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CANADIAN HOMES

FOR

LONDON WANDERERS.

BY

ANNIE MACPHERSON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE MATCHBOX-MAKERS,"

"LITTLE LONDON ARABS,"

ETC.



LONDON:

MORGAN, CHASE, AND SCOTT,
38, LUDGATE HILL.

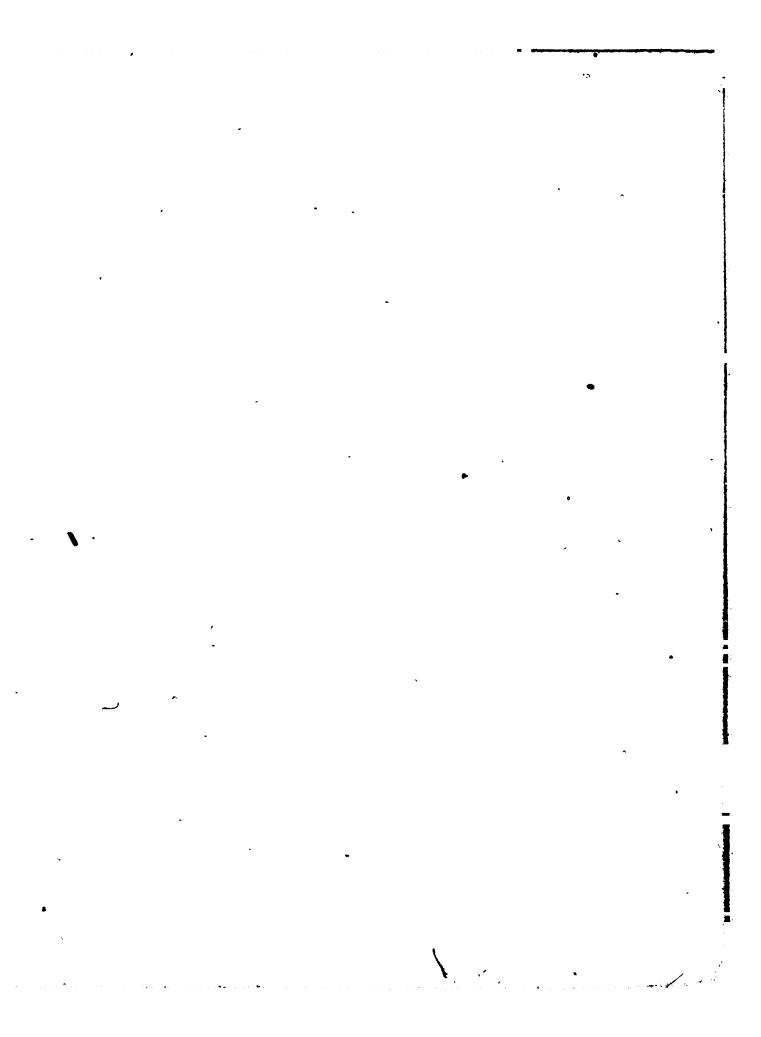
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TORONTO: JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON.

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INTRODUCTORY LINES.

“Lo! side by side with the halls of pride are the haunts
of want and sorrow;
Where the gathering shadows are dark with fear for the
need of the coming morrow;
Where the struggling weak one toils and sighs, while the
stronger fights and scrambles,
And the child must *steal* for his daily bread, while his
drunken father gambles.

“Oh! pass not by with a shuddering sigh, or a cold, half-
hearted pity;
There are souls to win for the Saviour’s crown from these
slums of the surging city;
Poor outcast waifs—yet beneath their ragged
warm heart beating;
And the love that acts from the roughest lips wins often a
heart-warm greeting.

“Go gather them in with a heart that owns each suffer-
ing soul for neighbour;
To the school—to the home—to the frugal feast that is
earned by honest labour;
To the Saviour’s feet—to the place of prayer—to the
sound of the ‘sweet old story’
Of the Lord who came to the cross of shame, that the
lost might rise to glory!”

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OR, THE BROTHERS OF THE MATCHBOX-MAKERS.

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CANADIAN HOMES

For London Wanderers.

CHAPTER I.

A WINTER'S CAMPAIGN IN THE LONDON DENS.

THE longer and more stationary the missionary keeps at his post, the more absorbing does the interest become. The eye becomes more keen to discern the true from the false. Such, we believe, is our experience with the sharp-witted, intelligent London destitute. And though, even when admitting the ne'er-do-

well to our shelter, we may know his whole tale to be a tissue of falsehoods,—still, we have many reasons to praise God for the power of prayer, and the word of God brought to bear upon the conscience; for wondrous have been the results.

The runaway from some far-off home of comfort, bent upon a voyage of discovery to the great city, caught in the snares of its dens, fallen among thieves, has been brought in, sheltered, and restored back to parents. Scotch, Irish, Canadian, Romanist, and others, have come under our care in the past year; some of them the sons of pious parents, but whose rebellious hearts have burned to have their own way; and, more sad to think of, the motherless sons of drunken fathers. These latter, with the sons of toiling, care-worn widows, have become our special care. To discipline into certain rules and forms of order was easy work, compared with the difficulty of

discovering their natural bent, so that we might know how best to train and benefit them. Various have been the modes of sifting cases, to find out the most destitute and the most worthy to be assisted.

