

then in a family, and then in a state." The father ruling over his family is a monarch. But his power must be in sympathy with those he rules. All progress begins at home; and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the principles and maxims that govern society. The motive power of the parents is sympathy and love. "The noblest and fairest quality," observes Jean Paul Richter, "with which nature could and most furnish woman for the benefit of posterity, was love, the most ardent, yet without return, and for an object unlike herself. The child receives love, and kisses, and night watchings, but at first it only answers with rebuffs; and the weak creature which requires most pays least. But the mother gives unceasingly, yea, her love only becomes greater with the necessity and thanklessness of the recipient, and she feels the greatest for the most feeble, as the father for the strongest child."

On the father depends the government of the house, on the woman its management. Has the father learned to rule the house by kindness and self-control? Has the woman learned any of those arts by which home is made comfortable? If not, marriage becomes a fearful strife of words and acts. "Indeed," said Sir Arthur Helps, "I almost doubt whether the head of a family does not do more mischief if he is unsympathetic than even if he were unjust." It was a beautiful sentiment of one whom her lord proposed to put away. "Give me then back," she said, "that which I brought to you." "Yes," he replied, "your fortune shall return to you." "I thought not of fortune," said the lady; "give me back my real wealth—give me back my beauty and my youth—give me back the virginity of soul—give me back the cheerful mind, and the heart that had never been disappointed."

For a man to be happy, he must have a soul-mate as well as a helpmeet. Both must be true, chaste, and sympathetic. Toward their children they must be loving. There are many trials in family life; but with self-control and self-sacrifice they may be overcome. "Patience," says Tertullian, "ornaments the woman, and proves the man. It is loved in a boy, it is praised in a youth. In every age it is

beautiful." Don Antonio de Guevarra, when instructing a gentleman of Valentia as to the duties of a husband, tells him that if he wishes to reply to any word of an angry person, neither the strength of Samson nor the wisdom of Solomon would suffice to him. Therefore, patience and forbearance. An ounce of good cheer is worth a ton of melancholy.

The life of a woman can never be seen in its outward form, much less in its inner. But the best preparation for both is the careful preparation of womanliness—her natural inheritance. The word is indefinable. It is seen in the weakness, the need to lean upon, to trust, to confide, to reverence, and to serve, as much as it is seen in the strength that enables her to endure, to protect, to defend, and to support. We find it in the plasticity that gives such marvellous power of adaptation as well as in the firmness that yields only to duty; in the gentleness that wins, and in the self-devotion that overcomes. The true wife takes a sympathy in her husband's pursuits. She cheers him, encourages him, and helps him. She enjoys his successes and his pleasures, and makes as little as possible over his vexations. In his seventy-second year, Faraday, after a long and happy marriage, wrote to his wife, "I long to see you, dearest, and to talk over things together, and call to mind all the kindnesses I have received. My head is full, and my heart also; but my recollection rapidly fails, even as regards the friends that are in the room with me. You will have to resume your old function of being a pillow to my mind, and a rest—a happy-making wife."

No man was more sympathetic than Charles Lamb. There are few who have not heard of the one awful event in his life. When only twenty-one his sister Mary, in a fit of frenzy, stabbed her mother to the heart with a carving-knife. Her brother, from that moment, resolved to sacrifice his life to his "poor, dear, dearest sister," and voluntarily became her companion. He gave up all thoughts of love and marriage. Under the strong influence of duty, he renounced the only attachment he had ever formed. With an income of scarcely £100 a year, he trod the journey of

life alone, fortified by his attachment for his sister. Neither pleasure nor toil ever diverted him from his purpose.

When released from the asylum, she devoted part of her time to the composition of the "Tales from Shakespeare," and other works. Hazlitt speaks of her as one of the most sensible women he ever knew, though she had through life recurring fits of insanity, and even when well was constantly on the brink of madness. When she felt a fit of insanity coming on, Charles would take her under his arm to the Hoxton Asylum. It was affecting to see the young brother and his elder sister walking together and weeping together on this painful errand. He carried the strait-jacket in his hand, and delivered her up to the care of the asylum authorities. When she had recovered her reason, she went home again to her brother, who joyfully received her—treating her with the utmost tenderness. "God loves her," he says; "may we two never love each other less." Their affection continued for forty years, without a cloud, except such as arose from the fluctuations of her health. Lamb did his duty nobly and manfully, and he reaped a fitting reward.

