

TREATMENT OF THE POOR.

Father Huntington contributes the following paper to *The Christian Union*:—Fifty years ago Lord Beaconsfield wrote "Sybil; or Two Nations." In the course of the story it transpired that the two nations were not separated by mountain chains or political boundaries, but were the two great sections into which modern English finds itself divided—the section of the present possessors of wealth, and that of those who possess neither the one nor the other. These two sections divide between them, not England only, but the sixty million people of this land. The nations are variously named. One brilliant writer speaks of the House of Have and the House of Want; another characterizes them as the "privileged and unprivileged classes"; another of "the satisfied and the discontented"; but the most common, as well as the oldest nomenclature, is "the rich and the poor." Undoubtedly these terms are relative, and the division into the two nations can only be made in a very broad and general way. The gradations from

THE RAILROAD KING.

to the scavenger are so fine that at first it seems impossible to alip a knife blade in between the closely fitting links. Besides, the names rich and poor have quite a different meaning to people, I remember, a little boy in the top storey of a tenement house pointing down to some scrawny plants bearing a few pinched flowers on a lower floor, and saying, in a tone of awe, "These are awful rich people down there." And with the rapid changes in our social condition the extension of the terms shifts and alters. A few years ago a man with a hundred thousand dollars was regarded as a "rich man"; he would hardly pass for such in New York society to-day. And yet, spite of all this apparent vagueness of meaning, the two nations that rich and poor denote are becoming more clearly defined, more mutually exclusive, with every week. Multitudes are passing constantly from one nation to the other, and yet the passage one way is becoming daily more difficult—"facilis descendere Averni."

Do we not ourselves witness to the definiteness of one of the terms by the way in which we speak of the poor? What does that word really connote as we use it? A great deal is written and spoken about the poor. We have societies for investigating or improving the

CONDITION OF THE POOR.

We have able articles on the housing, feeding, clothing, visiting of the poor; we have hospitals and medical attendance for the poor, mission chapels for the poor, special quarters in our cemeteries for the poor, orphanages for the young of the poor. Certainly, in the face of this universal use of the term we cannot deny that the word must mean somebody, or bodies. Who are they? Who do you, my Christian brother or sister, mean by the poor? Is it not fair to say that when you make use of the word you have in mind a mass of individuals, men, women and children, around which you have drawn in thought an invisible line that clearly differentiates this company from other individuals, and sets it at some little distance from the rest of the community, including yourself, your family and your acquaintance? And having thus located the poor, if I may say so, do you not regard them as separated from you and yours not only by some present outward conditions, but by their very constitution and make-up, as being of

A SOMEWHAT COARSER FIBER.

perhaps, a duller, in their sensibilities, possibly as providentially suited to their environment and the occupation in which they engage? In other words, do you not regard them very much as if they were really a separate and inferior species of the genus homo, the peculiarities and traits of which must be duly considered and the best way discovered to develop and improve the breed, but which must still remain segregated from the rest of the race? I do not suppose that you have ever presented the matter to yourself in this light, and I dare say, you feel quite offended at the suggestion that you really entertain these sentiments; but, in all honesty, my friend, do you not? Does there not underlie much that is said on social matters a tacit assumption—it rarely finds expression—that what the poor are to-day, that they are, not because of surrounding circumstances, "accidental" condition of education, companionship, work, but because of some intrinsic grossness, obtuseness, lack of energy or ambition? Does one declaim against the foulness of tenement houses, the answer is calmly given, "Oh, the poor actually like the dirt; they prefer to herd together, as though it were quite as much a trait of the species as for each to live in the mud or rabbits to crowd together in their burrows." Does one advocate an extension of the eight-hour system, one is moved at once with, "Oh, the men will simply spend the extra two hours in the saloon." Does one deplore the

STARVATION WAGES OF GIRLS.

In the cities, they reply, comes promptly, "Why, they could all have good homes at service in the country but they won't leave the city streets."

