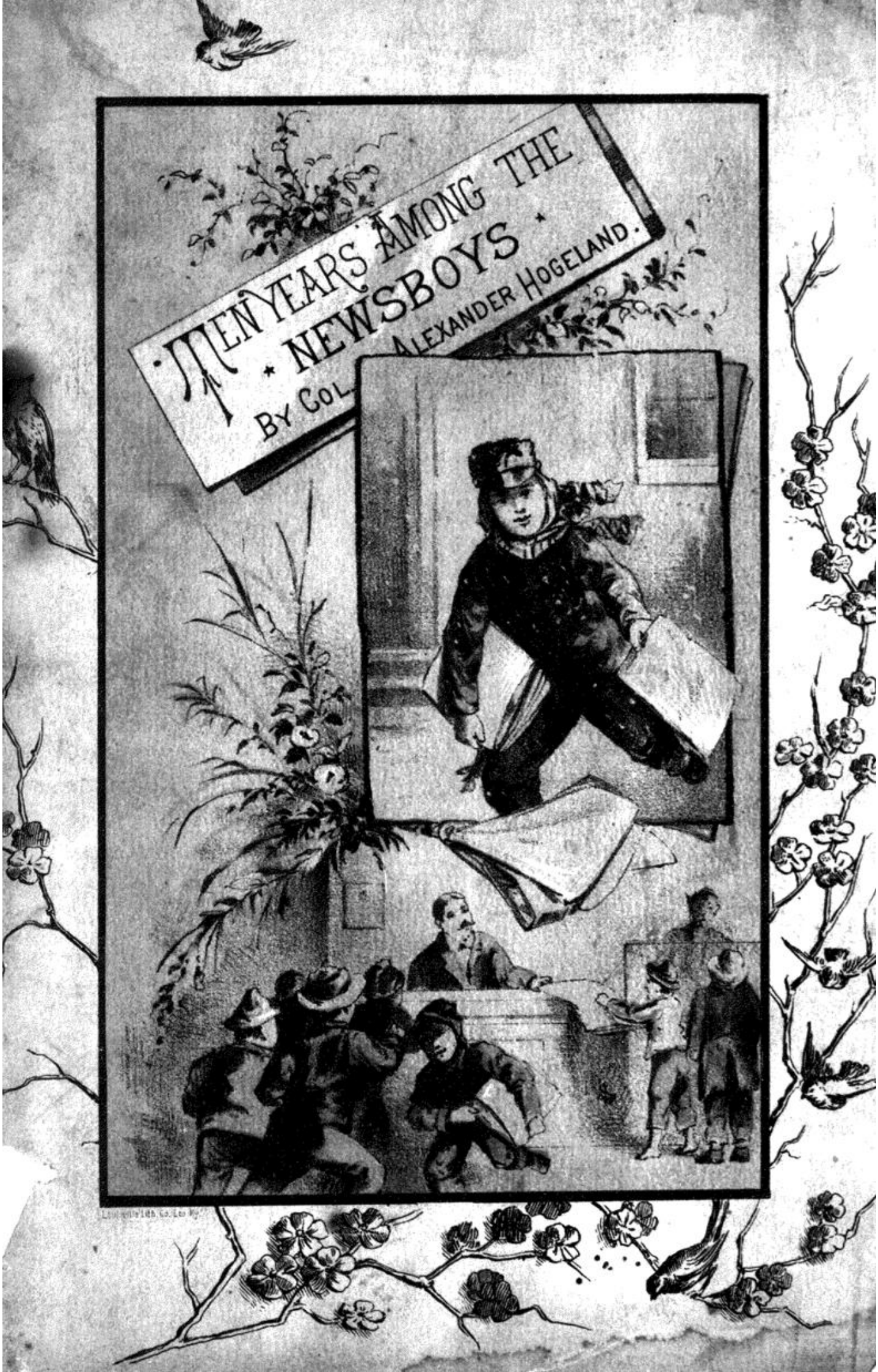
TEN YEARS AMONG THE NEWSBOYS
BY COL. ALEXANDER HOGELAND.

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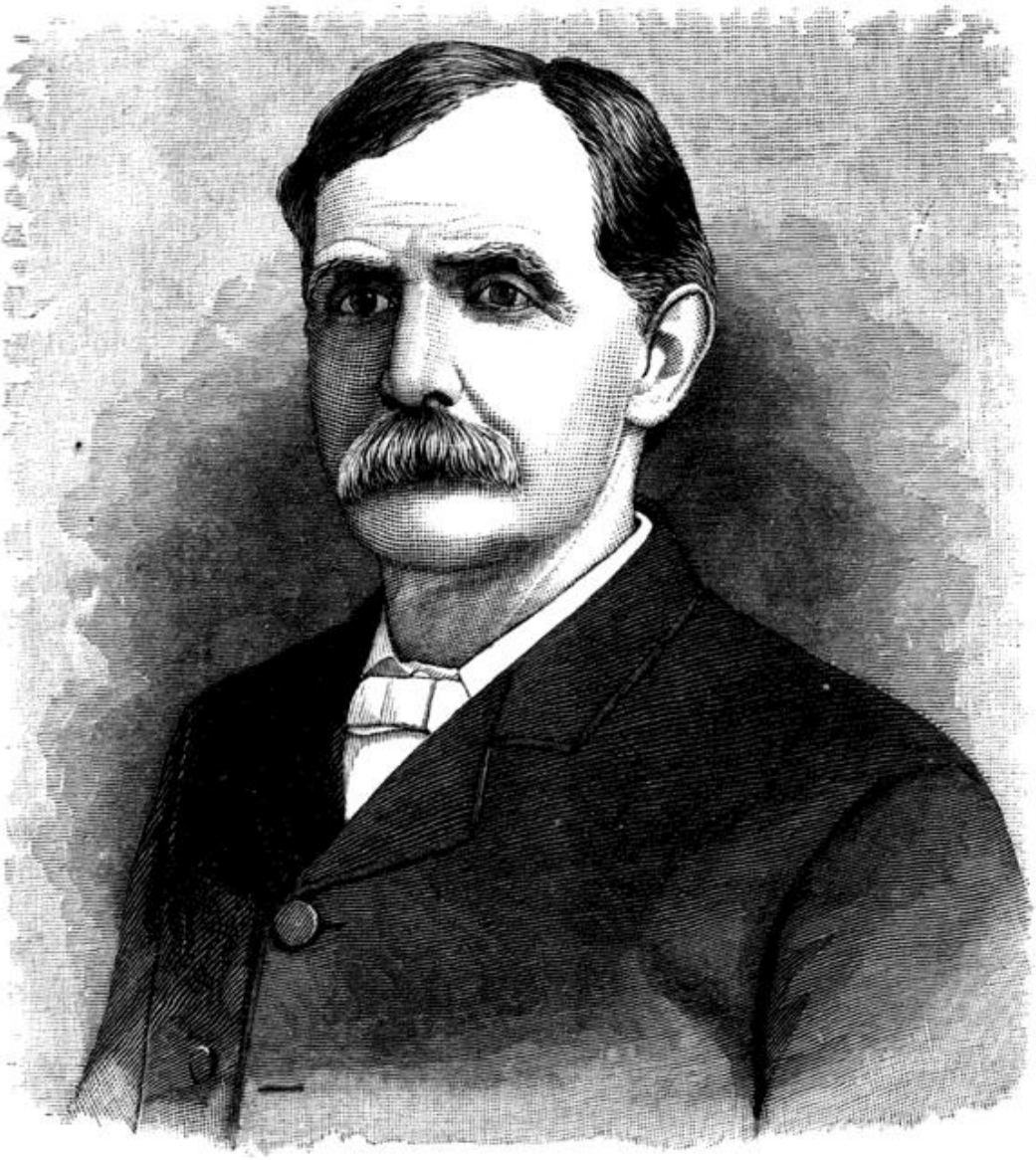

COL. ALEXANDER HOGELAND.

(The Friend of the Poor and Neglected Boys of the Street.)

DEDICATED TO THE NEWSBOYS OF THE UNITED STATES.

TEN YEARS

AMONG THE

NEWSBOYS.

BY

COL. ALEXANDER HOGELAND,

Founder of the Louisville Newsboys and Bootblacks' Association and Night Schools; author of the work on the Mineral and Agricultural Resources of Kentucky; and late Secretary of the Mechanics and Manufacturers' Exchange, and late Agent Kentucky Infirmary.

FIFTH EDITION.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

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1884

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

I have yielded at last to the solicitations of friends and to a growing impression with myself that I ought to put in print my strangely-romantic experience of ten years among the newsboys and bootblacks of Louisville and other cities, for the benefit it may prove to others in stimulating them in efforts to assist those who are struggling with the adversities of life. I may here say that for whatever I may have accomplished in this way I am, in God's providence, indebted to the kind, Christian influence of my affectionate mother; for in my whole life, from childhood to manhood, she was the guiding-star to whatever of good I may have been enabled to accomplish. Her maiden name was Parker. She was left an orphan at six years of age. A month thereafter she took a trip of one hundred miles, horseback, in charge of her oldest brother, over the mountains of Pennsylvania to the house of an uncle in Virginia. The story she told me in my childhood of the sympathy shown her by those relatives in raising her has proved an incentive to me to assist others in return. Mother often said, "My son, help others as I have been helped;" and now my greatest anxiety is that those who read the incidents and actual experience in my own case may in turn do something to help others. It is "bread cast upon the waters," and will return to you, as it has to me, in a reward measured by a thousandfold.

A GROUP OF LOUISVILLE NEWSBOYS AND THEIR FRIEND.

TEN YEARS AMONG THE NEWSBOYS.

Ten years ago, on a sultry spring-day, as I turned out of Fourth into Green Street, at the corner of the old Louisville Theater, now replaced by the Courier-Journal building, I heard the cry of "Fight! fight!" Perceiving newsboys on the opposite side of the street, I rushed over into the crowd; a glance brought to view two newsboys fighting desperately, encouraged with shouts of "Give it to him, Piggie!" "Hit him again, Sam!" My nature is such that I was only a moment deciding as to my duty. I took Piggie in my arms and did not stop until the pump, a square off, was reached. A few words of sympathy, then the application of pump-water, and the fretted, angry, and bloody-faced boy was pacified. He then explained that the big boy had thrown his papers in the dirt, and a fight was the result.

That incident prompted the opening of a night-school a few weeks later, with Piggie as a scholar. It was held in the basement of the old Unitarian Church, corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, and was to some extent an experiment, but certainly proved a great success, chiefly for the good moral influence it exerted on the newsboys of that day. A very good, perhaps the best, feature was the opening in the building of a commodious wash- and bath-room. After two winters of careful training by faithful teachers, the City School Board of Louisville opened night-schools, taking in the newsboys, with an attendance of six hundred scholars.

A brief reference to reforms growing out of the Newsboys' School is worthy of mention. The first of which was the

bringing about of a compromise between white and colored boys, by which the latter were permitted to enter the field as newsboys and bootblacks, which they had not been allowed to do previous to that date. It was finally accomplished on the occasion of a fight between some colored boys who came to the room on a Sunday night and while I was addressing the newsboys. The presence of the colored boys was considered by the newsboys as an insult. The excitement of the moment I shall never forget. I was apprehensive that some one might be injured, perhaps killed, and was also in dread of disturbing the religious exercises then going on in the Methodist Episcopal Church across the street, and dreaded the disrepute such conduct would bring on the school. A good policeman happened to be near by; and with his assistance the newsboys returned to their seats in the lecture-room, after chasing the colored boys a square away, with an air of satisfaction and triumph and expressions of "Did n't we clean 'em out!" etc., evidently thinking their conduct would meet with a hearty approval from me.

It was an occasion that called for sober thought, and that with judicious handling might be turned to good account. Soon all were again seated. The chain of thought in my address was in the excitement lost to view. So I inquired if they would like for me to tell them an interesting story of my boyhood? They gave unanimous assent.

I began by saying: "When I was a boy, twelve years of age, I stood on the bank of a stream where some men were engaged in fishing, one of them got into deep water, and not being able to swim was on the point of drowning. His friends were paralyzed with fear, and not one of them moved. The poor man was going down for the last time, with no one brave enough to assist him. At this juncture a stout colored boy, who was simply looking on, saw the poor white man sinking for the last time. With the quickness

of thought he threw off his coat and went to the rescue, disappearing in the same spot where the fisherman had gone down. The moments they were out of sight seemed an age, but there soon appeared on the surface the form of the colored boy striking out with one hand and with the other firmly grasping the hair of the drowning fisherman. A moment later the friends relieved the colored boy, and by vigorous rubbing brought their half-dead companion to consciousness and life. When he asked who saved him, they said, the negro boy. He was full of expressions of gratitude, and wanted to pay him, but this was modestly declined. A crowd of nearly forty persons, who had been gathered by the excitement, testified their approval of the heroic act in rounds of applause. That was, indeed, a brave act, and I know you will say so." Each boy raised his hand in approval. "Now, boys, I wish to put a question to each one of you. Suppose you were to fall into the Ohio River to-morrow, and the only person near enough to rescue you was one of the boys you have just chased over to Green Street; and suppose you should call on him to save you, and he should recognize you as one who stoned him to-night, could you reasonably expect the boy to aid you?" There was magic-like silence for a few moments. Realizing the providential turn the moment afforded, I then said, "Boys, all of you who will, from to-night, take as a motto, 'Live and let live,' hold up your hands." It was unanimous. "Since Emancipation-day colored boys have wanted to sell papers and black boots, but whenever they appear they are run off the street. You can not help seeing, from the story I have just told you, that you may sooner or later find yourselves in trouble, and you would think it a great hardship if certain boys should drive you out of the streets, and thus prevent your making a few pennies to get your living. Now, I am going to take a vote. All of you who will, from to-night, agree to let the colored boys of Louisville sell papers and black boots,

hold up your hands." It is needless to say the cord in their hearts that vibrated to sympathy was struck. There was a ready and a unanimous response in favor of the colored boys taking their chances and making their living in their own humble profession. Acting in good faith, from that night to the present there has been no opposition to the motto, "Live and let live." Many times since, reference has been made to the thrilling incident of that evening by boys, now grown to manhood, who were present.

Another and equally interesting incident was that of persuading a large number of boys, ten years ago (many of whom were young men), to quit the business of blacking boots and go to trades. This humble calling was never regarded more than as a temporary job, without the shadow of a trade. The second winter of the night-school found at least eighty full-grown young men who, for want of suitable encouragement and advice, were still hanging about the hotels, saloons, and street corners, in some cases using the business as a pretext for loafing. Just how these boys were to be induced to quit the boot-polish trade and enter manufactories was a difficult and perplexing question. But, as in the case just referred to, which settled the variance of race and color, the opportune moment came.

A well-known merchant one day inquired about the success of the night-school. To the response that it had a good outlook, he declared he would never give any further assistance to the support of the school as long as boys over fourteen years of age remained in the trade. He qualified it, however, by adding that when that result was brought about he might feel encouraged to continue his subscription. I realized in a moment that the dissatisfied merchant had given me the clew that might, if utilized, secure results long wished for. I thanked him heartily, and while in the school the next evening arranged for a full meeting of the boys. The following

Monday night was the time set, and a full house was the result—some with only standing room, and all anxious to know what was going to be done. A few moments were given to remarks of a general character, with short sketches in the life of street-boys and others. Then incidentally I asked every boy who felt thankful to the merchants for the benefits of the night-school to indicate it by holding up his hand. The expression was approved. A further request was then made as to their feelings for the good advice and for occasional entertainments. This was also heartily indorsed.

To make it still more emphatic, I said, "Boys, you have just expressed, in a very prompt and decided manner, your hearty thanks for the night-school and other favors bestowed upon you. I am now about to give you the best advice I can, and let all who are willing to act on it hold up their hands." There seemed to be a spirit of reluctance to vote on the question, for fear it might in some way place them in an embarrassing position. I reminded them that only good advice had been given, and there was only one desire among their friends, and that was for their good. A renewal of the vote brought a unanimous show of hands. I then repeated the saying of the merchant who refused to give aid to the school so long as there were any boys over fourteen years of age blacking boots. "This, boys, is the best advice I have ever given you. I now say to every boy over fourteen years of age who wants to make a man of himself, never black another boot, but go at once and learn a trade. If you do not, boys, the business men will not support the school longer, and here are one hundred boys under twelve years of age who will be deprived of an education, while you large boys have enjoyed two terms, giving you each a fair start." It was a solemn moment. Many shed tears, not knowing what to go at, after having blacked boots from boyhood to that night. I assured them in the most kindly manner of the unreserved sympathy felt for each of

them, and spoke of the pleasure it would give their friends in after years to find them mastering some profession, trade, or manufacturing enterprise. A general hand-shaking followed. Each returned to his humble home from the most important meeting of the two winter's schooling. All over fourteen years of age had fairly voted themselves out of a temporary livelihood, but which some really began to think was a life-calling.

The next night witnessed a small attendance, and that only of small boys. Inquiry has revealed what a daily experience has since confirmed, that that night relieved the city of Louisville of what might, under other circumstances, have developed into a troublesome element; and the good effect of it is further confirmed by daily meeting with the young men who answered for the last time at that roll-call as bootblacks and as members of the night-school.

It might be interesting to trace the history of many of those boys, now grown to manhood and occupying positions of trust and responsibility. One is a much-esteemed employé of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Another is money clerk of an express company. A third is general agent of a railroad transportation company. A fourth is a successful farmer in Tennessee. Two brothers are industrious bill-posters. Two own a line of hacks. Some are machinists, molders, and others are in various branches of business, and one is an assistant secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Jimmy Cooper, a bootblack, firm in notions of self-reliance, two weeks from that night took the position of cabin-boy on one of the lines of the ocean steamers then plying between New York and Liverpool, England, and filled the position three years. Others entered various professions and trades. It was a genuine and strictly practical step, in the fullest sense securing the greatest good to the greatest number.

IT WAS KINDNESS.

After all that is done and said, this sentence, "It was kindness," is the secret. This expression may be fairly named as the "crown jewel" in a catalogue of the most valuable expressions in our language. If a boy is sick, visit him; if his fingers are cut, bind them up; if broken down, stock him with papers or blacking; if arrested, follow him to jail and secure his release. Reference to a *few* of many cases must in this pen-sketch suffice.

That of Matt. Devine, whose foot was accidentally crushed between the couplings of two railroad-cars, between which he was trying to pass with his elder brother's dinner. I heard of the accident two weeks after it occurred, and went immediately in search of him. It was on a bleak and cold day, and a strong western wind in December went howling mournfully past the three-story brick tenement, on the Ohio River, at the foot of Bullitt Street. A little boy, acting as guide and holding my hand, said, as we reached the head of the dark stairway, "Now we are on top; when the door opens you will see a light, and that's where Matt. lives." The door opened, and I stepped in. A pale, care-worn woman replied to my question about the wounded boy, pointing to a bed. I stepped up and was greeted with a smile from little Matt. Then, introducing me to his mother, he said, "It's Mr. Hogeland, the friend of the newsboys." I had not met her before, and in her affliction she was very deeply distressed. She thanked me for my sympathy, and said the family all knew me through Matt. and her grown son Jimmie, both of whom had been newsboys. I arranged for the removal of Matt. to the Kentucky Infirmary, where, a few days later, good doctors came and cut off the crushed limb. Careful nursing for nine weeks restored the boy to health, but left him a cripple for life.

During Matt.'s illness an incident occurred which deserves special mention as furnishing an illustration of how we learn to help others when we are helped. I called to see the mother of Matt., and noticing a sick child in the place formerly occupied by her son, inquired, Who of the family is sick? Mrs. Devine replied, "It is an orphan girl, suffering with disease of the heart. I thought, as the Lord sent you to take care of my son, whom I could not treat, I would in turn take care of this poor, homeless child." It was indeed a beautiful incident, and puts to shame the so-called claims of charity of many families who close their hearts and doors against neighbors, and sometimes against relatives, in hours of affliction.

A few weeks after Matt.'s recovery I visited the newly-opened school on Bullitt Street, made up largely of the newsboys from Fifth Street and the river-front. Mrs. Emily McGinnis, the teacher, requested one of the boys to come forward, and, in response, Matt. Devine stepped up. I took his extended hand, and was informed by Mrs. McGinnis that the school had been failing for want of scholars. Matt. volunteered to hunt up new ones. His canvass from First to Twelfth Street was rewarded with an increase of nearly forty new scholars, which from that time forward made the school a success.

I could, with like good results following, multiply cases to show how one good act follows another. While addressing a large open-air meeting, nearly a year after this circumstance, an intoxicated rough in the audience showed a disposition to interrupt me, and asked in a very boisterous manner who the speaker was. A voice near by said, "That is the man who saved Matt. Devine's life." The effect was electrical. I suffered no further interruption, but received many expressions of commendation, and a hundred boys and girls before me in the street, belonging many of them in families where the sons were newsboys, formed in single file, and by request I shook

hands with each one; and for two squares, under the bright moonlight, many followed as an escort. Who, I will ask, can blame me for especially liking those in the humbler walks of life, when they give such strong proofs of appreciation of kindness shown?

MATT. McCUE—FOOT CUT OFF.

Attention is called to another incident almost identical with that of Matt. Devine, and the moral lesson it teaches merits attention in these pages. I refer to the accident, on August 17th, to the little six-year-old newsboy, Mattie McCue, residing at No. 49 Fifth Street. Providentially I happened near by, and the screams of a boy at the side of a passing street-car invited my attention, and a moment later I stood beside him and bound my handkerchief about his crushed and bleeding limb, and then, stepping into a telephone-office, notified three leading physicians of the accident. An hour after the injured leg was cut off above the knee-joint, rendering him, as in the case of his namesake given above, a cripple for life and an object of deep solicitude to his grief-stricken parents. Attention from good friends, including the ladies of the Flower Mission, proved a great relief to the mother. Along with plans suggesting themselves for assisting the family was the opening of a branch wash-room for newsboys in that vicinity in charge of the little boy's mother, compensating her from the Newsboys' Association fund. The plan being approved, tables with basins and towels brought one hundred children of all sizes; and now, after eight weeks, there is no abatement in the attendance, and from all a hearty expression of approval, and "more clean faces and better order there than for ten years before." So say some of the neighbors. Thus the sad affliction of a poor little six-year-old newsboy is blessed in extend-

ing and encouraging a much-needed and highly-prized reform. A vigorous constitution and careful nursing were followed by a speedy recovery, and the little fellow, on crutches, can be seen daily on the principal thoroughfares, selling "The latest papers."