Through the winter our missionary held Sunday morning breakfasts for the street waifs: on the Sunday night they get a bed in the lodging-house without payment, but had seldom earned enough to make a meal; so the bread and coffee and kind words by a warm fire proved a great boon. Over this many a confession was made, and many a runaway from home found out. But frequently, when the little urchin was taken home, the missionary would have to report the oft-heard tale of woe—father a drunkard, and not wanting to see the face of his boy again. Such we have received and educated by the labour test, believing our heavenly Father had broad lands where such children might find a

place, hearts to love them, and persons willing to pay the full value of their honest industry.

We have cheered the hearts of the teachers of many a ragged school by receiving the waifs whom they longed to shelter from the streets—bright lads who could not easily take to criminal life.

We have also received several boys who had been brought up in Orphans' Homes, put into situations, and lost them by inexperience or through youthful misdemeanour. The rules of many Homes will not allow of the re-admission of these little culprits. But as we are not bound by any rule but that of loving these outcasts, we are enabled for Jesus' sake to take them in and succour them. And possibly their hearts may be softened and won by the Saviour.

Could the happy, well-cared-for boys of the United Kingdom have peeped into our

busy "Beehive" any day during the past winter, how they would have enjoyed the sight! Every one of the five floors was filled with these bright young Arabs, each vying who would be most industrious in the work given him to do.

Follow me, and you will see in the basement floor young lads putting forth their strength in sawing great logs of wood, and about twenty others chopping with a right good will. Another dozen are picking up the pieces chopped, and placing them within reach of those who have become initiated in the art of tying up the wood into bundles; two tiny boys carry the said bundles; and when the required number are made, then comes the clearing up to make room for a hearty turn at leap-frog or a game of marbles.

Enter by a little door in a corner of this same floor, and there you will see twelve young cobblers, with their leather aprons,

hammers, and straps, each doing his very best to produce boots for young Canadian farmers to wear. Their bright smiles and intelligent faces cause you to ask, Were these boys ever reduced to street life? Yes; and many of them with histories far too sad ever to repeat again to human ears. Now they are radiant with new thoughts. Yes, *hope* and *love* have awakened in their young hearts a fresh spring, a gratitude and tenderness which is manifested in their changed ways; for we have seldom heard a word of swearing, nor been troubled with the fights and squabbles we expected, when gathering one hundred and fifty young Arabs into a house without a foot of playground.

We are now on the second floor. In the entrance-hall sit a few poor lads waiting to plead for admission; some are covered with filthy rags; others are dressed with an attempt at tidiness, but their faces

betraying want and hopelessness. We take them one by one into our little room. Strong indeed would be the heart that would turn away from their tales of youthful sorrow. The history, it may be, of such a one as the following, is briefly recorded, so that it may be investigated by our missionary or detective of police the next day.

S. W., mother dead, father left. Went out into the streets to sell cigar lights, and on his return found his father had forsaken him. Had lived three months in the streets, sleeping in holes and corners.

One of the tidy ones enters :

Out of work four months; has a trade, but been breaking stones at sixpence a day till his hands were so sorely blistered, and he was so weak for want of food, that he could do so no longer. "Oh! could you help me to emigrate?"

Still follow us. The half of this floor forms a large hall, occupied in the day

time by the children engaged in match-box making. Here you may find some of the small boys out of school hours arranging, counting, and tying up in grosses, these boxes made by the light fingers of little girls. At night this same hall forms a dormitory, around which the hammocks for the young Arabs are slung; where each with a rug lies so snugly.

We now ascend a staircase and enter the schoolroom, where we find all busily endeavouring to master reading, writing, and arithmetic. All are thoroughly in earnest, and scarcely ever require to be told to keep at the book or slate; they realize it is the only chance they may ever get for such work, and it seems a blessing given them to seize upon at once. At recess, this room is a fine scene of fun and frolic: marbles and whip-top, as the season admits, go on here. Here sits one whittling, or making a boat; another

genius has a penny box of paints, and is caricaturing the swell appearance his mate is to cut some day in Canada, with a "tile" hat, rings and studs, and a white pocket-handkerchief in hand. Here sits a melancholy-faced urchin writing home to his lame mother, a widow in Oxford, whom he has left lonely, gaining her living by needlework, whilst he came to the great city and painfully failed in finding the work he so fondly hoped would have enabled him to send her some money.

We will leave this motley group amusing themselves till the dinner-bell rings, and ascend to the third floor of our Beehive. The little *mannie* on his crutch greets us with a sunny smile; he is the care-taker of the thirty little urchins under ten years. By his ingenuity in spare moments he has filled the windows and adorned the walls with the beautiful texts of Scripture in white union calico and royal blue letters.

He has grown so fond of the work among these little ones, and they of him,—out of school-hours he plans many a happy gambol for his little charge.

In the further corner of this floor sits a row of youthful tailors, under the direction of a godly man, busily stitching away at coats which are to keep the young emigrants warm through a Canadian winter. Were these bright, smart-looking youngsters wild wanderers? Yes, these are just youthful souls who were perishing, whom Jesus loves, and whom He wishes his people to snatch from ruin and destruction.

The dinner-bell rings. We now see the long row assemble in the top floor, where six boys have aided the cook in preparing for each the allotted portion; they sing the grace, and then we bid these one hundred and fifty young hopefuls good morning, thanking our heavenly Father for the ways and means given.

CHAPTER II.

BLUE SKY IN CANADA.