"But you are forgetting the law of heredity; these people have inherited vicious or perverted tastes and dispositions, and you propose to treat them as though they were free from the taint of generations of degraded progenitors." Not so fast, my friend. Let us, settle one thing at a time. Are you not in a measure admitting my statement that you regard these people, the poor—as of different stuff from that of which you are made? I do not forget "the awful sacred law of heredity." I know that many of those you call the poor are handicapped for the race of life, by evil propensities and passions inherited from their parents. But will you venture to say that they have contracted an incurable disease, that their nature has sunk so low in that that it is no longer capable of restoration and uplifting,

seen the lowest tribe of savages cleansed, taught and civilized; you have seen them furnishing their heroes and martyrs, of the Christian faith; do you condemn this people—the poor—at your very doors, they and their descendants, to brutality and crime? "But," you say, the progress must be so very gradual; we can only hope to accomplish a little each generation." How do you know? In how many cases have you made a fair trial? Do you know how young women to-day are?

STRUGGLING UP OUT OF BASE SURROUNDINGS

to refinement and grace? Of an Indian from

to St. Augustine, Florida, the clergyman in whose family he afterwards lived for three years preparing for the ministry, said, in my hearing, "He is the best man, white, black or red, that I ever knew." Are these people so much more degraded than he was? Ah, my friend, did the Lord Jesus come with no better Gospel than you preach? did he come to tell men that, though they could not hope to be much better than their fathers, some distant generation of their children might attain to a Christian manhood? He said of the crowd of rude, ignorant labor-folk who sat about him, that dull minds slowly, wakening under his words, "Behold my mother and my brethren!" No wonder they heard him gladly! no wonder the new life sprang up within them, and that they found themselves renewed in the image of God! "My brother, my sister, my mother." They are words of divine power. Suppose we used them in place of "the poor," what a change would come over our thoughts and pass from thought into action! A gifted and large-hearted woman recently repeated this story. You may have seen it, but you will not hear it too often or dwell upon it too much. Some men

WORKING IN A SAND-PIT.

were covered by a mass of sand falling from the bank above them; their fellow-workmen hastened to try and shovel them out before they were suffocated. A group of spectators gathered and looked on. Suddenly a woman, bareheaded and breathless, ran up to one of the men who was standing by and caught him by the arm. "Jack!" she panted, "Jack, don't you know your brother's down there?" And the man flung off his coat and grasped a shovel, and sprang and shovelled desperately to save his brother's life. Yes, in the sight of God there are not two nations—one is His children, our brothers, all the world over. The Fatherhood, the brotherhood—have we even begun to learn them? Do we realize that our brother is "down there"? Are we prepared to say, not "the poor," but "my brothers, my sisters?" "Hi brothers, my sisters?" My brother tramping about wearily from shop to shop looking for a job, or working twelve, fourteen hours a day at crushing, ill-reputed work, that exhausts all the faculties of the brute—the craving for food, drink, sleep! My sister toiling in that roaring factory for a mere pittance, and coming back when the day is over, to that tenement block, with its foul talk and degrading company, the craving for city sights and sounds become a second nature, so that the shudders fat them loneliness! Of the green fields and blue sky! And if you long to

HELP THIS BROTHER,
this sister, of yours, don't set them away from you in the undistinguished mass of "the poor," but take your place beside them—feel their sorrows!

How probe an unfeeling evil?
Wouldn't be the poor man's friend? Must freeze with him.

Test sleepless hunger; let thy crippled back Ache o'er the endless furrow. How? How? He,

The Blessed One, made perfect? Why, by grief,

The fellowship of voluntary grief.

He read the tear-stained book of poor men's hearts

As I must learn to read it!

Do you ask yourself how you can do this? Let me suggest to you one method requiring but little time, of easy execution.

Put on the dress of a wage-worker, go into some part of the city or into a neighboring town where you are not known, and try and find work! Go from office to office and store to store, meet and talk with others bent on the same quest; wait, as you will be told to do, in the draughty entry or at the door till the "boss" or the "forelady" is ready to see you; ask as they must do who have no choice but work or death; determine that you will go without your dinner and supper unless you find a job, and as night comes on and you drag yourself wearily homeward, glad you have a place to sleep, remember One who never but once described his own trials as a "poor man," and who said then, "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." And then think that such a day as that, for weeks and months together, is the portion of thousands—not of "the poor," but of your brothers and sisters.