THE BOY FOR SHELBY COUNTY.

A friend inquired if the boys ever deceived me or took advantage of my kindness. I regretted to say that they did, and will mention one or two instances.

In July a boy of ten years applied to me, saying he was an orphan, and wished to obtain assistance and a home. I determined at once to send him to a well-to-do farmer residing in Shelby County. After boarding him a few days and replacing his worn-out clothing with a good second-handed suit, by arrangement I called at the wash-room and asked for the boy in question, and was informed by the office-boy that he had slept out. While pausing to know what to do respecting the disappointment his failure to go would cause the farmer, who was expecting him at the station forty miles away, a boy, whose parents were dead, spoke up and said, "Mr. Hogeland, please send me in his place. I need a home." "Do you really wish to go?" I replied. "Yes, I do," said he. "Then make haste and come along. Where is your clothing?" said I. "All I have is on my back." And out came the little form with coarse pants and shirt, but no coat or shoes. A hasty walk of five squares brought us to the train. After seating the little fellow I spoke encouragingly to him, and inquired if he had any word to send to any one. "Yes," said he, as the tears trickled down his care-worn face, "You may say good-bye to the newsboys for me." We can only hope he may yet make a good man. The boy who was expected to take the place,

but failed to be on hand, proved to have practiced a deception, for he was arrested a few days later, at the request of his dissipated father, on the charge of being a truant and runaway, and by order of court was sent to the House of Refuge.

The case of John Pelton was none the less interesting. He was supposed to be an orphan boy, but was in reality a runaway; for he had a father, mother, sister, and brother, as the sequel will show. Johnnie made his appearance in Louisville some two months ago, and was boarded a portion of the time, given a good outfit of second-hand clothes, and several times stocked with newspapers. He seemed industrious and honest, and made no objection to getting a place, provided one could be found. Two weeks later, on the occasion of the singing of the choir of the House of Refuge at the Christian Church on Chestnut Street, Johnnie, with some forty other boys, was present, and his case being made known, Mrs. Boyd, residing at 816 West Chestnut Street, proffered the supposed orphan boy a home. On calling next morning at the Association rooms on Jefferson Street, I met a gentleman giving the name of Mr. Joseph Muzio, of Gallipolis, Ohio, and who claimed to be the father of Johnnie Pelton. A brief explanation satisfied me that the man's story was a true one, and that the boy had practiced a deception. I lost no time in calling at the residence of Mrs. B., the lady who kindly proffered him a home, and returned with him to the rooms where the distracted father was in waiting for his son. For prudential reasons I had not told Johnnie of his father's presence in the city, and on entering the room the boy walked directly up to where a half dozen boys were sitting before the grate warming themselves. They seemed aware of what was about to transpire, and each gazed intently toward the father of Johnnie, who sat in the corner of the room and unobserved by his son, almost breathless with suspense for a sight of his lost boy. At this moment the boy caught sight of his father, and after a moment's hesitation ran

and threw his arms about his neck. I can find no language to describe the scene that followed. There were a dozen persons present beside the boys, and they all shed tears. There was a perfect reconciliation between the father and son. Three of the boys in the room were also runaways, one of whom was so impressed with the scene of reconciliation between Mr. Muzio and his boy that he asked me to write to his mother in Indianapolis and tell her he wished to return home; and finally all three of the boys expressed a desire to go back. Little Johnnie left home in March last to reside with his relatives in Nashville, and stated that he had been cruelly treated and ran off, beating his way on the train. Finally he arrived here and practiced the deception, and caused his parents months of untold agony of mind. "Many nights," as the father said, "the boy's mother never closed her eyes; but oh, how thankful I am, and how rejoiced the mother will be over his return home!" He was full of expressions of thankfulness for our keeping the boy until he found him. But the Lord must be praised, and not our feeble selves.

TWO WHO DIDN'T RUN OFF—WILLIE McGUIRE, OF CHICAGO, AND THE PITTSBURGH BOY.

While some are mentioned as running away, we shall give briefly the cases of two who, from dire necessity, are out on the charity of the cold world. It is three months since Willie McGuire, aged twelve years, on a hot day in September called at the wash-rooms. He was in a most pitiable condition; and if the story of his sufferings be true, his case is one of the most extraordinary it has ever been our privilege to fall in with. His parents, he stated, died suddenly last February, in Knox County, Illinois. As the neighbors were not willing to keep

him, he struck out for Chicago—a few weeks there; then a trip to Cincinnati, remaining about the same length of time; thence to Indianapolis. In the various places, blacking a few boots daily and selling some papers constituted his means of support until he reached here. His clothing was in a fearfully dilapidated condition, while his head was covered with a species of honey-combed ringworm. The hair had completely fallen off, leaving him a fearful spectacle to behold, and causing every body at first sight of him to involuntarily get out of his way. Arrangements were made for boarding him, and the professors of the Medical University of Louisville agreed to treat his case gratuitously for the use he would be in a series of lectures before the students. He has now well nigh recovered, and will soon be furnished with a suitable home. As evidence that the boy had enjoyed training in a Christian family, he has on two or three occasions, when the Association was holding outdoor meetings, stood up before large crowds of persons and repeated in an impressive manner the Lord's Prayer.

John Bryer, better known among the newsboys as "Pittsburgh," aged fourteen, very polite and well-behaved, made his appearance in the city six months ago. His story is briefly told. His father kept a saloon, and mother and he quarreled eight years ago, since which time I have never seen them, and have been trying to make a living for myself." Two weeks ago thin clothing and the inclement weather caused Johnnie to seek shelter at the newsboys' room. Not being well, he made a request to be sent to the House of Refuge, which being made known to its officers, he was admitted. When asked by the superintendent what recollection he had of his parents, he replied, "Very little;" but said he could sing a song taught him by his mother, and that was all, two verses of which he sang in an impressive manner. I left him after accompanying him to the institution and seeing him introduced

to the officers. Like the case of the boy first mentioned, and the one going to Shelby County, Johnnie was a genuine orphan boy.

In my address delivered at the June festival, mention was made of some boys that had died. I shall refer now to a few more circumstances of a different nature.

The first winter of the night-school I inquired into the number using tobacco. A show of hands marked all present as using the article, and in reply to a request to quit its use all voted affirmatively to try. Two weeks later a show of hands as to how many had quit the use of tobacco indicated only one. The boy next him charged that the boy had told a falsehood. In the sharp dispute both boys were put on the stand, and the one claiming to have quit the use of tobacco took from his mouth some small sticks, insisting that he had conquered the obstinate appetite. The accusing boy apologized, and the conquering hero—for such he was—received the promised prize.

While trying to enforce the necessity of brushing their teeth, I pointed to a boy whose mouth showed the loss of all his front teeth. There was suppressed laughter; and, on inquiring into the reason of that unexpected expression, the boys stated that his teeth were not lost from lack of brushing, but had been kicked out by a mule. Even this incident was not without its moral lesson, for it was admitted that his loss of teeth was through carelessness.

On one occasion a well-known newsboy began stammering, it was reported, through an effort to imitate another stammering boy. I sympathized very much with him, as his trade was gone and his clothes were in a sorry plight. I set about aiding him as best I could, furnishing him with a second-hand suit of clothes.

I then remembered a cure for stammering, told by my father in my boyhood. It being simple, I will give it here, as it may profit others. I told the boy to place his tongue on the roof of his mouth before speaking. This being done, he discovered to his great joy that he was cured if he only observed the rule. The theory is this: Persons who speak distinctly place the tongue against the roof of the mouth before uttering most words, although not conscious of it; while stuttering or stammering persons let the tongue fall loosely in the mouth. That boy is now a young man, and has many times referred to his relief from stammering through this simple remedy.

One day, more than six years ago, I was met on the street by three boys, who informed me of the arrest of one of their newsboy companions, who by accident had broken a carriage-window, and the police were taking him to jail. I went on a double-quick with the boys and found the police within a few yards of the prison. An explanation brought all back to the store, near Fourth and Green streets. The lady occupant of the carriage was much excited, and offered to let the boy off on payment of two dollars for the glass. It was clearly shown to be an accident, and fifty cents was agreed upon as the price to be paid. I pleaded strongly for the lad, and was delighted when the lady agreed to forgive him on the promise not to do so any more. The policeman said he had no case against Jim, and let him go.

Four days after, while seated at my desk in the rooms of the Mechanics and Manufacturers' Exchange, of which I was the Secretary, I was called upon by the same boy, who laid a pocket-book on the desk, saying that he had found it. The owner, hearing who had found a pocket-book with over thirty dollars in it, called next day and left two dollars to reward the newsboy's honesty. Some think his being rescued from prison a few days before, after breaking the carriage window,

stimulated him to an honest purpose; hence his remark, "To show you I am a good boy, here is a pocket-book I found."

I will relate another incident, which illustrates in a favorable way the necessity of bearing with the faults of so-called bad boys, that happened nearly ten years ago, while giving second-hand clothes to some sixteen boys who were sadly off. The very pleasant task of giving each a good fit out of the stock then in the wardrobe was in many respects amusing. The process of trying on a dozen garments in order to get a fit made a good scene for an artist. It was about completed; two or three of the boys had gone out, when one of them shouted, "You have *given* Mike a suit, and he has *stolen* a suit!" I ran to the door, saw Mike in the street, going off, and called to him. Back he came, somewhat reluctantly. I said, "Mike, I am sorry you took a suit of clothes after we had given you a suit." His eyes filled with tears, evidently a show of repentance, and he promised not to do so again. Knowing the boy's disposition, and desiring his reformation, I said, "The boys up-stairs know this." He promised me he would never steal again. "Then you go up-stairs, while I remain down here; put this suit back; get the old suit, and come down." He did so, and left, promising never to do so again.

Three months later I met him; and, in answer to an inquiry as to what he was doing, he said he had a chance to get a place, if I would go down and say a good word for him. "What shall I tell the gentlemen, Mike?" After a moment's hesitation, he said, "You may tell them any thing, Mr. Hogeland; but do n't tell them about the suit of clothes I stole, for I have not stolen any thing since, and hope I never may." My mind was made up in a moment. I went with Mike, saw the business men, and requested them to give the boy a place, saying, "He needs a position; take him and give him a trial, even if you should have to turn him off to-morrow. The boy

has been sleeping in stairways and under benches, and begging at kitchens." The sympathies of the merchants were touched. They took the boy. I passed the store four years afterward, and there was Mike, as big as life, passing freight in and out of the store—an industrious and a good young man.

Reader, you can not reform a bad boy by staying away from him.

A CASE THE REVERSE.

The incident in Mike's case was followed by an earnest request from another boy, who said a word from me was all that was needed to secure steady employment in a first-class house. I accompanied the boy, and the word securing steady employment was about being uttered, when the senior member of the firm, seeing the boy, and hearing his name mentioned in connection with office-boy, spoke up in a most decided way, "Hire that boy! No, sir, under no circumstances. This is the boy who cut open feather-bags at our door some months ago, and when I drove him off he taunted me, and used language quite unbecoming. I want no such boy." The boy's expression of regret for his folly failed to change the decision of the merchant not to employ him.

"I'S NOT A-PLAYIN' 'POSSUM."

Many persons other than the writer of this have been troubled with a desire at some period in their lives to do some big thing or nothing. A month ago I was met on Green Street, in front of the Commercial office, after the noon

hour, by a ten-year-old colored boy, who begged for something to eat. Responding to questions, he said his mother was dead, his father had run off, and he had no home. To make good his assertions, he called another boy, who proved his statement. I gave, with a view to assisting him, a card for ten copies of the Evening Post paper. I was about to leave, when he said, "Mister, this do n't get me any thing to eat." Tears confirmed his sincerity, and he said, "I's not playin' 'possum." Realizing the evident signs of pinching hunger, I took him to a restaurant, where he greedily ate a plate of soup.

I left the little chap to make the most of a favor that had scarcely the shadow of a charity; but the sequel shows that, like the "widow's mite," it proved a blessing.

Four days afterward, a colored boy on Third Street suddenly called out to me, "Black your boots?" I replied, "No, I do n't want them blacked." Again he said, "will do it for nothing." Again I declined, not wishing a boy to do something for nothing. The boy then said, "I am owing you." Not understanding his persistency or the nature of the indebtedness, I inquired for what. He replied, "You stocked me four days ago, on Green Street, and gave me a plate of soup." While his face beamed with brightness, he drew from his pocket a stock of nickels, saying, "I am all right now, and am making a good living. I slept only two more nights in the box. I am sleeping in a regular bed."

Such resolution, pluck, and self-reliance are a fortune to any boy, and in the long run better than a fortune inherited.

A BOY'S HANDS GET HIM A PLACE.

Scarcely a day goes by that does not furnish an incident carrying with it some valuable lesson.

On a stormy day in February last, a newsboy, well known for his energy and honesty, having passed his fourteenth year, at which time, by general consent, boys begin to look up a trade or occupation to take the place of the temporary calling of newsboy or bootblack, called on me to recommend him. The request met with my cordial approval, and a hearty recommendation was given him to a leading firm in the city. Accompanying the boy was a companion whom I did not know; and after the newsboy expressed his thanks, the boy unknown to me, evidently wanting a place, also asked if I would not give him a letter. I replied that I did not know him; that I had never seen him before; but that if the newsboy companion would say it was "all right," I would give him a letter to parties that wanted a boy. There was a moment of silence all around, the strange boy and I waiting for the reply indorsing him. At last the newsboy said, "I don't know the boy quite well enough for that." It was an embarrassing position for the two boys, and in order to relieve them I said to the poor, sorrowful-faced boy, "Where did you work last?" He replied, "I was roustabout on a steamboat." Knowing this to be hard work, I asked him to show me his hands, as he said he had no letter. These he exposed open to full view. They were truly a sight worth a dozen letters. The palms were blistered and hardened, giving every evidence of severe manual labor. I said, "I will write you a letter on those hands," and a recommendation was written expressing the fact. No other evidence than those hands, tough and blistered with honest toil, secured the boy immediate employment in a machine-shop. "Don't you see, boys, we are often judged by appearances."

THANKS OF THE NEWSBOYS.

But little has been said in these pages of the numerous festivals and entertainments given the newsboys through these ten years, it being the aim of the author to group in as few pages as possible the strongest array of incidents in boy-life, wholly with a view to make the strongest possible impression for good. I shall, however, refer briefly to a few incidents of a general nature, as they tend to confirm the great sympathy felt, by the youngest as well as those advanced in years, for the boy or girl struggling with the adversities of life.

I have already given the Anniversary Address of the Newsboys of ten years ago; also their beautiful and forcible list of Mottoes. In this connection it is but proper to say, that in the large number of picnics, festivals, Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners, excursions by river and rail, not an accident occurred. There always seemed to be a special providence presiding over our entertainments and festivities. This was particularly noticeable at the June festival in 1873, on which occasion I found myself alone in charge of fully two hundred so-called "street Arabs." The officers of the J., M. & I. Railroad, June 28, 1873, kindly tendered the free use of a train of cars. A number of gentlemen promised to assist in preserving order, but failed to attend. After some delay, and much confusion during the march from Fourth and Green to the Fourteenth Street Depot, where a train awaited my order, two or three disturbances had served to increase my anxiety.

The boys were clamoring to board the cars, and I was still worried in mind at taking so great a risk in carrying this large number of boys eighteen miles from the city to Memphis, Ind. To add to the confusion, about twenty of the so-called "hoodlums" appeared at the train and requested to be allowed to go

along. I saw at a glance that it was a providential turn in my favor for preventing accidents among the boys, and readily consented on condition that they assist me in preserving order. It was a verification of the Scripture saying, "If you want friends, you must show yourself friendly." I put the hoodlums in charge of a portion of the boys, and "all went merry as a bell."

It was perceptible that during the offering of prayer and the delivery of the address on the grounds no one could have desired a more attentive audience. The day and occasion are often referred to by boys, now grown to manhood, who were along.

It has always been a custom on our festival occasions to review briefly the history of the past, and especially note the blessings of a kind Providence. In addition to some incidents already given in the address of Christmas, 1881, attention is called to the short but forcible address of Dr. Christopher C. Graham, now nearly one hundred years old, he having just entered upon his ninety-ninth year. It is the voice of one who was, as he states, the friend and companion of the first settlers around the Ohio Falls, and in memory recalls the days when forest-trees stood on the ground now covered by the court-house, City Hall, and other public buildings in Louisville, untouched by the ax of the pioneer, and when the smoke of the cabins on Corn Island was the signal of welcome to the weary emigrants in search of the then Far West. Dr. Graham occupied the head of the table at the dinner to the boys at Rufer's Hotel, November 27, 1879, on Thanksgiving Day, and spoke as follows:

"*My Dear Boys:* I am glad to meet with you on this present occasion. I feel a deep sympathy for poor boys who are struggling to make good men of themselves. I feel like saying that I am your grand and great-grandfather; for when I was but a child in my mother's arms our home was in the fort

on Corn Island, where the railroad bridge spans the Ohio. The great forest-trees that then covered the present site of Louisville were used by the Indians as a shelter in their occasional attacks on the fort and the few families inside of it. None of the associates of my boyhood are now living. They have all gone, I trust, to the better land. Among them were men who left behind them a good name. I will mention only two or three—Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, and Gen. George Rogers Clark. These men became noted because they were good in their boyhood. I can only say, boys, be industrious and honest, and you will surely become good men."

WHAT THE NEWSBOYS SAID ON THAT OCCASION.

To the Members of the Press of Louisville:

Kind Friends and Gentlemen—As newsboys of Louisville, we desire to express our gratitude for this Thanksgiving dinner. We know it is an expression of kindly feeling and sympathy for us in our humble calling as newsboys, and we shall endeavor as best we can to reciprocate this kindness by giving closer attention to business and avoiding any behavior that would not comport strictly with honest, truthful boys. We believe, as expressed in the motto on our flag, "that good boys make good men," and it shall be our aim to come fully up to that highest compliment in boys. We realize that in a few years we are to take the places of a few, at least, of the business men of Louisville, and we hope, by fair, square dealing, to merit the good will of all. Having resolved to do our part manfully, we may venture to hope that the business men of Louisville will in future buy more liberally of our stock in trade—newspapers.

With our best love and our best wishes that a good Providence may bless you and all good citizens of our land, we are Very truly, NEWSBOYS.

DATES OF ANNUAL FESTIVALS GIVEN THE NEWSBOYS OF LOUSVILLE, FROM MAY, 1872, TO JUNE, 1882—TEN YEARS.

If a certain amount of vanity in the leaders of the best military companies or the most renowned benevolent organizations is not only pardonable, but in the highest sense commendable, then, dear reader, may we not indulge the hope that for our ten years among the newsboys of Louisville (without pecuniary reward) we, too, are pardonable for a like feeling; provided, however, that there were no higher considerations to stimulate efforts to relieve the sad lot of many of our newsboys.

We now give the dates of anniversaries, holiday and summer festivals enjoyed by Louisville newsboys during the past ten years. In this connection we shall again express thanks to kind friends for assistance, without which but little of the work could have been done, and to an overruling Providence which through that long period granted the most entire freedom from accident:

May 1, 1872. Meeting at mayor's office, Louisville.

October 10, 1872. Home opened, at Fifth and Walnut streets, in the old Unitarian Church; lodged and fed forty boys.

November 27, 1872. Our first Thanksgiving-dinner; two hundred boys present.

January 12, 1873. Night-school opened, Fifth and Walnut streets.

June 28, 1873. First annual picnic; two hundred boys present. Politeness of J., M. & I. R. R. and citizens.

December 25, 1873. Christmas-dinner.

July 14, 1874. Second annual picnic, Memphis, Indiana; two hundred boys present. Politeness of J., M. & I. R. R.

November 27, 1874. Thanksgiving-dinner at Liederkranz Hall. Politeness of citizens.

July 22, 1875. Annual picnic arranged to come off at Harrod's Creek, but, owing to storm, adjourned to Masonic Temple.

December 25, 1875. Christmas-dinner.

July, 1876. Annual picnic at Colesburg. Politness of L. & N. R. R. and citizens.

December 25, 1877. Christmas-dinner at Falls City Market, by citizens and Mrs. H. C. Lincoln.

June 11, 1878. Annual dinner. Politeness of merchants; at St. Cloud Hotel.

December 25, 1878. Christmas-dinner.

May, 1879. Strawberry festival at St. Cloud Hotel. Politeness of press of Louisville.

November 24, 1879. Thanksgiving-dinner at Rufer's Hotel. Kindness of citizens.

December 25, 1879. Christmas-dinner at St. Cloud Hotel. Politeness of press.

June 24, 1880. Summer festival at St. Cloud Hotel. Politeness of the merchants.

November 26, 1880. Thanksgiving-dinner at Hess's Restaurant. Politeness of press.

December 25, 1880. Christmas-dinner at Centennial Restaurant. Politeness of merchants.

June 2, 1881. Summer festival. Politeness of merchants; at Centennial Restaurant. Premiums awarded to meritorious boys on this occasion.

December 25, 1881. Christmas-dinner at the Centennial.

May 3, 1882. Complimentary entertainment given newsboys at German Baptist Orphans' Home on East Broadway.

June 2, 1882. Eleventh annual festival on steamer Shallcross. A moonlight-ride up the Ohio to Eighteen-mile Island; steamer donated by Ferry Company; refreshments furnished by a generous citizen.

December 25, 1882. Christmas-dinner. Politeness of merchants and press of Louisville; at Novelty Restaurant.

GOING TO CHURCH.

The practice of taking the newsboys to public worship in some of the churches, on Sunday night, has been attended with the best results; and has given on each occasion a marked improvement to the moral tone in their behavior.

