it does after switching in our fashion; and it is no labour for the most delicate lady to use this brush, as it almost runs by itself, and it certainly does its work effectively. Another thing which saves labour is that one fire will warm a whole house, hot-air pipes being conveyed through all the rooms; and when the hard coal is used, a fire is lighted in the beginning of winter, and does not go out till the end, by merely feeding it once a-day. This is considered the work of the male members of the household. It will easily be seen that this does away with the dust and the endless black-leading caused by the ordinary fire. Indeed, in a hundred ways, household labour is lightened; and any sensible woman, who is not afraid of soiling her fingers, may render herself independent of Bridget, and be a gainer every way. I visited in houses of three and four public rooms, with seven and eight bed rooms, where everything spoke of luxury and refinement, and where the inmates seemed to have plenty of leisure and reading time, and yet no servant. I found they were all early risers, and that every one made her own bed. If the young ladies of this country were brought up with similar domestic habits, we should find them less helpless when they have homes of their own. Then, again, most American women are good cooks. The variety of dishes on the table, all their

own making, testifies this. It is true they have every facility in labour-saving appliances, but knowledge alone can make these available. Domestic economy is thought sufficiently important to make it one of the branches of study at school and college (for the colleges are open to women in America, and are largely attended by them, to the advantage of both sexes). And it seems the highest wisdom that the parent into whose keeping the future generation was intrusted should be, at least, as highly educated as the father, whose care over them must of necessity be very limited. When that grand philosopher, Plato, was asked, Shall women have a share in the government? he replied, "If you depreciate women you injure the whole nation;" and this seems to be understood better in America than elsewhere. It is the paradise of women.

And now with regard to intemperance. I was six weeks in the country, and only saw one drunken man, and, I am sorry to say, he was an Englishman. It was on the Delaware Railway. He was sitting quite quietly, but talking a little fast. The guard quickly took him out of the carriage. On his return, I asked, "What have you done with that poor man?" He said, "I put him in the horse-box, the fittest place for him." I thought our railway officials might profit by the hint. In this country, passengers are often put to great annoyance and serious peril by drunken fellow-travellers, and an empty horse-box is generally to be had.

American railway carriages are about seventy feet long, each holding about fifty people. They sit on short, velvet-covered couches at each side. This leaves a clear passage up the middle. Anyone may go up or down even when the train is in motion. The conductor passes through and examines the tickets without any wearisome stopping of the train. There is only one class; but most trains have attached to them a Pullman palace car. These are fitted up with the utmost elegance, and have double plate-glass windows, which deaden the noise and increase the comfort of travelling. Here you have easy chairs, couches, tables, and every drawing-room requisite, during the day, and at night, by a wonderful contrivance, a bed is let down at each side and curtains put up, and you have all the privacy and comfort of a bed-room, and may sleep all night and find yourself still accomplishing your journey when you awake. Then at each end of the car is a toilet-room, provided with washing apparatus, brushes, combs, looking-glasses, &c., and you are quite fresh to begin another journey, if needful. All this is provided for two dollars extra (about eight shillings), less than an hotel would cost, and without loss of time. It is to be noted that even on railways there is no temptation to drink. In every carriage, iced water is freely provided, and every ten minutes or so, fruit of some kind is offered for sale while the train is in motion. It seems a regularly organised trade. Parties contract with the company, and have liberty

to travel on the line to sell their wares. It is generally a civil boy who comes with oranges, followed by nuts; figs, bananas, apples, hickory nuts, walnuts (out of the shells), sweets, candy, dough nuts, parched or popped corn, strawberries, new milk; indeed there is no end to the number of tempting things offered. It will easily be seen that there is no temptation to take intoxicants, and I never saw them in any railway station.

I have said before that the church is uniformly on the side of temperance, and no Christian minister who cared to retain his position would dare to have even a glass of ale on his table as a beverage. He would soon be told in unmistakable language that his services were no longer needed. The whole traffic is considered disreputable, and American people cannot understand how we can tolerate wine-bibing ministers and elders. Another wonder to them is that we can be so lost to all sense of right as to offer at the shrine of Bacchus some of Britain's fairest daughters by placing them behind drinking-bars, and thus using them as a means of decoying young men to their ruin. I heard some Americans speaking of this in the steamer as one of the things they had seen in our country, and the loathing and scorn with which it was discussed, with eyes flashing indignation, made me feel that we might well bow our heads in the dust that such a thing was possible in a professedly Christian country, where from every church the Saviour's prayer is uttered,

“Lead us not into temptation;” and yet we both lead and leave them there, and make slippery and treacherous paths for the feet of the young. Surely the Judge of all the earth will require these things at our hands.

“ We are called with a holy calling,
The light of the world to be,
To lift up the lamp of the Gospel
That others the path may see.

“ But if we bear it onward,
Leading the feeble astray,
Till they sink in hidden pitfalls.
What will the Master say ?

“ Up, Christians, up and be doing,
Rise from your base repose ;
If you take not the part of your Saviour,
You take the part of His foes.

“ Fling the bondage of evil customs
And the fetters of self aside,
Nor destroy, with your strength and knowledge,
The souls for whom Jesus died.”

CHAPTER VII.

National Temperance Convention—The Hutcheson Family—
Prominent Temperance Advocates—The Women's Crusade
—A Minister's Wife—The Crusade Dog.

It was my good fortune to be appointed by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge as their delegate to the

National Temperance Convention meeting in Chicago, and thus I had the long-coveted happiness of meeting some of the glorious women of the crusade, who have done more to banish intemperance than any other agency since the warfare began. It is a matter of history that they have closed in one State alone (Ohio) 2500 drinking saloons. We in this country had read with bated breath how delicately nurtured ladies had gone into the worst dens "where Satan was," and by the power of Christ and their own womanly purity shamed the liquor dealer into forsaking his traffic; and when I looked into the faces of some of the women I realised how these things could be. There was Mother Stewart, looking like a consecrated general, with her eagle eye, and whitening hair, shading a face indicating enough determination to accomplish anything she set her heart on. I remembered reading of her convicting a rum-seller of defying the law by selling rum on the Sabbath. She exhibited in the court the rum that had been bought in his saloon. On several occasions she has appeared before juries, and, without previous training, pleaded for the women who had sued liquor dealers for selling whisky to their husbands, and she generally won her case.

The Convention was held in "Farwell Hall," the scene of Mr. Moody's zealous labours. It has been twice burned to the ground, and twice rebuilt, mostly by the liberality of Mr. Farwell, a wealthy citizen,

whom Mr. Moody, with characteristic tact, laid hands upon and ushered into active work, and, almost without his knowing it, made him President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and then christened the hall after him. Here were assembled delegates from every State and almost every county—men and women who had borne the burden and heat of the day, but whose zeal was unquenched and unquenchable while their country's foe remained. Here also were the Hutcheson family, the sweet singers, who, for thirty years, have been singing for temperance and the right—a large family singularly gifted in every member. They visited this country twenty-five years ago, and sung of “the good time coming,” when “the might with the right and the truth” should be, and “Excelsior,” and a number of more songs now known in every household. They added much to the enjoyment of the meetings by their timely music set to soul-stirring words. They come from Minnesota, where they welcome all temperance workers. They gave me a pressing invitation to visit them, and promised me the largest churches and audiences if I would go and speak on temperance. It is impossible to enumerate half the prominent names of the delegates. There was Dr. Theodore Cuyler, who moved and spoke to the resolution—“That Almighty God has wedded the cross of Jesus Christ and the cause of temperance together;” and he demanded that the church had a right to come to the

front in this work, and that every church should have a temperance organisation under the control of its officers, holding its regular meetings, circulating pledge books and tracts, and in every prayer meeting making it a duty to make special supplication for the suppression of intemperance. He declared that the Bible and the decanter could not dwell consistently together. Then followed Bishop Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, equally powerful on Christian duty; Mr. Francis Murphy, of Maine, the State where prohibition reigns; Mrs. J. Willing, professor of rhetoric in a large training college; Mrs. Wittenmyer, the efficient president of the Women's Temperance Union, whose matronly dignity and parliamentary manner of presiding over and conducting a meeting is beyond all praise; Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, the energetic corresponding secretary of the Women's Temperance Union, a powerful speaker and voluminous writer; Mrs. J. E. Foster, attorney-at-law, a refined, highly educated lady, whose husband (also an attorney, and a devoted Christian and temperance worker), seeing the great need there was for women to plead the cause of women in court, influenced her to study for the bar, and he now hands over all these cases to her, and so far she has won every case, and no one who sees her can wonder. The time would fail me to tell of the hundreds of others, equally prominent workers; for every State and town has its leading spirits. All

seemed imbued with deep religious earnestness and a sense of solemn responsibility.

The afternoon of the third day of the session was set apart for the women of the crusade; and it was announced that men would be admitted, but it was understood that it was a women's meeting. The hall was well filled with both men and women, and Mrs. Wittenmyer presided and maintained the most perfect order—a marked contrast, in this respect, to the preceding meetings. One after another rose and gave the most thrilling details of the work in different places. One lady, a minister's wife, said when she heard of the crusade she thought it was so dreadful for women to sing and pray in the saloons that she earnestly prayed that it might not spread to her State; but when a meeting was called in the church, she felt so stirred that she was ready to go forth, and was the actual leader, and one of the forty who chose to go to prison when the magistrate wished to impose a fine on them for obstructing the side-walk. They gloried in suffering in the cause. On one occasion a liquor dealer, expecting the ladies, had hired a number of rowdies and armed them with revolvers, and he and they stood ready when the ladies appeared. On came the noble band, weak in themselves, but strong in the might of God, and knelt down on the pavement. "Now," said the saloon keeper (a coarse, powerful man), "I want no praying here; and I give you notice that the first woman who opens her lips in prayer will be shot

down." The minister's wife who had so dreaded the crusade was the leader—a fragile-looking, delicate lady, but with more moral courage than it takes to face an army in the heat of battle. In relating it she said, "I never felt safer in my own drawing-room than I did when those revolvers were pointed at my head. It seemed as if a voice came from the excellent glory, saying, 'He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wing shalt thou trust;' and 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.'" She felt that God as surely sent his angel as he did when Daniel was in the lion's den. She commenced to pray with closed eyes, and when she had done the rowdies had dropped their revolvers, and the saloon-keeper, with the tears running down his cheeks, said he never thought his trade such a bad one before, and they were at liberty to come and do what they liked with the liquor; and he helped them to pour it into the street, which they did amid songs of rejoicing. Another saloon-keeper set a fierce dog at the ladies, but the animal walked up the line of kneeling women, and came and planted itself before the one who was pleading for its master, and quietly looked in her face, and ever after that the animal accompanied the crusaders and guarded them from harm. Thus again the lion's mouth was closed. An amusing incident occurred in connection with this dog. It followed the ladies everywhere, even to their meetings in the

churches; and at one place the president, seeing it, said, "Will the church officer kindly put out that dog? it is out of its place." A lady immediately rose up and said it was a "crusade dog," and explained why she thought it ought to remain, which it did, amid cheers.

The crusade still goes on, but not in its original form. Efficient organisations of women are formed in every town and city, and practical work is effected. Each State has its convention, to which delegates are sent, and these conventions again send delegates to the National Convention. The next will be held in Philadelphia at the time of the Exhibition, and the corresponding secretary asks for delegates from Great Britain. Mother Stewart writes that she would like to come to this country. She thinks the Lord has a message to send by her to the women of Great Britain. I hope the way will be opened for her to come, for I believe there is a slumbering power which might be awakened, that would shake the kingdom to its centre on this important question, and the country is in perishing need of it.