A Mystery Solved.

What a curious engine!" she exclaimed, as she saw a dummy for the first time.

"Xaa," replied the old man, with little interest in the matter.

"I've always wondered why they called it a dummy," she continued.

"Cause the engineer can't talk," he replied.

"Oh, of course! What a goose, a woman anywhere!"

Too Smart!

Baseball Player.—Why is the first inning of a baseball game always the best?

Manager.—I don't know. Why?

Baseball Player.—Because it is the beginning of the game!

Manager.—Here is your release.

[Waap.

Its Regular Set.

"I don't believe in these ideas of caste," said Blimkin.

"But, you will find them hard to get away from."

"I don't know about that."

"But it's a fact: look at the sun; even it has its regular set."

Willing to Take an Interest.

"Ugh! Uncle George," cried tender-hearted little Rollo, his eyes filling with tears, "I know that many of those you call the poor are handicapped for the race of life, by evil propensities and passions inherited from their parents. But will you venture to say that they have contracted an incurable disease, that their nature has sunk so low in that that it is no longer capable of restoration and uplifting,

seen the lowest tribe of savages cleansed, taught and civilized; you have seen them furnishing their heroes and martyrs, of the Christian faith; do you condemn this people—the poor—at your very doors, they and their descendants, to brutality and crime?"

"But," you say, the progress must be so very gradual; we can only hope to accomplish a little each generation."

How do you know? In how many cases have you made a fair trial? Do you know how young women to-day are?

WALTER WEDS WINNIFRED.

Winnie, whose womanly warmheartedness Warded Walter's Welfare, Well comes Wooing.

"Warm weather, Walter! Welcome warm weather! We were wishing winter would wane, weren't we?"

"We were well, wearied with waiting," whispered Walter, wearily. "Wan, white, woo-begone, wan, wayward, wilful, worn with weakness, wasted, waxing weaker whenever winter's wild, withering winds were wailing. Wholly without waywardness was Winnifred. Walter's wise womanly watcher, who, with winsome, wooing ways, was well-beloved.

"We won't wait, Walter; while weather's warm, we'll wander where woodlands wane, won't we?"

Walter's wonted wretchedness wholly waned. "Why, Winnie, we'll walk where we went when we were with Willie; we'll weave wild flower wreaths, watch woodmen working, woodlice, worms wriggling, windmills whirling, waterwheels wheeling; we will win wild whortleberries, witness wheat

whinnowed.

Wisebeach woods were wild with wild flowers; warm westerly winds whispered where willows were waving; wood-pigeons, wrens, wood-peckers were warbling wild woodnotes. Where Wisebeach watermill's waters which were wholly waveless, widened, were water-lilies, waxen white, Winnifred wove wreaths with woodbine, white horn, wallflowers, whilst Walter whittled wooden wedges with willow wands. Wholly without whining, wild, wet, wind, woke within Wisebeach woods, whistling, where Winnifred wandered with Walter, wooping willow-wrens were wailing weirdly, wagging with wind-tossed, waters. Winnifred's wary watchfulness waked. "Walter, we won't be overlooked for the small person to be overlooked on account of want of stature. It is possible to add as much as four inches to your stature by 'boots' designed for the elevation of the lowly. The invention is an odd and ingenious one. Instead of sticking six inches on to a person's heels, a pair of entirely false feet, made of cork, is put into the shoes." When the wearer gets into them he or she is raised according to the inches of cork. Of course, in this invention the original foot is made to combine with the cork, one under the leather in such a manner that the line of demarcation is not perceptible. The size of the foot is sacrificed. This is true, and a larger boot is necessary with the cork "elevator" than would be the case naturally, but fancy having four inches added to your height!

"Which way, Winnie?"

Winnifred wavered. "Why, where we're wandering? Wisebeach woods widen whichever way we walk; where's Wisebeach white wicket? where's Winston's watermill?"