On April 16, 1882, in company with a large number of boys, I attended Walnut-street Presbyterian Church, where the House of Refuge choir sang, to the delight of all.

On May 14, 1882, with twenty boys, I attended the Methodist Episcopal Church South, corner Fifth and Walnut streets.

On May 28, 1882, with forty boys, I attended the Methodist Episcopal Church, corner Third and Guthrie streets.

On June 11, 1882, with twenty-five boys, I attended the Episcopal Church on Sixth Street.

On July 16, 1882, with twenty boys, I attended the First Christian Church, corner of Fourth and Walnut streets.

On Sunday evening, July 23, 1882, in company with thirty newsboys, I attended the Christian Church, corner Eighteenth and Chestnut streets. At the conclusion of an interesting discourse and the baptizing of a young man, the announcement that an orphan newsboy was present and wanted a home

brought many to the front, and then and there transpired one of the most pleasant incidents in the ten years' work. The following notice from a leading public journal is in keeping with the facts, and we reproduce it:

"A NEWSBOY'S LUCK—HE ATTENDS CHURCH AND FINDS A HOME WITH A CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

"Quite an interesting incident occurred at the close of the services on Sunday night at Rev. B. B. Tyler's Christian Church, Eighteenth and Chestnut streets. Some two weeks ago there was a fresh addition to the Louisville newsboys in the person of Willie Davis, a handsome, twelve-year-old boy, hailing from Memphis. From the boy's arrival he made friends among the Louisville newsboys and registered daily at the Newsboys' Wash-room, 444 Jefferson Street. He seemed, however, to have a hard time of it, and the friends of the room stocked him with papers from time to time. It is the custom of Col. Hogeland to take as many newsboys as will go to some one of our churches on Sunday evenings. Last Sunday night some thirty of them, Willie Davis among the number, attended. They seemed pleased with the discourse, and behaved well. At the close of the service numerous persons came forward and shook hands with the boys. Their various stations in life were a subject of remark, and finally, when Col. Hogeland mentioned the hard lot of little Willie Davis, there was great interest taken in the case, especially as he said he had had no supper, and the boys vouched for the truth of his sleeping for a week in a carriage in one of the livery-stables. The boy's story touched all hearts, and Mr. John W. Baldwin, night-clerk at the post-office, residing at 1,817 Duncan Street, offered to take Willie and give him a home. At this fortunate turn in affairs the newsboys got about their companion and bid him good-bye as he slowly walked off with

his new protectors, whose elegant attire and fine social position contrasted strongly with the little orphan newsboy's calico waist and bare feet. Willie Davis lost his parents by yellow fever."

I have not space to spare, or I could give scores of other like incidents that exhibit in a touching manner the readiness of professing Christians to practice what I have humbly endeavored to teach, and thus showing that my solicitude did not end with the poor street-boys simply registering at the rooms and washing their faces.

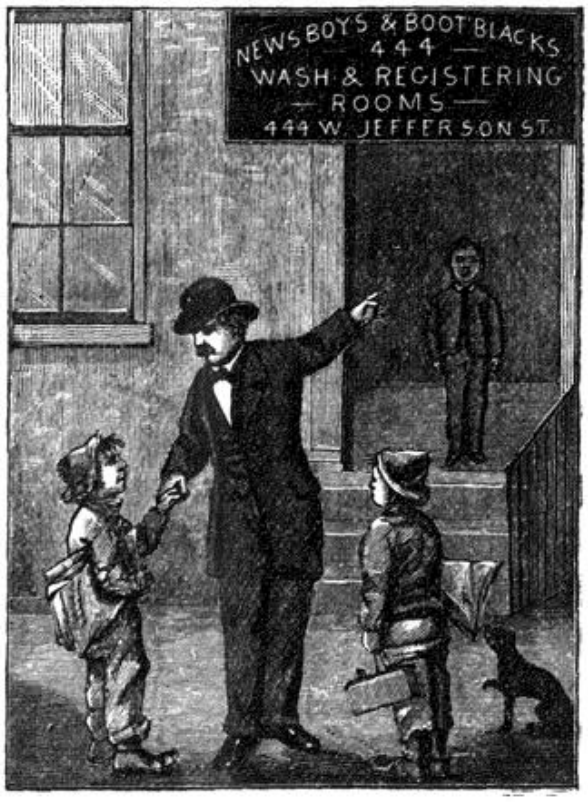
A NEWSGIRL'S LOVE OF MOTHER.

At the last Christmas dinner, given at the Novelty Restaurant, and heartily enjoyed by newsboys of Louisville, New Albany, and Jeffersonville, there were present five newsgirls, exceedingly modest and well-behaved. When dinner was about over, Mr. Vail informed me that one of the girls declined to partake of dinner, and, on inquiring the reason, she replied that her widowed mother and little sister were not able to get a turkey-dinner, and she would carry hers home and divide it with them. The incident gave such strong proof of affection for the loved ones in the newsgirl's poor home that I requested Mr. Vail to place three dinners in a basket and send by the child to the mother and sister at home. Can any in the land furnish an incident so full of beauty with self-sacrifice and filial affection?

THE FUNERAL OF SAMMY STOUT.

The 7th day of last March will long be remembered by the newsboys of Louisville. It was the day on which the Asso-

ciation followed to the grave one of their companions, Samuel Stout, aged fifteen years. The boy's parents died six years before, and left him to the care of his aunt, and he continued to cry the daily papers until the leaves began falling from the forest-trees last autumn, when failing health compelled him to say, "Auntie, I am too weak to carry my route and cry the papers." I called to see him almost daily for three months, and was always greeted with a smile and cordial pressure of his thin hand. During his illness he gave the strongest proofs of reconciliation with his Heavenly Father. The funeral service was conducted by the chaplain, Rev. J. C. Morris, at the Association Rooms, 444 West Jefferson Street. Sympathizing friends sent quite a supply of blooming flowers, while eight of the newsboy's late companions acted as pall-bearers, and, with the Association banner properly draped in mourning, witnessed the last sad rite in the burial of their little friend.



OUR MOTTO — "Good boys make good men."

PLANS FOR ATTRACTING, INTERESTING, AND INSTRUCTING THE NEWSBOYS.

From the frequency and nature of the inquiries received from various parts of the country for a statement of the plans adopted for interesting the boys of our night-school, etc., it has been deemed advisable to give in brief the plans adopted in the work at Louisville. First, a large and well-ventilated room, well warmed, with a supply of washstands, towels, ten tin basins, with the same number of glasses, soap, combs, and brushes. School is held five nights in the week. Part of two evenings is given to vocal music, military drills, and occasional distribution of fruits, etc. The offering of prizes, books, etc., proves to be of great assistance. If the interest can be kept up for a month, the habit becomes so fully confirmed with each boy that their own better judgment asserts itself, and the intellectual good they receive they think a sufficient reward. During the first four weeks there must be no pains spared or opportunity lost to interest. The attention and instruction must be such as to completely interest the boy; in other words, more attractive than any other place. Opening and closing with a hymn, and saying the Lord's Prayer in concert. There will be some who may at first be disposed to make sport of the singing and other attractions, but it soon brightens self-respect. It is only feeding the religious nature of the boy, which from contact with vile practices and rude men had been well-nigh starved out. There must be the same effort to teach a boy the trade of being good as that of a printer, a silversmith, or any profession or trade. Concert of action with parents strengthens the boy's belief in our sincerity as to his being and doing good. Suitable occupation in any boy is absolutely necessary. If allowed to remain idle, they will go from bad to worse.

PATRICK MURPHY, THE CHAMPION NEWSBOY.

My history of "Ten Years Among the Newsboys" would be incomplete did it not give the name and make some suitable mention of Patrick Murphy, especially as he is not only deserving, but has won his reputation by more than twenty years of persistent physical struggle, such as not one man in a million could undergo and live half that time.

The traveling public arriving and departing by railway trains and river steamers during the score of years, no matter when—at midday, in the early gray of the morning, or in the twilight of approaching night, in the falling rain or the blinding snow-storm—is familiar with the form of this singular, half-weary-looking man; and then his shoutings of "Here is all the New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago papers; Courier-Journal, Daily Commercial, Evening Post, Anzeiger, Volksblatt, etc." His presence never fails of a reward. He seems to sell ten papers to where others sell one. That voice, well defined, is heard above the clamor of scores of expressmen and hack-drivers, and swarms of runners and porters, as each, amid excitement and confusion, shouts, "This way to the Galt House, Louisville Hotel, Standiford's, Rufer's, Alexander's, Fifth Avenue, Merchants', etc.; mail-boats; L. & N. R. R.; J., M. & I.; O. & M.; L., C. & L.; L., N. A. & C., C., O. & S. W., and St. Louis Air Line railways.

There never has been, and there never will be, a second Pat Murphy, the champion newsboy of Louisville. The man is immensely popular, not on account of his education, for he has but little book-learning. It is his untiring industry and perseverance. Many a faltering and half-discouraged business man, and many a disheartened clerk in banks and business houses, is ready to give up, saying, "It 's no use; I 'm about played out," when suddenly meeting Murphy, the wing-

spirited newsboy, they muster new resolution and rise above the discouragement.

His career has gathered additional luster from numerous acts of benevolence. These are so well known as not to require reference. The redeeming quality of Patrick Murphy during these twenty years was solicitude for his aged mother. If all other acts of the man were counted out, the tender care for his good mother would outshine all else in point of moral grandeur. The man's course of life marks him as one of extraordinary energy, and with it a beautiful type of benevolence and gallantry. He is often referred to as gathering about the poor, stopping in his double-quick movement at the cry of distress, as it came from the families suffering from the floods in the Ohio; or again, that of the poor emigrant on the steamer's deck, the levee, or at the depots, as they huddled about their spare stock of worldly goods, destined to points in the extreme North or South or the slopes of the far-distant Pacific. Murphy is to the army of newsboys just what the gallant Gen. Phil. Sheridan was to the Union army in the rebellion, or the dashing Gen. Custer, the famous Indian-fighter, who perished only a few years since in the memorable fight with Sitting Bull and his warriors on the Little Rosebud River, in the Big Horn country of the Black Hills, was to his gallant soldiers. Hundreds of young people of Kentucky and the South, when they shall have grown old, and when Pat Murphy has disappeared from our streets, will tell their children and grandchildren how, when they themselves were boys and girls, they remember having seen Pat Murphy, the old newsboy, with his arms full of papers, running and shouting through the streets of Louisville, " Here's all the the latest dailies."

Thus will the memory of the most remarkable newsboy of the age in which we live be perpetuated.

STREET SCENE IN NEWSBOY LIFE AT THE CORNER OF FOURTH AVENUE AND GREEN STREET, LOUISVILLE.

The illustration opposite is from a scene sketched and engraved by the well-known and popular artist, Mr. George Kerr. It represents in a most faithful manner a scene in the daily life of a newsboy, corner of Fourth Avenue and Green Street. There are three prominent characters that will meet with a prompt recognition. First is the newsboy Zeke Howe. An accident received in childhood rendered him a cripple for life. He is now thirty-five years old. His frail form and youthful expression give him the appearance of the average newsboy, while his exceeding gentleness and civility render him a universal favorite with all classes of the community. He is represented by the artist seated, as for the past fifteen years, in his invalid-wagon, selling Louisville and Northern and Eastern dailies.

The second scene gives the likeness of a little six-year-old newsboy, whose limb was cut off, on a hot day during last summer, by his accidentally falling under a passing street-car. In the engraving a customer is seen dropping a coin into his extended hand, while his face beams with a smile of satisfaction.

A third object, and a great favorite with the newsboys, is their pet dog, Jack. The artist shows plainly the loss of one of poor Jack's feet, cut off by a railroad coach, at the J., M. & I. R. R. depot, at Fourteenth and Main streets, in 1880, whither the dog had strayed from his country master. Even this poor dumb animal has by his docility and playful disposition taught the more rude of Louisville boys a lesson worthy of their imitation.

A fourth scene, and very impressive, is that of the dying

newsboy. It was suggested to the artist by lines in the song composed and set to music recently by Prof. Thos. P. Westendorf, instructor of music at the Louisville House of Refuge. The song is entitled, "Found Dead in the Street." It is the story, in verse, of a newsboy who perished during a storm not long since, on a leading thoroughfare of a great city, and in sight of the tall spires and loud-sounding bells of temples of worship, and so close to the votaries of opulence and fashion that the dying child could note their stately steppings and the rustling of their silk and fur apparel; but they heed not his cry, and amid the storm's wild blast and circling eddies of the fast falling snow he dies. The rising sun of a new day brought to view his little form, but the spirit had taken its flight to the abode of its loving Heavenly Father.

DO LITTLE THINGS;

But do not try to console yourself with the idea that unless you can do some big thing you won't do any thing. You can at least show where your sympathies are, like the woman who called on the commanding officer of the German army, on the eve of a great battle, and, broom in hand, requested to be allowed to take part in the fight. The officer assured her in the most emphatic manner that she could be of no service whatever. She replied, "I can let them know which side I am on." The general declared that her answer was worth one thousand good soldiers. Show which side you are on by your conduct—that of law and order, or that of "do n't care."

MOTTOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS THAT WANT TO BE GOOD AND USEFUL MEN AND WOMEN.

A GOOD BOY.

An idle life, an early death.

Good company or none.
Obedience to parents and employers.
Order in work, and personal cleanliness.
Daily duties are life's safeguard.

Be self-reliant; it 's the key to success.
Order is the first law of nature.
Your salvation is a personal act.

A GOOD GIRL.

Good deeds return reward to the giver.
In a life of virtue is the full measure of happiness.
Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.
Love is the guardian angel of a happy home.

FOR BOTH.

Opposition to wrong, a victory for right.
Do as you wish to be done by.
Conscious right gives us courage.
Conscious wrong makes cowards of us all.
Make money before you spend it.
Youth is life's golden opportunity.

BOY'S LIFE-MOTTO.

"I will not take the smallest thing I see,
Which I should not like to lose if it belonged to me."

FIRST ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE NEWSBOYS AND BOOTBLACKS' HOME, ISSUED JANUARY 1, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS—We most cordially unite with all classes of our friends and fellow-citizens in wishing all, high, low, rich, and poor, a HAPPY NEW YEAR, and also in presenting our hearty thanks for the interest so many of the citizens of Louisville have manifested in our future welfare. We can assure our friends that the repeated tokens of sympathy and kindly feelings manifested in our success in life have not been in vain. We know that success depends in a great measure upon our own exertions; and, realizing this, we believe it to be our duty to avail ourselves of the first opportunity to secure positions in some one of the numerous manufactories or mercantile houses, or to school ourselves for some one of the various professions that may be in keeping with our talents, and wherein we may rise to the position of useful members of society and be a credit to our trades and professions.

We are not unmindful of the importance that attaches to a good name, "which is rather to be chosen than great riches," and we sincerely hope that all the boys in the land will strive their utmost to make good the resolution to be more obedient to parents, teachers, and superiors—to the end that we may be better men.

Our great city is not without many examples of highly-respected and successful business and professional men who have risen to their present positions from humble stations in life, and whose examples it shall be our highest aim to imitate.

With a graceful bow we now bid you, one and all, a happy New Year. Respectfully,

THE NEWSBOYS AND BOOTBLACKS.

HINTS TO PASTORS, PARENTS, AND TEACHERS.

My work among the youth has been so heartily indorsed that I am urged to give a more minute account of the plans for interesting and securing the hearty co-operation of the so-called worst of boys in devotion. I will mention three cases in point.

In my recent lecturing tour of the State, and while spending Sunday at Maysville, a friend, hearing that boys were taking part in my meetings, inquired as to the particulars. So I will state briefly just what took place. By previous arrangement I was given fifteen minutes to speak at the close of the services of the M. E. Church, in which to explain the nature of my work among the newsboys. I was accompanied to the church by the son of the hotel-keeper, a youth of ten years. Just before entering the church I spoke of having to make a short address, and expressed a desire for some one to offer prayer, if it was only the Lord's Prayer. The youth said he could say the Lord's Prayer, and would do so if I desired. Immediately I concluded my remarks and requested the little boy to make the prayer. Without the slightest hesitation he rose before the large audience and repeated, in an impressive way, the Lord's Prayer. Though so simple, the childish voice and evident presence of the Spirit touched all hearts. Many were in tears, and there were numerous expressions of approval. How do you account for this readiness of a mere boy to pray? I answer, in the preparation. On leaving my hotel, an hour before, I invited the boy to my room and with little ceremony asked him to bow with me in prayer. After praying briefly myself I requested him to say the Lord's Prayer. This he did very promptly; and it was this preparation that secured a repetition of the prayer at church, and was an answer to prayer. Every body seemed to

approve of the boy's action, and many expressed a desire to know how it came about, and on leaving the next day the boy's mother expressed her thanks for kind instruction given her child.

Three days after, while visiting Cynthiana, first visiting the schools and having my usual turn-out of boys in a street procession, I concluded an address of an hour in front of the post-office by requesting a fourteen-year-old boy to say the Lord's Prayer, which he did in an expression full of tenderness, touching all hearts. On dispersing the meeting an aged citizen approached me, and with great emotion said, "Mr. Hogeland, I feel greatly humiliated. Allow me to explain. That boy who prayed just now was arrested a few days ago for assaulting another boy with intent to kill, and we are about sending him to prison to reform him; but after an hour's acquaintance you have given him the post of honor in your work of reformation in our town, and he rebukes us by a solemn act of religious devotion." In this boy's case, as in the one just referred to at Maysville, I bowed with him in prayer before leaving the hotel. His praying was a direct answer to prayer. This circumstance was a theme of widespread comment and universally approved.

A week later, at Mt. Sterling, just at nightfall, an hour before speaking from a store-box, I asked a little bootblack to black my boots. While he was putting on the polish I said, "Do you know the Lord's Prayer?" He replied by repeating it very earnestly. Then I said, "Suppose you repeat it at the close of my meeting to-night." He readily consented, and every body seemed astonished on hearing the childish voice of the apparently ignorant little Jim, the one-eyed bootblack of Mt. Sterling, as he, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens, repeated with earnestness the Lord's Prayer. Not three days after, a boy of like age, on the spur of the moment, made the same prayer at the close of a meeting in one of the churches at Nicholasville, Ky.

I now give the following explanation and rule, which, if observed by pastors, they may double their efficiency and learn the true theory of aiding the young and old in embracing Christianity:

First, meet the boy or man alone in your or their own house, with none present except yourselves, without any ceremony, except telling the person they may repeat the Lord's Prayer after you offer a short prayer. The effort is at once directed to the youth or older person, and is a verification of the Saviour's promise that where two or three meet in his name He is there, and that to bless. The very utterance of this prayer brings the person face to face with the Lord, and this submission is followed by a desire to tell it to others. I am convinced that if this course was pursued there would be no lack of persons to assist in prayer. The author will thank any professing Christian who may feel impressed to give this plan of reaching the unconverted a fair trial and give us in writing the result of his experience.

BOY- AND GIRL-LIFE.

On the top of the Alleghany Mountains in Pennsylvania, amid the great forest-trees, there stands a building. The rain-drops from the eastern side of this house find their way down the side of the mountain in apparently unnoticeable quantity, and there unite with other rain-drops from the hillsides and mountain-tops along the valley. A few miles below they form quite a stream. Farther on we observe boats crossing on the bosom of this stream. Still farther on, the stream widens, and we see it pass through the mountains at Harper's Ferry, a place full of historic memories. Farther on, growing wider and deeper, passing villages and towns, by and by we come

in sight of a great city on its left bank. That city is conspicuous as having some of the largest buildings in the world. One, on higher ground perhaps than the others, built of solid marble, and seen for many miles in all directions, is the Capitol of the United States; that city is Washington. A mile distant from the capitol is the White House, or home of the president; and within the mile intervening between the capitol and the president's house there are several other buildings of immense size, built of granite and white marble. One of these is the treasury-building, another the patent-office, a fourth the general post-office, a fifth the Supreme Court of the United States, a sixth the army- and navy-building.

In the harbor we notice ships of war, monitors, etc. That fine harbor had its beginning with the insignificant rain-drops from the top of the building on the Alleghany mountain. Now you notice the rain-drops coming from the western side of the house, passing down the mountain and uniting with other tiny drops; soon a stream is formed, which grows wider; a few miles farther on you observe steamers and coal-barges in great numbers; a little farther on you see one of the principal cities of the United States—a second river uniting at this point with the Monongahela forms the noble Ohio—that city is Pittsburgh, the leading manufacturing city (of iron goods) on the continent. Farther on our attention is called to Cincinnati, then to Louisville, where the river is nearly a mile wide, and growing wider and deeper; then we come to Cairo, then to Memphis, and finally to New Orleans, where, uniting with the drops from many other streams, a river wide and deep enough to float the commerce of the world is the result.

In both cases we started with the rain-drops as they fell from the house-top on the mountain in Pennsylvania. This, boys, is simply a truthful picture, and a symbol of the life before you; and we trust that your career in life may be a

pleasure to yourselves and, in a moral sense, a blessing to others, as these great rivers have, in a commercial sense, been to the world.

THE PRIZE STORY.

I was traveling years ago on a railroad-car. It was proposed by some one that four gentlemen should give to the remainder of the passengers a history of the incident in their lives that had been the most remarkable, or that had impressed them more than any other circumstance.

One of the four gave a thrilling account of having been on the Rocky Mountains during a thunder-storm, where he looked down upon the clouds, saw the flashing lightning, and felt the shock of the thunder, and heard the rain strike the ground. He was above the storm-cloud, and the sun shone with its usual splendor.

The second gentleman stated that he had participated in a buffalo-hunt, charging the herd, on horseback, and shooting them down at discretion. This event was remembered by him with unusual satisfaction.

The third gentleman had been a passenger on board a Mississippi palace-steamer years ago, when racing was customary, and he described a hotly contested race between the steamer he was on and another steamer, in which passengers and crew entered into the excitement. This he declared was an event in his life of most remarkable interest.