On the evening of the last day, another banquet was held in the Palmer House, similar to the one already described, but more numerous attended. Here the plan of giving toasts and sentiments (without the drink) was followed, and five-minute speeches in response. "The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee" was delicately assigned to me. I felt real sadness in

bidding farewell to those noble comrades in the fight, but it was sweet to know that

“Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat.”

CHAPTER VIII.

From Chicago to Buffalo—Railway Travelling in America—A Quiet Sabbath in the Wyoming Valley—Niagara.

I LEFT Chicago and our hospitable entertainers with great regret. Varied and delightful experiences had been crowded into a few days. It is one of the things to be thankful for that memory gives us the power to gild the joys of the present by living over the pleasant scenes of the past; and in my quiet home I see again those earnest faces of noble men and women engaged in the righteous warfare for the truth, which made the Farwell Hall a glorious scene. I linger over the memories gathered there, and I long to transplant some of the elements of that Convention to our own land; the earnest faith that God would give the victory, because the cause of temperance was his own; the conviction on the part of ministers and Christian people that to help forward this work was a part of their duty, because they were Christians. Then I should like to transplant about half-a-dozen of these noble women who have not only fought, but gained such signal victories over alcohol in their own land.

“ Though woman’s hands are weak to fight,
Her heart is strong to pray ;
And with fingers of Faith she will open the gate,
To a brighter and better day.”

In travelling from Chicago to Buffalo we passed miles and miles of rich prairie land. Sister Partington and myself were now left alone—the other delegates (intending to return through Canada) had gone before. I was much interested in watching, during our long journey of twenty-five hours, the various kinds of people in the train ; and an American railway carriage gives one a splendid opportunity of studying human nature. Among about fifty occupants there are sure to be some noticeable phases of human life. If I had been suddenly transplanted from the stiff proprieties of Scottish life into that railway carriage, I should have thought that everybody knew everybody else, for conversation flowed freely, and all were at home with each other. I saw one man, apparently a well-to-do farmer, sitting down at first alone ; but his social nature soon made him rise and come to another seat adjoining ours, on which sat a similar looking individual, who soon made room for him. “ Well,” said the former, sitting down, with the greatest nonchalance, “ if it’s a fair question, stranger, what may your name be ? ” He was answered. “ And where do you hail from ? ” Again came the reply. “ And what may your trade be ? ” “ I’m in the corn line.” “ Well, I guess you and I might do some business ; ” and long

before the journey was concluded we were amused to see these two perfect strangers had concluded a business transaction, and were apparently capital friends. "I think, madam, you come from the old country," was again and again said to me, as a sort of beginning to a conversation in a train, and I found, on the whole, that it greatly relieved the tedium of a long journey to find your fellow-passengers disposed to be sociable, instead of sitting bolt upright for hours in a small box of a railway carriage and maintaining a grim silence, or, at the most, remarking that the day is fine—a fact of which you are already aware.

We had arranged for sleeping berths for the night, and found them a great luxury. One can imagine that a journey by rail which extends over weeks can be accomplished without any very great fatigue, when you can rest so comfortably at night, and find that, while sleeping, you have gone over some hundreds of miles. We soon arrived at Buffalo, the station for Niagara. Here Sister Partington expected to meet her son, but he had not received the telegram sent the day before from Chicago; and here I may say that neither the telegraphing nor the posting arrangements in America are equal to our own, and the former is much more expensive.

We decided to go and stay over Sunday with Elder Jackson and his wife, who live eight miles from Attica. Hiring a carriage, we drove there through the beautiful valley of Wyoming, and were received by the good

old elder and his wife almost with open arms, though they knew nothing of our coming. Never shall I forget the quiet rest of that lovely Sabbath spent with these good, warm-hearted Christians, I was made so truly welcome to their board. I must explain that Elder Jackson is really the Rev. David Jackson, the pastor of an Independent congregation, and regularly ordained, but it is the custom to call the minister "elder" in these parts. On the Sunday morning he preached, and then announced that "Mrs. Partington, of Portland, recently returned from Europe, would preach in the evening," and a good congregation came to hear her. I rather think the minister and she had laid their heads together to get me also to say something, for her sermon came to a close suddenly, and she announced that "Sister Parker, from Scotland, would now address them;" and as they had taken me on to the platform with them, and the people all looking expectant, I felt something like poor Jonah when the lot fell upon him. However, a few earnest words were given me, according to the promise, and then the minister rose, and kindly said how his heart had been warmed and refreshed, and he was sure, also, the congregation would long remember our visit; and then he said, "The Scotch lady who has just spoken to you has to return to Attica in the morning, and there is no public conveyance; I want you to cast about among yourselves and see if you can get her conveyed there." He then pronounced the benediction. A number

waited in the church, and said they "guessed they would hitch up a team for the sister," and be there at eight o'clock next morning. Accordingly, before the hour, a brother came with his team, and a comfortable buffalo hide to sit on, and, with the greatest goodwill, drove me the eight miles to Attica.

I shall long remember that ride in the early summer morning. The scenery was grand. The Wyoming Valley is noted for beauty, verdure, and rich cultivation. Large farms dotted the slopes of the hills; and in the fruit season, my driver told me, it was so abundant along the roadsides, and everyone had so much of their own, that no one thought of gathering it. I remarked that with us boys would steal it. I said, "Suppose, now, a farmer saw boys gathering his fruit, what would he do?" "Oh," was the reply, "he would just tell him to fetch a sack and fill it, and if that would not do, to come again with it." This gives one some idea of its great abundance.

I was soon *en route* for Niagara, with no small expectations. The railroad runs along in view of the gorgeous rapids below the falls. Deep, swift, and resistless, they hurry on till lost in the vast Lake of Ontario. I think I enjoyed seeing these rapids even more than the falls, and they took great hold on me both at the time and in recalling the scene. I should like to have stayed at least a week on the spot, to try and take in some of the sublimity of this wonder of the world, in whose presence I could only stand dumb;

and I regret I have no power to describe it now. This peerless waterfall, with its never-ceasing song of praise to the Great Architect; the suspension bridge, appearing like the work of fairy fingers; the roar heard for miles; the wonderful "Goat" island, a quarter of a mile wide and half a mile long, extending to the very brow of the precipice, dividing the falls into two portions—are all parts of the scene; and yet any description of mine seems to me so faint and imperfect that I must leave it with a few brief outlines for the imagination of the reader to fill up. About a mile above the falls the rapids commence. The great body of water has a perpendicular fall of 165 feet, the island dividing it into two parts; the higher of which is on the American side, but the greater body of water on the Canadian side. Below the falls the river runs between perpendicular cliffs for three or four miles, in a channel of 300 to 400 feet wide, with tremendous force and impetuosity, till it is released from its narrow and rocky bed below Queens-town heights, from whence it flows tranquilly into Lake Ontario. Large and comfortable hotels are erected for the accommodation of visitors. The suspension bridge across the Niagara river is a single span of 800 feet, 230 feet above the water, and supported by four wire cables, with an ultimate capacity of sustaining 10,000 tons. There are two floors, the upper for the railroad track, and the under for waggons. The east end of the bridge commands a fine view of the

falls and the rapids below ; and under the bridge the water of these rapids runs at the rate of 25 miles an hour, with breakers dashing from 20 to 30 feet high.

I must not forget to say that all up and down the vicinity of this queen of cataracts Indians are busy trying to induce visitors to buy their wares—bead baskets, watch pockets, feather fans, made from the brightest of coloured feathers ; and as most people like to take something for the loved ones at home from this famous spot, their trade must be a good one.

CHAPTER IX.

Back to Canada—Corduroy Roads—A Canadian's Chief End
—A Canadian Farm—Arcadian Life—Another Glimpse of
American Home-Life—Woman in the Pulpit—Syracuse.

FROM the charm and beauty of Niagara, I turned to go back by Lake Ontario to Canada, to visit a brother-in-law and his family. I had been within a hundred miles when at Toronto, with our delegation, but they were unwilling to let me go then. I was now alone, having left Sister Partington with the good elder Jackson and his wife in Wyoming Valley. My time was now becoming very short, and I was half tempted to forego this visit, but our friends had been in Canada seven years, and not seen a face from home all that time. They wrote saying, "We cannot bear

the disappointment of not seeing you," so I crossed the Lake, and landed once more in Toronto. Here I again recognised the value of the love of brotherhood in our Order. As I stepped on to the landing stage a brother, making the Good Templar signal, said he had attended our meeting, and asked if he could help me in any way. He got a "hack," and kindly saw me safely to the hospitable home of Mr. M'Cord, the city treasurer, where I had stayed before. They are a warm-hearted Irish family, who had been forty years in Canada. Here I stayed all night, and next morning left at 6 A. M. for Cremore, which I did not reach till ten at night.

The station being eight miles from my brother's they met me with what is called a "democrat." It is like a long open omnibus with two horses. We sat on buffalo hides, and rode the eight miles through the bush, over what they call "corduroy roads." What kind of riding it was may be gathered from the fact that these roads are formed by the trunks of trees being laid across, and then sawdust being put in to fill up the cavities—and so we went up hill and down hill, with bush fires all around, for it seems the one end of a Canadian's life to get rid of timber, and clear the ground for settlers. To me it seemed the most reckless waste of a valuable commodity, this endless burning of fine timber; but I was told that it was the only thing they could do in these thinly-populated places, it would not pay to carry it away.

Mosquitoes abound here, and I got many a salute before reaching my destination. Canadians say they know foreigners, and never let them escape. How welcome was the sound of the watch-dog and the lights in the window telling us we were near home. Father and mother and fourteen children were there to greet me. There had been seventeen, but three had passed to the home above. Still, they were a sight worth seeing—all in glowing health. If any man is in a good position to sympathise with the sentiment of the Psalmist, when he says, "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," I think it is the Canadian farmer; for labour of all kinds is at a ransom, and often not to be had, and boys and girls are mines of wealth, and grow up into self-reliant men and women, realising the value and dignity of labour to the full. A life of arcadian simplicity may be realised here, having no near neighbours, eight miles from a post office or a shop, or, as Sydney Smith says, "eight miles from a lemon." They make their own soap from the ashes of the wood they burn, and their candles from the fat of their sheep, and spin yarn from the wool. I wonder if the old patriarchs had just such a life. I found that though they had longings to see "the old country" none of them thought they could settle here again after the freedom of American life. They had planned to take me to see some neighbouring places, the clergyman, &c., but as this involved miles of those dreary corduroy roads (of which I had a wholesome

dread), I craved leave to rest instead, especially as I must go after one whole day and two nights there. I bade a reluctant good-bye, and my brother, his son, and daughter took me in that "democrat" to the station again. By some means, in speaking with the wife of the stationmaster, who was from England, he let the train go by, and I had to wait four hours. I suggested we should seek out some Good Templars. This amused them very much. Accordingly, we four started, inquiring if there were any Good Templars in the place. We soon found a family, and I explained our dilemma; and when they knew I was G.W.V.T. for Scotland they made us at home. After resting awhile the good-wife asked us to come into the next room, and there was the nicest dinner set out, and we were made so heartily welcome. Messengers were sent to some neighbours, and, after dinner, some Scotch people came in. One of them had a sister in Dundee, and it was new life to her to see anybody from there. I was not sorry I had missed the train. I got another glimpse of Canadian home life, with its ready hospitality, and I was glad my friends saw that no Good Templar need feel a stranger in any land where brethren and sisters are to be found. All honour to the warm-hearted Canadian Templars. I recall a quaint remark of my good friend, Dr. Munro, of Forres, "This world is a place for *making* friends, but we must go up bye to *enjoy* them." I hope to meet again the many friends I made across the ocean

in "the land that is fairer than day, beyond the shining river."