Wistfully Walter witnessed Winnifred's wonder. Winnie Winnie, we were wrong, wholly wrong, wandering within wild ways.

Winnifred waited where within wattle woodwork walls, wagons, wheelbarrows, walnuts, were waiting, with withered wood.

Walter warmly wrapped with Winnifred's well-worn wadded water proof, was waiting woefully, wholly wearied. Winnifred, who, worn, with watching, well-nigh weeping, was wistfully, wakefully, waiting Willie's well-known whistle, wholly wished Walter's well-being warranted. With well-timed wisdom, Walter was wound with wide, white-worsted wrappers, which wonderfully well with wood winter's withering, whistling winds. Wholly without warm wraps, was Winnifred, who, with womanly wisdom, was watching Walter's welfare, warding Walter's weaknesses.

"Whom will Willie send where we wait?"

Wearily wondered Walter.

"Whilst I Walter," whispered Winnie, who was whooping?

"Whereabouts?"

Welcome whistling was waking Wisebeach woods when winter's wildy warfare waxed weaker. "Winnie! Walter!" was Winnifred's wakefulness, well-grounded.

"We're well, Willie; we're where Winston's wagons wait." Without waiting, Willie was within Winston's wood-work walls.

"Welcome, welcome, Willie!" Winnie was weeping with weariness, with watching

Walter, with waylaying.

"Why—Winnie! wise—watchful, warm-hearted Winnie!" Willie whispered back.

"We're well, Willie; we're where Winston's wagons wait." Without waiting, Willie was within Winston's wood-work walls.

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"I'm afraid, I'll never get it again," said the other sadly.

"Nonplus, man. Don't give up now, when they've just discovered the elixir of life," advised his friend.

"Take hold again like a man."

"What are you talking about?" asked the other, "I lost my grip with four new shirts in it, a new waistcoat, a pair of suspenders, and my wife's photograph. Just give me a chance and you'll see whether I'll take hold or not," and he walked off with a suspicious look at his late adviser.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Nature will not give to man her highest rewards except on the condition of the highest use of a capable intellect.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for it implies relief from precious labour; and, if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

We have too low an estimate of human nature when we imagine that it will respond only to self-interest. It is rather that we have not faith enough in the truth, and have not learned the secret of inspiring noble motives and pure desire.

The life-principles must be deeply set; there must be the clear heart and the sound mind; there must be an all-mastering love of good; there must be a well-established and well-administered inward government, not dependent on human opinions or emotions.

The right law must be written on the heart—all one thing with the life's love.

To meet with success something more than a small effort, or a series of small efforts, is necessary. It is not by short fitful jerks but by long, vigorous pulls that a boat is forced against the current.

The oarsman stretches himself to work, puts all his momentum into it, does not rest upon his oars long enough to be carried back by the current, but perseveres—and in this way, only, can he reach his goal. It is just the same in life—the long strong pull conquers all opposing forces.

The woman who scolds, the woman who argues, each points to the bitter end,

the woman who always will have the last word, the woman who tries in any fashion to meet man on his own ground, stands to lose in the fight, and is a very foolish woman. Not that a good honest fit of anger, on righteous occasion, outspoken, genuine, brave, and free from all taunting or meanness, is not effective and useful; but it must be very rare, very well controlled, and must clear off, when its object is attained, into genuine smacks, never dwindling and muttering off in sulky resentments.

Well-Grounded Fear.

At the theatre! Miss Ohio—Oh, I am sure I don't look nice at all.

Miss An Fay—Why?

Miss Ohio—Because I am so comfortable!

One of the Surprises.

Mr. Oldbrymer—Well, I suppose you find a great many surprises in married life, don't you?

Mr. Younghusband—Rather. Why, it was only the other day that I found out ice cream that she was fonder of onions than

cream.

A Level Headed Boy.

Now, which of the great men of the past would you rather be, Robert?" asked the teacher, after a long and interesting talk on the celebrities of history.

"None of 'em," replied Robert promptly.

"None of them? Why,