The fourth gentleman stated that it had been his pleasure to spend some days in the family of a friend where all the children were proverbial for their strict obedience and for close attention to household duties, and where each in turn gave careful attention to certain duties assigned him; there being a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

This he considered the circumstance in his life that had struck him as of most unusual interest.

A vote of the passengers unanimously indorsed the incident of the well-regulated family.

ENERGY AND WELL-DIRECTED EFFORTS THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

We are not wanting in living examples of energy and a fulfillment of the old motto, that "Well-directed effort is the source of success;" nor are boys or girls, men or women excusable for a failure to carry out this principle, even though they be deprived of sight or limbs. A few illustrations will satisfy every one on this score.

One of the most industrious men in Louisville is the colored bootblack, Silas Sparks, who for several years past has occupied a space on the sidewalk at the German Bank, corner of Fifth and Market streets. His face always wears a smile—the evidence of a good conscience. Although the poor fellow has lost both his limbs below the knees, nevertheless he makes a good living for himself.

Professor Bowen, the accomplished principal of the Madisonville Male and Female College, Hopkins County, Kentucky, is also a splendid example of self-reliance. Although deprived of both arms, he is enabled, by the cultivation of his mind and superior education, to hold the position of principal of a first-class college.

J. W. Aikin, a citizen of Louisville, aged thirty-two years, by accident lost both his feet thirteen years ago. Notwithstanding this sore affliction he has, by remarkable energy as a teamster, made a good living for his wife and children.

Miss Laura Bridgman, of Boston, who was deaf, dumb,

and blind, was remarkable for her energy and perseverance. Music and needle-work she performed with as much skill and accuracy as many persons who have all their faculties.

These instances at once furnish a telling rebuke to a large class of persons who have all their faculties, but who for want of energy and self-reliance become useless to themselves and ofttimes objects of public charity or victims of crime and dissipation.

POWER OF IMITATION—BOYS AS CREATURES OF IMITATION.

Nothing is more certain than the disposition of children to imitate the actions of other people. Let a circus come to the city, and from the hour the bills are posted you see groups of small boys, sometimes on the street, generally in their own yard, turning somersaults, or in some way personating the action of the showmen, springing over barrels and boxes, imagining groups of horses placed side by side, and where one after another of the performers go bounding through the air. Or may be, they go round a ring, with an ambition to fill the place of the boy rider whose power of imitation and training has brought him into the circus business. Or, again, they harness a dog to a small cart, and say, "This is the king of beasts, fresh from the jungles of Africa, and I am Van Amburg" (for many years a noted trainer of wild beasts).

In view of this disposition in boys to imitate what they see and hear, it should be the aim of parents to bring before their children for imitation and instruction that which will impress them for good, and only good. One of the most popular showmen now living is a striking illustration of this. His father was for years a professional showman, performer, manager, and trainer of boys for circuses. Robert's ambition

was not for study, but for turning somersaults, preferring the rattan of the teacher, for his tardiness, rather than forego the loss of his favorite sport in times of recess or short hours.

OUR DAILY ACTIONS PHOTOGRAPHED.

A VICTIM OF IMPROPER HABITS.

Our actions, good or bad, in the world, seem to be photographed by unseen hands for future reference, though unperceived by the natural eye, yet always visible to the mind's eye or in memory. Once a boy, the victim of improper habits, by agreement with his father started about reforming. For every failure to conquer the peace-of-mind disturber a nail was to be driven in a post planted in the yard. The struggle was a difficult one, and soon a large number of nails were driven, each marking a failure in conquering this stubborn vice. And for daily victories over the habits nails were to be withdrawn. Finally the boy began in earnest to reform, and one by one the nails disappeared. After a lapse of a few months the last nail was drawn, and father and son were each expressing delight over the success in conquering the improper habits. "But," said the father, in a very thoughtful way, "my son, you see the nails are all drawn out, but the scars will remain. So with the remembrance of these habits—they leave a scar of remorse or regret on the mind."

THREW HIS FATHER DOWN STAIRS.

Years ago, in England, a young man of sixteen, in a fit of anger, threw his father down stairs, breaking his back. The youth was put on trial for the crime, and an officer of the queen's court went to the bedside of the dying man to take

testimony against the son. The dying man said, "No, I can not give it, as it is only a punishment sent by Providence on me. I myself, when a boy at the age of my son, threw my own father down stairs in the same manner, and he was injured in the same way, and died, as I know I have to. I can not now punish my son for a crime such as I have committed, and for which I was not punished. As you see, like begets like."

SERGEANT LUCIEN YOUNG.

It is only a year since Sergeant Lucien Young, the brave life-saving hero of the coast of North Carolina, heard that a former school-mate of his was in the Kentucky penitentiary at Frankfort. He applied to Governor Blackburn for a pardon, which was granted. The Sergeant, thinking to cause his friend the most agreeable surprise, proceeded to the prison, and soon the two former school-boys were conversing of the times when they were at school. Suddenly Young said, "Sam, what would be the first thing you would do if you were pardoned?" "Well, Sergeant, the first thing I would do would be to go to Lancaster and kill Judge Owsley, and one other man who was a witness against me." Poor Young was sorrowful beyond expression, and turned mournfully away, after saying good-bye, and when outside of the prison he destroyed the pardon.

THE MODEL STEAMBOAT MATE.

The fact is, children are only looking to see how older folks do, to know how to act themselves. I was delighted the other day on being informed that the judges of the courts, chiefs of police and fire departments frown down the use of vulgar and improper language on the part of their subordinates. Now, if this were the custom on the part of owners and bosses of all our mills and manufactories it would exert a

very healthy influence. These good examples on the part of those who are in positions of influence would be felt by every family represented by the operatives, and as a matter of course the children would grow up not knowing the use of bad language. I once traveled on a steamboat where the mate was known as a model man, and the best mate on the long list of great steamers that were running on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and he took for his motto "Like begets like." "Gentle language, gentlemen." He used neither profane nor vulgar language, and the crew at once imitated him, and the good example of the mate extended to all the officers and crew of the steamer. And business men in all the cities, from Pittsburgh to Cairo and New Orleans, who came in contact with him, were influenced by his uniform good behavior and gentleness, which were a theme of pleasant remark on the part of all who made his acquaintance. Now, that is what I call practical preaching, and does more good than scores of sermons. You can readily see from this how much good all the officers of our courts, attorneys, doctors, steamboatmen, policemen, fire-department officers, business men generally, and owners and bosses of mills could exert if they would forbid the use of vile expressions in the circle where they have the power and influence to prevent it. I knew the chief of a a fire department, a few years ago, who would not employ any one given to the use of profane language, for he said such a man is not as reliable as one that is strictly moral and free from its use. He said that experience demonstrated that good, moral men were far more reliable in times of great danger and of big fires, where dauntless courage and a cool head are absolutely necessary, and especially in rescuing persons, as is sometimes the case, from burning buildings. Thus you see, in all departments, a good example stands side by side with the preaching of good sermons, whether it be from the child or the grown person. I know a manufacturer in Louisville, whose

foreman over a large number of hands, though a very skillful mechanic, fell into the habit of using improper language and showing bad temper. His example extended to the operatives, many of whom were young persons, some were men, some women, and others boys and girls. The owner detected the sad influence the foreman was exerting and removed him, although he regretted having to do it. But the complaints came from the parents that the improper language of the foreman was influencing the children, and should not be allowed. His place was at once filled by one who was known to combine good moral habits with a knowledge of his business. If good habits are formed in youth, they go through life with us. Another manufacturer in Louisville told me he had been in business forty years and had watched the conduct of all his employés and apprentices very carefully, some of whom had been with him over twenty years. About one half of whom prior to coming into his employ had yielded to temptation and formed habits of dissipation, while others were sober and temperate. "Now," said he, "those that remained sober and temperate live in their own houses, while those that were dissipated live in rented houses." This is a sermon in favor of sober young men.

"Dare to do right" is a good motto for boys and girls.

THE SAILOR BOY AT PRAYER.

I will tell you of a boy that was a good boy, and whose example you may imitate. His mother had given her consent for him to become a sailor, and on one occasion, while at sea, a very interesting incident occurred that will serve to show the power and influence a single individual may exert. The boy had promised his mother, on leaving home, to pray night and morning, and he faithfully kept his promise. He was greatly loved by all the sailors on the ship, and while they themselves

did not all pray, they were very fond of hearing little Jim say his prayers. Morning and night those rough sailors would gather near the boy's hammock and reverently take off their hats while little Jim said his prayers. They were accustomed to speak very kindly of him. At Hong Kong, China, two of the crew left the ship, and their places were supplied by others. After the ship left Hong Kong one of the new sailors appeared to be an infidel, and when Jim knelt to pray, this infidel threatened to whip him if he did not quit what he called his "foolishness." One of the old sailors standing by, admiring Jim for his Christian example, took the boy's part, insisting that the boy should say his prayers. The result was a quarrel and a fight. The Hong Kong sailor was used up by the friend of little Jim, and he at once told the boy to go on and say his prayers. A day or two after the boy, observing the sailor who had threatened to chastise him near by, was about retiring without saying his prayers. The sailors as usual were all present, including the one who had taken the boy's part the day previous. This latter one spoke to the boy, saying, "Now, get out of bed and say your prayers. I fought for you yesterday, and now I am going to make you do your duty." Some years ago, when the Great Eastern, the largest ship that floats on the ocean, was completed and the crew and officers selected, Sir James Anderson, a noted captain in the English navy, selected to command her, told this story to a large number of people, stating that he was the veritable little Jim, the boy referred to, saying that it paid to be good and do good; that he was under many obligations to that rough old sailor who fought for him and then made him attend to saying his prayers.

I not only want you to be careful as to the sort of company you keep, but also as to the kind of books and papers you read. I hope you will avoid novels and trashy papers,

that only tend to fill the mind with stories of murders, and much that is immoral and unprofitable. You must bear in mind that the impressions you get while you are young will follow you through life, and that what you learn wrong while young you will find it very difficult to unlearn when you grow older. The only safe plan to insure your being good when grown is to avoid improper habits in youth.

TIP LEWIS, THE NEW YORK NEWSBOY.

I have told quite a number of times the story of Tip Lewis, the New York newsboy. He had, unfortunately, kept bad company, and was considered not a very good boy. He was, however, very much endeared to his little sister, a few years younger than himself, and loved her very much, because she was an exceedingly good child and kind to him. This little sister took sick and died, and when the funeral was preached the preacher assured the parents and children that if they loved the Lord and lived in his love, when they died they would go where the little sister had gone, and be forever happy. The morning after the funeral Mrs. Lewis, on coming into the kitchen, was greatly surprised to find Tip up and the fire made, water brought, the kettle on, and the room swept. She at once expressed some surprise and pleasure, and inquired of Tip what had come over him that he should have risen so early without being called, and attended to his duties without being told? The newsboy, for such he was, told his mother that he had turned over new leaf, and from that time he meant to be a good boy, as he wanted to meet his sister in heaven. Years afterward the gentleman who wrote this story was a good and highly-respected Christian, and stated to the large audience he was addressing that he answered to the name of Tip Lewis, and urged all boys, as well as girls, to turn over a new leaf. So, if you would be good men, avoid loafing in bad company. Acquire habits of industry.

"HOT POTATOES."

Yes, the boy's name was "Hot Potatoes." It may appear to some of our readers as exceedingly crude to introduce into a work such as this, and more especially when arranged for children, a name that seems at first glance so undignified; but after hearing the incident as related to the writer you will concur in its admission to these pages—especially for the moral it conveys in bringing forward the extreme in a boy's badness by a heartless course of treatment from an unfeeling protector.

"It is now forty years," said the editor of a prominent journal, as we sat conversing a few weeks since, in the Moody House, at Eminence, Ky.—"yes, it is forty years since the incident that I am about to relate happened. In my boyhood I resided in Indianapolis, where I made the acquaintance of boys apprenticed to various trades. Among the number was one serving his term under a well-known chair-manufacturer, and whose lot seemed a hard one. This boy was known by no other name than that of 'Hot Potatoes.' With both guardian and boy there seemed a well-settled disagreement, which finally resulted in 'Hot Potatoes' running off. The chair-manufacturer advertised in the Indiana State Journal for the boy's return, offering '*one cent* reward, and no thanks to the man that brings him back.' The boy's case, his odd name, and the advertisement were at the time a subject of remark, especially the cruelty of his guardian.

"Well, I grew to manhood," continued the journalist, "and after the lapse of twenty years I came to Kentucky and engaged in business at Newcastle. While quietly seated, one day, a fine team entered town, pulling up in front of the hotel at which I was stopping. A few hours developed the fact that the stranger was in the school-book trade, and doing a thriving business. Feeling an interest in the book-man, I

formed his acquaintance, which soon ripened into a warm friendship, his superior intellectual endowments serving to make his society the more desirable and enjoyable.

"Finally we began inquiring into each other's boyhood, and retraced the steps of memory when we were apprentice boys in Indianapolis, twenty years before. My own name was perfectly fresh to the book-agent, but his name was a blank to me, for I could not recall it. Finally my newly-made friend said, 'I may refresh your memory. Do you not recollect a boy apprentice at the chair-works, by the name of "Hot Potatoes," who one day ran off, and one cent reward was offered for his return, and no thanks to the man that brought him back?' 'Of course I do,' said I. 'Well, I am "Hot Potatoes." After seeing that advertisement I never stopped till I arrived at Yale College, where, after years of alternate studying, building fires, and acting office-boy for the wealthy students, I was graduated. Having plenty of energy, I became successful in business, and now answer third partner in one of the largest publishing houses in America. Should you at any time come to New York, ring the bell at No. —, Fifth Avenue. If I am not at home, my wife or some one of my children will give you the name of Charles Thompson, instead of "Hot Potatoes." This sounds like romance, but it is in substance true to the letter. That harsh name, harsh treatment, and doubly-cruel advertisement was the lash that sent me, friendless, into the world; but, thanks to a kind Providence, I am now able to buy my own chairs.'"

A day or two later Mr. Charles Thompson, alias "Hot Potatoes," and the Kentucky journalist, after recounting their early privations, parted. Their first and last meetings were under circumstances as full of romance as the story of Rip Van Winkle. Forty years ago they were boy apprentices in Indianapolis, and have met but once since, and that twenty years ago in Newcastle, Ky. The narrator is an honored, useful, and successful editor.

BEING MISSIONARIES.

Multitudes of people, old and young, are always worrying about doing some sort of Christian or benevolent work. A few illustrations on this point will confirm the suggestion given elsewhere in these pages, "That the time and place for engaging in benevolent or mission work are now and where you are." A boy in a country village, after listening to one of my open-air talks to boys, determined to be a missionary, and accordingly informed his mother, requesting her to furnish him with a basket filled with a picnic dinner. He added to this a base-ball and some fishing-tackle. Then calling upon some poor boys, regarded as very bad, he asked them to join him in a picnic, although the same boys had thrown stones at him, called him names, etc. The invitation being backed with balls and fishing-lines and something to eat, won the boys, and all entered heartily into the sport and recreation. This sort of sermon had the desired effect. The good and bad boys were all happy, and the next Sunday found them side by side in the Sunday-school class. Something to eat, with kindness, was just the sort of mission-work the Lord wanted, and he blessed it in that case.

HEAVEN, PICTURED BY A BOY.

It has been my aim in this sketch of boy- and girl-life to show how often they in their simplicity, without the education or any of the experience of the theologian, say things pointing to the Infinite. Boys and girls often puzzle multitudes of older heads, and put to the blush many a minister who takes all the week to write a sermon, and then sometimes exposes

himself, thus agreeing with those who heard him—that there was little in what he said either to interest or instruct, it being an effort at "wisdom of words" and not the promptings of the Holy Spirit, or even spoken at the cost of some privation or self-denial.

The boy of whom I was thinking had his heart touched with the plaintive pipings of a poor captive bird which he had caught and caged for a few days—till its constant cry for liberty prompted the opening of the cage. Acting upon the thought, out went the bird; and a moment later, with others of the flock, it sang sweetly among the branches of the neighboring forest-trees.

The boy hastened to inform his mother of his great joy, as well as that of the bird, adding that the bird had taught him a lesson. "There," said he, "is a bird-cage, and yonder is the bird, now free and happy, and with the rest rejoicing and singing. This body of mine is like that cage—just the temporary stopping place of my soul during life in this world. That bird, as soon as released from its cage, sought its own kind, to live, feed, and sing with them. So, when we leave these bodies, we instantly go into the company of the redeemed. There were expressions of joy among the birds over a reunion, and there will be joy on our part and that of our friends over the reunion in the presence of the Lord. Now, mother," continued the boy, "if the Lord has power to cause birds to live on the ground or soar through the air, so has he equal power to cause me to exist off this earth as well as on it. If his care extended to the bird in the cage, how much greater is his care for those who are in his image and likeness, and for whom he died!"

Now, the distinguished Mr. Talmage never made the relation of man to the Creator any plainer or more easily understood.

THE SERMON OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS, OR HOW HINTS ARE GIVEN.

Though seldom conscious of their power to exert an influence for good, in word or deed, even little children can, and do, preach faithful sermons. A little six-year-old daughter of the principal of one of the colleges of Kentucky mentioned to her father that a well-known Christian-worker among children had asked the scholars to pray for him. After asking her father as to the prayer to make, she replied, "I will make this prayer—

> 'A man of words and not of deeds,
> Is like a garden full of weeds.'"

If the request was not the prompting of a spirit of genuine sincerity, what sentence could the best and wisest in the land have uttered that would give a more lasting rebuke to the insincere?

Note, again, the following lines, incidentally picked from a scrap-book of a seven-year-old daughter of an Adams Express agent. They were quoted by her grandfather, in a noted trial of a member of the Masonic fraternity, many years ago. At the trial the erring brother, with his few friends, was disconsolate with apprehension of almost certain expulsion from the time-honored benevolent order, when a strong plea in his behalf was made by a sympathizing brother, who repeated these lines:

> "Deal gently with the erring; and do not thou forget,
> However deeply dyed in sin, he is thy brother yet:
> Heir of the self-same heritage, child of the self-same God,
> Who hath stumbled in the road which thou in weakness trod."

The effect was marvelous. It was as if one mightier than man had again spoken the words, "Let him that is without

sin cast the first stone." There was a sudden change of feeling in favor of the wayward Mason and a unanimous verdict of acquittal. Truly, "words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

FORTY-FIVE YEARS IN PRISON.

Nearly eighty years ago the father and mother of a family residing in Virginia died, leaving their orphan children in the care of relations. A six-year-old boy, of beautiful features and fine physical mold, was then the central figure of this group of surviving children. His early training was neglected. He acquired bad habits, which strengthened only with the lapse of time, and he began a criminal career that extended through nearly half a century.

On Saturday, August 12, 1882, as the clock in the tower of the Louisville City Hall was striking twelve, John Hicks, at the age of seventy-five years, until then confined in the Southern Indiana Prison, on the north bank of the Ohio River, opposite Louisville, completed his forty-fifth year of prison life. The scene among the prisoners at the departure of their old comrade is represented as one of singular dramatic grandeur—as the snow-white head of the criminal who, with only the remnant of a long life trailing in the wake of nearly fifty years of prison life, was about to enter on the enjoyment of liberty, appeared, even the most hardened of the regiment of prisoners looked sad and mournful. Their sorrowful glances at the receding form of the old man awoke a train of thought—as much as to say, who will care for poor Hicks now?

What a lesson his farewell address conveys to American parents! "Father and mother died when I was only six years old. I was taken by my oldest brother to raise. My train-

ing was neglected. I acquired bad habits. I am now an old man, and am tired of life. I have no money, no home, no brothers or sisters, and no friends to take care of me. The best of my life has been spent within these prison-walls. Forty-five years is a great while; and if it will prove a warning to any member of the human family, then tell it. I shall soon die and be forgotten. I hope no one will make the moral and social shipwreck I have made."

The massive iron door, with its strong cross-bars, was opened by the guard, and the oldest prisoner in Indiana, his head white with age, was again a free man.

POOL-ROOM GAMBLING.

If ever there was a period that called for prompt action in sheltering the present generation of youth and young men from a widening and deepening whirlpool of vice, it is the present time. Duty demands that I speak with candor on this subject. I tremble almost hourly for the terrible influence the pool-room is exerting over our street-boys. Taken in connection with the lottery business, it is a wonder that a greater number of boys do not go headlong to ruin. The loose reins given to these modes of gambling have become so general and so popular as to fairly daze and stagger the strictly moral element of our large cities. I can place my hand on a larger number of youths that are going down to ruin under their joint influence, than any other person in the city. It is simply fearful to contemplate. Some of the best, most reliable, and most industrious of the newsboys of ten years ago have yielded to the voice of the cryer in the pool-room, not only to lose their own hard earnings and good names, but in their desperation applying the funds of their employers. So

desperate are the straits to which young men are driven, and so persistent and determined to regain their losses, that they pawn their watches, rings, and other mementos, as well as gifts from cherished friends. A pawnbroker stated to me, only a few days ago, that it occasionally occurred that the same watch would be pawned three times in the same day, each time the excited owner taking the half- or fourth-value allowance tendered him; and in some cases "good luck," as they call it, favored them; only temporarily, however. Broken in spirit, they drop by the wayside, and their places are at once taken by new beginners. If I could persuade the owners of the pool-rooms and lottery offices to close their doors against the young, I would hail the event as one of the greatest triumphs of my life. If there is a field in which a reformer may gain renown as imperishable as that clustering around the name of William Wilberforce, John Howard, or Florence Nightingale, it is for the man who has the genuine moral courage to frame and enforce a class of legislation that will at once place the allurements of the vices referred to beyond the reach of boys in every grade of society.

BAD HABITS STRONGER THAN LOVE OF FATHER, MOTHER, AND SELF.