Taking the train again, I found myself once more at Toronto, and crossing the lake. I had another view of that ever-varying wonder, Niagara Falls, and those glorious rapids. Every change of weather seems to change the character of the whole scene, and I could almost have thought it was another Niagara, it looked so different that evening to what I had seen it a few mornings before. It was still lovely—the queen of all waterfalls, majestic at all times, the work of a beneficent Creator, giving joy to all beholders. A long, weary, railway ride brought me to Canasto, New York State, and the home of my good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Jarvis. A warm welcome awaited me. I think I never was quite so weary; but they were kind enough to know that bed was a welcome place, and dear Mrs. Jarvis took me to the room prepared for me, and told me it had been the resting-place of a number of worthies. Gerritt Smith, the friend of the slave and equal rights, who had lately passed on to the higher life; Samuel J. May, the saintly man, whose face to look upon was in itself a benediction; and a host of men and women of whom I was to hear more next day. What a rest that next day was to me, as I lay on that sofa, my friend talking and reading to me. Her richly-cultivated mind and high-toned thoughts, with a liberality and large heartedness which embraced all progressive thought and action,

made it a halcyon time. And then I got another glimpse of American home life. Four fine sons and a daughter made up the family. Two of the sons were newly home from Cornell University, where young men and women are educated together, and pass examinations equally rigorous. They talked of their sister going also ; and the good doctor, who had been in this country, "guessed they were a little a-head of us in some things — the education and appreciation of women among them."

The next day was Sunday ; and in the afternoon the minister of the Methodist Church came along, and, to my great astonishment, offered me his pulpit for the evening. Evidently he believed the prophecy of Joel about sons and daughters prophesying. I told him I was ashamed to say that I did not feel competent, as in our country women were discouraged from occupying pulpits, and taught that only men had business there (not that I believed the doctrine). Accordingly he consented to occupy half the time, and I was to take the rest. It was a beautiful church, with the usual floral decorations, which I got to like very much. A large congregation was assembled. I sat with the minister on the platform, and as the service proceeded I could not help wondering what some old country friends would think to see me there, and I got nervous ; but then I remembered that the first words of the Saviour after his resurrection were to women, sending them with a message of

glad tidings to men. I also remembered gratefully that everything that was human in Christ Jesus was womanly. With only one human parent, and she a woman, it was little wonder that much of the tender heart of the woman should dwell in the heart of the Saviour; and I felt how well she might interpret that great heart of love, if permitted and encouraged to do so. All my nervousness vanished, and I rejoiced that the Master had a message for me to deliver, and I thanked him and took courage. I was afterwards to meet and be the guest of regularly ordained women ministers, but as yet all this was new to me.

My next visit was to the delightful home of Brother and Sister Chase. My friend, Mrs. Jarvis, accompanied me as far as Syracuse. We landed there at six o'clock in the morning. I had passed this station on coming, but I intended to see the sister of a friend in Tayport. I knew it would be a great matter for them to hear of her welfare. We found her in the garden, breakfast over, even at that early hour; but she soon had another breakfast in trim for us, and I told her all I could of friends and home. She showed us all through her beautiful new house and garden, all paid for through their industry since coming there four years ago. Everybody in America seems to have a house of their own. They think a man should no more rent his house than rent his clothes. They should both be his own, and they act upon it, and never rest till house and ground are their own. This worthy couple expect

soon to realise enough to retire on their means. They will go out West, where money brings ten per cent., even when lent on real estate. They were very happy if only they could see home friends now and then. Our visit was a refreshment, and we left to see a little of the city of Syracuse, a beautiful place with 60,000 inhabitants. One street called James Street deserves special mention—it is composed entirely of mansions. Surrounded by lovely grounds, the street seemed about 100 feet wide—and at each side, which sloped up like an evenly-cut lawn, were princely mansions—with no hedges or railings of any kind. Everything was open to the beholder, and a more beautiful effect I never saw. It is situated on a gradually-rising ground, about a mile long, and when you reach the top the view is grand. A fertile valley lies on one side, and for miles the canal which runs through the city winds its silvery way through a lovely country. There are large salt works in Syracuse; and I must not forget to say that as we went along one of the streets we met a house coming along like a living thing. It was a beautiful house of two storeys, with verandahs all round, and contained twelve rooms. I had heard of houses being moved, but now I had met one and had seen it for myself, and, as Tennyson says, "Things seen are greater than things heard." The blinds were all down. I don't know if the people were in it. I believe it is quite common for them to remain in a moving house, and the work is done so steadily that there is no reason

why they should not; and I can fancy that the changing view from the windows might be quite interesting. A moving windlass is put in the middle of the street, worked by two horses; ropes attached to the house, gradually bound round the windlass; while the house moves on rollers prepared for it. The only preliminary needed when a man wishes to remove, is to get permission from a magistrate to take his house through certain streets. In this case an extra tramway car had to be put on, as they could not pass the house. The passengers got out, walked round it, and got into another car in front of it. I was amused to see the branches of the trees at each side of the street give way as the house passed majestically along. Trees are planted along all streets, even before houses are built, and their shade is very refreshing.

Mrs. Jarvis took me to call on the Rev. Celia Burleigh, who was slowly dying of cancer. Her congregation had got her into a cheerful health establishment. She was nursed and cared for most tenderly. They hoped that she might again minister to them; but she knew the call had come from the Master to "go up higher," and she was peacefully waiting for the pleasant message, the order for sweet release, and leave to go, where she knew she would be so happy and welcome. A beautifully refined and chastened face was hers, as I saw it on the pillow near the open window, where the vine leaves clustered round. The face is glorified now, for a few

weeks sufficed to close the earth-life. It seemed as if none but glad and cheerful words could be said regarding the change she so longed for. "My heart is in sweet accord with God's will now," she said. "I once regretted I could not work for Him longer on earth, but He knows best. And oh! the life beyond—He has given me glimpses of it." And her face grew radiant. We left her room with no real sadness, for was it not the vestibule of Heaven, where the inhabitants never say, I am sick, and the golden sands of the celestial city know no wearied feet?

CHAPTER X.

Hon. S. B. Chase—The Dwight House—Visit to the Inebriates' Home, Binghamton—Temperance Meeting at Great Bend.

LEAVING Syracuse, I took the train for Great Bend, where I found Bro. the Hon. S. B. Chase, author of our "Good Templar Digest," and his amiable wife, waiting me with their carriage. We were soon at their sweet home, which is beautifully situated in the Susquehanna Valley, by the side of the river of that name. We found a sumptuous American tea awaiting us, and I was introduced to their only daughter, and fell in love with her at once. She is the joy of the household and the apple of her father's eye. We renewed old friendships formed in London and Paris;

and I was glad to see the home-life of these noble workers in the cause of temperance.

Next day Bro. Chase proposed to take us to Binghamton to see the Home for Inebriates, which is considered the most successfully conducted one in the country. Taking the train from Great Bend, we soon arrived at the Dwight House, a beautiful hotel kept by Colonel Dwight. It is unique of its kind, being like a terrace of private houses, each with its own entrance and beautiful private grounds. On going round the building we found the back as tastefully laid out as the front, with fountains playing, &c. All arrivals are at this side, so that luggage and dust-stained travellers are never seen at the front entrances. The beauty and purity of the inside arrangements were faultless, while the furnishings were all in perfect taste, elegant and rich, yet nothing superfluous. All the wood-work was pure white, the floors covered with rich Axminster carpets, the furniture (walnut) was upholstered in crimson satin, and faced with velvet of a deeper shade of crimson. We hear a great deal of the magical powers and taste of French upholsterers, but I saw nothing in Paris equal to this; and the bedrooms were equally *recherché*.

Having ordered dinner and a carriage to drive us to the Home, we found ourselves in an elegant equipage, quite in keeping with Dwight House. After a pleasant drive through a lovely country, we found the Home standing on rising ground, commanding an extensive

view of the surrounding country. We were received by Dr. Coynder, under whose special management the establishment is,—a courtly, handsome man—who looked well fitted for the difficult post he had undertaken. He took us all round the building, which has everything to make it an attractive temporary home. There were seventy-five inmates. Each has his own room, comfortably furnished, and the Doctor encourages them all to do something useful. Here, as everywhere in America, labour stands on golden feet, and is honourable. The inmates employ themselves variously—as carpenters, bookbinders, gardeners, carvers in wood, &c. One gentleman's room was filled with various beautiful articles carved in the whitest of white wood; indeed, the room was hung round with all kinds of these works of art. Mr. Chase purchased a hand-mirror for my daughter, which I brought away as a memento of the place. It was very interesting to hear the Doctor tell of the various kinds of cases. All are treated as gentlemen, and allowed all freedom in going to the village, &c., and are put upon their honour not to touch drink, and there is a high moral tone imparted which makes every man zealous to sustain the honour of the place; and when one does transgress, he is shunned by the other inmates until he can redeem his position by strict sobriety and gentlemanly conduct. Turkish baths and many other means are used to subdue the craving of the poor victims for the bottle, and even after being what is thought a sufficient time in

the Home, twenty per cent. break through again, and come begging to be taken into the shelter of the Home. There are some also the Doctor is obliged to send away, because they have not moral power to keep from temptation. These form seven per cent. of the whole. Is it any wonder that Christians and philanthropists refuse to tamper with an agency which brings about such fearful results? These men are many of them fathers of families, with innocent children and sorrowing wives; and while it is fitting that the State should provide these Homes as a refuge, it would be wiser to banish the traffic which makes them needful. The Doctor took us to see the reading and lecture rooms and chapel. We saw the dinner table all in readiness, and it looked very tempting. The Doctor politely invited us to sit down and dine with them, but our carriage was waiting, and our dinner ordered at the Dwight House. We found it in keeping with all the rest of the place; the variety of the dishes and the manner of serving all that could be desired, and no wine.

I had intended going on to Philadelphia next day, for my time was growing distressingly short, but Mrs. Chase was anxious to get up a meeting, and went round announcing it for the evening. Accordingly, in the evening, Mr. Chase drove us to the church (Presbyterian) of which he is an elder. We found a large attendance, and Mrs. Chase took the chair, as president of the temperance union of the place. The minister of the church and an Episcopal clergyman

were also on the platform, with Mr. Chase and one or two others. The meeting had been called a few hours before, and I marvelled it was so large; but temperance is a popular subject in connection with any church in America, and a most interesting and interested congregation listened with the deepest attention. After Bro. Chase and the ministers had said a few words, a Scotchman rose and proposed a vote of thanks to me, with an enthusiasm which would have done honour to an Irishman, and the meeting responded by a rising vote. I shall long remember that impromptu meeting, and the kindness of the people.

Next morning I bade a reluctant farewell to the dear family at Great Bend, and set my face to go to Philadelphia. I was obliged to forego the pleasure of visiting our good brother, Hon. James Black. Both he and brother Colonel M'Farland were expecting me, but I was obliged to hurry on through this vast country, in order to be in time for the steamer sailing for home on the 6th of July.

CHAPTER XI.

Philadelphia, the Quaker City—Visit to Chelton Hills—Sketch of Lucretia Mott—"The Quaker of the Olden Time"—Description of Philadelphia—Mrs. Wyttenmyer—A Women's Newspaper Office.