ALL through this dark winter of toil and sorrow, often fearing the head and heart could bear no more, yet feeling all our united efforts were but as a drop in the ocean of need amongst those thousands of youthful wanderers, rays of cheer would come over the great Atlantic swell from those dear lads whom we had sent out amongst the five hundred emigrants of the previous spring. The following is a specimen:—

“DEAR MISS M.,—I received your very welcome letter, and with it your pleasure you evinced at receiving my passage-money, £6 2s. 6d.; it gave me a great pleasure in sending it to you. I shall always feel deeply grateful to you for again lending my brother the money to come out. I

am getting on first-rate. I thank my heavenly Father, whom I feel has watched over me and guided me. O dear lady, I often think of the many prayers and blessings asked for our welfare at the Refuge, and I feel to have realized the benefit of them. I often query to myself how good my heavenly Father has been to me since I have begun to know Jesus as my Saviour; how that some few months ago He saw fit to take from me my earthly parents; then brought me to Canada; then placed me among good and kind friends, who are as good as parents, and brothers, and sisters to me. Oh, how deeply thankful I do feel to Him who has done so much for me. I am glad to hear that the Refuge is still a great Beehive, and sincerely hope and pray it will always continue to be so, and that many a poor orphan may find there that peace which comes through faith in Jesus. So now wishing you every success with your lads,—I remain, ONE OF YOUR EMIGRANT LADS."

PREPARATIONS.

And not only were we cheered on by the receipt of letters from Canada, and the return of money advanced; but the first dear boy to whom we were ever pri-

vileged to give the helping hand four years ago in the east of London, and who was respected and respectable in service in a noble family in England, collected among his fellow-servants £5 to emigrate a lad who was emerging from similar difficulties to those out of which he had been assisted.

Thus were we led on by unmistakeable leadings to see that our way was plain to go across the ocean with an advanced detachment of poverty-stricken young ones; and during early spring the preparation of the outfits for a Canadian winter and summer gave plenty of work for all hands under the roof of our Beehive.

Our plan of emigration involved more than is usually understood in such work. We felt we had no right in the sight of God to rescue a lad and send him afloat to find his way by himself as he best could in a new land, but that we should follow him on through life, and have faith to

meet him, when life is over, on the shore of eternity. To do a smaller work of emigration in this way appeared to be our Father's will.

Their kind schoolmaster, Mr. Thom, offered to go and remain in Canada, to watch over their temporal and spiritual welfare. All this effort seemed work that the children of our Father, of every section of the Christian church, could share in and plead for a blessing upon.

THE START.

At length, each boy's bag, containing a change of linen, rug, &c., is packed; hope and expectation glisten in every eye; widowed mothers linger long, gazing on their fatherless boys. On the last night, drunken fathers step in to mutter once more senseless words over their ill-used sons. Even the utterly orphaned ones could not feel forgotten; for kind lady

friends sent them a last letter or a little parcel ere they bade farewell to their native land. One who for sixteen years has been the friend of these East London wanderers, was there to give his band of poor laddies a last word, though his heart seemed too full for utterance. A clergyman and a merchant, both of whom had spent their earlier years in Canada, came to give words of cheer and counsel to the youthful emigrants, and more precious than all the band of Godly aged widows, who had toiled over the outfits, came creeping in to raise their last benediction over the lads. Then moving in and out, with beaming smile was my own widowed mother, giving them her blessing in her own sweet Scottish accent, telling them "when far frae hame aye to look up to Jesus the sinner's friend."

*The Christian** of May 19th, contained

* In this paper will appear, from time to time, further details of our work.

an interesting account of our journey to Liverpool, from the pen of the beloved friend who first introduced me to this privileged service, in the East of London, for the Lord whom we both love.

Bred in feverous courts and alleys,
 Mates of hunger, want, and care;
 While from far off plains and valleys
 Comes the sound of bread to spare!
 Hearts are open to befriend them,
 Labour wails for willing hands;
 These are, *willing*—let us send them
 To the broad Canadian lands.
 Loving words in season spoken
 Light with hope the sunken eyes;
 Loving deeds with Christ-like token
 Link their hearts in sacred ties.
 Led from many a darksome byeway,
 Snatched from haunts of vice and woe,
 Now they start on life's broad highway:
 Let us bless them ere they go!
 Full of hope, the farewell's given,
 And the parting hymns resound—
 Oh, to "gather at the river,"
 Where no outcast hearts are found!

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

The twelve days on the Atlantic were happy ones, with just the exception of a few at the beginning, when contrary winds gave our ship a fine tossing, causing nearly all the lads to be very sea-sick. They lay

like herrings in a barrel around the funnel on deck, in nooks under the small boats, some too bad to be hauled up the ladder. No small work was it to cheer and rouse them up out of this condition.

We got their quarter cleared of hammocks, and held twice a day a Bible class and prayer-meeting, the captain giving us daily a reading of one of John Ashworth's *Strange Tales*. On Sunday afternoon we held our Sunday-school, dividing the band into classes; and from amongst the cabin passengers they who loved the Lord offered us a helping hand.

How earnestly did Mike Finn, the young Irishman, from the Irregular Shoe-black Brigade, at the corner of Shoreditch Station, strive to master the learning to read!

Each day and hour ever brought out new features of interest, and fresh phases of character. The ocean air did them good; every mile they neared the free, broad lands, they seemed to become more

manly. A huge iceberg, dense fogs on the banks of Newfoundland, sun risings and settings, whales and sea gulls, all proved sources of deep interest.

We entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the 24th of May, when the guns were commemorating the Queen's birthday. The day was one of unusually heavy showers. With eager spirits the boys longed to climb the neighbouring heights of famed Quebec. In the evening we started for Montreal, having first had a solemn service under the Quebec Railway Shed, committing each other to the care of our never-slumbering and covenant-keeping God.

. FIRST DISPERSIONS.