It is a habit nowadays for young apprentices or clerks, leaving their place for one more desirable by reason of increased pay or more agreeable occupation, to recommend their most intimate acquaintance. Our attention was a few days ago called to a case in which a young man resigning as book-keeper at once urged the claims of a companion of his own age for the vacancy following his resignation. Every thing seemed satisfactory, and M—— B—— was highly pleased

with his young friend's intercession, securing a place that thousands would gladly fill. Earnest letters and a place at better pay soon found the youth who surrendered his place to his friend obeying instructions among newly-made friends in a village on the Central Pacific Railroad. Six months pass, and we return to the counting-room vacated by the young man in the Far West. Inquiry revealed the fact that the habit of indulging in novel-reading and late hours demanded rest, and a fixed habit of sleeping three and four hours daily secured the young man's discharge; and now for the first time an over-worked father mourns the serious error of encouraging his son in reading vile and trashy novels, and now the young man realizes the necessity of unlearning habits scarcely less troublesome than dram-drinking.

CHURCH OF THE LAND AND THE SEA.

In New York City, within two squares of where the waters of the Atlantic lap the sea-shore, stands a church, well built and of large seating capacity, and known as "The Church of the Land and the Sea." Just in front of the pulpit, on a stand, is a beautiful miniature ship, two or three feet in height, of equal length, full-rigged, with snow-white sails. The fathers and sons of most all the families who attend it are sea-faring men, officers and sailors of ships far out on the ocean, and only at home at intervals of many months, and sometimes years. While there only for a few weeks, three years ago, I attended service in the place, and found principally women and children. Much of the opening prayer was in reference to sailors and others of their church, at sea. During the hour the pastor referred to letters he held in his hand, from absent members. One was from Australia, one from

Japan, the East Indies, etc. In each were messages of greeting, speaking of the Lord's care amid the perils of the ocean, all of which was a most emphatic rebuke to infidelity.

THE GOOD WE DO LIVES AFTER US.

This expression was beautifully illustrated in an incident in the life of Mrs. Sadd, city missionary, of Louisville. During the progress of the civil war, and when many thousands of Federal and Confederate soldiers were sick in the hospitals of Louisville, it was the daily custom of Mrs. Sadd to visit the sick of both armies, and distribute tracts, testaments, etc. And being a ready and rapid writer, much of her time was given in writing to the fond and anxious parents of some of the young soldiers; and through the weary five years of the war this good lady wrote many letters North and South, carrying tidings full of tender sympathy, some of hopes of speedy recovery, and others being farewell messages to dear ones and hoping for a reunion in the kingdom of the Lord. The war ended, the soldiers who survived returned to their homes. Time wore on; and for fourteen years after, the good missionary continued her mission among the city's poor. One morning, three years ago, Mrs. Sadd's door-bell rang, and a hackman handed the aged Christian a letter from a gentleman, requesting her to call at the Louisville Hotel. Obeying the summons, she arrived at the hotel, where she was met in the parlor by a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, who greeted her most cordially and introduced her to his wife. Mrs. Sadd was not able, however, to recognize the stranger, who, on perceiving he was not recognized, said, "Mrs. Sadd, do you not remember me?" She said she had not the slightest idea of having ever seen him, and asked when and where they had

met? "Well," said the gentleman, "you called to see me when I was a sick soldier in the hospital here, fourteen years ago. You were very kind to me and wrote letters home to my parents in Philadelphia. In the providence of God I recovered my health and went home. I married, a few years ago, and engaged in business, and have often spoken to my wife and friends about your kindness to me when I was a poor, sick soldier, far from home and among strangers. My wife and myself are on our way to the watering-places to spend the summer, and we wish you to accompany us. Tickets have been purchased, and you will be our guest for the season. In the long list of young men with whom you sympathized and watched you may have forgotten me, but I have not forgotten you."

A week later many Christian ladies of Louisville had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Sadd start on her summer vacation. In the interval of months they were gone they landed in the home of the young business man in Philadelphia, and on entering the church of which the gentleman was a member, the preacher related in a touching manner the story as I have given it, saying, "That aged Christian lady is with us to-day, and I desire my congregation to testify its appreciation," which it did in expressions of profound regard and warmest sympathy. In due course of time Mrs. Sadd returned to her home, and although in the seventies, her hair white with age, and full of good deeds, she often speaks of this thrilling incident. It is, however, but a tithe of numerous incidents alike beautiful and touching in her long and eventful Christian life. Truly, the good we do lives after us.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY'S SERMON, OR "THE WOODEN PLATE."

An incident, one I have told on several occasions with good effect, is that of "the wooden plate," and which is named

"A Boy's Sermon," an actual occurrence. A man with a small family had taken as a member of it his aged father, whose infirm step and husky voice confirmed the old saying, "once a man and twice a child." The ingratitude of men, forgetting they were once children, so often complained of nowadays, was forcibly illustrated in this case by evident neglect of the infirm old father, whose trembling voice and tottering steps were thought by the ungrateful son to be displeasing to the neighbors when they called. To provide against this the son proposed the placing of a table in the back room, where the old man could eat unobserved by the critical neighbors. No complaints came from the lips of the old man, and the palsied hand trembled none the less, and as usual much of his food fell upon the floor. A day or two later the singular nervous affection caused his plate to fall and break. This as a matter of course did not escape the notice of the son, and was followed by an expression of rebuke, and the broken article was replaced by a wooden plate. During all this time no complaint fell from the lips of the poor old man. There was, however, in that household a firm friend of the old man, as the sequel shows. A few days after the purchase of the wooden plate the four-year-old grandchild was seated upon the floor at the dinner-hour, intently engaged in cutting some curious article from a piece of board and giving such close attention to his childish employment as not to notice the thrice-repeated calls of his father to take his place at the table. Finally the father, a little impatient, asked the question, "My son, what are you cutting out of that board with my knife?" "Why, papa, I am making a wooden plate for you and mamma to eat out of when you get old like grandpa." A stroke of lightning on that table just then would not have caused greater astonishment than this remark of their four-year-old boy. The unnatural son was dazed with astonishment, and then, taking in the rebuke, said to his

equally astonished wife, "Suppose we bring grandpa back to his place at the table?" The change in their feelings was mutual and effectual. The strong arm of the son was in a moment around the form of the aged parent, and then a kind word, with the expression, "Come, father, you need not sit longer back here by yourself, but come along and take your place at the table with us." This done, the four-year-old grandchild suddenly ceased work on the wooden plate, closed the knife, and then, speaking in a decided tone, said, "Father, I do n't think you and mamma will need a wooden plate like grandpa, so I will burn this up." It is needless to say that the hint given the parents by the little child was a most salutary one. It was a genuine sermon, converting the parents over to Christian sympathy and recognition of a sacred duty, observing the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

We are all capable of exerting some influence. I myself have often been rewarded with the satisfaction of seeing the heart of some one touched, and often, too, when the guilty man or woman felt and expressed themselves conscience-smitten. I will relate a case in point. The foregoing incident I related some years ago in a temperance meeting. Not long after I was at a hotel when a party of my acquaintances entered and took seats around the same table. One of them referred to the above incident, insisting that I should tell it to the others, who seemed anxious to listen. As I proceeded one of the gentlemen gave signs of a disturbed condition of mind. His appetite suddenly disappeared; his knife and fork were dropped, and he gazed fixedly into my face. Immediately after I concluded, this singularly-behaved man spoke in an excited and hasty manner, saying, "There is my old mother, who has not been down stairs but twice in ten years," adding that it was no fault of his. Then rising to his

feet he remarked, "I am going to take a carriage now and compel my old mother to go out riding, if I have to pull her down stairs." He then walked hastily out of the room, while the other members of the company expressed jointly their surprise over the sharp rebuke of the incident to another whose conscience was so forcibly stung with the remembrance of the long years of unfeeling neglect and ingratitude to which he had subjected his own aged and infirm mother. Thus it will be seen that this simple story is an equally powerful sermon, whether enacted by the four-year-old boy or repeated by others.

A DREAM REALIZED.

There resided many years ago in the town of L———, in Indiana, a well-to-do mechanic named Downs. His wife was a sprightly woman, with three bright children, aged respectively six, ten, and fourteen years. The father fell suddenly sick and soon died. The eldest child accepted a position as train-boy on a railroad. Three years of faithful work won for the boy the confidence of the road officers. He was noted for promptness and honesty.

One day a passenger, having with him a valise containing ten thousand dollars in money, hurriedly left the train at a certain station, forgetting his valuable package. The train reached its destination. At night the valise was placed in the office, but next morning the money was missing. As several parties along the route had had an opportunity to take it, two brothers, country merchants, were suspected of the crime. They were arraigned in court and subjected to three trials, only avoiding conviction by the failure of the juries to agree.

Not long after the robbery the train-boy left his position,

under the pretense of returning to college, where he quietly pursued his studies during the two years in which the suspected merchants were going through the ordeal of trial for a crime of which the sequel shows they were wholly innocent. One night the brother of the president of the railroad dreamed that the ex-train-boy was the guilty party; and on meeting the president, next day, told him of his singular dream. The president determined at once to investigate the matter, on the basis of the dream. The train-boy was called upon and accused of the crime, which he acknowledged, and restored the money, and then fled the country; not, however, until his crime was made known and the innocent and persecuted merchants fully vindicated. The saying that "murder will out" is generally true. Was not that dream a providential and a square rebuke to infidelity? Boys, in the language of Ned Nevens, the Boston newsboy, "Some good will come to me if I do no wrong." It was the motto given Ned by his mother on her dying-bed. Simple though it be, there is a world of meaning in it.

HARRISON BURNS, WHOSE BIBLE GETS HIM A SITUATION.

The following story, though sounding like a romance, is an actual occurrence. I give it the more readily, as it shows that "bread cast upon the waters" will return to encourage, cheer, and bless the giver.

In my first Sunday-school class, when I was eighteen years old, I encouraged six little boys by offering books as presents for regularity in attendance. The boy whose name heads this little story received a gilt-edged Bible. A month later his widowed mother died. Kind friends attended the funeral and cared for the children until an uncle came for them. Ten

years elapsed before I again saw or heard of the children. I was then married and in business.

One day, at a railroad station near Indianapolis, the clerk of the store where I had stopped remarked to me that an hour would elapse before the train was due, and if I wished I could step into the back room and amuse myself by looking over the books. Expressing thanks, I accepted the invitation. One of the first books that my eyes fell upon was a gilt-edged Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was this inscription, "Presented to HARRISON BURNS by his teacher, A. Hogeland." Ten years, as shown by that simple record, had passed since I gave it to a little happy-faced boy. Thinking that possibly the young man in charge of the store might be the same person, I stepped up and inquired his name, which he gave as Harrison Burns. I then made myself known to him. This unusual circumstance, a romance of itself, was one that gave mutual pleasure. He recounted his early privations and hardships. Application and steady habits had been rewarded with a good name and a commercial education.

A few days later I was relating this singular occurrence to a man of wealth, who offered the young man thus found, through the small gift of a precious Bible, a position as bank clerk, which he accepted and filled with credit. A few years later he found himself entering upon a lucrative business in his own name. Occasional meetings years after were bright with reference to the gift of that little Bible. In a temporal point of view, and perhaps spiritual, both of us were richly rewarded.

FINDING A FIFTY-DOLLAR NOTE.

It was in the winter of 1878. I was advertised to lecture in the Baptist Church at Owensboro, Ky. A heavy snow-

storm prevailed all day, and I was much discouraged at the prospect of a slim audience, and called on a banker who had interested himself in my work among boys. On entering the bank I saw and picked up, unobserved, a fifty-dollar greenback note. I was in need of money, and could have put the bill in my pocket without any one knowing it; but I turned to the banker and inquired if the bank or any one had lost any money. My friend replied that no one had complained of any loss. "Then," said I, "here is a fifty-dollar bill I found on your floor; take it; if the owner calls, return it to him." Three hours later I entered the church and temporarily took a back seat to wait for the audience to assemble, and reflected on my good luck in finding the bill. After sitting a moment an entire stranger took a seat alongside of me and inquired if I knew who was going to lecture. I replied that the bill gave the name of Col. H——. We conversed some moments, and I referred to my good fortune in picking up a fifty-dollar bill in the bank. The stranger replied very promptly that the money was his. At this moment the bank officer stepped in, and I introduced him to my new-found acquaintance, who claimed the money, made his proof next morning, received the bill, and tendered as a present my hotel bill and railroad fare, neither of which had I means to pay.

Some boys expressed the wish that they had found the bill; that they would have kept it. "But," said I, "boys, would there be any difference (so far as value is concerned) in my taking a stray horse of the same value and keeping him concealed?" It pays to do right. A year after, I entered the town of Henderson for the first time, and was expressing regret at the lack of a personal acquaintance to introduce me to certain parties, and almost the first man I met was the identical gentleman who had met me in the church on the night of my lecture at Owensboro, and who had justly claimed and received at my hands the lost fifty-dollar bank note. The

sequel, "Do as you wish to be done by," was followed by my friend, whose acquaintance, formed under circumstances which, to say the least, were full of romance, and a prompt introduction to the leading citizens of Henderson was the result.

The incident seems quite appropriate to place along with Harrison Burns. They are both true in every particular.

THE PARADISE MONTH OF SEVENTEEN YEARS; OR, HOW GOOD SEED IS SOWN.

While passing along the street a month since, a gentleman of fame, well known in the city, greeted me heartily and said, "Mr. Hogeland, we have read your interesting book; it has created a revolution in our family." "Indeed!" queried I. "Well, you see we have been married seventeen years. Our plan for family government and for managing the children has been the old one of scolding and arbitrary means. After reading your account of restoring the most wayward of boys to the paths of rectitude and lives of obedience and profit, my wife and myself held a consultation, and determined to give the 'New Rule,' 'Kill rudeness with kindness,' a fair trial. The children we accordingly notified that in future there would be no scolding or chastising; that each child would be assigned duties in housework, each taking their turn week about. Now more than a month has gone by, and we are so highly gratified with the result that we call it the 'paradise month of our married life.'" The gentleman added further, that if system and harmony on the part of business men and clerks, in the management of their business, is absolutely necessary to success, there is, if any thing, a greater obligation resting on parents in controlling their households.

The author of this little volume urges the adoption of the

same rules in families all over the land, only in a spirit of genuine frankness. It is no humiliation or sacrifice of manhood to abandon mistaken errors in home and family government that now prove false, though practiced in good faith in many cases for long years.

GIVE HIM THE TRADE FOR WHICH HE HAS TALENT.

THE TAILOR TRADE.

Some years ago a well-to-do tailor in Louisville, anxious that his son, then in school, should hasten with his studies and enter upon his apprenticeship as a tailor, urged the boy in a firm tone to renewed energy in pursuing his studies. The lad, much to the disappointment of the father, expressed in an equally decided manner his lack of interest in the father's occupation, as well as lack of confidence in his judgment in selecting his life employment.

The father was much worried at this unexpected opposition on the son's part in taking to the trade so dear to himself, and he sharply rebuked George for failure to heed paternal instructions. All the arguments of the boy were frowned down by the tailor, who could account in no other way for this opposition than on the ground of a dislike for work, or of a disposition to roam the streets. The interview was followed by a determination on the part of the father to watch the future movements of George.

At ten o'clock that night the father heard a quiet movement as of a boy climbing out of bed; and this was confirmed a few moments later by the door opening and a soft stepping down stairs into the bright starlight, which showed the form of the boy, whom the father expected to see go squarely over

the fence and into the street. But instead he ascended a stairway in the rear of the house, entered the attic and struck a light. That was enough. The father, out of patience, and with no judgment, rushed in and began whipping the boy. In the confusion that ensued the table was overturned and the light extinguished, while George, without stopping to explain, skipped out to his room.

A few days later George ventured upon another visit to his workshop (for such it proved to be), and, unobserved, struck a light, adjusted the upturned table, and picked up a miniature steam-engine, equal in neatness to the running-gear of a Howard watch. The damage it sustained in falling was made good. A few days later the beautiful specimen of the boy's mechanical skill was presented by him to a school-mate, as was afterward learned, and was followed by George running off. There was much speculation in the neighborhood, and the family remained in ignorance of the strange conduct of George in thus absenting himself.

Five years had passed, when one morning, just as breakfast was concluded, the door-bell of the parental mansion rang. The servant responded, and found at the door a finely-dressed, handsome young man, with broadcloth suit, plug-hat, gold watch and chain. The young man's first inquiry to the servant was, "I wish to speak to my mother." The astonished servant, not aware of the absence of any member of the family, replied she did not know Mr. R. had as big a son as he was. "If you do not, I do," and, rushing past the servant, he remarked, "Miss Biddie, tell mother George is in the parlor."

A moment later the mother was face to face with her long-lost boy. There was a mutual explanation, and a cordial reconciliation between mother and son. The father, on stepping in, could not have been more astonished had one risen from the dead, than he was on beholding his missing boy. There were only slight traces in the full-grown, handsome

man before them of the fifteen-year-old boy that disappeared six years before. Then followed inquiries as to where George had been, and the nature of his occupation. "Father," said he, "I live in Cleveland, Ohio. I am the superintendent of a machine-shop, and get a salary of forty dollars a week. That beats the tailoring business." The father—no doubt stung by the injustice done the boy on the night of the table-upsetting and the chastisement in the attic, resulting in the boy's flight from home, instead of inquiring, as parents should do, What talent has nature given the child?—replied, "It is all right, George; you need n't say any thing more about the tailor trade."

Can stronger proof be given of the existence in children of diversity of talent? There are multitudes of cases on record proving ofttimes that there are sleeping in the bosoms of the children of prince and peasant the germs of the genius of the scholar, or the professional man, or the mechanic, as different from the notions of the parents as night is from day.

Not long since I told this incident to a large audience of youths at Frankfort, Ky. On leaving the house I was met by a young man who referred to this story as being identical with his own. His father, he stated, was a tailor, for whose trade the boy declared he had no love either by nature or inclination, yet his father insisted on his learning it. The boy begged me to speak to his father on the subject; which I was unable to do for want of time.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER"

Applies not only to National, State, and municipal governments, but to men and women. Nor is the profession of Christianity by you and me the entire fulfilling of our obli-

gation to the King of Heaven. There must be coupled with it a course of life that carries out the profession. It is *doing*, and not *saying* only, that gives value to the profession. Even the name and high calling of prophets, ministers, and other distinguished men have not sufficed to secure their sons from lives of wickedness brought about by neglect.

Roebling, the famous builder, if not inventor, of wire suspension-bridges, died a few years ago in New York City, after he had built the great wire suspension-bridge at Cincinnati and the one spanning the cataract of Niagara Falls, and had begun the construction of one over East River, connecting New York and Brooklyn. Three years ago he met with an accident, one foot being crushed by a falling timber, resulting in locked-jaw, from which he died. Knowing he was the only man that could build bridges of that kind, the directors got about him and said, "Mr. Roebling, your physicians think you may not get well. You are building a suspension-bridge for us, and we are anxious to know what to do should you not live. No one else can build this sort of a bridge." Mr. Roebling replied to the anxious directors, "I may not get well; but then there is my son John, who knows my profession thoroughly. If I should die, he will build the bridge just as well as I could." Two days thereafter Mr. Roebling died; and from that day to this his son has been in charge of fifteen hundred men, directing the building of the finest piece of architecture and civil engineering the world has ever seen in the way of a bridge.

Now for the practical lesson! Can artist paint on canvas as beautiful a scene as this? The father, on his dying-bed, calling about him the men for whom he is engaged in an enterprise of vast extent and very difficult in the execution, upon inquiry, says, "My son will take my place." It also furnishes a rebuke to idleness, and was a great and memorable compliment to a father on his dying-bed.

A case in point was that of the three sons of a plow-maker in Indiana, who urged his boys to adopt the trade of plow-making, for which not one of them expressed the slightest love or natural liking. He then stated that they would be given a week in which to decide the matter of the trade they preferred following. At the end of the week a meeting was held in the plow-maker's parlor, at which each boy named the calling he desired to follow. Jacob, the oldest, chose the dry-goods business; the second son, John, selected furniture-manufacturing; while Joseph, the youngest, preferred that of baker and confectioner. That week's decision, as the sequal shows, was every thing to those boys. More than thirty years have elapsed since then. They are each still following the trade thus selected, and are wealthy and prosperous; while the plow-making father, now in the seventies, with their good mother, finds comfort in alternating a few weeks' residence among their industrious sons and grandchildren.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

Next to your stock in trade in value is the cultivation of habits of benevolence. The smallest favor sometimes proves to be a real charity. Some years ago, while in New York, I asked a poor, neglected-looking boy to show me the location of Jerry McAuley's daily prayer-meeting room, in Water Street. In response the boy said, "I will show you, provided you will give me something to eat." "Have you no home?" said I. "No, sir," responded the boy, "I have not;" adding briefly, "My father died, two years ago, at Savannah, Ga.; mother then came to New York and took in washing. Her health began failing, and, growing weaker day by day, two months ago she died. The city buried her. Since then I

beg, and at night sleep on the iron settees down in the park." I gave the boy a luncheon, and was rewarded with expressions of gratitude, and was conducted to the prayer-meeting. When mourners were called for, the first to respond were ten sailors, and many others of various nationalities. Among those that knelt for prayer at the altar was this poor, neglected boy. I paid eight cents for his night's lodging, and next day stocked him with a box of blacking and a brush. His face beamed with smiles of gratitude as I bade him good-bye.

FROM THE CABIN TO THE PALACE.

A POOR WIDOW.

A poor widow in Pennsylvania, at the death of her husband, found herself with a large family, and but little of this world's goods. One of her boys, realizing that something must be done to relieve his mother, determined upon leaving home. Accordingly, a few rough garments of extra clothing were tied in a bundle, and then there was a hearty and affectionate farewell between mother and Andy, for such was his name. A last glance was taken by his brothers as he waved his little cap to them in the cabin-door, just as he turned the corner of the lane. The little cabin was soon lost to view, and twelve years passed before Andy saw it again; but during that time the dutiful son did not forget his mother. Letters, full of cheer, came regularly, repeating the promise made his mother before going from under the roof of the cabin, "that she should have a better home before she died."