PHILADELPHIA is the second city of the United States in importance and number of population. It contains

800,000 inhabitants, and is the commercial metropolis of the State of Pennsylvania. It has been called the Quaker City, not only on account of its being founded by that justly honoured Friend, William Penn, but also because here that peaceable community abound in numbers and influence. Surely they are the "meek" that "inherit the earth." What lovely sunny spots their homes are! Pictures of what all homes might be if there were less sin; and how is it that their faces have an expression of peace and rest such as one rarely sees on other faces, as if the Angel of Patience had, with cooling palm, been permitted to smooth out life's wrinkles, and for ever still the storms of disquietude and unrest? and yet no people under heaven have more uncompromisingly withstood the wrong in all its forms. They were always ready to peril their lives and property for the poor down-trodden slave, and were never slow to perceive and redress their wrongs when possible. Their testimony against war and bloodshed has been equally firm and unmistakable. They hold the right of private judgment, and their women are exactly on an equal platform with the men. "Human rights are equal," say they, "irrespective of race, colour, or sex"—a sentiment which finds its just expression nowhere else, unless it be in Good Templarism; but its practice, as yet, falls far behind.

It was my good fortune to visit, by invitation, Lucretia Mott at her lovely home (Chelton Hills),

four miles out of Philadelphia. My cousin Mary, with whom I was staying, and myself took the train, and were met at the station by a great-grand-daughter of the old lady with her carriage. She drove us herself very spiritedly, like an American girl, to the beautiful family residence. After taking off our things, we were ushered into the drawing-room, and there sat in a rocking chair one of the most remarkable women I ever saw. Straight as an arrow, with a clear, intellectual face, full of force of character, and yet sweet and womanly; hair as white as snow, parted over a prominent, transparent forehead. Indeed, the whole face was lighted with an inward beauty that age could not dim. She is 82 years old. She received us most cordially, and was deeply interested to hear all I could tell her of progress in this country. I need scarcely say that she is a Friend of the old school, and the Primitive dress seemed like a part of herself. I was reminded of Charles Lamb saying—"The garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving soil—every Quakeress is a lily;" and he further adds—"When they come up in bands to their yearly meetings, whitening the streets of the metropolis, they look like troops of the shining ones;" and I could almost have imagined that I saw one of the shining ones before me, so ethereal and *spirituelle* was the face of Lucretia Mott. She is revered beyond the lot of most by her children and their children. Her daughter and daughter's husband, Mr. Davis, live with her

in their spacious home, and every want is anticipated by them in the most loving manner, but the old lady is perfectly self-reliant. She called a little girl to her, and said, "Tell this lady thy name;" and the little one answered, "Lucretia Mott." I trust the old lady's mantle may rest on her children. She showed no signs of weariness, though she talked nearly two hours of the incidents of her life; and with great vivacity she related how forty years ago she was sent as an anti-slavery delegate to this country, along with Mr. Lloyd Garrison and some others. When they appeared at the grand meeting in London, the ladies were not permitted a seat on the platform, after crossing the ocean to bear their testimony. They felt this singularly uncourteous, but the gentlemen of their company felt it still more. No true American will see a woman slighted; and, with dignity, they took their place in the gallery beside the women delegates, and no entreaties from the prominent Englishmen could move them. "No," said the noble Garrison; "these are equally delegates from America with ourselves; they have their credentials; and we will accept no courtesies that are not equally extended to them;" and so they sat on, to the dismay of the deservedly humiliated committee. I told the dear old lady that I thought Englishmen had learned to behave a little better in these days. We were presently invited to the dining-room, where the most sumptuous of all American teas I ever saw awaited us. We sat

down—four generations—the old lady in the seat of of honour. The room had windows to the ground, opening out on a verandah which ran round the house. Such a delicious tea—rich cream and strawberries and ripe cherries; butter, newly churned; salad, fruits, home-made cakes, and bread in endless variety; a dish of newly gathered green peas; and, to crown all, in compliment to Scotland, a china dish with oatmeal porridge in it, and a jug of cream beside it. I know I have not mentioned half the things on that table; it is impossible; and I must not forget to say that the peas had been gathered by the old lady, who regards it as part of her prerogative to do this always in the season. She told me that she believed she owed much of her strength to being so much in the garden, imbibing life from the soil. “I gather a thousand pods,” said she. “I have a basket which holds a hundred, and I fill it ten times.” After we had partaken of tea, we went into the grounds with Mr. and Mrs. Davis, who are quite as progressive as their noble mother. After quite a long ramble, we came once more into the drawing-room, and were shown various albums filled with portraits of noble people on both sides of the Atlantic. They seemed as familiar with our men and women who were foremost in good works as we are. I was presented with a beautiful portrait of this most remarkable woman of her day. It is executed by Gutekunst, a German, by a process for which he has received the prize of the world. I need scarcely add

that Lucretia Mott is minister in the Society of Friends, and still attends the meetings, and not unfrequently speaks. Her clear, logical mind, and pure distinct utterance, with the womanly sweetness which attends all she says, make her words very precious. She was one of the first women who spoke on the anti-slavery platform fifty years ago, and at the funeral of Isaac T. Hopper, of Boston (the friend of the slave), she addressed the thousands who attended in a manner which can never be forgotten.

I cannot conclude this brief sketch in a more befitting manner than by adding Whittier's beautiful poem, entitled—

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The Quaker of the olden time,
 How calm and firm and true ;
 Unspotted by its wrong and crime.
 He walked the dark earth through.
 The lust of power, the love of gain,
 The thousand lures of sin
 Around him, had no power to stain
 The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
 All great things in the small,
 And knows how each man's life affects
 The Spiritual life of all.
 He walked by faith, and not by sight,
 By love, and not by law ;
 The presence of the wrong or right,
 He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone ;
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And pausing, not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small ;
He listened to the inward voice,
Which called away from all.

O ! Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true—
Be with us in the narrow way,
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength, the evil to forsake,
The cross of truth to bear—
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer.

I was much pleased with Philadelphia. Its buildings are mostly of brick and white marble. Nearly all the steps of the houses are marble, which gives them a bright, clean appearance. We visited Fairmount Park, which stands on an eminence and is beautifully laid out. Here are large reservoirs drawn from the Schuylkill river, and the river itself runs through the grounds, and small steamers ply on it. Here also the Centennial Exhibition building is being erected ; it appeared almost ready for the roof. I was interested to learn that an acre of ground had been set apart for the work of women ; and the Americans were anxious that the women of Great Britain should send work to exhibit. Mrs.

Hallowell, De Lancy Place, is the honorary secretary. I visited also Independence Hall, where the Constitutional Congress sat in 1776 and voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. The original document is framed and hung in this hall. It has the autographs of all the members of that remarkable congress. There are many curiosities here; the old Liberty Bell hangs in the hall, supported by large wooden rafters, which are the original timbers which supported it when it was used to proclaim liberty throughout all the land. Americans regard this bell with great pride, since it rang to proclaim the most important event of their history, the birth of a nation upon the basis that "all men are born free and equal." Various manufactures are carried on here—cotton and woollen goods made. A friend told me that two Yorkshire men had a manufactory for carpets and woollen goods a few miles up the Schuylkill river. They came out five years ago with hardly a dollar, and are now very wealthy. Everyone, however, spoke of the depression in all branches of trade.

I rode out to Frankfort, a suburb of Philadelphia, where my cousin lived, in a new kind of tramway car called a "dummie." It is driven by steam. A man sits at one end, which is partitioned off, and manages the steam apparatus. He can stop at any moment almost instantly to take on or let off passengers. But these "dummies" are only allowed to run in the outskirts of the city, as they frighten the horses.

I visited Mrs. Wyttenmyer, the president of the Women's National Temperance Union, in her pleasant office. She is the editor and proprietor of, I think, three papers. She keeps a large staff of clerks and compositors, all women. I was charmed with the neatness and beauty of the surroundings, and also with the efficient business dispatch of all departments. Notwithstanding all Mrs. Wyttenmyer accomplishes, she finds time to address meetings almost daily on Christian and temperance work, and travels great distances to preside at State Conventions, where her business tact is greatly appreciated.

CHAPTER XII.

American Steamers—Fall River—Boston—Wendell Phillips—
Female Librarians—"The Cradle of Liberty"—William
Lloyd Garrison.

TAKING the Fall River steamer, I left New York at five in the afternoon, and found all the arrangements on board first-class. An elegant tea was served in a large saloon, a sort of *table d' hôte*, kept up until late in the evening—the charge being only 50 cents, about two shillings. Coloured waiters attended to the guests; the stewardesses were also coloured women. And here I must testify to their efficiency. They are remarkably intuitive, and seem to know at a glance what you want. I have before described these

steamers, but it seemed to me this Boston steamer exceeded any I had been in for magnificence. Two large saloons were set apart for ladies. They were richly carpeted, and luxuriously furnished with velvet covered couches and easy chairs of all kinds, marble tables, with iced water and glasses in abundance, but nothing intoxicating. All the inside painting is pure white, richly gilded, which has a graceful effect. Each passenger is furnished with a key to a separate state-room—the prettiest little chamber one can imagine, with a bed and chair, washing apparatus, and above it a shelf, with the iced water (which Americans consider one of the necessaries of life). Against the wall hangs a life preserver, and on every side are printed instructions how to use it. Since the number of appalling accidents on the Hudson and elsewhere, the government oblige steamboat companies to provide a life preserver ready for use for every passenger.

At six next morning we arrived at Fall River, a port of entry, and important manufacturing city of Bristol county. The city has a fine elevated situation, its streets ornamented and shaded by handsome trees; it enjoys superior advantages for manufacturing purposes, streams forming never failing water-power. This is the location of extensive manufactories, the principal articles produced are calico prints, and other cotton fabrics, and woollen goods. There are also iron works, rolling mills, nail mills, foundries and machine shops; thread, oil cloth, and carpets are largely pro-

duced. The harbour is large and easy of access, and of sufficient depth to admit the largest vessels. From Fall River I took the train to Boston, the capital of Massachusetts—"The Old Bay State," remarkable for the independence of its people, and the stronghold of anti-slavery principles. Boston is a fine old English looking city, containing 352,800 inhabitants. In commercial importance it ranks among the first cities of the country, it has attained a national reputation for its excellent schools, and for its intelligent and polite society. No other city in the United States has such a number of literary, scientific, and educational establishments. Said a lady to me, "If you have learning, you may obtain access into the best society in Boston, but in New York it is wealth which opens the portals."

My first visit was to Wendell Phillips, to whom I had a letter of introduction. I was courteously received by this celebrated orator in his library. I think he is, without exception, the handsomest man I saw in America. A finely chiseled face, indicating vigour and determination with refinement, a noble head, and a fine, graceful form. I did not wonder at his power over an audience. He is called the silver-tongued orator; not that he says only smooth things, but he says powerful things in an easy, graceful, commanding manner, with distinct and clear utterance. He is an old Abolitionist, and boldly advocated anti-slavery principles when it was unpopular to do so. He is also

a powerful temperance advocate. After conversing for some time on matters of interest to both countries, he proposed to take me to see something of the city. We went to the large public library, an imposing building, which took some time to go through. A city with such a library ought to be celebrated for its learning. I was amazed at its extent, and the air of elegance and refinement it presented. All the passages and staircases are carpeted, and I was charmed to find that seventy young ladies attend to the various departments; and Mr. Phillips told me that they earned handsome salaries—some hundreds of dollars a-year. They are all provided with comfortable chairs, and I can imagine that, on the whole, they have a pleasant, easy life, giving out books and keeping a register of those lent. I saw many of them (when not employed) reading in easy chairs. A few men are there—I suppose to lift heavy books on those high shelves. The young ladies were well dressed and superior looking, and I should think, of themselves, they are an attraction to the library—whatever may be said of the books. Mr. Phillips asked if we employed young ladies in this manner in the old country. I said I thought not, but it seemed a very fitting kind of employment for women.