A full day of business with the emigration agent, L. Stafford, Esq., Quebec, arranging passes for stoppages, telegraphic messages, luggage, letters for home, examination of boys to remain at Quebec,

and those to leave at Richmond in the night, caused us to be heavy with sleep in the commodious sleeping car. My friend tells me it was no easy work to get the eleven aroused from their boyish slumbers at the midnight hour, and with last messages and bags on their shoulder started for another route, where they were to be met by a gentleman, and placed in homes awaiting them. Ere the railway car started the whole band had become aroused, and many and hearty were the hand-shakings, and "Farewell, old countryman," that resounded through the hour of night.

As the day broke, we looked out with eager eyes upon the new land. Our way seemed studded with small hamlets, made up of diminutive huts, and a large church with a spire in the centre; rank grass, with here and there cultivated patches. These more cultivated portions increased as we neared Montreal, which we did about eight a.m.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL AT MONTREAL.

AT the railway depôt we were most kindly met by Mr. Pell, the superintendent of the St. George's Society, a most valuable institution for aiding for a brief season emigrants passing through this city. We accepted the proffered hospitality for our boys, and for ourselves a home with a dear Christian lady, who had been a fellow-traveller with us across the ocean. The emigration agent, apprised of our coming by Mr. Stafford, notified to the press that boys could be hired. This gave us a busy time in receiving and enquiring into the characters of those who wished to engage the boys.

Some shared our deep interest in the welfare of the lads, and wept and prayed with us over the arrangements for transferring them to their hands, whilst others turned upon their heel, not being accustomed to such close dealing. In all this we realized that the Lord was at our right hand, and we were not moved.

It was no easy work the bidding twenty-three "good byes" in six brief hours. These boys had become dear to us as our own brothers, gentle and loving, obedient to the least wish or look of either of their friends. We shall never forget that happy walk on the heights of Montreal together, in the wood above the reservoir, for the last time as a little band singing, as we looked over the city, the sweet hymn,

"Shall we gather at the river?"

In parting many of their voices became like my own—very choking; we all felt

it was the last time we should thus all sit and sing on earth together.

In the wood the boys were overjoyed with delight, and ere long were like wild squirrels climbing the heights behind. The bursting acorn seemed to call forth their wonder; frogs were admired; many a pretty nosegay of wild flowers we each received on that occasion;—all, all these works of our Father's hands were new and delightful to our London laddies.

It was amusing to witness their incredulity, as our guide, a young Scotchman, told them of this history and that, and how the men who now owned the beautiful villas studding the mountain side had just been poor boys like themselves, and that but a few years ago; how they had ploddingly attended to business, and been blessed with this world's goods. And then he turned to the beautiful spires of this and the other church rising in the

city, and now glistening in the summer's sunshine; how those very men had aided to build these places for the worship of God, adding the moral that the same path of prosperity was open to them, if they were only spared in the providence of God and secured his blessing.

Indeed, during the whole ten days in which the entire hundred were being dispersed to their Canadian homes, every one who spoke to them would thus inspire the lads, telling them it did not matter what they had been; that the poorest had the same chance of advancement as the son of the most wealthy; and that all educational advantages were FREE. And most thankful were we to hear all who spoke to them remind them of the snare of drink, and that to prosper they must shun the cup that "biteth like a serpent."

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVE-TAKINGS AT BELLEVILLE.

“**H**E led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.” At every possible season in our onward progress we committed our way to Him who careth for the sparrow. Deep seemed to be the interest shown by all who came in contact with our orphaned band. Our cry was, “Open homes, O Lord, *among* THY OWN CHILDREN, and especially where they use no drink.”

And it was beautiful to watch the leadings of a kind Providence in sending answers to prayer. A dear Christian sister in Jesus had heard from her sister in Scotland of our coming forth, and seemed

to get no rest, believing she had something to do in the way of sharing our burden. Her health was feeble, but her pen was active. She wrote to the warden of the county, a good man, and told him all she had heard. He became deeply interested, wrote a kind letter, which was handed to us on our arrival at Quebec, desiring us to leave him a number of boys, and promising to see to their welfare.

Arriving at Belleville about six a.m., after travelling all night by railway car from Montreal, we again selected after prayer another small detachment of our little men. There they stood at the station, in the early morning's sunshine, shaking hands with their friends. With heavy hearts and tearful eyes, we offered from the window of the car a brief prayer for blessing. These boys were mostly orphans, and we believed that He who careth for the fatherless would care for them. In a

few days we received the following letter confirming our faith :—

REPORT OF THE WARDEN OF THE COUNTY
OF HASTINGS.

“MADOC, May 28th, 1870.

“Yesterday I received telegram from Montreal that eight boys were sent to County Hastings to me, and last night's stage brought six of them to our village. The other two had been located, the boys told me, before they left Belleville; and I have just finished getting homes for the rest. The homes are good, and religious influences will be thrown around them. I have tried to make friends with the boys, and to some extent have succeeded. I shall keep my eye upon them, and do my best to forward their interests. I like the appearance and conduct of the boys so far very much. No one could hear the universal expression of gratitude to you by these boys without feeling the influence for good that you have exerted upon their young minds. He who marks the 'cup of cold water' will not forget this work of faith and labour of love. I could get good homes for many more if wanted. The

boys are expecting to see you ere you return to England. Wishing you God speed in this philanthropic work,

“I am, dear Madam, yours truly,

“A. F. WOOD.”

The following is a second report from the same gentleman:—

“MADOC, June 18th, 1870.