Sympathy for others often exhibits itself in the desire to save the lives of those who are in peril. We have already related many instances of this kind; but another remains to be mentioned. One day Lady Watson was walking along the sea-shore collecting shells for her museum. In looking up, she saw a solitary man on a ledge of rock surrounded by water. She knew not who he was; but he was in risk of losing his life, and she determined to save him. The tide was rising rapidly, and the waves were furiously rushing in upon the land. It appeared almost impossible to rescue the forlorn man from his perilous position. Nevertheless, she appealed to the boatmen, and offered a high reward to those who would go to sea and save the man. At first they hesitated, but at length a boat started, and reached the rock just as the man's strength was exhausted. They got him on board, and bore him safely to land. What was the lady's astonishment to find in the rescued man her own husband, Sir William Watson!

Even a word spoken in good season is remembered. The famous Dr. Sydenham remarked that everybody, some time or other, would be the better or the worse for having but spoken to a good or bad man. The curate of Olney, the friend of Cowper, was one of those persons to whom few people could speak without being the better for it. He said of himself, "he could live no longer than he could love."

"A woman's memory saved me from much temptation," wrote one who had lived a wild life in a wild land. Not one of my own people ever knew her; she was dead before I left home. But there were some things that might otherwise have been too much for me, that I was quite safe from, just because I had loved her. I never felt that I had in any way lost her love, and I could not go with it in my heart to places where I could never have taken her. When I felt a little lonely because I could not join those who had been my comrades, I just braced up my heart with the thought, 'for her sake.'"

Here is a story which shows the utter want of sympathy. It was told in a sermon by Robert Collyer, pastor of the Unity Church of Chicago, now of New York. Mr. Collyer was born at Keighley, in Yorkshire, but spent most of his early life at Ilkley, now a fashionable watering-place. He was apprenticed to Jackie Birch, a blacksmith. He married while a workman at the anvil. He became a lay preacher among the Methodists. Afterward he went to America, and became a preacher there. His sermons are full of life, poetry, and eloquence, founded upon a large experience of human character.

"I remember," he says, "in one of our love feasts in the Methodist Church in England, thirty years ago and more, that a man got up and told us how he had lost his wife by the fever, and then, one by one, all his children, and that he had felt as calm and serene through it as if nothing had happened; not suffering in the least, not feeling a pang of pain; fended and shielded, as he believed, by the Divine grace,

* Miss J. F. Mayo.

and up to that moment when he was talking to us, without a grief in his heart.

"As soon as he had done, the wise and manful old preacher who was leading the meeting got up and said, 'Now, brother, go home, and into your closet, and down on your knees, and never get up again, if you can help it, until you are a new man. What you have told us is not a sign of grace; it is a sign of the hardest heart I ever encountered in a Christian man. Instead of you being a saint, you are hardly good enough to be a decent sinner. Religion never takes the humanity out of a man, it makes him more human; and if you were human at all, such troubles as you have had ought to have broken your heart. I know it would mine, and I pretend to be no more of a saint than other people; so I warn you never tell such a story at a love feast again.'"

Let us take from Mr. Collyer's "Sermons" another touching story, showing the power of sympathy in another and truer direction. "Away off, I believe in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of an hotel one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, 'Please, sir, buy some matches?' 'No, I don't want any,' said the gentleman. 'But they're only a penny a box,' the little fellow pleaded. 'Yes; but you see I don't want a box.' 'Then I'll gie ye two boxes for a penny,' the boy said at last. 'And so, to get rid of him,' the gentleman who tells the story in an English paper, says, 'I bought a box, but then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I'll buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them the nicht,' the boy pleaded again; 'I'll rin and get ye the change; for I'm very hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think badly of him.

"Well, late in the evening a servant came and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I found it was a smaller brother of the boy who got my shil-

ling, but, if possible, still more ragged, and poor, and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags, as if he were seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes!' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o' yer shillin'. Sandie canna come. He's no weel. A cart ran ower him, and knocked him doon; and he lost his bonnet, and his matches, and your elevenpence; and both his legs are broken, and he's no weel at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo,' putting fourpence down on the table; and then the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man," and the gentleman goes on to say, "and then I went with him to see Sandie.