At the end of twelve years there came a knock one day at the door. The mother, on opening it, beheld a fine-looking, handsomely-dressed young man, with broadcloth suit, silk

hat, and gold watch and chain. Wishing to give the family a pleasant surprise, he inquired for the widow that lived there twelve years ago. There, face to face, they stood. The words were scarcely uttered ere the mother thought she saw traces of her boy Andy, and said, "Young man, many years ago I had a boy to go from home to make his fortune in the world; you kind o' looks like him; but then he was only a chunk of a lad. I had a dream, last night, that he had got rich and returned home." Here Andy broke the spell by saying, "Dear mother, I am your long-absent boy; I have come to take you to a better home." "Where are you going to take me, my son?" "To Cincinnati, mother."

Arrangements perfected, the mother inquired what to do with the furniture. He replied, "O give it to the neighbors; you won't need it where I am going to take you." "Well, my son, I would like to take the bureau; it was from your father's mother, and the rocking-chair was from my mother, who died when I was only a little girl; and I would also like to take the spinning-wheel." These articles were put on the express, and mother and son started for their new home. Arriving in Cincinnati, they got off the train and approached a fine carriage at the depot, worth one thousand dollars, with a twelve-hundred-dollar span of horses attached. The unsuspecting mother said to her son, "This is too expensive, Andy; just hire an express-wagon for me to ride in—that will do." "Well, mother, this belongs to you, pointing to the carriage, and hereafter you are to ride in that." The mother and son were soon seated, and away they dashed over the grand streets of Cincinnati and up to Walnut Hills, pulling up at a thirty-thousand-dollar stone-front house, with ample yard, ornamented with evergreens, fountains, and fish-pools, a grand conservatory of tropical fruits, choice singing-birds and music in the buildings.

The good mother lived twenty-eight years with her model

son before she died. Only a year ago the son, who had grown to be an old and highly-respectable man, noted for his riches and goodness, passed away to his final reward. It was the pleasure of his long and active life to refer with the tenderest solicitude to his early privations and to his return to the cabin on the hillside in Pennsylvania for his affectionate mother, and he could say, "Mother, get ready to go with me; I have the home I promised you twelve years ago."

WANTED SOMETHING MORE THAN FLOWERS.

A friend of mine called to see a sick old lady, and after greeting her kindly, praised the beauty and fragrance of a bunch of flowers that lay on the table. The poor sick woman manifested little interest in this remark. The neighbor realizing that there was a want beyond the fragrance of flowers, placed a few pieces of coin on the bouquet, and asked, "Is there any difference in the odor now?" A bright smile replaced the gloom of the preceding moment. "O neighbor," she said, "you know what hungry people want is something to eat."

ORPHANS FROM OWENSBORO.

While seated in a railway-car some years since a pleasant-faced fellow-passenger, hearing of my work among youth, said that he would like to give me a history of his experience in raising orphans, and stated that "After keeping house two years my wife expressed a desire to adopt an orphan, saying she was quite lonely at the house all by herself. I replied that I would go down to Owensboro and hunt up an orphan.

A few days later my wife was greatly delighted on my return from the city with a bright-faced orphan boy. The change in affairs was delightful. A week had scarcely elapsed when she said, 'Suppose you go down to Owensboro and hunt up another orphan.' I did so; and within a year our house resounded with the merry laughter of four of those Owensboro orphan boys. "Now," said he, "twenty-five years have elapsed since those boys were introduced into our family, and at the close of the educational year annually, in June, four of as handsome, well-dressed, and highly-educated young men as you ever met, each of them professors in colleges in three separate States, walk into our house and call us father and mother. They are the four orphan boys from Owensboro. You may tell this, and say that any family where there are no children will greatly enliven their own happiness, and make some obscure child a blessing by following our example."

THE HERO BOY OF LAKE MICHIGAN, WHO DIED RATHER THAN DISOBEY.

Obedience in children is the one great quality that shines out more prominently than all others. It really seems to comprehend all other good qualities. In other words, if the child has this quality he is good in all other respects. A case in point is that of the Lake Michigan cabin-boy.

A widow, whose humble home was near the residence of a captain of a certain lake-steamer, happening to be at his house when he was in, made inquiries as to a vacancy, saying that she wanted a situation for her son. The captain replied in the negative, at the same time asking as to Dick's habits, etc. She answered that he never told her an untruth or disobeyed her. The captain then said he was in no special need of a boy,

but that, as an obedient and truthful boy is always in demand, she might send him to the steamer. He accordingly went on board as cabin-boy, and during two years was never told a second time to do any thing—always obeying at once. After two years, while the steamer was making her usual trip from one of the upper harbors of Lake Michigan to Chicago, she encountered a severe storm, sprung a leak, and was sinking. Efforts were made to relieve the steamer by throwing overboard the cargo of fruit; but that proved of no avail; the water, gaining on the pumps, put out the fires. The captain notified the passengers and crew that it was impossible to save the vessel, and that they must get ready to go into the water.

The pilots left the pilot-house. The captain urged them to return to the wheel, remarking that if the vessel was kept straightened out she might be kept afloat until a sail came in sight. Still they refused to go. They were anxious, however, that some one should take the exposed and dangerous position at the wheel, and one of them mentioned to the captain that Dick, the cabin-boy, could steer the vessel, and suggested that he be sent. The boy, during the two years he had been on board, had often been in the pilot-house, and had learned to steer the vessel very well. This fact was well known to the captain, yet he pleaded with the pilots to return to the wheel, which they positively refused to do. Then turning to Dick, the captain asked him if he would not go into the pilot-house and steer the vessel, saying they might possibly keep her afloat until a sail came in sight, and thus all would be saved?

Little Dick heard the request, and knew what the pilot said about the exposed situation if the vessel sank. He replied promptly, "Yes, captain, I will go. Now, Captain, the company owes me two months' pay, $18, and there are two suits of clothes back in the office. My mother needs the money, and the clothing will be of service to my brother at home. If I am lost, Captain, and you are saved, will you

not send the money to my mother and the clothing to my brother ?"

Without a moment's hesitation he entered the pilot-house, took hold of the wheel, and with his greatest strength straightened the vessel and kept her afloat for three hours, until another vessel came within three hundred yards of them, when, like a stone, down she went. It was supposed every body was picked up and taken on the other vessel. The captains congratulated one another as each came on board, saying, "All are saved." Finally he met one of the pilots and asked whether all were saved? "No," said the pilot, the tears starting from his eyes, "Captain, Dick is lost; I saw him when the vessel went down; he never left the wheel."

The captain expressed great regret for the lost boy, and on arriving in port published abroad the story of the splendid conduct of little Dick. The money was sent to his mother, as promised, and the clothing to his brother. Dick's pay was doubled and paid regularly to his mother. When the vessel went to pieces his body came ashore, and they gave him a splendid funeral, and buried him on the lakeshore. There is to-day over his grave a beautiful monument, with this inscription: "Little Dick, the Lake Michigan cabin-boy, who would rather die than disobey."

Some will say that obedience cost him his life. That is true. But life is short at best; the old and the young alike are taken. But this little boy hero died at the post of duty. He was certainly one of the pure in heart. The Lord said blessed are such, for they shall see God; perhaps before death. I am convinced that the truly good boy or girl who is strictly obedient, when called to die, is sometimes favored with a vision of the heavenly mansion.

When I was a youth of sixteen I was watching at the bedside of a five-year-old girl, whose mother, a good Christian woman, died a few months before. For several days the

child remained unconscious. At last, one night after midnight, she suddenly opened her eyes, and with an expression full of intelligence, clasped her little hands and spoke in the most emphatic manner, saying, "I see mamma; I see mamma!" A moment later the spirit that gave such overwhelming proof of the heavenly vision, left the little body. Her sorrowing father, though not a Christian, was outspoken in acknowledging the vision given to his only child in that moment of passing from earth to heaven.

THE INFIDEL.

Next to the assassin, the libertine, and the author of obscene literature, is the open and avowed champion of infidelity. Though some so-called professors of Christianity are guilty of high crimes, and disgrace themselves, it does not necessarily follow that their conduct disgraces Christianity, any more than a counterfeit coin lying side by side with pure gold and silver tarnishes or lessens the value of the genuine.

It would seem that the so-called infidels, after reading the thrilling accounts of daily murders, assassinations, and cruelties practiced by unprincipled men on inoffensive women and children, or of the vile seducer, would feel rebuked, and especially after the mention of the incidents given in the address at the ninth anniversary Christmas festival to the newsboys of Louisville, New Albany, and Jeffersonville. The incidents I refer to are, "The boy in Canada, who, after asserting in the most emphatic manner to the policemen that he had not stolen the watch, fell dead in the street, and a moment later the watch was found on his person;" or "The boy on a railroad train, who, after rudely imitating a deaf and dumb man sitting beside him, suddenly discovered his voice gone;" or

"The well-to-do farmer in Western Kentucky, proverbial as an avowed infidel, who recklessly boasted that for the loss of his three years' crops he had determined to curse God; and after pronouncing a curse for three separate years, was struck dumb and died in a fews hours;" or "The youth in Pennsylvania, who, during a thunder-storm, was cautioned against the use of heaven-defying expressions of profanity." The rebuke was not only utterly disregarded, but to enforce the air of defiance he had assumed, the profane wretch deliberately, suiting actions to words, went into an adjoining field and took a position on a hay-stack to curse God, amid the flash of the lightning and the thunder's roar. A few moments later he appeared among his companions, boasting of having cursed God and of suffering no inconvenience except the sting of an insect on his face. It seemed the avenging hand of the Deity had withheld the quick thunder-bolt as a punishment—perhaps to furnish a more lasting rebuke to the man's friends, by giving the wicked profaner only time to tell others what he had done. The sting of the unseen insect was then followed immediately by an agonizing pain in his head and a rapid swelling, and a few hours later his body was a blackened corpse.

It is indeed high time for Christians to use candor in dealing with infidels. No fact is shown forth more plainly than the certain fulfillment of the curse of God for the willful breaking of his commandments, especially the third, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that takes his name in vain."

Just here I think I may mention with profit one or two incidents of a personal character, as confirming the necessity of a prompt and fearless rebuke of outspoken infidelity.

I once called to see a professional man, who soon introduced the subject of infidelity, taking up from the table before him a work by the infidel Thomas Paine, then following it with a work by Robert G. Ingersoll, he urged my attention

to both books. The man was an intimate acquaintance of mine, and his wife an earnest Christian lady, a member of the church to which I belong. After pausing a moment in astonishment, I said, "Is not your wife a Christian? And have you not full confidence in what she says upon the subject of religion? and of her conduct as a wife and mother? and is it not a fact that, by accepting the testimony and teachings of these infidels, you refuse to believe your wife in regard to the existence of the true and living God? Not only this, but you ridicule her example before your children; and you declare her profession and that of her Christian associates superstition and folly." It was enough. A thunder-clap from a clear sky could not have startled the professional man more completely. He relinquished his hold on the book, begged pardon, and became a seeker of Christianity. Not many days after, he renounced infidelity and made a public profession of religion, and since then has been, as I think, an earnest Christian, as zealous in his advocacy of Christianity as he was in his former silly belief in the writings of Paine and Ingersoll.

An incident equally forcible, and confirming the necessity of meeting the infidel with a firm, outspoken defense of religion, came to the notice of the writer only a few months ago. On that occasion business called me to a town in Kentucky, where I suddenly found myself in the presence of several infidels and scoffers of Christianity. Though all clever men, one, a little bolder than the rest, addressed me in much the same manner as the professional man just mentioned. I at once asked him if he were a man of family. He replied, "I have a wife and children; my wife is a Christian." I then applied the same remarks as in the case of the professional man, "Have you not entire confidence in your wife?" and followed it with a brief reference to the providential visitations on the two boys, and of the youth who from the hay-stack openly defied God. The look of astonishment on the face of each I

shall never forget. They were hushed to profound silence, and consented to read an article explanatory of Christianity.

I also call the attention of the professional infidel to the following incidents: The reckless conduct of the boys who robbed Gardner, the poor young man, and then in the most cruel manner lashed him to the cattle-guard, where an hour later the lightning-express on the J., M. & I. R. R. mangled him so badly that he died next day; and to the highly dramatic and tragic incident of which I was a witness, and which occurred only a few months since. I refer to the execution of Anderson in the jail-yard in Louisville. While intoxicated he cut the throat of his amiable and unoffending wife. A warm friendship for his oldest son, whom I had known as a newsboy for several years, won for the helpless children my warmest sympathy. After his trial and conviction, his faithful counsel, with little hope of pecuniary reward, sought a new trial and executive clemency, but to no purpose. The crime was considered so revolting that the law was left to take its course. I was one of the few private citizens granted permission to witness the hanging. On the fatal day, while on my way to the place of execution, I came suddenly up to the six children of the family, huddling together on the sidewalk, at the corner of Seventh and Green streets. Their deep grief can better be imagined than described. They gathered about me as if to implore some consolation, which I felt powerless to give. The oldest daughter, holding by the hand two younger children, said, "Mr. Hogeland, there is no hope for poor father. We have just come from the prison, and he bid us a last farewell, kissing us, and said, 'Go back to the house; my body will be there in a few moments.' Oh! what will become of us? Father was not a bad man. Whisky did it! whisky did it!" I hastened to the jail, where the preliminaries for the execution were in progress. The condemned man was on the scaffold, with hands pinioned and the fatal rope about his neck.

He had expressed a wish to give the signal for the drop to fall. The cap was drawn over his face, and, as agreed upon, he dropped the handkerchief. An hour later I saw his desolate children weeping over the lifeless form of one who, but for liquor, might, with the loved mother and wife he had slain, have been spared years of happy domestic peace and comfort in a household that was then the picture of desolation and wretchedness. No artist, however talented, and no dramatic actor, however renowned or skilled in his profession, can conceive a subject for the canvas or the stage that will be so full of anguish and horror as the afflicted family of poor Anderson, whose only consolation in deep distress is their trust in the Redeemer of mankind.

These so-called infidels can, and do, furnish a reason for every thing they do, except why they refuse to embrace Christianity. In their attacks on religion they rely mainly on the follies and failings of professing Christians—questions which are of no importance to them in their salvation, since religion is strictly an individual matter between the Maker and themselves, the same as between the minister and his Creator. Christ died not for one, but for all mankind; and each must render an account for himself, individually. I say, shame on infidelity and the infidels! If one is an infidel or entertains such a monstrous and cruel belief, which unsettles the minds of men, then, in humanity's name, say nothing about it, but treat it as you would the introduction of any doubtful writing or obscene literature.

STORY OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER.

Forty years ago a terrific storm prevailed off Charleston, South Carolina. The oldest inhabitants were filled with anxiety for the crews of ships that might be seeking a harbor.

Wild sea-fowls came screaming to the coast, in search of rest. How soon, alas! were the worst fears realized. At midnight there was heard the boom of a cannon—the signal of a ship in distress. Then, above the spray and gloom that obscured the light-house, were seen rockets. These, following the rapid firing of the cannon, gave unmistakable proof of a vessel in distress. The sympathizing friends could render the perishing ship's crew no assistance. Gradually the cannon ceased firing, and they no longer saw the bursting rockets. Daylight came, and with it the fury of the storm ceased. For six miles along Charleston harbor the coast was strewn with dead bodies of the passengers and crew of a popular ship. Two hundred and fifty persons found a watery grave. There was no one left to tell the tale of that mournful disaster.

Thirty years after, the keeper of the light-house found himself on a dying-bed. A confession followed, and in it was this statement: "The night of the great storm, thirty years ago, I was drunk, and there was no light in the light-house, though I said there was. That was my first and last spree. It cost the precious lives of two hundred and fifty human beings, and I have lived with a lie in my mouth for thirty years."

Alas! for King Alcohol. Boys, keep sober!

DEFENDING HIS MOTHER.

I asked a boy in Newark, New Jersey, to black my boots; and observing his eyes were blackened, I said, "You have been fighting." He replied, "No, I haint been fightin'." "Then how did you get those blackened eyes?" Tears followed one another down the pale, thin face; a struggle was going on in his little breast as to what to say. "Tell me the

truth, my little man," said I. He replied, "You see, mister, my father is a drinking man; last week he came home intoxicated and began beatin' my mother. I took her part, and then father gave me a beatin'." He threw off his little garments, and from his neck to his waist he was black and blue. Then, with the hot tears still trickling down his face, he said, "Do you think, mister, I would let a boy whip me like that? Never; no, never!"

My boots were shined up, and off went the little boy to mingle with the street gamins, and take his chance on being a good boy, and, further along, a good man.

THEY DRINK AND SHOOT.

A few days ago, while in Western Kentucky, a young man related to me the following story: "Four years ago a public egg-nog was given in our town; two boys of fifteen years respectively, raised together and dearly loving each other, came along and were induced to drink several times. While intoxicated a pistol was given to one of them, with which, my informant said, his brother (one of those boys) shot his companion, little Dick Heifer, who died instantly. 'O, sir, the trouble that that egg-nog cost our family! My brother, at that time a sprightly youth, has grown duller and duller, until his mind is almost a blank.'"

"If you think this will help bring some poor wanderer back, take it and use it."

GARDNER TIED TO A RAILROAD-TRACK.

I am frequently called upon to give incidents illustrative of the old adage, "Idleness is the parent of vice." This can best be done by giving some practical illustrations. I will refer to the three thoughtless youths who some years ago, ten miles north of Jeffersonville, on the Jeffersonville, Madison, & Indianapolis Railroad, caught a young man, on a stormy night, and robbed him of all his money: after which they tied him to the railroad-track, though he begged piteously for his life. The midnight express ran over him, cutting off one foot. The next morning he was picked up and brought to Jeffersonville. Physicians were called in, and after giving him brandy, he revived and told the story of the three boys who caught him on the night before on the railroad, and after taking his money tied him to a cattle-guard. He then died. The perpetration of this piece of unheard-of cruelty was traced to three boys who lived in the neighborhood of the cattle-guard; and who now occupy cells in the state-prison, with "life-time term" over their doors, all for yielding to temptation. The boys met young Gardner casually, in a country store at a late hour, before catching him at the cattle-guard. One of them had seen a five-dollar bill drop from his pocket-book to the floor, and whispered to the others to go in advance and catch him at the cattle-guard. The proposition was at first rejected; but when urged again the others yielded, falling victims to a momentary temptation that cost them their liberty for life and the disgrace of themselves and their families. I can say only, "Yield not to temptation."

PROUD NEPHEWS AND NIECES, OR THE WILL OF THE RICH CALIFORNIA UNCLE.

All the grown-up people, and some of my little readers, are familiar with the story of the discovery of gold in California just at the close of the war with Mexico, in 1849, by Captain Sutter, who built a saw-mill, and while digging the race saw particles of glittering sand which, upon examination, proved to be gold; and as soon as the news reached the States many thousands of persons started in search of the precious metal. Some went by land, while others took steamships and went by the ocean. One of the outfits for the overland journey, which consisted of a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, was owned and driven by a young man who left his home and a large circle of relatives. He was very industrious, highly esteemed, and amassed quite a fortune. He never married, and after an absence of twenty-five years determined to visit the town of his youth and manhood. When he appeared he was dressed in plain home-spun clothing, though (as some say) queer and odd-looking. A foolish notion of pride it seems filled the minds of his several nephews and nieces; namely, that uncle was queer and odd-looking, though really quite sensible, intelligent, and interesting in conversation. This shyness and neglect on their part was a source of grief to the old uncle, and greatly wounded his feelings, especially as they were too proud to appear with him in company. There was one nephew, however, who was not troubled with the silly notions of pride, and this one used his utmost to render the uncle's visit as pleasant as possible, and when taking his departure for his home this devoted young nephew gladdened the heart of his uncle by accompanying him part of the journey. Well, six years later there came a telegram to this dutiful, loving nephew, notifying him of his

uncle's illness. This was followed by a second dispatch from an attorney, announcing the uncle's death, and the opening of his will, leaving his fine estate to the good young relative, who was thus promptly rewarded for his love and affection. The news of the will, among the other relatives, made by their uncle, and leaving them no part of his estate, was a crushing rebuke to the silly neglect of him on the occasion of his visit six years before.

ANOTHER BOY ROBS THE MAIL.

I was in the United States Marshal's office at Louisville on one occasion, when I noticed a boy of some fifteen years charged with being a mail-robber. He briefly told the story: A week before, he started one morning on his daily ride of forty miles through the country to another town, making the return trip next day. "Tell me just what you did," I said, and he replied, "That cold morning, after riding twelve miles, I felt strangely impressed that I should rob the mail. So I got out my knife, cut open the bag, and took out a few letters, which I placed under a rock near the roadside; then remounting my horse, I went on to the station and delivered the mail. When asked who cut open the mail-bag, I said I did, and returned next day and pointed out the missing letters. I am here to be tried." These were the facts. I asked him if he drank. "No," said he, "I do not; but that morning, being very cold, the landlord said I must take a toddy to keep me from freezing. That was the only time I ever drank."

I was satisfied in a moment that that glass of liquor made the boy a mail-robber. I suggested to the marshal that the boy ought to be sent to the House of Refuge. In a moment he sprang to his feet, threw his arms around my neck, and

shouted, "Take me to the House of Refuge," repeating the request in the most emphatic manner, and crying bitterly, saying, "My mother is a widow, and if I am imprisoned it will break her heart." It was evident that the glass of liquor had made the boy a mail-robber, and I was determined, if possible, to get him consigned to the House of Refuge. I conferred with the judge, who decided to place the boy in the House of of Refuge. The boy was delighted with the result, and the mother was pleased on receiving letters from her son, who fell under one drink of whisky, telling her that he was contented and happy, and was learning a trade. On one occasion, while listening to the singing of some popular airs by the House of Refuge choir, I expressed my delight at the music, and especially with one voice which was superior to the others, and was not a little surprised and pleased to be informed that the boy referred to was the one charged with robbing the mail, and in whose case I was an humble instrument in rescuing him from a life of shame.

THE BOY PRISONER IN THE UNITED STATES COURT.