“Since writing I have a favourable account of your boys; in fact, so high a character have they got for themselves and for you, that no difficulty will be found in getting a home for a hundred boys in this county.

A. F. W.”

INDIVIDUAL TESTIMONIES.

Of whom does the following letter testify? Of John Reeves, aged 13, a poor little wanderer sleeping out of doors for three months, taken up by the police for falling asleep on a door-step, placed in the workhouse school: his elder brother longed that he should accompany him to Canada.

The following letter was unasked for; and it greatly encourages us, dear fellow-labourers, to press on and fill these warm Canadian hearts with something to do for Jesus. May our Lord and Saviour fulfil to every pious Canadian who receives our boys Luke vi. 38; and we know they will never miss the bread eaten if given in the spirit of 2 Cor. ix. 7. The day is coming when the King shall answer, and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"MADOC, July 7th, 1870.

"DEAR MISS MACPHERSON,—As you have taken great charitable interest in many of the poorer classes of the city of London, especially the youths, you will no doubt be anxious as well as pleased to hear of any of those boys you brought to this side of the Atlantic. I have one of them, John Reeves, an interesting, willing, and truthful boy, with whom I am well pleased;

and he appears to be well pleased with his new home. At first it seemed like the 'folly of age' to take him, as we have very little to do; but now we could scarcely get on without him. Am pleased to find that he has received religious training, and become a member of the Temperance order. As you will probably see the Warden, Mr. Wood, he will be able to give you full particulars. Master Johnny sends his love to you.

"Yours obediently,

"J. S. LOOMIS."

These eight boys had created quite an interest and a seven days' talk in Belleville; their little sayings seem to have gone the round of the place. A banker accosts one of them as they walk through the town, asking him about his home in London. "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I never had a home till twelve months ago, when I was taken into the Refuge." Their stories of want stir up Christian hearts, that can hardly realize with plenty around them the sorrows of our oppressed and over-crowded masses. Thus our work

amongst the perishing children becomes a lever of double blessing, giving many a pious couple the opportunity of returning a thank-offering to the Lord, who has prospered their way in the new land, by undertaking the care of one of our poor boys. Poor they may be as to this world's goods, but rich in desire to use the intelligence gained by bearing the yoke in their youth.

There are two Charlies from amongst our hundred who are each pushing on, already acquiring French, Latin, and Greek. One is promised by his master to be helped through a college education, and also taught his profession, if he continues faithful: such quick progress is only to be understood in a new and rising country, where education *is free and valued*, and persons are not judged by their antecedents so much as by their present well-doing.

Drunkenness, the sin and ruin of the tens of thousands in the old country, lifts its hydra-headed form here also, and drags down its slaves to perdition. Whilst we have heard the history of many a noble life rising from obscurity to become eminent for piety and usefulness, we have heard of very many who have gone down to the grave the victims of intemperance and vice. My greatest longing, next to each boy becoming a true believer by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, is that he should be true to his Temperance pledge, and under every temptation look up to God for grace to enable him to say "No" to the proffered drink in every shape.

How welcome it is to see at every Canadian's table the wholesome cup of tea at dinner as well as supper, and not the ever-ensnaring glass of wine as at home!

Let every Christian awake, and be clear that their influence and example give a

certain sound! We are all fully aware now what causes the misery among our perishing kindred on both sides of the Atlantic, making havoc among young and old, learned and unlearned, rich and poor. With Esther might we all well cry, "How can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?" (Est. viii. 6.)

CHAPTER V.

WESTWARD—TORONTO AND HAMILTON.

LEAVING the pretty town of Belleville basking on the bosom of its lovely bay, in the sunshine of a June morn, onward we sped our way, five hours by car bringing us to Toronto, the interesting capital of Ontario, a rising city of about 60,000 inhabitants. We leave emigration commissioners and journalists to give information and descriptions of town and country. These can be obtained from W. Dixon, Esq., Canadian emigration agent, 11, Adam-street, Adelphi.

It is enough to say the route was through a pleasant country, everywhere dotted

with small cottages of every size, shape, and material, surrounded by cleared and uncleared lands; woods, and small streams here and there. The eye, accustomed in early years to mountain and lake, is not easily satisfied with flat and less varied scenery. Now and again the broad expanse of the Lake of Ontario meets the view, widening and deepening one's thoughts of unworked power yet within these great broad lands. Our work is one of dealing with the weal or woe of human beings; thus even the institutions and natural features of the country had to succumb to our study of the people and circumstances we were at once surrounded by on our arrival at the depôt.

The sixty urchins had not failed to use the appliances in the American railway car for washing; their pocket-combs had been in requisition; and every wee man looked solemnly on the gathering of men

gazing at them as they left the car. Farmers stepped forward, saying, "I'll take that lad;" others, "I want six boys for our village;" "I want one to learn my business, and I'll learn him as my own son; here are my certificates of character from my clergyman and the mayor of the place I belong to." These, and a great variety more, overwhelmed us. At length, with difficulty the line of boys cleared the crowd, and were marshalled in an empty room of the railway depôt. We were there aided by the kind counsel of Mr. Donaldson, the representative of Government in this department. A few lads went off at once, but the rest were ere bedtime comfortably lodged in the two Homes for boys in the suburbs of the town.

Then we were able calmly to see the masters, and talk over each individual character, telling all antecedents, and as far as we were able fitting the capabilities

of the boys to the requirements of the situations.