"I found that the two little things lived with a wretched drunken step-mother; their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings; he knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs are broken. And Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am deein'! and who will take care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gane? What will ye do, Reuby?' Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand, and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me; then the light went out of his blue eyes; and in a moment

"He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."*

Sympathy glorifies humanity. Its synonym is love. It goes forth to meet the wants and necessities of the sorrow-stricken and oppressed. Wherever there is cruelty, or ignorance, or misery, sympathy stretches forth its hand to console and alleviate. The sight of grief, the sound of a groan, takes hold of the sympathetic mind, and will not let

*"The Life that now is: and Nature and Life." Sermons by Robert Collyer, Pastor of Unity Church, Chicago.

it go. Out of sympathy and justice, some of the greatest events of modern times have emanated. Need we mention the abolition of slavery in England, America, and France; the education of the untaught; the spread of Sunday-schools; the efforts for the spread of temperance; the levelling-up of the downtrodden classes, in which men and women of the best classes take so much interest?

There is room for the sympathetic help of all. He who loves God loves his neighbor—poor or rich—and cannot fail to be just, true, and merciful. “The just man,” said Massillon, “is above the world, and superior to all events. All creatures are subject to him, and he subject unto God alone.” To tend the sick, to visit the widow and fatherless in their afflictions, to set on foot or to help in the schemes of benevolence, in elevating the poor—all this needs diligence, mercifulness, and love.

“Say what you will,” says Dr. Martineau, “of the failures and errors of Christian enthusiasm, no zeal which you might deem more rational has done half as much for suffering humanity. When it has missed its own ends, it has reached others to which no colder zeal would ever have addressed itself. But for the Church, where would have been the School in Christendom? But for the missionary army, baffled and beaten as it has often been, where would the advancing lines of civilization have stood, which are everywhere reducing the barbarism of the world? But for the reverence felt for the souls of men, how long should we have had to wait for the various forms of pity and healing for the body? Christians may have attempted many foolish things; but who have effected more wise ones? They may have said too much of despising the world; but who have done more to render it habitable?” And again, “If once, among the poorest, the living springs of religion are touched, and a family becomes God-fearing, a transformation forthwith sets in; the rags disappear; the furniture returns; the sickness abates; the children brighten; the quarrels cease; the hard times are tided over better than before; and sorrow, once dull and sullen, is alive with hope and trust.”

“Even the poorest of the poor,” says Wordsworth, “have been themselves the fathers and the dealers out of some small blessings.” A cobbler began the ragged schools at Portsmouth. Of him Dr. Guthrie said, “John Pounds is an honor to humanity, and deserves the tallest monument ever raised within the shores of Britain.” A printer at Gloucester began the English Sunday-schools, which deserve a monument even higher than that of John Pounds. A shoemaker at Newcastle began the Missions to India. A factory girl initiated the Foundry Boys’ Religious Society at Glasgow.

The poor know so much better than the rich what poor people need. Great cities have nothing more sorrowful to show us than their old children, with their shrewd, anxious faces and knotted brows, on which hard care is stamped. The home of the poor is very often no home. The rich and the poor live separate and apart. Many barriers intervene to prevent their social intercourse. The poor have no society beyond that of their own class. They have no means of escape from intercourse with the coarse and uneducated. Very poor men’s children only exist as so many rivals for food with their parents; and they are dragged up, to enter prematurely on the harsh realities of life. To the upper ranks the poor are as the inhabitants of an unexplored country.

It is only the poor who really and truly feel for the poor. They alone know each other’s sufferings; they alone know each other’s need of sympathy and kindness. People may talk as they will of the charity of the rich, but this is as nothing compared with the charity of the poor. In seasons of privation, of sickness, of inclemency, of distress, the poor are each other’s comforters and supporters, to an extent that, among better circles, is never dreamed of. Contented to toil on, from day to day, and from year to year, for a scanty pittance, they have yet wherewithal to spare when a brother is in want or in distress. Nor is there ever wanting some friendly hand to smooth the pillow, and do all those little kindly offices which make sickness and suffering tolerable. The women of the poorer classes are, in this re-

spect, especially devoted and untiring. They make sacrifices, and run risks, and bear privations, and exercise patience and kindness, to a degree that the world never knows of, and would scarcely believe even if it did know.