Leaving the library, we proceeded through the principal streets. Faneuil Hall is an interesting place from its associations. It was here where all the noted anti-slavery meetings were held, and political meetings also. It has been christened the Cradle of Liberty;

and during the War of Independence, when word came that a quantity of tea liable to duty was lying ready to land, the citizens came to the conclusion that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and with one consent they rose and, in defiance of King George and the army he had sent, threw all the chests of tea into the Boston harbour; and ere long three millions of Americans threw off the British yoke, and became a free and independent nation. The Declaration of Independence was signed and issued July 4th, 1776, when America began her great career as a free country.

It was from Faneuil Hall that William Lloyd Garrison (attending a meeting of Abolitionists) was dragged forth by the mob through the streets of Boston with a halter round his neck, to be tarred and feathered. His clothes were torn from his back, and eggs and stones thrown at him. He was only rescued by the friendly police, and lodged all night in jail for protection. On the walls of his cell the undaunted friend of the slave wrote—"William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through this city with a halter round his neck, and finally lodged in this cell, for proclaiming the truth that 'all men are born free and equal.'" Then follows the date. No man in Boston is now more highly honoured. I had the pleasure of visiting him in his own home, which was a rare treat. He is a fine benevolent-looking old gentleman, retaining still the fire and energy which have carried him through an

eventful life. Four sons (I think) and a daughter constitute his family; the daughter is married. It was refreshing to hear him say, "I wish you had seen my daughter Fannie; I know you would have liked her;" adding quaintly, "I fell in love with her as soon as I saw her, and I have loved her ever since." We spoke of the commencement of the anti-slavery struggle: how, in 1831, Mr Garrison edited and published a paper called the *Emancipator*. He was not rich in those days. He wrote the articles with a soul on fire with the wrongs of the slave, and, with the help of a friend, set the type himself. With rare self-denial, he lived on bread and water that the paper might be kept up. It was a humble beginning, but it had the germs of a noble victory in the distant future. This was, perhaps, the earliest record in the history of emancipation. The Mayor of Boston was asked to suppress the paper by a Southern magistrate, but he replied, "He thought it was not worth the trouble. The office of the editor was an obscure hole, and his supporters a few insignificant persons of all colours." But in one year after the paper was commenced, the first American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. It was composed of only twelve members, but they were in earnest. Busy hands and tongues were employed in scattering the good seed, and it quickly brought forth fruit. Every word uttered against slavery began to find willing listeners. Within three years two hundred Anti-Slavery Societies had sprung up in

America. In seven years more these had increased to two thousand. The powerful aid of woman was evoked, and the war against slavery began in right earnest. It was at a meeting called by the anti-slavery women that Mr. Garrison was seized, as before stated, by the mob. It was a rare treat to hear him tell, with the fire and vivacity of youth, the stirring incidents of those days, and of his visit to Great Britain with a number more anti-slavery delegates, Lucretia Mott and five others, and how the Englishmen refused a seat on the platform to the women delegates when they appeared in London. I have related this incident before in my description of a visit to Lucretia Mott at Philadelphia; but I enjoyed hearing it again from Mr. Garrison. "The idea," he said, "of treating our noblest workers so, and for such a reason, too—because they were women! We American men could not stand that, and, in our turn, we refused to take the platform to the great chagrin of powerful gentlemen who were the most prominent workers on your side of the water." Mr. Garrison is a warm advocate of the right of suffrage for tax-paying women, and holds that one-half of a nation have no right to make laws for the other half without their consent. I told him it was quite refreshing to hear a man so earnest for equal justice; that in our country the men (if they did not ridicule it) said—"When women generally show a desire for suffrage they will obtain it." With infinite indignation of tone, he said

—“As well might the highway robber say, When the person I have robbed shows a desire to have back his goods I will give them back. The principle of injustice exists irrespective of the wishes of the wronged. Human rights are equal, irrespective of race, colour, or sex.” After spending a few pleasant hours in the hospitable home of this remarkable man, I came away impressed with his energy and force of character, combined with a rare benevolence. He inquired particularly after his friend, George Thompson, and after hearing of his frail state of health, he said—“Tell him I send him as much love as ever he can stagger under.” These are fair specimens of Mr. Garrison’s emphatic utterances. I can imagine how powerful an advocate the poor slave had in him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dr. Dio Lewis—The Whisky War—Mother Stewart—Literary Women—Mrs. Lucy Stone—American Hospitality—Mrs. Lydia M. Child.

It is perhaps rather unfortunate for the interest of these papers that *people* were always more to me than *places* or *things*. Thus, in thinking of Boston, it is the people I met there that rise up in my memory, rather than the city and its places of interest, and I paid three most refreshing visits to Dr. Dio Lewis and his amiable wife. I knew that he had been one of

the great instrumentalities in stirring up the Christian women in the churches of America to commence the principal crusade against the dram-shop, which has had such a mighty influence in all the Western States, and indeed throughout America—a vast tidal wave, which has been felt also in this country and elsewhere. The first meeting of which there is record was held at Washington, Ohio. Its population is about 3000. Dr. Dio Lewis held a temperance meeting in one of the churches, and the women of the audience were so deeply affected by his vivid portrayal of the misery and wretchedness caused by the liquor traffic, that on the next afternoon they met and resolved to have the Doctor speak again. The next morning the street walls were covered with posters calling for a temperance mass meeting in one of the churches. Nearly the entire population turned out, and after an enthusiastic meeting about one hundred of the leading ladies in the town formed themselves into a long procession, and, while singing a pathetic chant, they marched to the nearest grog-shop, leaving the gentlemen to stay in the church to pray for their success. In less than a week, all the saloons in the town were closed but one, and their liquor emptied into the gutters. Three months before this, a drunkard's wife came to "Mother Stewart," in Springfield, Ohio, and, with great anguish depicted in her face, described the miseries of her home. The lady listened to her sorrowful story, and prayed fervently with her. She then advised her to

prosecute the liquor-seller who supplied her husband, under the Adair law; and she promised to conduct the case for her, which she did, and judgment was awarded in her favor. From this time, says the record, Mother Stewart devoted herself to the temperance cause; but she declared the law alone was of little value—real power must come from God, through prayer, but not without accompanying work. A meeting was called by the Ladies' Benevolent Society, of which she was a member, and after a night spent in prayer and lamentation, radical resolutions were passed, and each member pledged herself to stand by them to the end. The pastors of the various churches were consulted, and their co-operation secured. Mass meetings followed; and the Springfield Woman's League was formed, with Mother Stewart as president. She soon organised a band of ladies to visit the saloons, and one after another was closed. For days and nights these heroic women prayed on the cold sidewalks, entreating drunkards not to enter the saloons. No dangers or difficulties daunted them, and, like the walls of Jericho before the devout Israelites, one after another of the saloons fell before them and the power they had evoked. With a leader of such unusual force of character and intent as Mother Stewart, with a determination which knows no check, and overcomes all obstacles, in what she thinks the path of duty, it was little wonder that such results followed. When I had the pleasure of meeting this wonderful lady in

the temperance convention in Chicago, I said, "Mother Stewart, will you come to Scotland, and set us on fire there?" At once she replied, in her own emphatic manner, "The Lord bless you, sister; if he sends me, I will." And now she has landed on our shores, bringing with her numerous and important testimonials from influential ministers and laymen regarding her position and work, and bespeaking for her a cordial reception by the Christian and temperance people of this country. It was thought best that she should commence her labours in London. Already a number of churches have been tendered her. May the Master set his seal on her work.

But to return to Dr. Dio Lewis. He is at present the proprietor of a Hygienic Establishment in Boston, and editor of a weekly paper called *To-Day*. He is also a voluminous writer. I found him a most genial man, of original ideas, and faith in his convictions, even where they run counter to those of most other people. He has firm faith in the power of good women, and says they can accomplish anything they set their hearts on. His account of his own mother is very touching. He said—"There was trouble at our house when I was a little boy. My father had forgotten everything but drink. There were five of us small children, and my mother, with her own hands, provided for us all. She was nurse, cook, housekeeper, provider, father, mother, everything; and, in addition to all this, she was often the victim of abuse and

violence. Often she would weep in the presence of us children, and when she could bear it no longer she would drag her weary limbs up into the garret. We know what she went there for. We would hear her say—‘Lord, help me, help me. Oh, Lord, how long, how long?’ and then she would be silent for a little while. And when she came down her cheeks were wet, but her face shone like that of an angel. We grew up with a very large estimate of the power of prayer. The day was never so dark that my mother could not go up to the garret and open the clouds. And to-day,” he added, “more than forty years after these darkest times, I believe in my heart that women’s prayer is the most powerful agency upon earth.” His convictions are so strong that only moral means can overcome the immoral legislation, that he goes so far as to say that prohibition alone would be a failure. In this he differs from most temperance reformers. But he is much respected in spite of his unique views. He spoke of visiting Great Britain for the benefit of his health. He kindly presented me with a number of his works.

Another interesting visit was to the home of H. B. Blackwell, Esq., the brother of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, of London, and his still more celebrated wife, Lucy Stone, at their beautiful home, a few miles out of Boston. They invited me to spend the day. Mr. Blackwell met me with his carriage, and we arrived at eight o’clock in the morning. I was welcomed by Lucy Stone, who still likes to retain the name, a

bright, plump, comfortable-looking, sweet voiced little lady. She took me upstairs, and I told her I had read of her, years ago, protesting against paying taxes on her property since it brought her no privilege of voting. She smiled and said she did it once, and allowed them to sell her goods, as the Friends do when Church rates are levied. She and her husband and a few more edit a paper called *The Women's Journal*. It is devoted to the interests of women, and has a large circulation. We came down, as I thought, to breakfast, but I found here again how early Americans breakfast. Theirs was over, but Mrs. Stone quickly set about preparing mine with her own hands, and a delightful one it was. I did wish that some people who say that literary women neglect their homes could have seen her—and it. The house throughout was in the most perfect order; indicating that the lady there looked well to the ways of her household; this was unmistakeable in every detail. Mrs. Stone is an authority on the best kind of machinery for household purposes, from a washing machine to an apple parer, and I believe she would be ashamed if she could not do any thing that needs to be done in a house—she is thoroughly practical, sensible woman, dearly beloved by her husband and only daughter. All morning we talked of the various reforms going on in both countries, and the people engaged in them; our literary and public characters, &c. They told me that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe had waited more than an hour in

Boston the day before to see me, with Mr. Garrison and Mrs. Livermore, and I had missed them. Mrs. Howe is the author of the famous battle hymn that was used during the war. I am sorry I did not see her. One of my greatest aspirations in America was to see Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who writes that charming book, called "Letters from New York," and many others; but this book I had read again and again, every time with renewed interest. Its chapters are full of the exquisite word painting, which would charm Mr. Ruskin, interwoven with an enlightened philosophy and unworldly wisdom, which elevates the reader into unwonted altitudes of thought. Such books should never be allowed to go out of print. Well, I was telling Mr. Blackwell that my only regret in leaving Boston was that I had not seen Mrs. Child, as I nearly worshipped her through her works. Immediately he said to his wife, "Lucy, could we not manage to take Mrs. Parker there, by driving to Boston, and taking the train to Wayland, where she lives?" No sooner said, than this kind couple made preparations. Mrs. Stone got a delightful lunch ready, while her husband went to see after the carriage, and we were soon *en route* for Wayland.