Some years ago a case was called in the United States District Court at Nashville, Tenn., Judge Trigg presiding. The prisoner was asked, as usual in criminal cases, to stand up and make his plea of "guilty or not guilty." If guilty, the judge had only to pronounce the sentence. If not, then the jury were to dispose of the case on the evidence.

A mere boy appeared in this case, charged with robbing the mail. On being told that the boy was only fifteen years old, the humane judge asked if this was his first offense. The boy replied that it was. His youthful appearance and really intelligent face impressed the judge, and he determined to

give him his liberty. In a firm and decided tone he said to the jury that his court was not to try children. He then directed the United States Attorney to enter a dismissal, and requested that a collection be taken up for the boy's benefit, heading the list with five dollars. Forty dollars were raised, and the United States Marshal was ordered to buy him a suit of clothes and a ticket to his home. The boy wept for joy over his unexpected good fortune, as did every one present, including the good judge himself. It was a good missionary sermon.

A PLEA FOR GIRLS—WOMEN BETTER THAN MEN.

One reason why I am so deeply interested in saving boys is, that I am convinced that if the same course observed in training girls with home influence and home restraint were observed with boys it would result in lessening crime fully fifty per cent. It will require but a moment to prove this. In the state-prisons throughout the country only a small percentage of the inmates are females. A recent visit to the Kentucky state-prison revealed the fact that out of six hundred and fifty prisoners only twenty were females. A like showing is made by the two Indiana prisons. Of fourteen hundred convicts only fifty are females. This rate of excess in crime among males over females is accounted for in but one way. The girls, by a fixed rule of society and home restraint, are kept with their mothers, and are continually occupied in household duties. The motto, "A busy hand and mind, a happy and contented child, and a long life; an idle hand and mind, the promoter of crime and an early death." The boys of many families roam the streets early and late, away from home restraint. They fall victims to vicious habits and prac-

tices, and thus go rapidly to swell the army of criminals in our prisons. It is fashionable for boys to visit saloons and gambling houses, while girls, with rare exceptions, are never seen there.

THE BOY WHO RAN OFF WITH A CIRCUS.

Many boys when not profitably employed grow dissatisfied with home restraint and long for a chance to rid themselves of what proves to be only imaginary evils.

Charles Wilson, whose case we are about to consider, was one of this class. He lived with his widowed mother on a small farm near the city of Terre Haute, Indiana. Five years ago his mother sent him to the city with marketing. On arriving in town the circus of Hemming & Cooper was parading the principal streets. The long procession of richly-painted dens and cages of animals, preceded by elephants and camels and followed by circus-riders mounted on prancing horses, and a pretty little girl's carriage drawn by Shetland ponies, was a scene that completely captivated the farm-boy, and for once in his life he resolved to be a showman, no matter what the cost. The eggs and butter belonging to his mother were soon disposed of, and Charley, after riding to the city limits, dismounted, threw the reins over his horse's neck, and sent him galloping toward home. He then turned and left with the circus, which he continued to follow until its arrival at Henderson, Kentucky, when, to his surprise, he did not get a chance to learn to be a circus-rider, as he desired, but received only kicks and cuffs. Thinly clad, broken in spirit and in health, he longed to get back to his home on the farm in Indiana. While thinking how much happier he once had been at home with his poor mother, the steamer Mary Houston, bound from New Orleans to Louisville, came into port. Poor

Charley lost no time in getting aboard and concealing himself among the freight, where a few hours later, he was detected, when he made the statement given above. Compassion for the boy in his romantic and sorrowful condition won the sympathy of the deck-hands of the steamer; and two days later, after sharing their coarse rations, he found himself on the streets of Louisville, pinched with hunger, yet fearing to beg. At a late hour on the following night he was found trying to force an entrance into the kitchen of a Fourth-street merchant. A prompt confession of his adventure with the circus, and an expressed desire to get back home, secured the favor of the merchant, who kindly fed and sheltered him until the next day, when he brought Charley to my office and urged me to use my best offices to put him on the road homeward. This I did, procuring a railroad ticket for him, first giving him a suit of clothes from the newsboys' wardrobe. The boy of tender years, and equally tender feelings, seemed thoroughly penitent, and after eating a hearty meal at the expense of a new made friend, he was put on the cars to go back to his home. The chief complaint of poor Charley, like all boys who take the same risk, was the grief that his long absence would necessarily cause his mother. With piteous moans and tearful penitence he testified his sincerity, and, with expressions of regret on his part and promises to go home and be a good boy, I bade him good-bye as the train moved out of Fourteenth-street station, which was the last seen or heard of that boy.

The public is familiar with the case of a son and daughter of a farmer residing in Arkansas. The story, briefly told, is: The parents were at fault. A family named Wallace traveled a distance of one hundred miles to Little Rock, taking their two children, a girl of seventeen and a boy of fifteen, to see a circus.

After the performance closed the children were missing.

They were advertised far and wide, and search was made, but all trace of them was entirely lost. Several days later the grief-stricken parents left for home. After a lapse of a year word came to Little Rock that the children were in New Orleans, and a few days later they arrived in Little Rock. It is the same sad story of "yielding to temptation," and, once from home, they could not muster courage enough to go back. Finally, sick and feeble, they tell the old story, and through sympathy alone are passed along. Being of an industrious turn of mind, the girl assuming male attire, they hired themselves out as day-laborers, but soon secured employment on a gulf-steamer plying between New Orleans and Galveston, Texas. The last heard of them they were awaiting the arrival of their father at Little Rock, weary, sad, and heart-sick to see their parents, of whose generosity, though misguided judgment, they had taken advantage and, like Charley Wilson, ran off with the circus.

I feel like expressing myself in the words of another, and beg the young every where to use them as a motto, "Oh God, make an unguarded youth the object of thy tenderest care."

KILL RUDENESS WITH KINDNESS.

Meeting a rough-looking boy of fourteen years, one day, I ventured to ask him several questions in rapid succession, which were designed for his own good, but received only insolent replies. It seemed a race between the boy and myself —I to find the rough cord in his nature that would vibrate in politeness, and he to play "sharp" and "smart." He had gotten fully twenty paces past me, when I finally said, "How would you like to get a job?" Wheeling about instantly, he came up to me and said, in a subdued and gentle tone, "Please,

Mister, excuse my rudeness. I would really like to get work. We are very poor, mother is sick and father is out of work." I gave him the name of a man who was in need of a boy. I have met him often since then, and he is now uniformly kind.

If you would have friends, show yourself friendly.

A FATAL DISPATCH.

"THAT TELEGRAM; IT 'S MY DEATH-WARRANT."

It is now ten years since I called to see a certain prominent business man of Louisville. It was ten o'clock in the morning when a servant answered the call of his door-bell, and in reply to my wish to meet Mr. H. she informed me that the gentleman could not be seen. The nature of my business made seeing him absolutely imperative, and I so informed the servant to state. A second message came, urging a desire to be excused; but as a number of prominent business men were interested in my seeing him in a matter involving a large sum of money, I again insisted on meeting him for a moment only, and especially as sickness was not urged as a reason for declining an interview. This time the servant showed me into the parlor, and a moment later I saw in the farther end of the dimly-lighted room the form of a man, who arose and came toward me with his hat in one hand and what appeared to be a letter in the other. I was kindly received; but then followed one of the saddest and most heart-sickening recitals it has ever been my lot to hear. "You must excuse me, Mr. Hogeland, for sending you word that I could not see you. Here is my apology," calling attention to the letter. "This is a telegram from my only son. He has murdered a man, and wants me to come and save his life." Tears filled his eyes as, pointing to his richly-furnished house and elegant paintings,

he referred to his great wealth and fine social standing, adding, "Mr. Hogeland, I would rather live in a cabin on the frontier, away from all society, than had this occur. This telegram is my death-warrant. I believe it will kill me." I left, after a few words expressing sympathy, and regarding my intrusion at that moment of grief as far more deplorable than any ordinary affliction. As is so often the case, habits of dissipation and bad company led to this unfortunate end. Two or three casual meetings during the year followed this sad meeting, and each time, with a sigh, the unhappy man would say, "O that telegram! I told you it would prove my death-warrant." Scarcely two years had passed ere I witnessed the funeral procession of this man, who died, his friends say, "of a broken heart." The profligate son died five years later in the deepest poverty and disgrace, having squandered his fortune.

While there is a strong color of the dramatic about this mournful story, it is, nevertheless, true in every particular.

WHO TO IMITATE—MEN ARE WATCHING YOU.

It is a fact that men are constantly looking for boys of good habits. I will illustrate this idea by giving an account of a few boys, where in each case some act, seemingly trivial, was the means of bringing them to notice. Some thirty years ago, in Michigan, a man and his wife died, leaving a ten-year-old boy, who was kindly taken to raise by a neighbor. One day another neighbor called at the home of the person who was rearing the boy, and while conversing, the boy was seen coming out of the kitchen, near by, with a hatchet and some nails, and, going directly to the fence, he began nailing on some broken-down palings. The visitor happening to notice

the boy, and knowing that the farmer had no children of his own, inquired, "Who is that boy?" He was told he was the son of a deceased neighbor. He said, "Did you tell him to nail on those palings?" "No, I did not," replied the farmer. "He is a model boy, and is constantly on the look out to see what there is to be done, and seems as thoughtful as a man. He gets up in the morning without being called, dresses, washes his hands and face, builds a fire in the kitchen, puts on the tea-kettle, and then brings the cows from the pasture; and all, too, without being told. The neighbor expressed his admiration at this representation of the boy's habits of industry, and, wishing to encourage him, promised to send him a bee-hive. The next morning the hired man appeared with the bees. Little Jim, for such was his name, expressed great delight upon receiving the present.

Many years have passed since the incident, and to-day the second largest bee-grower in the United States, and the second richest man in Michigan, is that once poor boy.

Many years ago, in New Orleans, an Irish boy applied to the owner of a flat-boat for a situation. In reply to a question, the boy said he was used to plain work; and was accordingly employed. The owner, on returning from dinner, found the lad at work, and playfully remarked, "Are you not getting hungry?" The boy replied, "And sure I ought to be getting hungry, for I have eaten nothing since I came off the ship, two days ago." The captain inquired at once why he had not informed him of that fact on going to work. He replied, "I feared you would think I only wanted a meal and would then skip out, and so I thought I would show you that I was willing to work first." The owner expressed his delight with this excellent trait of character, and bade Pat go into the little cabin below and get his dinner. Ten days with the boy served only to strengthen the boat-owner's good opinion of him. Wishing to send his wife five hundred dollars he

intrusted the money to the keeping of the boy, and, placing him on a steamer leaving New Orleans for Louisville, directed him to take it to his wife at Leavenworth, Indiana, where the family lived on a farm. In those days four weeks were required to make the trip up and back. When the merchants on the levee heard that the captain had given the Irish boy five hundred dollars to carry to his family they expressed surprise that the flat-boat owner should trust a mere boy, and that, too, on so short an acquaintance, with so *much* money. The captain, however, expressed his confidence in the boy's honesty. Nearly a month after the steamer left New Orleans the captain received a letter from his wife, saying, "The boy, Pat Tobin, arrived five days ago and gave me the five hundred dollars you sent. I put him to work. He rises early, feeds the stock and cuts wood. I like him very much. What shall I do with him?" The captain wrote back to his wife, "Keep that boy by all means."

Forty years have passed since that boy gave such beautiful proof of honesty and integrity; and within a comparatively short time the heaviest owner of steamboat stock on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers was Captain Pat. Tobin. Having been a good boy, Tobin became a good man.

A gentleman one day remarked to me, "You have so many good things about boys, can you not mention something equally interesting in the life of girls?" "Yes," I replied. "You may take the Lynch family, living in a town in Indiana. The father and mother died within a week of each other, and left a small encumbered estate and a helpless family of children—the eldest being Mary, a girl of seventeen years. The court appointed an administrator; and a month later Mary inquired what was to be done with her father's property. In reply, he said a good deal of money would be required to raise and school the family; there were some debts to be paid, and a house to furnish; to do which would leave

but little after they were all of age. Mary, being a thoughtful girl, then asked, 'Suppose you should not have to support the children and myself, how long would it require to pay off the debts, using all the rents?' This question startled the administrator, who, on seeing the wisdom of it, replied at once, 'Mary, if I could have all the rents of all the houses, including the one you live in, I could pay the estate's debts in two years' time, and turn over the property, free.' The girl decided at once, and replied, 'You shall be at no expense for my support nor for that of my brothers and sisters for two years.' She immediately rented a couple of small rooms and moved into them; put her brothers in stores; took in sewing, and did such light work as she could get. Good-paying tenants took the house. Only a few weeks ago the administrator notified Mary Lynch that all the debts were paid; and now she and her orphan brothers and sisters again occupy the old family residence. Her indomitable energy and pluck enabled the girl to save the fine estate of her deceased father. The people for miles around where Mary Lynch lives are full of expressions of praise for her good judgment and business management."

Some six years ago one of the leading manufacturers of Louisville was greatly depressed financially, and said to his wife that their expenses must be cut down in order to avoid the loss of their factory. There was a general consultation between the parents and their sixteen- and eighteen-year-old daughters. The eldest girl spoke up and said, "Father, if you will let the book-keeper go I will go into the office. I know I can manage that part of the business." That proved the turning point in that manufacturer's business. Six years have gone by, and the eldest girl proved a complete success. Three years ago she became the wife of a splendid business man; and the second daughter is now filling the place of the first. The two daughters, the father says, not only saved him

from bankruptcy, but they have added twenty thousand dollars to the estate by superior management as saleswomen, bookkeepers, cashiers, and correspondents.

A boy at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, begged a store-box from a merchant, and took it to pieces carefully, removing and preserving each nail. The merchant observing this trait of economy and care, offered the boy a situation as clerk. It is fifteen years since the occurrence, and that boy, now a man, is half owner of the store. That boy could stand watching.

"CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!"

One of the plans I have adopted to secure increased interest in my street-lectures and work among boys, is to show a familiarity with the boys.

As soon as I can get a dozen or more in a crowd, I propose *three cheers.* The question is asked, Where do you find these boys? Well, generally, after supper they appear on the street. These I meet, and explain that I am going to have an "open-air" meeting for boys, and ask their assistance in hunting up other boys. They readily consent, on the universal theory of self-interest, or it's "our meeting;" and dash off on the double-quick for others.

A few minutes will suffice to bring together a goodly number; to these I speak encouragingly. Then I mount a box, which they provide, placed in the street, directly in front of the stores. This done, I get some one to introduce me. I then address a few words to the boys, and propose "three cheers (as I tell them) for my success among poor boys." The proceeding is so unusual and unexpected that many at first hesitate, but others shout. I have seen some break and run at first, but after three cheers are given, I urge hearty

responses, and have more cheers. After this there is no longer any shyness, but each one shouts as loud as he can.

After giving half a dozen cheers, I get the boys of my audience in sympathy with me; and from that moment I have them captured, and there is no fear of interruption. It is noticeable that after thus rousing the audience, especially the children, I get their profound attention, listening in some cases for two hours. Strange to say, many of them remember my address, especially the most thrilling and practical part of the anecdotes and incidents given of boy- and girl-life.

This, I say, can be accounted for in no other way than by the cheering and my familiarity with them; and having roused every faculty of mind and memory, they take it in. The procedure of cheering is so unusual, and so little understood by grown people generally, that at first many of them discourage the plan, fearing that the effect of the cheering is to demoralize the children. But the attention I get from the children soon removes this fear.

The police force in several towns were reluctant to allow the cheering, but, after witnessing its beneficial effects, concurred in its efficacy to rouse increased interest and the fullest measure of attention on the part of both children and grown people. The chief of police at Mt. Sterling, Ky., after a few cheers had been given, objected to a repetition, on the ground that it had a tendency to demoralize. Enough cheering, however, had been indulged in to get the throng of boys in sympathy with me. So, mounting a store-box, I spoke earnestly for over an hour, with the closest attention from old and young, receiving the thanks of scores, who for the first time witnessed the novelty of a street-talk to children. I had even captured the chief of police; for on my return to Mt. Sterling, from Bath County, I was met by that officer and greeted most cordially. He added further that his own boys had heard the address, and were so intensely interested that on returning

home that night they seemed to remember nearly all I had said, and kept their mother up until midnight repeating my lecture.

This indorsement was especially grateful to my feelings, coming as it did from an officer of the law charged with the peace and order of the town. The excellent chief of police at Frankfort, Ky., where I spoke a few days later, also paid my visit and address to the boys at the capitol the highest possible compliment, adding, as did the chief of police at Mt. Sterling, that, so far as he knew, it was the most instructive address he had ever listened to for children and youth. Both wished me God-speed, and urged me to pay them another visit.

I will say that in my addresses I avoid indulging in any thing of a silly or frivolous character, or in the use of slang phrases. I deal only in stubborn facts—just what I have taught my hearers to believe. To make a point of telling incidents light and trivial would kindle the old spirit of frivolity, and all good impressions would be lost. It is my invariable custom to close with prayer, which is universally accepted. When I begin my talk I caution my audience that no expression of approval is expected.

A careful reading of the incidents in my book will attest more fully what a vast magazine of good there lies in the hearty, well-directed command, "Cheer, boys, cheer!" when done at the opportune moment.

I am frequently asked what rule I have in starting out in my addresses. I can not say I have any, except one thing I am careful to observe; and that is, to keep before my audience a line of incidents in the lives of persons on a plane below that of my hearers; and especially do I seek to work on the chord in human nature that vibrates to sympathy. This I generally do by bringing to the mind's eye the figure of some one in a position of distress or danger.

A case in point, in getting the attention of my audience, is the story entitled

THE LITTLE GIRL AT PITTSBURGH.

She was returning from school with her companions, when, a square off, she observed the form of her dissipated father prostrate on the sidewalk. Without a moment's hesitation she ran to him and placed her hands and apron over his face to prevent the neighbors' children from seeing who he was. When the children came up she met a slight taunt from them with, "Now go off, girls; you shall not see this man's face; he is as good as any body when he is sober." The children left their little companion alone with the poor drunkard. Two hours later he awoke, brushed the hands and apron from his face, and recognizing his little daughter, said, "Where am I? Mary, what are you doing here?" "Father," she said, "you had fallen on the sidewalk; the school-girls were passing; I saw you, and did n't wish them to see your face; so I ran to you and shielded your face from their sight; and I have been here two hours, keeping off the flies and sunlight."

It was an opportune moment. At that time the Francis Murphy temperance meetings were in progress. There, on the sidewalk, in a great city, little Mary asked her father if he would not sign the Murphy pledge. The promise was made, "Yes, daughter, I will." That night, in a crowded house, where a thousand hearts beat high, when signers were called for, a little girl in the back part of the house was observed pressing through the crowded aisle, leading a tall man. Reaching the secretary's desk, the frail creature said, "Here is my papa; he wants to sign the pledge." Encouraging words were spoken by Mr. Murphy, and a pen was handed to the father with which to write his name. But the father said, "Daughter, my hand trembles so I can not write; you write it for me, and, God helping me, I will keep it." The name was written by little Mary, and the pledge was kept.

From that day to this the father of little Mary has been one of the most active workers in the temperance cause in the country, making speeches and inducing thousands to sign the pledge.

That, I tell my audience, is the way little children preach. This I follow with "Mary Lynch," "The Bee Boy," "Andy Baum," and "Pat. Tobin"—in whose cases some beautiful incidents have already been given elsewhere in this book.

I will mention still another. It is a boy's sermon, and is known as "The Cobweb Story." A boy, after attending a new school a few days, was observed to laugh very immoderately. The teacher, in the most emphatic manner, demanded an explanation. The boy declined to explain; but the rudeness being so unusual, the teacher insisted, and threatened chastisement if the reason was not at once given. Finding an explanation necessary, the boy reluctantly made a show of compromise by proposing to explain on condition that he be not punished. The proposition accepted, the boy said, hesitatingly, "I was thinking"—the teacher all the while demanding a full statement, with the promise of exemption from punishment if the whole truth was given. "I was thinking," he began again, "if there were as many cobwebs under this seat as there are on the walls of this school-room, and I should get my feet tangled in them, whether there are boys enough in the school to pull me out in time for recess." It was a moment of suspense; the excited teacher held the switch uplifted to smite the boy. The lad evidently had the advantage. The carelessness of the teacher had allowed a perfect net-work of heavily-fringed cobwebs to gather on the walls and ceiling of the school-room. A glance of the erring boy and that of a hundred other chuckling lads had the effect to cool the teacher's passion, and his better judgment asserted itself. Though still smarting under the deserved rebuke, he called a couple of boys, gave them a piece of money, and

directed them to go buy a broom with which to sweep down the offending spiders—adding, "If ever another boy insults me in my own house I shall punish him in a manner in keeping with my high calling as an instructor of youth."

For years after, successive teachers and pupils remembered that day and incident. That boy, though now an old man, is yet referred to as the hero of "The Battle of the Cobwebs;" and that hot day in August is more fully remembered in that school-district than are the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg.

Some years ago I was invited to address a school, and as some startling incident seemed necessary to bring the audience in sympathy with my lecture, I began by relating this incident, when, to our confusion, as well as that of the kind-hearted principal of the school, there were evident signs of uneasiness, all on account of a display of cobwebs thickly set around the room. The teacher showed his good sense by an assumed air of indifference at the time, but the next day he said to me personally, "That story caused a sweeping down in my room," adding the further remark, that "If a man's carelessness in any station of life is rebuked, it is only getting a reward unlooked for but merited, and the punishment, though only a sacrifice of feeling, will serve as a warning to others."

The familiar story of grandpa being compelled to eat his meals from a wooden plate, is no less a child's powerful sermon.

WILLING TO PRAY.