Two members of the Government showed practically that their fears were allayed as to our wild London Arabs by taking a boy each into their establishments; both are doing well, and much valued. Some boys went into the country upon farms; others were at once employed in connection with any trade of which they had a knowledge. The remuneration was varied. I felt a strong desire to find them homes where their souls would be cared for as well as their bodies; and no instance occurred in which any lad objected to my making arrangements for him. And now, in looking back over the way we were led, we have much to praise and thank God for. The master, upon revisiting some of them a month afterwards, finds a poor, utterly friendless orphan, happily ensconced as one of the family, calling those who had

received him "father" and "mother," and speaking of all their possessions of fields and orchards as "my father's," and that "my mother" says this and that,—thus truly verifying Ps. xxvii. 10, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." We never could trace the relatives or the belongings of the boy referred to here; he had been engaged at a printer's for three years, but the death of his master threw him out of employ and of a home; he soon spent the wages which he had saved up in the post-office savings bank, and was reduced to the streets. On asking for counsel of a policeman some miles distant from the Refuge, he had advised him to come and seek help from us. We had sheltered him; and now truly it is a cause for praise to read the letters of thanksgiving over the way the Lord hath led this poor lad.

Many a deeply interesting opportunity

was given us of urging a closer walk with God, and of presenting packets of books and tracts to employers. We also carried on correspondence bearing upon the future of the boys who come under the Refuge training.

We here append a letter from a Canadian, who has one of our boys.

“DEAR MISS MACPHERSON,—Your letter of the 8th instant came to hand, and in reply I would say, I have been looking for a letter from you for some time, and am glad to hear that the boys are doing so well; and may God prosper them and keep them out of temptation’s evil ways. My boy is doing all that I could ask; he is a very good and obedient boy, and is succeeding in learning the business first-class. He seems very contented, and likes the place very well; in fact, I could not wish for a better boy than George Moore seems to be so far; and if he continues to do as well as he has started, I shall, with God’s help, make a good and useful member of society of him. George sends his kind love to you, and hopes you may be spared

to do much good for the poor and destitute of his native country, and hopes that God may bless your efforts in doing that which is good. There are quite a number of farmers in this section that would be glad to take boys about fifteen years of age; and if you would be kind enough to let us know when the next lot of boys will land at Toronto, we will send down and select the number required. Those that I think will be kind and good to a boy I shall be glad to recommend, and none but such. An answer will much oblige.

“Wishing you every success in your benevolent undertaking. Yours very truly, A. D.

“To Miss MACPHERSON, Belleville.”

LAST DISPERSIONS.—HAMILTON.

Still desirous of widening our influence and spreading our stakes, we determined to journey on to the enterprising town of Hamilton. At every point as we journeyed some one or other was ever notifying us in the daily press, telling our wants or communicating with the farmers in a printed notice like the following:—

“HAMILTON, May 30, 1870.

“DEAR SIR,—There have arrived by the ‘Peruvian’ a lot of one hundred boys, from thirteen to eighteen years of age, from the Home of Industry, Spitalfields, London, England, accompanied by the lady manager of the institution, whose main desire is to hire them out to Canadian farmers. They are highly recommended; and as I have your name on my list, I beg to advise you that about twenty or thirty of them will be at the rooms of the Young Men’s Christian Association, over the corner of King and Hughson Streets, in this city, on Tuesday (to-morrow), 31st inst., after twelve o’clock noon.

“J. W. MURTON.”

In this town over thirty boys were cared for at the expense of the St. George’s Society, and that of some private friends. As for ourselves, as in other towns, we were most hospitably entertained by dear Christians. And when the last wee man was disposed of, and the strain over, we were carefully nursed, and caused to forget by pleasant drives, a trip to Niagara, &c., the great vacuum caused in our hearts by the loss of our interesting charge.

CHAPTER VI.

DISTRIBUTING HOME—BELLEVILLE.

OUR difficulties in distributing the boys were greatly increased by the want of a centre whereat to receive applications, and calmly to select the lad most suited to the requirements of the situations. Our work brought us, however, into constant contact with many a pious family far from the city, whose joy seemed to be great in sharing their plenty with the friendless and the destitute. Merchants and magistrates, senators and bankers, would give whole days of their time, and Samaritan-like go out of their way to find out the right home where to locate this or that boy. Dr. Wilson, of

Toronto, and his whole family were untiring in their kindnesses towards us and ours. Words fail to convey the kind Christian manner in which we have been assisted,—hospitality being offered us on every hand, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The kind missionary of Hamilton undertook to tend the little flock left around his town. Thus were we led on ever to praise Him who had led us out.

After visiting the far-famed Falls of Niagara and the cities of Buffalo, Cleveland, and Indianapolis, we turned our way homewards, visiting our protégés as best we could, praising our Heavenly Father at each step, soothing a lonely home-sick one here and there. We found one lad had fallen into the hands of a hard master; he was unhappy, and felt inclined to run away, but for the fear of grieving us.

The Lord knew our need, and provided

for us a Distributing Home, as the following will show :

OFFICIAL LETTER FROM THE SENATOR AND
WARDEN OF THE COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

“MISS MACPHERSON,—On behalf of the Council of the county of Hastings, I am to convey to you officially the intimation that in the event of your permanently selecting this locality for your ‘Distributing Home,’ the County Council will pay the charges in connection with the rental of the premises, leaving the management entirely untrammelled by condition in your hands.—I am, yours sincerely, A. F. WOOD, Warden, Co. Hastings.”

In addition to fully confirming the above, I would add the hearty co-operation of the individual members of the Council, and influential parties of the neighbourhood.

BILLA FLINT, Senator.