After a pleasant ride from Mr. Blackwell's residence to Boston, we there took train on the Titchburg line, which landed us within a few miles of the village of Wayland, where Mrs. Lydia M. Child resides. The day was exceedingly warm, so much so that walking

was out of the question. We inquired for a conveyance at the station, but none was to be had. We, however, were not the kind of people to be daunted by small difficulties. We were bent on accomplishing the mission we had set out on. We walked a little way along the road until we came to a pleasant embankment shaded by trees. Here we sat down, and Mrs. Stone spread a white cloth on the grass, and laid out the tempting luncheon she had prepared with such timely forethought—cold lamb, bread and butter, milk, pine apple, and oranges. We had scarcely begun to eat it when a young lady came from a large house at the top of the hill and invited us to go into the house, as the heat was so great. Here again I admired the absence of conventionality among Americans. If the young lady had been our sister she could not have shown us more hearty goodwill. We explained our errand and Mr. Blackwell said that I was a lady from Scotland who was most anxious to go to Wayland to see Mrs. Child. She went back to the house, and presently a gentleman (I think it was her father) came out, and, with the greatest goodwill, said he would gladly go and “hitch up” his horse. He very soon came with a horse and what they call a buggy, and lent them to us for the journey (if I remember rightly it was six miles); and when we tried to thank him, he said quietly, “My first wife was a Scotch woman.” And so here were our difficulties overcome—a perfect stranger had given us his horse and car-

riage; the only injunction given to Mr. Blackwell being to "keep a tight rein." I love to recall these refreshing experiences and touches of human nature in its best aspects. A boundless generosity and hospitality to strangers is universal in America. Then they have the faith that removes mountains. If a thing is desirable, nothing is thought impossible to accomplish it. They can literally hurl mountains out of the way, bore tunnels through them, and indeed, as in the New York harbour, they can throw mountains into the sea, and make them a foundation for roads, where it is desirable to pass over them.

After a sultry ride over dusty roads, we arrived at the village of Wayland, and soon found the home of Mrs. Child, a sweet, retired spot. After fastening our horse to a ring in the ground with a bridle, which I noticed was a part of every harness, we walked up the flowery path to the house. Mrs. Child opened the door, and received us like a queen and a saint. She is seventy-three years of age—a lovely spirit looking "toward sunset," with the light of heaven on her brow. She busied herself in getting refreshments for our horse, and then for ourselves. A friend shares her home, and together they keep it in beautiful order. Mrs. Child believes in the dignity of labour, and hopes that the day will never come when American women will be ashamed of doing anything that needs to be done in their households. I liked to hear this from a lady of such rare culture, learning, and refinement.

Mrs. Stone and myself heartily re-echoed the sentiment. We stayed quite an hour, sitting as charmed listeners to a conversation as elevating as her writings. There are some souls to whom it is given to develop the glorious possibilities of the human spirit in themselves and in others; their thoughts seem aspirations, and by means of their expression one is lifted up to a divine life; their words, written or spoken, leave a deep trace in the soul; and for the time we "walk paradise unconsciously." Mrs. Stone asked as a great favour that she would write something for the journal. "Well," she said, smiling, "if it comes to me I will write, but I can never set myself to do it mechanically; I must wait for the mood." We were shown a number of drawings and photographs. The old lady seemed to divine that I coveted one of herself, and she kindly wrote a sentiment and her autograph on the back of one, and gave it me; it is among my treasures. A portrait of Mr. Child hangs in the room, and under it a floral card with this inscription, as far as my memory serves, "David Lee Child, a learned, just, and loving soul, went hence —, 1873 (I forget the month). 'Not lost, but gone before.'" We reluctantly took our leave, and in coming through the garden Mrs. Child plucked a bunch of white roses, and gave them to me. I have them yet. She herself looked lovelier than her flowers. Her parting words were a benediction. I shall see her again where "there shall be no more sea."

In returning to the station we met a carriage, which was suddenly pulled up, and a lady alighted and came up to ours. Mrs. Stone said, "Why, it is Mrs. Tilton," and cordially shook hands with her and kissed her. She was going to Mrs. Child's, doubtless, to strengthen and sun herself in the atmosphere of that strong and earnest soul. We wonder sometimes that saint-like people who are left alone are kept in this world through years of feebleness; but from the mountain ranges to which they have climbed, it is given them to lift up storm-beaten, wearied souls, who come to them for riches not of earth. As I looked on this outraged wife, separated from her children, her home, and her husband, the apostle of easy divorce, I felt glad there was an hereafter, where wrongs will be righted. She is a quiet-looking little lady, with a world of feeling in her face. She spoke of the possibility of having her youngest child in her keeping, and all the mother was aroused in her. We wished her God-speed and passed on. Having given up the horse and carriage to our good friend, I told him I should never forget him.

We again took the train to Boston, feeling that we had accomplished much. I shall long remember this as a red-letter day. I bade good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, they returning to their home, I to my room, where I found a handsome volume by Dr. Dio Lewis, with his regards, so I went along to thank him, and spend another hour with him and Mrs.

Lewis. They spoke of visiting Great Britain. I hope they will come while Mother Stewart is here. Mrs. Lewis is an earnest reformer, and greatly interested in opening up fresh avenues of work for women. She told me also of some improved garments that have been invented for women on hygienic principles, whereby the weight of the skirt is lifted from the waist and placed on the shoulders. Offices and regular business establishments have been opened, and the demand for these inventions is greater than the supply. I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity of getting fitted up with these appliances, and I hope that we shall have branch establishments here. One lady told me that so great had been the relief to her that she wished she could be born over again that she might know what it was to go through life without the weary back-aches brought on by heavy clothing. I hope nobody reading this will think that I advocate the Bloomer costume. These appliances make no difference in the outside dress. Our clothing, like our food, forms a very essential part of our daily life, and both have very intimate relation to the health of the body. It is the duty of every Christian to maintain that body in the most perfect health as the temple of the Holy Ghost.

I was unwilling to leave Boston without having seen Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, one of the most finished and eloquent of American speakers. She resides at Melrose, near Boston. I had gone out

on the Saturday afternoon, but found she was at Hingham with her husband, who is pastor of a church there. He has to preach in the morning, and Mrs. Livermore in the evening. I found the family at home with a sister of hers. They kindly insisted on telegraphing to her to return early on Monday morning to see me. I accordingly went out again by train on Monday, and arrived at Melrose before Mrs. Livermore. I learned that her family were deeply concerned about her health, and longed so much that I might be able to persuade her to return to Europe with me. She had been studying and lecturing during the winter and overtaken her strength. This is a temptation into which, I should think, many Americans fall, and especially the ardent souls, upon whom is laid the burden of working out earnest reforms. They are the pioneers who tread with bleeding feet the thorny paths of this world, that others coming after them may walk with ease. All honour to them; their memory shall be held sacred by those who reap the fruit of their labours after they have passed to their reward. Dr. Lees told me that he considered Mrs. Livermore the most eloquent speaker and orator of the day. Comparing her to W. E. Gladstone, ex-Premier, he said, "She has all his finished purity of diction and elegant construction of sentences; but she has, in addition to these, the element of humour, which gives her additional power over her audience." The lecture Bureau

of any State think themselves fortunate when they can secure Mrs. Livermore for a course of lectures, and she never receives less than £50 a-night. I was naturally anxious to see this remarkable lady, and she soon arrived, having only got the telegram of Saturday on her arrival in Boston on Monday. I don't think, if I lived in America, I should ever think of telegraphing. I never heard of telegrams being delivered even as quickly as our letters are at home. I felt, in seeing Mrs. Livermore, that I was meeting an old friend. We fell into kindred topics of conversation at once. She is a queenly, womanly woman; than which I know not what more I can say to express my admiration of her. Formed in nature's finest mould, she looked as fit to rule an empire as a home. She has, I believe, largely built up that home. They were once not rich, the husband a pastor with a small salary, the children's wants not easily met. The mother rocked the cradle while she penned articles for newspapers or magazines; and, by hard experience, found that women's labour was not, as a rule, well paid. This experience wrought in her soul the conviction that by woman's hand must her own salvation in this respect be accomplished; and now she stands without a fear, as a speaker, and a winter's campaign of forty lectures brings her in two thousand pounds. Her home is a model of neatness and refinement. I was conducted through every part of it. A comfortable family mansion—all her own; for it is

the custom of American husbands to settle the homestead on the wife, so that she and her children may not be disturbed in case of his death. The law of the land also provides that no man can sell any of his landed property without his wife's consent, and no title deeds are valid without her signature. The men who frame such considerate laws may be pardoned if they think they *can* represent women politically, but the women of America still think they have much to complain of, and need the ballot to work many social reforms. The will of a reprobate father may deprive the mother of the custody of her own children even in America, where the best men like to acknowledge that woman is the queen of the home, and love to instal her there, supplying her, with lavish hand, with all that can build up that magic structure. He looks to her for inspiration through her more spiritual nature; her intuitions are revelations; and she interprets all nature to him. I found the daughters of this interesting family were being trained to be self-supporting, as well as thoroughly domesticated. The eldest, a young lady of eighteen, has 500 dollars (£100) a-year as teacher in a normal school. Hours from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., with an interval for dinner. I could not persuade Mrs. Livermore to go home with me. She could not spare time, but hoped to come the following summer. I have since heard that her health is much improved. We can ill afford to spare such workers from the field of useful labour. I was

obliged to leave about one o'clock to return to Boston, to be ready for the steamer which was to take me to Portland. I bade a reluctant good-bye to this worthy family, bringing with me a number of photographs and a cabinet picture of Mrs. Livermore, which I prize much. She also put into my hand an illuminated motto, which I had admired in the dining-room. It was, "Do Right and Fear Not"—an excellent watchword. It hangs before me now, and always brings to mind the earnest Christian woman who gave it me, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. I left Boston feeling that I should like to return. There lingers much of the old Puritan element there. The people are real and downright, and seem to live as if the renovation of the world depended on them. Even their dress seemed to bear its testimony of unworldly and uncompromising rectitude. Bunker's Hill and Fanueil Hall throw their shadows over Bostonians. They do not forget the principles for which they fought there.

CHAPTER XIV.

Portland—The new Post Office—Visit to General Neal Dow—Spirits below—Good Templar Banquet.

MRS. PARTINGTON accompanied me to Portland. It is a fourteen hours' sail from Boston. We arrived at seven in the morning in the Portland harbour, and I

was glad to set my foot on that State where prohibition reigns. It was a bright, clear morning, and the white marble chief buildings of Portland looked beautiful. We were ready for breakfast, and Mrs. Partington's black cook (Ben) soon made us one of the most delicious breakfasts imaginable—hot rolls and biscuits, fried oysters—and such oysters, not like ours, that cost three or four shillings a hundred, but plump, large, rich ones; quite a mouthful. I watched him cook them; I dare not say how many. They were fresh from the shore that morning, and were opened by magic, put on a clean drainer, then rolled in egg and bread crumbs; all this while the lard, quite two pounds, was in the frying-pan ready boiling to receive them. They were soon fried a lovely brown, and put on a hot dish—our coffee was ready—and I don't remember ever enjoying a breakfast so; much to Ben's delight, who chuckled and smiled, and, to show his satisfaction, he brought in omelets and fried potatoes, without which no American seems to think he has breakfasted. I can't help pitying Americans when they land in this country for the first time. I can imagine their dismay at what must seem to them our meagre breakfast tables; coffee or tea, with only bread, and perhaps meat and eggs. I recall, with a degree of appreciation I did not realise at the time, how the American delegates in London thought the committee there had doomed them to slow starvation, when they expected them to dine off cold meat and bread. In their

country, where vegetables abound, and the means of cooking them easy, and the good cooks also, they think nothing of six varieties of hot vegetables, with tomatoes and fruits, and no end of other dishes.