Much has been written of late about Robert Raikes; so that our notice of him will be but short. Sunday-schools had existed before his time. We have already referred to Cardinal Borromeo's school, which has been more than four hundred years in existence. There were Sunday-schools in England at a much later date. It was William King, a woolen card-maker at Dursley, who first dropped the idea into Raikes's mind. He had established a Sunday-school at Dursley, which failed for want of co-operation, though he never lost faith in his plan. When at Gloucester one Sunday, he called upon Raikes, and the two walked together by the Island—one of the lowest parts of the city. There the ragged children were occupied in various sports. "What a pity," said King, "that the Sabbath is so desecrated!" "But how," said Raikes, "is it to be altered?" "Sir, open a Sunday-school, as I have done at Dursley, with the help of a faithful journeyman; but the multitude of business prevents my spending so much time in it as I could wish, as I feel that I want rest."

Raikes visited the Gloucester prison. He found a young man there condemned to death for house-breaking. "He had never," says Raikes, "received the smallest instruction. He had never offered a prayer to his Creator." He knew God only as a name to swear by. He was utterly devoid of all sense of a future state. This interview made a great impression upon Raikes's mind. Very few of the young people about the city received any education whatever. As soon as they were able to do anything they were put to work, and in their intervals of leisure, of which Sunday was the chief, the children were left altogether without restraint.

He then founded a Sunday-school. He had a sympathy for childhood, and won the love of the little ragamuffins, as he affectionately called them. He proposed to teach them to read and learn the Church Catechism, and to enforce order among the little heathens. In 1783 he proceeded to hire four schools, and agreed to give a shilling to each of

the teachers of the neglected children. The curate of the parish was also invited to visit the schools on Sunday afternoons, and examine the progress made by the pupils. Raikes's schools possessed the most valuable elements of teaching—genuine love for children on the part of the teachers. Their little hearts were stirred by the love of those who ministered to them.

Nearly thirty years after the establishment of Raikes's first schools there came to visit him in his retirement a young Quaker, named Joseph Lancaster, to whose energetic efforts was due the formation of the association afterward known as "The British and Foreign School Society," for giving week-day instruction to the children of the poor. At that time the founder of Sunday-schools was seventy-two years of age, and past active work, but he still took a lively interest in his much-loved institution. Many were Lancaster's inquiries respecting the origin of Sunday-schools; and an interesting account has been preserved of one of Raikes's replies.

Leaning on the arm of his visitor, the old man led him through the thoroughfares of Gloucester to the spot in a back street where the first school was held. "Pause here," said the old man. Then, uncovering his head, and closing his eyes, he stood for a moment in silent prayer. Then turning toward his friend, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, he said, "This is the spot on which I stood when I saw the destitution of the children and the desecration of the Sabbath by the inhabitants of the city. As I asked, 'Can nothing be done?' a voice answered, 'Try.' I did try, and see what God has wrought. I can never pass by this spot, where the word 'try' came so powerfully into my mind, without lifting up my hands and heart to Heaven in gratitude to God for having put such a thought into my heart."

Knowing that Raikes was for many years a constant visitor both at the city and county jails, and had ample opportunities of ascertaining whether any of the three thousand children whose education he had superintended had come within its prison walls, Lancaster asked him directly

whether such had ever been the case. Appealing to his memory, which even at that advanced age was strong and healthy, Raikes with confidence answered, "None."*

Mary Anne Clough, the factory girl of Glasgow, occupied a much humbler position in society than Robert Raikes. She was a mill-hand, while he was the editor of a newspaper. But she found the opportunity, as everybody can do, of helping to heal the wounds of humanity. It was not "culture" that inspired her, but tender womanly sympathy. She worked with her hands for her daily bread; but Love, the great educator, lifted her up to a higher field of labor. It was only when her day's work was over that her labors of love began. She saw a great many poor boys employed in the foundries, who seemed to have no one to care for them. They were utterly neglected, and were early initiated into the lessons of vice. The girl had compassion on them. "I will try," she said, "if I can win them to God, and to doing what is good."