A year since, early on Sunday, while in my room at Lexington, the porter announced a boy in waiting to see me. I responded by going down stairs; and there, on the sidewalk, a sorrow-faced boy of ten years asked me for a nickel. I in-

quired where he had met me before, and he replied, "At the street-meeting the night previous." Thinking to impress him more fully than by merely giving him a nickel, I took him to my room, where I applied soap and water, and replaced his ragged shirt with a clean one, little worn, from my supply; pinning up the sleeves and collar in the same way, and completing the cheap change with a white necktie. The boy's changed appearance on combing his hair was a complete surprise to himself, and an equally pleasant one to me; and then was the time to sow the good seed; and as he was about to take his departure, I asked him if he could pray, and he replied, "Yes." I then said, "If you will kneel with me I will offer a brief prayer, and then you may pray." On our bended knees that little boy followed me in the Lord's Prayer. It has seldom been my pleasure to witness a sad heart and face made glad at an expense amounting to less than the cost of the plainest meal. One hour later the little fellow sat at my side in a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of Lexington, and was an humble worshiper. I know of no better practical way of sowing good seed.

THE ADDRESS.

The newsboys' ninth annual Christmas-festival was given on December 26, 1881, at Hess's Restaurant, on Fifth Street, near Jefferson Street. By previous arrangement, the boys gathered at the evening prayer-meeting room, 243 Jefferson Street, at 1 o'clock P. M., to hear Col. Alexander Hogeland's address. Many of them in their anxiety to be on time reached the room just after noon, and while prayer-meeting was in session; the minister took advantage of the occasion and preached to them a sermon upon the "Prodigal Son," after which Mr.

Smythe sang in an impressive manner, "Where is My Wandering Boy, To-night." A request was then made that each boy who wished to be prayed for should hold up his hand. Every boy's hand went up.

Col. Hogeland delivered an address, which is printed below, and the assembly marched to the front entrance of the court-house, where tickets of admission to the dinner were distributed. One hundred and forty-nine boys followed a banner upon which was inscribed:

"OUR MOTTO: GOOD BOYS MAKE GOOD MEN,"

marched to the restaurant, where a dinner of many good things had been prepared for them. To say that these undisciplined, and to a very considerable extent untutored, boys sat down quietly and in perfect order, would be untrue. There was during the time of the dinner a regular babel of small voices, yet they were on their good behavior, and did better than is usual with boys.

In this collection of wild, noisy little street Arabs appeared the pretty, quiet face of the little newsgirl, Lizzie. She came in accompanied by her father, who also sells papers when his health will permit, and patiently waited until the lively party had finished eating, when she, with Col. Hogeland, Pat Murphy, the veteran newsboy, and several others, took dinner in a more orderly manner than at the first table. The occasion was altogether a pleasant success, and, judging by the execution made among the viands by each boy present, it was to them certainly a happy banquet. At the close of the dinner each boy, as he passed from the room, was presented with some nice fruit, a Christmas card, and a handsomely printed address. Mr. Murphy, the oldest and best known newsboy in the State, officiated in presenting the cards.

Col. Hogeland's address was as follows:

My Dear Boys: After giving thanks to the Lord for this pleasant Christmas dinner, I wish to say to you that I am greatly pleased with the expression of thoughts contained in your letter of acknowledgment for the kindness of good friends, and for the brave words of a firm resolve to make new efforts in trying to become good and useful men. I may, I think, venture to say, this assurance on your part, if carried out, is the only compensation your friends desire; and I know of no better time for turning a new leaf than on this Christmas day. Many a boy has, on just such an occasion as this, been stimulated to resolutions for a future course of life—industry, honesty, and high moral principles, that have proved to be the stepping-stones to a life of happiness to himself and great good to others.

YOUR STOCK IN TRADE.

You are daily speaking of your "stock in trade." That means a ready supply of the articles in the line of your business, so as to be able to fill all orders. The business men keep a stock sufficient to promptly meet the demand, and thus prevent a loss of customers. This same care applies to newsboys. Your stock in trade is the few cents in your pocket with which you buy papers from day to day. Some of the boys are careless about keeping up their stock of nickels and pennies. This habit grows on them; they become more careless, and finally drop out of the business. They grow up with the same careless habits. Having failed as newsboys, they are failures in every thing else. A few there are who never lose sight of their stock in trade. They are a success in every thing they undertake. Let it be the study of each boy to keep in his pocket sufficient money to pay for his daily supply of papers.

VICES TO AVOID.

I am also urged to caution you about the habit of tossing nickels and of buying five and ten-cent lottery tickets. These are vices which I beg you not to engage in, nor do you allow any person to see you in company with boys that do. Four boys for whom I obtained situations were rejected; and on inquiry, the business men said they had seen the same boys tossing nickels, and heard they were playing at lottery. They said they did not want such boys; they were of no account.

I want to further caution you to keep away from masked balls in beer-gardens. Several persons have told me that some of their apprentice boys had been enticed into attending masked balls made up of disreputable characters. The boys grew so careless and indifferent in their work that they lost not only good situations, but their good name also.

READ GOOD BOOKS.

Many good men say I must also caution you against the practice of reading novels, which only fill your minds with silly notions of romance, and beget desires that dwarf you mentally and physically. You should therefore make an effort to get access to some of the public libraries or the books of a friend; these will furnish you information of real value, and at once improve your mind.

You will also be greatly profited by attending the lectures at the Polytechnic Hall. Therefore I urge you to go, and give close attention to all that you hear. The information you get there is fresh and valuable, and the illustrations and experiments beautiful and interesting.

DO EVERY THING WELL.

Some people want to do some great big thing, or nothing at all; do one thing at a time, and the first that presents itself.

By way of illustration I will say, that a few years ago I was on the sea-shore, and had a conversation with a life-saver. I asked him how many lives he could save at a time; he replied, "One, of course."

It is important for boys to decide what trade they have talent for, and undertake to master it. I sometimes refer to a couple of boys that were office-boys in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Baltimore, who did n't object to making fires and sweeping out the office. After a month of this service they were sent to the draught-room; and but little was heard of them for twenty-five years. One was an American, the other a German. Thirty years after, the German boy (Albert Fink) became vice-president of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad; and he it is who built the great iron bridge at Louisville. Thatcher Perkins, the American boy, became a builder of locomotives and superintendent of machinery for the same company at the same time—each getting a salary of several thousand dollars a year. Both are highly esteemed and held in great honor by their acquaintances. Now, boys, I mention these examples of industry and success for your imitation. You may not all get to be railroad presidents or builders of engines, but the humblest mechanic or street-car driver is just as good as the richest and wisest man in the land. It is not money that makes the man, but behavior and energy. In a conversation a few days ago with a gentleman of experience, who works with children, he remarked that evidence goes to show that in well-regulated families, the same as in business firms or manufactories, each child, boy or girl, should be assigned some duty; and that by kindness discipline may be enforced. The rule holds good among newsboys. Keep your hands and face clean, hair nicely combed, and carry a tooth-brush. Boys of this class are being hunted up by business men, and are sure to get good places.

LEARN A TRADE.

The advantage of having some sort of a trade or profession is forcibly illustrated in the case of Houston, who, when a boy of sixteen, was a soldier in General Lee's army. The young soldier, on his way to Kentucky, reached a town in Middle Tennessee, hungry and foot-sore. He applied to a brick-mason for work, and was employed to carry brick and mortar. It seems the young rebel soldier had learned the mason's trade, and during dinner-hour, when the mason was absent, he went to laying brick. His employer on returning to work was surprised as well as pleased to find the youth a first-class mason. So, telling the boy that his work was so much better than his own that his compensation would be a dollar a day while the job lasted, the boss became hod-carrier, while young Huston laid the wall, making quite a sum of money before returning to Kentucky. His early habit of industry and his trade stood him well in hand, and he returned to Louisville in a first-class railroad train.

KEEP GOOD COMPANY.

I am glad to say that many of the newsboys of eight and ten years ago are doing very well. They are a credit to themselves and their families. Only a few that were so thoughtless as to remain in the streets and about saloons at night finally fell in with bad company and were sent to the House of Refuge. I therefore urge you to be careful of the company you keep. Do not forget that those boys are still our friends, and we must we must remember them in our prayers to the Lord.

The other day a friend of mine said, "I saw you shaking hands with a gambler!" I replied, "Of course you did;" and then he said, "Is not that fellow a miserable, wicked wretch?" I replied, "Yes, I suppose he is; but God's grace is for him as well as for me, and you can not reform bad peo-

ple by staying away from them." However highly we may think of ourselves, we are not justified in covering ourselves up in a cloak of self-righteousness and avoiding our fellow-men, though they be ever so poor. We are told in the Bible to love even our enemies.

GOD'S JUDGMENTS.

It is extremely rude and very wicked in boys or men to ridicule or make sport of the simple-minded, the lame, the deformed, or even intoxicated persons. Sometimes this class of thoughtless and wicked people is promptly punished by a sudden judgment from the Lord. I will mention a few cases:

A boy in Canada stole a watch. The police caught him. The boy stoutly denied having the watch; he was again accused, and again he denied it. Then, as if to make the strongest possible pledge of his innocence, he said to the police, "May God strike me dead if I have the watch." At that moment he fell dead, and the watch was found in his pocket.

Still another case, and one well authenticated too, was that of a boy on a railway train in Tennessee, who was returning from a visit to relatives in a distant part of the county. When within ten miles of his home, and while on the train, there sat near him a deaf and dumb man, whose efforts at trying to speak attracted the boy's attention, and he began in a thoughtless and reckless way to imitate the unfortunate, stammering man. In an instant he found his own speech gone, to the great consternation of himself and the surprise of the passengers about him. The station where his relatives met him was reached. The cordial welcome of kind friends was met with only a shake of the head. Arriving at the family residence he motioned for a slate and pencil and wrote, "On the train there was a deaf and dumb man. I made sport of him, and God, as a judgment, has taken away my voice."

Still another case was that of a well-to-do farmer in Western Kentucky, who had, from drought and other causes, lost three crops in succession. The man was proverbial for the use of profane language. In conversing with some of his neighbors that were expressing sympathy for him, he became angry, and said he was going to curse God; and did accordingly pronounce three separate and distinct curses on God for the loss of his crops for three years. On concluding this impious mockery, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and he died after eight hours of agony.

The account of the latter two cases I got from persons that know the circumstances. There are, however, living today people who can recall instances of like visitations of God's judgments on persons who have, for some willful defying of the majesty of the King of Heaven, met a fate they little expected, but which they richly merited.

Boys, do not have any thing to do with an infidel—especially when he is confirmed in his unbelief, or infidelity, and is giving public lectures ridiculing and teaching contempt for Christianity—except to pray for him. The speakers on infidelity are simply word-painters, perverting the talent that God gave them. They only differ from men that draw pictures for the pictorials and monthlies, in describing in words that which if the artist were to publish would bring him into the greatest contempt with all Christian nations. They wickedly abuse the talents given them to be used at will for the honor and glory of their Creator; nay, more, they curse their Maker with the breath he gave them.

DEAD NEWSBOYS OF 1881.

I have now to refer to a few deaths among the boys. I do so the more readily, as they serve to show that life is short, and that when we shall all die is only a matter of time. The

first of these was Fred. Fisher, who died on the eighth of January last. He was a bright and charming boy, well liked by all the newsboys and his acquaintances. I mentioned his name at the strawberry-festival in June last. He had saved thirty-three dollars from the sale of newspapers, and requested his father to take the money and pay his funeral expenses.

The next of these was little Jimmie Hart, who was the only son of a widow, and she was very poor. Jimmie's foot was crushed, and for a week, during the intense hot weather, his suffering was great. I persuaded his mother to send him to the City Hospital for treatment, where the physicians cut off the foot; but he finally died on May 13th, and was buried from the City Hospital. I was the only man present at the funeral except the undertaker. His death was a sad bereavement to his mother.

Again, in July, I attended the funeral of Robert Maxey, aged twelve years, who lived at 834 Grayson Street. The funeral was made up of the father and his two children, aged eight and ten years, the undertaker, and myself. The family is very poor and could n't go to much expense. The grave was dug outside of Cave Hill. It was quite sad to see a little newsboy that had shown great industry and struggled hard to support his father, a one-armed man, and his little brother and sister, buried in such an out-of-the-way place. You must not think, my dear boys, that it makes any difference in the care of our Heavenly Father as to where we are buried, whether it be in the blue waters of the great ocean, with its multitude of fish and beds of coral, or in our beautiful Cave Hill, so bright with Italian marble and granite monuments, dazzling evergreens and blooming flowers. No, boys, our Heavenly Father cares as much for the soul of little Robert as for the richest in the land, and will cause the moon and stars to shine there as brightly as if it rested under a monument of marble on the Cave Hill side of the fence. The thing of most importance

to us is to so live as to secure the favor of our Heavenly Father, and when the soul goes out of our body it is taken into his presence and into the company of the angels, where there are no storms, nor trouble, nor sickness.

These all remind us that life is uncertain. Only a few months ago four Louisville boys were killed by a stroke of lightning, and only a week since seven hundred persons perished in a burning theater in Vienna, Austria. I was a passenger on Train No. 2, on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, which ran into an open switch at Nolin Station, the 9th of September, 1881, and was wrecked, instantly killing the faithful engineer, John Slade; and Oscar Lilly, the twenty-year-old fireman, was so badly injured that he died the next day. It came like a flash, and was over in ten seconds. The heroic engineer had barely time to apply the brake when he met death instantly. His last act in applying the brake saved the lives of nearly all the passengers.

The important lesson these cases present is, the uncertainty and shortness of life. I may tell you how to be saved, but I have not the power to save you. I can not save you. Your own minister, no difference what he may be, can not save you. He can only explain to you the plan of salvation. God alone can pardon our sins the same as those of the entire human family; so we put our trust in him. There are two influences superior to us—that of the good and the evil spirit—good thoughts being prompted by the good spirit, and evil thoughts and desires by the evil spirit. We have the judgment to decide between the good and the bad, and the will to accept and obey either. The musical instrument gives no sound until its keys are touched by the performer. We only differ from it in possessing the power to grasp lines of thought and to express the same. To make it still plainer, I step to the telephone and call a friend miles away. You at once recog ize the voice, and the conversation is agreeable and pleasant, and you

are pleased. If it is not, you are grieved. So with the Holy Spirit; it is ever open and sensitive to our thoughts, be they good or bad. Man knows and recognizes the voice in the telephone as that of his friend. Equally so with the spirit. No matter where we are, the Spirit telephone is open on our mind. The great task or duty intrusted now to you and to me is the care of this acting, thinking principle, the soul, over which we act as protectorates during our short lives. Dying does not destroy the air we breathe, nor the loss of our sight in any manner affect the sun's light. And so with the thoughts of our mind; they are as much the production of an influence independent of us as is the light of the sun or the air we breathe. We did not create the air nor the light of the sun. At our will we regulate the quantity of air taken into the lungs, and shrink from excess of light or mourn its absence. And the same mind we use to regulate our speaking, eating, and drinking we use to regulate our thoughts and actions. It is as plain as day that there is in this body a principle known as the soul, but independent of the body; and though our bodies die, after death it still exists as fully as the air or the light of the sun.

Now, boys, I hand you cards of invitation, with the request that you preserve them carefully, and commit to memory our beautiful and forcible mottoes. The steel engraving on the outside represents a ship in the foreground, nearing a port of safety, while in the distance there hang dark clouds, giving only the faint outlines of another ship far out on the ocean, driven by the winds and waves. The picture is symbolical of the life before you. So seek, by good and useful lives, to fill the place of the ship that 's sailing, after a long and stormy voyage, into a good and safe harbor.

With many thanks for the patience you have shown, I wish you all a

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WHIRLWINDS OF ADVERSITY—A GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER AND THE SON OF A JUDGE.

It is the height of folly for any one, no matter what his social position may be, to claim exemption from adversity, except in dependence on the Lord. For the purpose of illustration, no case will serve better than the following:

Only yesterday, on entering the rooms of the Newsboys' Association, I found in waiting a woman whom I recognized as the mother of two of our newsboys, and where, as in multitudes of families, the wholesome law of home restraint had been sadly neglected. The mother at once called my attention to a telegram from a relative in a distant city, saying, her two truant sons were there—one of whom was thought to be fatally sick. She then begged me to secure her a railroad pass, that she might go to his bedside, with which I complied. But how marked the change in her social position! Only a few years since, that mother, the daughter of a well-known ex-governor, graced the parlors of the governor's mansion of a leading Western State. She now finds shelter in two rooms of a rickety tenement in Louisville—a fate common to the poorer classes.

Two years since, a bootblack, at the L., C. & L. R. R. depot, was crying, "Shine your boots, sir?" The delayed train secured him as customers half a dozen members elect of the legislature. The work of shining finished, they seemed quite pleased with their casually picked-up bootblack acquaintance. "Your name?" said one of the State's law-makers. It was given promptly. "What!" said the six representatives, in a chorus, "the son of the lately deceased Judge of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky?" "Yes," said the boy, "he was my father." "And where is your mother?" promptly inquired another of the company. "She lives in a poor

tenement down in the alley." Respect for the memory of our formerly distinguished judge, who was held in high esteem, and a desire to aid them, secured for the boy a proffer of the position of page in the General Assembly of the State at Frankfort.

Early habits of industry and self-reliance implanted in children is the best remedy to suggest in providing against misfortunes.

A UNION SOLDIER SEES THE AMERICAN FLAG, AND DIES SMILING.

It was my privilege to serve in the Union army in the war of the rebellion, and I was one of thousands of Union soldiers who fell into the hands of the Confederates. In due course of time, with several thousand other prisoners of war, I was taken from Libby Prison and sent to Aikin's Landing, twelve miles distant from the city of Richmond, on the James River. It was on a September day in 1862. As one company after another of the soldiers passed the brow of the hill and caught sight of the Union flag flying from the steamers, plainly visible a mile distant over the plain, cheers, long and loud, followed each other, making the welkin ring. Many were so overjoyed at the sight of the stars and stripes that they shouted themselves hoarse, while others, feeble from disease and long confinement, gave evidence of their great joy. One case, causing unusual remark, was that of an invalid Union soldier who was being carried on the shoulders of his comrades to the beach. When within a hundred feet of the vessel that was to carry him home he caught a view of the star-spangled banner, and, although unable to speak, he waved his hand and smiled in recognition, and in an instant later breathed his last. It was conceded by those who were pres-

ent that his death was the result of excessive joy on beholding his country's flag. Many of his companions, who had shared with him the deprivation and hardships of camp- and prison-life, testified their devotion in tears of real affection.

HER SIGHT RESTORED, AND SHOUTING FOR JOY.

The following is an incident illustrating, in a forcible way, the appreciation of the eye-sight after the loss of it for a time:

It is now three years since Alice Johnson, residing in Jessamine County, Kentucky, was placed in the Kentucky Infirmary, with faint hopes of recovering her eye-sight, which seemed totally gone. For many weeks the unfortunate girl was compelled to remain within a deeply-curtained room, cutting her off from all approaches to the light of day, which for many months had been only a source of excruciating pain to her. Daily attempts to endure the light continued to be made through months, but were only disappointments. The prospect of ever again seeing the faces of loved ones appeared hopeless; but relief finally came. On a sudden, there was a deep fall of snow.

The dawn of day and a clear, bright sky were followed by the sun's bright rays, and the light rendered more intense by the deep fall of snow during one night. The matron and nurses were suddenly startled by piercing screams that came from the room of little Alice, and ran at once to ascertain the cause of demonstrations so unusual. It was soon explained; a favorable change had come, and Alice, in making the usual test by removing the curtain, discovered the trees, shrubbery, and fountains in the park, and without pain to her eyes. So delighted was she that she began screaming with joy, "I see

light! I see light! and it do n't hurt my eyes!" and in other ways gave expressions of her intense joy.

And now, my young readers, the Lord has intrusted each of you with the temporary guardianship of your faculties of mind and body, and you should take special care to guard your health by avoiding dissipation, exposure, and excess.

CURE FOR STAMMERING.

Few complaints are so disagreeable and embarrassing as stammering. Hundreds of remedies are suggested; and persons claiming to effect a cure are generally certain of a fee, while the patient receives little or no relief. I am, however, in possession of a simple remedy, and one easily understood even by children. I know that there are multitudes of persons suffering from the impediment, who, if they had the means, would employ persons claiming to be experts. It is money thrown away. I have already in this work given the plain remedy. It is a certain cure, if the rule is observed: 1. Persons who articulate or speak distinctly, in uttering words, habitually place the tongue against the roof of the mouth; while, on the contrary, stammering persons drop the tongue. Rule: Before speaking, place the tongue firmly against the roof of the mouth; then close the lips, and count or repeat names of persons, places, or things, slowly at first, observing the rule of replacing the tongue before uttering each word. Confirming this theory is the old rule of placing a pebble under the tongue, and thus assisting in keeping the latter in its place. I have many times successfully tried the foregoing remedy. Any person, from six years old to manhood, can cure himself. At any rate, the rule is simple, and is freely given.

FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET.

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DEDICATED TO COL. ALEXANDER HOGELAND.

How cold was the night, and how sad was the plight,
Of the poor little newsboy that wandered the street!
No shelter, no bed for his weary head,
Uncared for he tramps through the snow and sleet.
The proud pass him by, they heed not his sigh,
Nor care though the tears freeze upon his young cheek;
Their lives are not sad, then why should this lad
Delay them in finding the pleasure they seek?

CHORUS.

Out in the street, his poor bare feet
Trudging along in the snow and the sleet;
O Father, in love look down from above
On the poor little newsboy alone in the street.

Still colder the blast, and the snow falling fast,
Benumbed the bare feet of the half-frozen child,
His hands are so cold, his papers unsold,
And the heart in his bosom is throbbing so wild.
Once more hear him cry, "My papers, who 'll buy?
"Oh! is there not some one that cares though I die?"
A shivering chill, and then all is still,
While softly the snow-flakes come down from the sky.

The morning's bright glow falls soft on the snow,
As it covers, in pity, the poor little form;
See the old tattered coat drawn so close to his throat,
How it sparkles with jewels that fell in the storm!
But he 's dead; oh! he 's dead, his spirit has fled.
And far up in heaven the angels will greet,
With welcome of love to the pleasures above,
The poor little newsboy that died in the street.

SECOND CHORUS.

Out of the street, the snow and sleet,
Gone is his spirit the angels to meet;
No longer he 'll roam without any home,
For the poor little newsboy, he 's dead on the street.

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