Our co-workers will remember our desire was to form a Home if the way opened. Situated on the beautiful Bay of Quinte, in the suburbs of Belleville, we found a

house which had been fitted up for an invalid Soldiers' Hospital by the Government; the added buildings enabling us to house from 150 to 200. The house is surrounded by pleasant grounds, a good garden, and pasture for a cow. Here, too, not only might the emigrant widow and fatherless one tarry for a season till the right start and location can be made; but the wearied-out worker might recruit under the balmy air of the glorious Canadian clear blue sky. And in this town of Belleville, among its gathering thousands, there are many dear Christians ready to show hospitality, and give the willing hand of help to those honestly and industriously disposed.

We at once heartily accepted the free, unconditional offer of a Home such as we have described, feeling it met our present need in going forward, if the Lord will, in rescuing more wandering lives,—trusting

for its support in the same way as for the REFUGE AND HOME OF INDUSTRY, Commercial Street, Spitalfields, London. Nor shall we trust in vain if the work be of Him; if not, let it speedily be brought to nought.

Our cash receipt book at once commenced:

“A thank-offering from a banker, to rescue a boy and bring him to Canada, forty dollars. From a Wesleyan Methodist, ten dollars, with many prayers and blessings. From a little girl, a golden dollar, saying it was ‘something from somebody.’ From a young lady who disliked needlework, but determined to make her own dresses, and got her papa to advance her five dollars till she had worked for it. One dollar from a little boy—all he possessed in the world.”

Altogether we have received over 300 dollars as a first-fruits towards our Distributing Home. May it also become a centre of blessing and a point of missionary effort in the district! Let your prayers,

beloved co-workers, arise for this; and that there may many of the dear, suffering, fatherless children wend their way where plenty reigns, and warm, affectionate, tender, Canadian hearts are ready to receive them.

As means come, and strength is given, so long as the way is thus plain, my intention is to continue to transmit suitable cases to meet the applications received; hoping, by exercising care in the selection of those worthy, and giving a course of training to our wanderers, to gain the confidence of, not only the town of Belleville and the county of Hastings, but the entire country. Thus thousands may ere long be helped to the labour market, and by weekly instalments, through the employers, pay into the "Distributing Home," Marchmont, Belleville, Ontario, the amount of passage-money, so that others may be assisted out.

CHAPTER VII.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF
BOY-EMIGRANTS.

“CHATEAUGUAY, May, 1870.

“DEAR MISS MACPHERSON,—I write these few lines to let you know that I have got to my place, and it is a very nice one; the lady is so very kind to me, and the master is a very kind man too. The lady is Scotch, and the gentleman is an American. Please would you send me some little books, because I gave those I had to the children, and they seemed so pleased with them. As it is getting dark, I must conclude with kind love from your obedient servant,

“H. J.”

“NEWPORT, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, E.C.

“May 27th, 1870.

“DEAR MISS MACPHERSON,—I wish to inform you, that I was taken by a gentleman who is a

farmer. He is a very pious man, and very kind to me; he loves the same Lord Jesus that I do, and is one of our happy band of Christians, who are fighting under the blood-stained banner of the cross. Dear Miss, I have found great friends here: the master and mistress are very kind to me. I long to earn wages, that I may pay you for your kindness as far as possible. I can never repay all the kindness you have shown me; but there is One I love who can pay you, and will. Give my love to Miss B—— and Mr. T——. Tell them I am quite well in health, and accept the same yourself. Yours in the Lord Jesus,

“B. F.”

“ISLAND BROOK, NEAR CROOKSHIRE, P.Q.

“May 27th, 1870.

“DEAR MISS,—I have a very good place at a saw-mills right in the backwoods. I get plenty to eat and drink, and a good bed to sleep in. I am very thankful to you and the kind lady that paid for me. Please to send down my things as soon as possible. Excuse this short letter, and please give my love to Mr. T—— and Miss B——, and let me know whether the others have

got places or not, as there is plenty of room for a dozen more here.

“I remain, your humble servant, F. E.”

“APPLEBY, June 2nd, 1870.

“DEAR MISS MACPHERSON,—I take this opportunity of fulfilling the promise I made you at Hamilton. As far as I can judge during the short time I have been here, I have fallen (or rather God has placed me) into good hands. Mr. and Mrs. C— are both lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ; they treat me with every possible kindness. There is plenty of work; also plenty of good substantial food. My hands are not quite so delicate as they were a few days ago; but I am in every way satisfied with my situation, and hope every boy may obtain one in every way equal. I once more thank you for your kindness in assisting me out, also other kind friends in connection therewith; to all I owe a debt of gratitude I never can repay. May God bless you in all your efforts to bring poor boys from a land of temptation and vice, to a land where they can honestly earn a good living.

“I remain, yours respectfully, C. M.”

“MARKHAM.

“DEAR MADAM,—I now write these few lines to you, hoping to find you quite well. We are both living together, and both working together. We are getting on quite well at present, for we have kept from smoking and drinking, and from bad company. I hope you have got places for all the boys; let them know how we are getting on. And I hope they will keep from smoking; for that and drinking is the ruination of this country. Please write to me as soon as you can, and may God bless you all.

“G. H.”

“MONTREAL, June 1st, 1870.