Portland is a clean, thriving looking city of 32,960 inhabitants. It has many handsome buildings. The new post-office, with white marble front, looks very imposing. I went inside, and found most of the departments in the hands of women—the money order, registered letter, and general delivery department. This is the case in Boston also. When General Wm. L. Burt, the postmaster of Boston, established the custom, he found that the general delivery boxes being in the hands of men, were the resort of persons of disreputable character, and that ladies and gentlemen could not go to them. For this the clerks were, in part, to blame. Mr. Burt dismissed these and employed women in their places, and the scandal at once ceased, and has never occurred since. At first only three or four women were introduced into the office, but their services were so acceptable that their number has gradually increased until now more than thirty female clerks are employed in the main and branch offices of Boston. A Boston journal says:—"The women have proved far superior to the men in looking up and sending misdirected letters, and in making returns to the dead letter office. There is not a single instance in nine years where the accounts of women have shown a deficiency of a dollar. They have proved

entirely reliable. Moreover, their presence, to use the language of one of the most trusted officials, has served to civilise the post-office, and banished profanity and rudeness—none are even attempted. They are all engaged in day service, the night clerks being all men. They are not segregated, but work side by side with the men, yet in no instance has any scandal or impropriety of behaviour resulted. It is fair, however, to say that the unimpaired health and admirable punctuality of the women clerks are due to the watchfulness and consideration on the part of the postmaster. They are always employed a shorter number of hours than the men. Five to six hours is the time allowed to women, eight to ten that of men. Of course the pay of the women is reduced in proportion, but they have always received equal pay with the men, proportionably to the time and quality of their work. The female applicants for the post-office are, as a rule, better trained and educated than the male applicants, because men of enterprise and capacity can earn better salaries elsewhere, while educated women have more difficulty in finding employment." Both the Boston and Portland post-offices impressed me less with their outside beauty (which is great) than the quiet elegance and order of their internal arrangements. This is largely due to the presence of refined and educated women. Their dexterity and fineness of touch also render them quicker letter-sorters, and it is a treat to watch them at this work.

One of my first visits was to the home of General Neal Dow, the originator of the Maine Liquor Law. He had only just returned from Great Britain. He received me very kindly, and we had a long talk on temperance topics and the leading workers of both countries. He asked if I would like to see "the spirits in prison," and we took the horse cars into the city, and stopped at the town buildings. We were conducted by the sheriff (a Good Templar) into the vaults below the town house, and he showed us a number of barrels of beer that had been seized at five o'clock that morning. He and the under sheriff had been out, and observing a team loaded with barrels, they at once "got on board," and ordered the man to turn the horses' heads towards the town house. He refused, well knowing that it would be forfeited; but they told him that they would pay him for carting it the same as they would have to pay anybody else, and he might as well earn something towards the loss. He shrewdly guessed he might, and went and took the beer into "limbo," where I saw it, along with a great quantity of other kinds of liquor—wine, champagne, brandy, &c.—all waiting the decision of the court. The sheriff then took us to the end of the vault, and there was a large iron grating, about two feet square, down which all the condemned liquor was poured. "Better there," said the sheriff, "than in human sewers." An amusing incident occurred some years ago in connection with

this very sewer. A Methodist Church being opened for service on Sunday morning was found to smell very strongly of spirits. As the service proceeded, it became almost unbearable ; the windows were opened, but with no marked effect. The minister, at length, was obliged to adjourn the service till the afternoon, and the church-officer received instructions to have the church well aired. The congregation assembled again, but soon the fumes of liquor became worse than ever. Every crevice and vestry was examined with no result. At last some one suggested to lift a board in the floor ; and there, several feet deep, were the accumulations of the sewers from the town house just above, all kinds of spirits mixed together in such quantities as to choke the sewers. It was proposed to adjourn the service once more ; but the minister, something of a wag, said, " No, my friends ; we, as Methodists, have been praying all our lives that we might get the devil under our feet, and this is the first time we have been able to accomplish it. Let us hold a prayer meeting,"—which they did. The General then took me in every direction through the city, and showed me the houses of men who had once been, what he called, rum-sellers, but had taken to honest business since prohibition days. He said, " They once looked askance at me, but now we are very good friends." All the way along I noticed how much the General is respected, and everyone evinced pleasure at seeing him home again. We took the

cars in all directions, and traversed the city, which seemed very extensive. I asked the General if wine was allowed to be sold in bottles, as I had seen a shop opened in one street in Portland, and bottles in the windows. At once he said, "No; where? Will you take me to the place and be spokeswoman? Ask him where he comes from," &c. We accordingly went with this understanding, but the zeal of my friend would not allow him to be silent, and he went into the charge like himself. He said to the shop-keeper, "My friend, don't you know it is against the law of this State to sell any intoxicating drink?" The man explained that he thought it might be sold in bottles. "No," said the General; "I would advise you to pack all up, as the sheriff-officer will be here and seize it." The man looked crestfallen, but evidently was convinced; and as we passed in return every bottle was taken out of the window, and I judge that both he and they would decamp at once. General Neal Dow has been twice mayor of Portland, and, no doubt, very efficient regulations would be enforced against the drink traffic during his term of office. I said good-bye to my genial host, as I had to go to a banquet to which the Good Templars of Portland had invited me. I was surprised to find a hall quite filled, and beautifully decorated with mottoes, flags, and evergreens. A deputation from the Grand Lodge of Maine conducted me to a seat prepared for me, above which were suspended the Union Jack and

the American flag intertwined; in front of this was a table with an elegant vase of flowers. A lengthened address of welcome was presented by the Grand Worthy Secretary, Bro. W. F. Morrill, in the name of the Grand Lodge. I append a copy that the Good Templars of Scotland may see with what kindness their delegate was received. I felt myself quite unworthy of the honour, but I received it for the sake of those at home, and thanked them in their name. A service of ices and fruits was handed round, and some refreshing speeches and temperance songs were given. More than three thousand miles from home, I felt that there were bonds which time and space did not affect. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man were as fresh and real there as here, and my brethren and sisters were as cordial and warm-hearted as those at home. The following is the address:—

Sister Parker, and G. W. V. T. of Scotland,—At a late hour this afternoon, the G. W. C. T. of Maine informed me he could not be present upon this occasion, and desired me, as his representative, to convey to you his sincere regret, and extend to you, in his name, a welcome to our State and Order. Therefore, in behalf of the Order in Maine, we welcome you to the Pine Tree State—a State that claims to be the mother of the Maine or Prohibitory Law—a State that, for many years, has never hesitated to pronounce for temperance—a State that, for five consecutive years, has elected as its governor a member of the Order of Good Templars, by majorities ranging from nine to fifteen thousand.

We welcome you to the beautiful city of Portland, and to

all our cities and villages; and we ask you, as you pass through them, to note how very few places are seen where intoxicating liquors are kept for sale.

We ask you, as you travel on our railway and pass among our people, to look into their faces and see the marks of temperance which they bear about them, and countenances which tell louder than words of their sobriety and correct habits of living. Contrast what you may see here with what you have seen in other countries, and even in the Western States, through which you so recently passed, and we know it will impress you in our favour as a temperate people.

While we number at this time but about 17,000 Good Templars, there have been admitted into our Order in Maine, since 1864, more than 85,000 members. Many lodges have ceased to work, and many thousands have ceased to be members, because in their respective localities there was no opposition—no one who drank, no one who sold. But you may rest assured, should the enemies of temperance ever make a forward movement in Maine, we shall rise as one grand army, with our snow-white banner at the head of our columns, and utterly annihilate our foes.

We are acquainted with the rapid advance of our Order in your own country. Started in 1869 there by an American, we have seen it increase till we now behold 800 lodges and 60,000 members. We also have heard how much you, aided by your noble G.W.C.T., Rev. George Gladstone, have done, and how much the Order is indebted to your noble devotion to our cause. We bid you God speed.

We also welcome you to Mystic Lodge, No. 2. The second oldest lodge in Maine, and one of the first in numbers. And we are glad you have, as your companion across the waters, and through many of our States, a worthy member of this lodge, Sister Partington, one whom your G.W.C.T. did us the honour to mention in his last report as being "very popular among the lodges in Scotland, and as doing a great and

effective work." Finally, we welcome you to all our lodges and our homes, and when you decide to leave us, you will have the unanimous wish of our Order that you may safely reach your husband and family at your own home, and be spared many years to labour in this great work, and while you may not on earth receive your just reward, you will, when you pass the pearly gates, enter the new Jerusalem, there to be crowned with a garland wreath which shall never fade, but be fragrant with perpetual bloom.

CHAPTER XV.

Casco Bay and Peak's Island — An Island Pic-nic — The
Liberality of American Life.

THE next day Mrs. Partington took me in the steamer *Gazelle* to visit one of the three hundred and sixty-five islands which beautifully stud Casco Bay. It was a lovely day, and the scenery all along was charming. The Bay of Naples does not rival Casco Bay in beauty; and our pretty pleasure steamer, with its white awning as a protection from the sun, flitted about as the gondolas do there. We passed one island after another, all studded with villas and country seats; others, like the islands on Loch Lomond, with only trees on them. After a delightful sail we landed at Peak's Island, a bright green spot, a summer resort. An hotel is at the landing stage, where almost anything can be had, but no intoxicants. We wandered along the beautiful

slopes, and I was amused to see a number of tents erected. Some of them had a part of the canvas open, and there we saw all that was requisite for living, and very cosy they looked. Of course this tent life was one of Arcadian simplicity, and yet there was a spice of romance about it that was charming; no need of locked doors; and the air was so invigorating that one seemed to draw life with every breath. We were told that rheumatic people come there in the summer, and, pulling branches of hemlock make them into a bed, and sleeping on them are cured. We saw many of these beds in the tents. Peak's Island is 720 acres in extent, and is inhabited by many wealthy people, who have built there handsome villas. There is also a neat school-house and church. A number of guests throng the island in summer from New York, Boston, Canada, &c., many of those purchasing or hiring tents which they bring with them, and pitching them at pleasure, live in them for weeks together, spending their time in fishing, boating, cricket, &c. They can at any time take one of the many steamers which are constantly plying between the islands and Portland, if they wish a change, and return to their tents at night. I cannot imagine a more delightful summer lodging; and it certainly has the merit of cheapness, and the still greater merit of freedom from care to the overtaxed housewife and the business man. I can imagine what a boon these breaks will be to a people like

the Americans, who live so much at high pressure. I found my friends had prepared a surprise here. I had said to Mrs. Partington, "What is a clam bake? I have read of them so often in Miss Wetherell's and Mrs. Stowe's works, I should like to see one." With kind forethought our friends had brought some fresh clams, and all the requisites for a clam bake, at the sea-shore. Choosing a hollow between a jutting rock, a fire of sticks and dried branches was made and kept up until the rock was red hot; then a quantity of sea-weed was put on the fire, causing a great steam; then the clams were laid on the hot sea-weed; then a couple of the largest lobsters I ever saw (that would cost 6s. each at home); then a quantity of eggs; and on the top of all another lot of sea-weed. While the cooking was going on, we sat down on the beach and prepared bread and butter, and other eatables; and soon the savoury smell of the cooked fish was wafted to us, the steaming sea-weed cover removed, and I learned what a delightful thing a clam bake by the sea-shore was. Our ramble on the island had given us an appetite, and no hungry people were ever better feasted. The clam is a sort of shell-fish between an oyster and a mussel. The shell is almost round and the flavour very delicate. This must be a favourite place for pic-nics; for we saw many fire-places built with stones, and a grating at the top, or part of an old stove, which Yankee ingenuity had utilised, and then left for the benefit of others. It was with regret that we saw our steamer

