

morals? What is the theft of the gold and silver from your money-safe compared with the theft of your children's virtue? We are all ready to arraign criminals. We shout at the top of our voice, "Stop thief!" and when the police get on the track we come out, hatless and in our slippers, and assist in the arrest. We come around the bawling ruffian and hustle him off to justice, and when he gets in prison, what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hoppers; but what preparations are we making for the day when the handcuffs and hoppers come off? Society seems to say to these criminals: "Villain, go in there and rot!" when it ought to say: "You are an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to repent; we mean to help you. Here are Bibles and tracts and Christian influences. Christ died for you. Look and live." Vast improvements have been made by introducing industry into the prison; but we want something more than hammers and shoelasts to reclaim these people. Aye, we want more than sermons on the Sabbath day. Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suffering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. The majority of criminals suppose that society has a grudge against them, and they in turn have a grudge against society.

They are harder in heart and more infuriate when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again. Some years ago, of 1,500 prisoners who during the year had been in Sing Sing, 400 had been there before. In a house of correction in the country, where during a certain reach of time there had been 5,000 people, more than 3,000 had been there before. So, in one case the prison, and in the other case the house of correction, left them just as bad as they were before. The secretary of one of the benevolent societies of New York saw a lad of 15 years of age who had spent three years of his life in prison, and he said to the warden: "What have they done for you to make you better?" "Well," replied the warden, "the first time I was brought up before the judge he said: 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' And then I committed a crime again, and I was brought up before the same judge, and he said: 'You rascal!' And after awhile I committed some other crime, and I was brought before the same judge, and he said: 'You ought to be hanged.'" That is all they had done for him in the way of reformation and salvation. "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day lying in prison bunks who would leap up at the prospect of reformation, if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability. "Oh," you say, "I have no patience with these rogues." I ask you in reply, how much better would you have been under the same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a sot, and you had started life with a body stuffed with evil propensities, and you had spent much of your time in a cellar amid obscenities and cursing, and at ten years of age you had been compelled to go out and steal, battered and banged at night if you came in without any spoils; and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rags and filth, and decent society had turned its back upon you and left you to consort with vagabonds and wharf rats—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that executive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court-room weeping because some hard-hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community demand more potential influences in behalf of these offenders.

Among the uprooting and devouring classes in our midst are the idle. Of course, I do not refer to the people who are getting old, or to the sick, or to those who can not get work; but I tell you to look out for those athletic men and women who will not work. When the French nobleman was asked why he kept busy when he had so large a property, he said: "I keep on engraving so I may not hang myself." I do not care who the man is, he can not afford to be idle. It is from the idle classes that the criminal classes are made up. Character, like water, gets putrid if it stands still too long. Who can wonder that in this world, where there is so much to do, and all the hosts of earth and Heaven and hell are plunging into the conflict, and angels are flying, and God is at work, and the universe is a-quake with the marching and counter-marching, that God lets His indignation fall upon a man who chooses idleness? I have watched these do-nothings who spend their time stroking their beards, and retouching their toilet, and criticising industrious people, and pass their days and nights in barrooms and club-houses, lounging and smoking and chewing and card-playing. They are not only useless, but they are dangerous. How hard it is for them to while away the hours!

Alas, for them! If they do not know how to while away an hour, what will they do when they have all eternity on their hands? These men for awhile smoke the best cigars and wear the best broadcloth, and move in the highest spheres; but I have noticed that very soon they come down to the prison, the almshouse, or stop at the gallows.

The police stations of two of our cities furnish annually 200,000 lodgings. For the most part, these 200,000 lodgings are furnished to able-bodied men and women—people as able to work as you and I are. When they are received no longer at one police station, because they are "repeaters," they go to some other station, and so they keep moving around. They get their food at house doors, stealing what they can lay their hands on in the front basement while the servant is spreading the bread in the back basement. They will not work. Time and again, in the country districts, they have wanted hundreds and thousands of laborers. These men will not go. They do not want to work. I have tried them. I have set them to sawing wood in my cellar, to see whether they wanted to work. I offered to pay them well for it. I have heard the saw going for about three minutes, and then I went down, and lo, the wood, but no saw! They are the pest of society, and they stand in the way of the Lord's poor, who ought to be helped, and will be helped. While there are thousands of industrious men who can not get any work, these men who do not want any work come in and make that plea. Sleeping at night at public expense in the station house; during the day, getting their food at your doorstep. Imprisonment does not scare them. They would like it. Blackwell's Island or Moyamensing prison would be a comfortable home for them. They would have no objection to the almshouse, for they like thin soup, if they can not get mock turtle.

I like for that class of people the scant bill of fare that Paul wrote out for the Thessalonian loafers: "If any work not, neither shall he eat." By what law of God or man is it right that you and I should toil day in and day out, until our hands are blistered and our arms ache and our brain gets numb, and then be called upon to support what in the United States are about 2,000,000 loafers! They are a very dangerous class. Let the public

that, when it drives a man to the wall, and he hears children cry in vain for bread, it sometimes makes him desperate. I think that there are thousands of honest men lacerated into vagabondism. There are men crushed under burdens for which they are not half paid. While there is no excuse for criminality even in oppression, I state it as a simple fact that much of the scoundrelism of this community is consequent upon ill-treatment. There are many men and

women battered and bruised and stung until the hour of despair has come, and they stand with the ferocity of a wild beast which, pursued until it can run no longer, turns round, foaming and bleeding, to fight the hounds.