“DEAR SIR,—I hope this will find you quite well. I am very pleased to tell you that I like my trade. I have a master out of a thousand; he is a Christian man, a Sunday school teacher, and a good master; he takes a good interest in both of us, does everything for our good, and looks after us as if we were his own sons. J. W. wishes to be kindly remembered to you; he is still with me and is doing well. We are both very happy together; we never have any of the little quarrellings, which were so usual. I think it is solely

because we have such a Friend, who helps us whenever we are under any temptation; and I feel perfectly assured that as long as I stick close by Him, He will always help me. My kind love to Miss Macpherson and Miss B.—From yours truly,

“C. E. R. and J. W.”

“To Mr. T——.”

“BRAMPTON, 15th June, 1870.

“MISS MACPHERSON,—I received your kind letter, and am thankful to you for the interest you take in me. I am working on a farm, and I like it well, and the country well. I am getting seven dollars per month and board. I would like you to send my clothes to Brampton Station. -

“M. F.”

CHAPTER VIII.

WRITTEN TESTIMONIES FROM MEMBERS OF
THE GOVERNMENT.

GM. was in every sense of the word an orphan; he earned sufficient in a printer's establishment to pay 4s. weekly to the Refuge. The home-feeling and loving care was truly valued by the lad; his constitution had almost broken down under the difficulties he had contended with before he was sheltered from the lonely lodging-house life. The following note of testimony is from the Hon. D. L. Macpherson.

“CHESTNUT PARK, TORONTO,

“July 20th, 1870.

“MADAM,—I have much pleasure in stating for Miss Macpherson's satisfaction, that G—

M—— is conducting himself to my entire satisfaction. He is an obedient, intelligent, and well conducted boy. He is employed in the garden, and is thus learning a respectable and profitable trade. I am glad to say he retains a grateful recollection of Miss Macpherson's kindness to him. Yours truly, D. L. MACPHERSON."

"To Miss B——."

W. B. is a type of many a nice youth in our agricultural villages, conscientious and willing for labour, pining for a helping hand. If clergymen or Christian ladies would but write to us, and gather the £6 with outfit, or £10 without an outfit, enclosing details, with characters, many who are now helpless might be thus aided to emigrate.

"MOSS PARK, TORONTO,

"July 18, 1870.

"DEAR MISS MACPHERSON,—I received a note from Miss B—— to-day, in which she says that you would be glad to have a few lines from me, to tell you how I have been pleased with

Walter B. since he has been in my service. I am very glad to be able to say, that Walter has so far conducted himself entirely to my satisfaction. He is much liked by all his fellow-servants for his obliging disposition; and he has shown himself quick in learning his work, and steady and careful in doing it. I intend to send him out to my place at Lake Simcoe, where my family go next month, to remain with them while they are out there. He will have a little more responsibility thrown upon him, and at the same time be more left to himself; but, unless I am much mistaken in the opinion I have formed of his character, I shall be surprised if he does not discharge his duties as conscientiously there as when more entirely under the direction of others in town. I only hope that the desire for change—rather a catching complaint in this country—may not prevent Walter's long continuing in my employment, and growing up into a faithful and attached servant. Believe me to remain, dear Miss Macpherson,

“Very sincerely yours,

“G. W. ALLAN.”

CHAPTER IX.

STEWARDSHIP.

SOON it will be addressed by our God to each one of us, "Give an account of thy stewardship,"—not only how we have dispensed his silver and gold, but fragments of time, and the talents He has given us. He who "loveth a cheerful giver" taketh notice of him who walketh these busy London thoroughfares, and condescendeth to search into the sore sorrow of some poor hungry wanderer, and leave him not till he is placed under care.

Millions of broad acres lie yet untilled, needing only hands to place the seed-corn in. Shall these thousands of young lives perish for want of the means to transport

them across the Atlantic? We who are banded together in this work, watching for souls, ask no pecuniary reward. £10 for each rescued one covers all expenses, and starts him in life with a box of clothes. Sunday-schools might aid us much by adopting one case of either a boy or girl, and continuing to correspond with them. Could we but take the superintendents of Sunday-schools to see the sights we see, further appeals would be needless.

Grateful thanks to all who have enabled us to press on in this good work. Many are the difficulties and trials; but He who has laid upon us the burden, and granted us the privilege thus to seek out the outcasts of our sad city, will, we fear not, go before us, giving us the unspeakable joy of witnessing to his own truth, that "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin."

THE MASTER AND THE WORK.

By J. L. H.

Author of "The Starless Crown," &c. &c

ONE the service, one the Master—
He appoints to each a task;
Dost thou wonder what thy work is?
Go to Him and ask.

Many paths, but one the vineyard
None for self can rightly choose;
But the heart of self most emptied
Jesus loves to use!

Some to wait, and some to labour,
All to serve the Master's will;
Active some, and some in silence
Suffer and lie still.

Here to bind and there to scatter,
'Tis not much the world can see;
If the Master smile upon thee,
What is that to thee?

Thou art saved, but thousands round thee
Heedless to destruction go;
Watch for souls as those expecting
Strict account to show.

Work! and faint not in well doing,
Though in weariness you weep;
Hope, her patient task fulfilling,
In due time shall reap!

London: Morgan, Chase, & Scott, 28, Ludgate Hill.

Published every Thursday, price One Penny.

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"We have no hesitation in according to this magazine the praise of being what it professes to be—a *religious* periodical, in which spiritual objects are kept in view and pursued in a spiritual way, without any admixture of imaginative literature. We think it a great advantage that it should possess this distinctive character, for, without disparagement to the many really excellent magazines which aim at blending the enterprising with the instructive, we conceive it to be very desirable that there should be some which are more limited and definite in their scope, and which, like the one now before us, any professing Christian may take up on the Sunday in the intervals of public worship and feel no misgiving."—*The Colonial Mail.*

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