approaching to take us to Portland again. We felt our surroundings were so delightful, sitting on the moss-covered rocks, in this pleasant and romantic spot ; the birds and the clear blue sky above us ; the sea-waves murmuring their sweet, wild melody, it seemed for the moment as if care was banished, and we were unwilling to return to the turmoil of life again. It is ever so. We crave the smooth and easy paths ; but HE who is wiser than we sends the storms, and winds, and waves of trial to develop our strength and endurance, and to lead us "to the rock which is higher than we." Having gathered a number of lichens and mosses for friends at home, we re-embarked on the steamer, which conveyed us to Portland, feeling thankful for the keen enjoyment of the time. In coming from the landing-stage, we passed a sort of open warehouse, where I saw as many lobsters as would have made the fortune of a fish merchant in London. Here they can be bought for a few cents (or halfpennies) each, and they are very large and fine. There is certainly no lack of good things in this commercial metropolis of the old Pine Tree State. Portland is the south-western terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway. It is a port of entry and seat of justice. Coast trade and fisheries are an important branch of industry. The city stands beautifully on a peninsula projecting on the west shore of Casco Bay. It has very handsome hotels and public buildings, and has a lively and thriving appearance.

I had now spent my last day but one on American soil. I had only been able, from the vastness of the country, to spend one or two days in each place, and I feel that I have been a very imperfect gleaner of facts, and these mostly from memory. I can never be thankful enough for the varied and delightful experiences of these six weeks; they were a refreshment to mind and body, and they wrought in me a love for the country and the people of America that can never die out. It seemed to me that they live a larger and a grander life; the people are influenced by their magnificent surroundings. Their broad prairies, appearing endless in extent; their grand and mighty rivers flowing in such resistless volume to their destined waters; their lakes larger than some of our oceans; and the endless variety of the scenery and climate, all have their effect on the character of the people. Promptitude and energy seem to be imparted with a sense of the magnitude of the work to be accomplished, and they welcome all comers to their hospitable shores with a goodwill that is refreshing. They see in them an element of power to go up and possess the good lands which lie on every hand. In the Western States new towns and villages spring up with amazing rapidity. We drove out near Bloomington, and for miles and miles streets were laid out and lots portioned off, ready for any one to purchase and build a homestead. These streets form the most delightful drives, as they are all shaded by trees, and are very

wide. They look more like parks than streets. Planting trees is the first thing done after laying out a road. In many parts of Illinois Indian corn is so plentiful that it is used for fuel. I was not further west than this State, but I was amused always to hear people talk of "going west;" and even in California, I was told, they still speak of "going west" until they reach the shores of the ocean.

CHAPTER XVI.

Visit to a Cemetery—A Burial—Decoration Day.

HAVING to leave Portland at one o'clock P.M., my friends were anxious first to take me to see a beautiful cemetery a few miles out of the city, and I gladly accompanied them. Taking the horse cars, which are open, with an awning over the top as a protection from the sun, we drove through some miles of lovely country. It was eight o'clock in the morning, and the pleasantest part of the day. Here, as elsewhere in America, I noticed that the private mansions were not enclosed by high walls, and were quite open to the road, and the passer-by could enjoy and see the snug residences and the beautifully laid out grounds just as much as the possessor. I conceived a very high opinion of the honesty of American boys. Is it our high walls and hedges which make fruit

more desirable to our boys at home, I wonder, or is it that fruit is so much more scarce with us? I kept saying. "But don't your boys steal the fruit?" "Never," said they, "we never heard of them doing it." We were presently landed at the entrance of the beautiful cemetery. I am sorry I cannot recall the name. Nature and art both unite in making it a lovely spot. An avenue of trees of some length forms the entrance, and from this we emerged into an open space of large extent, where landscape gardening finds ample exemplification; hill and dale, artificial lakes and bridges, and shaded enclosures, where the beloved ones of many families rest, vary the scene. It is a frequent custom for the head of a family to buy a lot, or enclosure, in the cemetery, and place a monument, with the family name at the head, even before there has been a death. How sacredly are these graves respected! Almost all of them had vases of flowers—some put there that morning; wreaths of *immortelles* adorned others; and, most touching of all, on a few children's graves were the little toys with which they had played in life. It brought the tears to our eyes as we thought of the mothers who had placed them there. They were too sacred in their eyes to be put anywhere else. In one enclosure I saw a white marble headstone with only the words "Our Willie," and fresh flowers adorned the little grave. On another, the word "Freddie" was all that recorded the fact that this was the earthly

resting-place of a little child whom Jesus had called. As we wandered among these shady places, we saw in the distance a funeral approaching—not a ghastly spectacle like ours, with those horrid black plumes surmounting a long black coach, drawn by black horses, covered with black cloth, but to my mind a much more fitting accompaniment to a Christian burial: the coffin, which was of white wood and covered with flowers, was placed on a light carriage; and as the carriage came to a rising ground, the friends dismounted from their carriages and calmly followed until they reached the grave prepared. The coffin was then lifted on to the side of the grave which was highest, and the friends gathered round. Being on an embankment a little distance off I saw that the upper half of the coffin lid was glass. This was turned back, and all the relatives approached to take a last look and imprint a last kiss on the face of the dear remains. The body, that of a young woman, was dressed as if in life—a never-grey French merino dress, white collar and cuffs—and with the face resting on the hands as if in sleep. The attitude was one of rest. The coffin was lined with white, and flowers were plentifully scattered. When all had gazed a little while, what appeared to be an elder brother approached, and turning up the glass half of the lid, quietly locked the coffin, putting the key into his waistcoat pocket. This was the signal for the men in attendance to come and lift the coffin to an outer one, and then it was lowered into the

grave, which was lined with branches of evergreen. I was deeply interested in the scene, and gratified that I had witnessed an American funeral. It was very pleasing to me to find that a people who rush through life at such a rate should yet find time to bury their dead so beautifully; and, certainly, the appearance of the graves bears testimony that they are tenderly remembered. I must not forget to say, that on many graves there was an American flag: this marked the graves of soldiers. And I was told that there was a day set apart, called Decoration Day, when every soldier's grave had a new flag put on; and what is very beautiful, no distinction is made between the grave of a northern or southern soldier—all are alike remembered. I turned somewhat unwillingly from this pleasant spot; all its influences were hopeful. "They are not here, they are risen," seemed to be whispered all around. Butterflies were flitting among the flowers, and they suggested the idea of the spirit emancipated from the chrysalis—the body.

CHAPTER XVII.

Leaving Portland—A True Husband and Father—The
Polynesian—Leaving America—Home.

I LEFT the city of Portland and all my American friends with regret. It is never a pleasant thing to say good-bye; and when a meeting again, in this

life, is an improbability, a shade of sadness will come over the spirit. And then I had the prospect of being now entirely alone for the rest of the journey. It takes eighteen hours by rail from Portland to Quebec; but the weariness and tedium of so long a journey is much relieved by travelling in those luxurious Pullman cars, which I have already described, and I never valued them more than in going to Quebec. The double windows excluding the dust and deadening the noise; the soft, comfortable couches and chairs, and the prospect of sleeping in a bed at night without having to stop one's progress in a journey, are all things to rejoice in. About two o'clock in the morning, however, we had to stop at Island Pond, a station on the frontier, where our luggage had to be examined by custom-house officers, and we were delayed two hours. I must say that my luggage, or baggage as the Americans call it, never went through anything more than a cursory examination—the lid of my trunks only being lifted. When it was known I was on a temperance mission, the officer "guessed" that temperance people were among the best of folks, and courteously returned my keys with thanks. During this weary waiting of two hours, I was delighted by seeing what appeared a working man and his wife, with a baby of six months old. The father strutted about with it in his arms up and down the long carriages and the waiting-rooms, and he was not content until everybody in the train had admired his treasure; and

during all the long subsequent ride, he nursed that baby with the patience and tenderness of a woman, and, certainly, with a great deal more obvious pride. Only twice, for a very short time, did the mother get a chance to hold the child, and then he stood by impatient until he might have the baby again; and yet he was a thorough manly fellow, with a face it did one good to look on. I thought of the many weary, toiling women of our own land—working men's wives perhaps—going to market with a heavy child in her arms, and another dragging at her skirts, a basket to carry, and a great strong man called her husband going on before, with his hands in his pockets—and perhaps a pipe in his mouth—never dreaming that he, being the stronger, ought to carry the burdens. I have seen this again and again, and never without thinking of and blessing that brave American working man; and I believe this is no uncommon case. No American father is ashamed of carrying his child in the most public place; he *would* be ashamed of allowing his wife to do it. About eight o'clock next morning we arrived at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, and took the steamer to cross. Having made a few purchases, I proceeded to go on board the *Polynesian*—the same steamer which had been embedded in ice for eleven days on a former voyage. Proceeding to my state room, which corresponded to the number of my ticket (No. 21), I found it, like all state-rooms on board ship, a poor apology for a room of state; still it

was, on the whole, cosy, and I was to share it with an English lady, who, living in Canada, had a son at school in London. She was coming to spend the holidays with her boy at the house of a friend. I was glad the companionship proved congenial to me, for it might have been far otherwise; and we were mutually helpful to each other when the inevitable day of seasickness came. I wonder why one *should* be sick with the motion of a vessel, and if there is no cure! One day sufficed for me, but my poor friend was less fortunate. She lay utterly powerless, as pale as death, for three days; but soon we began to enter into life on shipboard. It differed materially from my outward voyage. It seemed an entirely different kind of company; and wine drinking was more general. The influence of our party in going out was certainly on the side of temperance; and the scientific lectures of Dr. Lees convinced many that alcohol was a destroyer, and not a conservator, of life. I could only lift my silent testimony in favour of water drinking, and even this was resented. Surely on no other subject is there so much intolerance and ill-breeding as this of temperance. Because we choose to avoid taking a certain beverage, that of itself is taken as a sufficient ground for rude comment. Is it that the wine-drinker feels his to be questionable drink, and his neighbour silently avoiding it causes him to see this? I don't know. We passed plenty of icebergs in coming home, and very

terrible they looked. We had one day and night of dense fog, and we were obliged to stand still for fear of coming in contact with them. The cold was intense, and although it was the month of July we were glad of our winter clothing. One night at ten o'clock the man on the look-out cried, "Iceberg ahead," and the captain ordered the position of the vessel to be altered, and soon we passed, rather closer than was agreeable, a huge iceberg. We could see its gigantic proportions in the dim light, and thankfully left it in the distance.

On the tenth day we sighted land, and passing the Giant's Causeway, and the Isle of Man, and other points of interest, soon came into the thick atmosphere which surrounds the Mersey, near Liverpool. It takes one some time to get accustomed to this after the clear skies of Canada and the States; and everybody began coughing and clearing their throats. But thoughts of home and friends and re-unions are always delightful; and although the separation had been a comparatively short one, considering the distance of travel, we were eager for the landing. Soon the tender came alongside with friends to welcome, and home, home, home, with all its joys, was ours.