There is another layer of poverty and destitution, not so squalid, but almost as helpless. You hear their incessant wailing for bread and clothes and fire. Their eyes are sunken. Their cheekbones stand out. Their hands are damp with slow consumption. Their flesh is puffed up with dropsies. Their breath is like that of a charnel house. They hear the roar of the wheels of fashion overhead, and the laughter of men and maidens, and wonder why God gave others so much and them so little. Some of them thrust into an infidelity like that of the poor German girl, who, when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God was good, she said: "No; no good God. Just look at me. No good God."

In these American cities, whose cry of want I interpret, there are hundreds and thousands of honest poor who are dependent upon individual city and state charities. If all their voices could come up at once, it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city, and bring all earth and Heaven to the rescue. But, for the most part, it suffers unexpressed. It sits in silence, gnashing its teeth and sucking the blood of its own arteries, waiting for the judgment day. Oh, I should not wonder if on that day it would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them; some extra garment which might have made them comfortable on cold days; some bread thrust into the ash barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while; some wasted candle or gas jet that might have kindled up their darkness; some fresco on the ceiling that would have given them a roof; some jewel which, brought to that orphan girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded off the precipices of an unclean life; some New Testament that would have told them of Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost!" Oh, this wave of vacancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front door-step; I wonder if you hear it and see as much as I hear it and see it! I have been almost frenzied with the perpetual cry for help from all classes and from all nations, knocking, knocking, ringing, ringing. If the roofs of all the houses of destitution could be lifted so we could look down into them just as God looks, whose nerves would be strong enough to stand it? And yet there they are. The sewing women, some of them in hunger and cold, working night after night, until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lip. How well their grief was voiced by that despairing woman who stood by her invalid husband and invalid child, and said to the city missionary: "I am downhearted. Everything's against us; and then there are other things." "What other things?" said the city missionary. "Oh," she replied, "my sin." "What do you mean by that?" "Well," she said, "I never hear or see anything good. It's work from Monday morning to Saturday night, and then when Sunday comes I can't get out, and I walk the floor, and it makes me tremble to think that

hard for us to get any work so, and then we are getting away so poorly, and see this world as it is growing wretched and we want to get to some where we are getting a warmer to God, but floating away from us—oh, sir, I do wish I was ready to die!"

I want you to know who are the uprooting classes of society. I want you to be more discriminating in your charities. I want your hearts open with generosity, and your hands open with charity. I want you to be made the sworn friends of all city evangelization, and all newsboys' lodging-houses, and all children's aid societies. Aye, I want you to send the Dorcas society all the cast-off clothing, that, under the skillful manipulation of the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, these garments may be fitted on the cold, bare feet, and on the shivering limbs of the destitute. I should not wonder if that hat you give should come back a jeweled coronet, or that garment that you this week hand out from your wardrobe should mysteriously be whitened, and somehow wrought into the Saviour's own robe, so in the last day He would run His hand over it and say: "I was naked and ye clothed me." That would be putting your garments to glorious uses.

Besides all this, I want you to appreciate in the contrast how very kindly God has dealt with you in your comfortable homes, at your well-fitted tables, and at the warm registers, and to have you look at the round faces of your children, and then at the review of God's goodness to you, go to your room, and lock the door, and kneel down and say: "O Lord I have been an ingrate; make me Thy child. O Lord, there are so many hungry and unclad and unsheltered to-day, I thank Thee that all my life Thou hast taken such good care of me. O Lord there are so many sick and crippled children to-day. I thank Thee mine are well, some of them on earth, some of them in Heaven. Thy goodness, O Lord, breaks me down. Take me once and forever. Sprinkled as I was many years ago while at the altar, while my mother held me, now I consecrate my soul to Thee in a holier baptism of repenting tears."

For sinners, Lord, Thou canst to bleed,  
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;  
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free;  
O magnify that grace in me!

Talleyrand said that a blunder was worse than a crime. The guilt of the blunderer is not as great as that of the criminal, but he may do as much harm. —Rev. C.W. Gullette, Methodist, Cincinnati, O.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Attack a ringbone just as soon as it makes its appearance.

If the dog is heavily coated mercifully shear him this hot weather.

A contemporary does not like hog wallows. We do. A hog was never injured by a good wallow.

The merciful man will have shade for the stock. So will the man who works for the greatest profit.

Every farmer should own a breast strap for use on horses that show symptoms of sore shoulders.

The stallion ought to be driven fast enough to cover him with lather. Then rubbed down thoroughly.

Rotten swill and hot weather are bad mixtures for the hog. Pure water is much better than such swill.

As a rule farm work does not require a big, heavy horse. A lighter horse is better. —Western Plowman.

To Clean Photographs.

Crusts of bread are better than a soft cloth for rubbing photographs, engravings or paintings to remove soiled marks and dust. The bread should be 24 hours old.