As soon as she had formed her resolution she endeavored to carry it into practice. She asked for, and obtained, the use of a room below the factory in which she worked. She opened it on a Sunday in June, 1862. She soon drew a number of foundry boys about her, with ragged clothes and dirty faces—from the back courts where they were wont to spend their time in smoking or in coarse merriment. She taught them to spell, to read, to be clean, to be good, to be religious. She loved these poor, wandering, neglected boys. She truly helped them in their time of need.

Nor were her efforts to bless and to save these boys confined to Sundays. They engaged all her spare time throughout the week. This noble girl, so soon as the day's work was over, found out the homes of the boys—if homes they could be called. She knew them all, their sad histories, their dangers and hardships; and by her Christian principles, her winning ways, and overflowing kindness, she gained over them an influence which was productive of the happiest

* "Robert Raikes: Journalist and Philanthropist," By Alfred Gregory, 1877.

results. So distinguished, indeed, were they from others of the same class and calling—by their superior industry, their good conduct, and their freedom from profane language—that "Mary Anne's boys" became a proverb in the foundries.

"It makes one sad," says Dr. Guthrie, "to think how many Christians with tenfold more time, more money, more education, more influence, have not done a tithe of the good this girl did. If any might have justly pleaded the excuse, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' it was one who found it hard to keep herself, who, starting each morning to the sound of the factory bell, and hurrying along dark and silent streets, had gone through hours of work ere half the world was awake. . . . And many a night she went forth on her missions of mercy, to seek the lost and raise the fallen, and close with her own gentle hands the wounds of humanity."

For about three years Mary Anne Clough continued her noble labors, when at length she was compelled, by failing health, to resign them into the hands of others. But the seed which she had sown took root, and ripened into a goodly crop. In 1865 the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society was formed. In six years it had a roll of 14000 boys and girls, superintended by a staff of about 1500 monitors, and more than 200 gentlemen. More than 300 gentlemen delivered addresses to the young people in various parts of the city. Everything was done for their social elevation. Their society formed a link between the Sunday-school and the church. Religious and secular education was freely imparted. Temperance was the key-note of the institution. Penny banks and savings banks were established. Bands and choral societies proved another source of power. Every Saturday evening a musical entertainment was given. Everything was done to withdraw the young people from the carelessness, ignorance, and wickedness of city life. With the exception of the superior secular teachers, all who work for the institution are volunteers—their labor is one of love.

In summer time the boys and girls, with their superin-

tendents, take a holiday in the country. They generally go to the Duke of Argyll's park at Inverary—his grace being the Honorary President of the Society. It was on one of such occasions that we became acquainted with the noble work done by the institution. Though it still preserves the name of the Foundry Boys' Society, its uses have been extended, until it has become a society for all classes of working boys and girls. The good which it has already done is inexpressible. Would that every city had an institution of a similar kind! As yet it has only been imitated in Scotland—in Greenock, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen. What of Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, and the densely-populated manufacturing towns of the north of England? Similar institutions in those places would prove of immense value.

CHAPTER XI.

PHILANTHROPY.

Sis amicus Dei, fide, spe, et opere.

MICHAEL SCOTT.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

SHAKESPEARE.

O brother, fainting on your road!
 Poor sister, whom the righteous shun,
 There comes for you, ere life and strength be done,
 An arm to bear your load. *The Ode of Life.*

Many groans arise from dying men which we hear not. Many cries are uttered by widows and fatherless children which reach not our ears. Many cheeks are wet with tears, and faces sad with unutterable grief which we see not. Cruel tyranny is encouraged. The hands of robbers are strengthened, and thousands are kept in helpless slavery, who never injured us.—JOHN WOOLMAN (Quaker), 1775.

MEN are very slow to give up their faith in physical force, as necessary for the guidance, correction, and discipline of others. Force is a very palpable thing, and dispenses with all inquiry into causes and effects. It is the short way of settling matters, without any weighing of arguments. It is the summary logic of the barbarians, among whom the best man is he who strikes the heaviest blow or takes the surest aim.

Even civilized nations have been very slow to abandon their faith in force. Until very recent times, men of honor, who chanced to fall out, settled their quarrels by the duel; and governments, almost without exception, resort to arms to settle their quarrels as to territory or international arrangements. Indeed, we have been so