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THE MASTER'S QUESTION.

Have ye looked for sheep in the desert.
For those who have missed their way?
Have you been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and the wandering
stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and the darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of my wounded feet.
Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them—
He had nowhere to lay His head.
Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and the wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of my Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the golden land?
Have ye stood by the sad and the weary,
To smooth the pillow of death.
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows,
That there I had been before?
Have ye wept with the broken hearted,
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear me whispering beside you
"It's the pathway I often go!"
My brethren, My friends, My disciples,
Can ye follow Me?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the Servant be! —*Ex.*

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON.

Foundling hospitals are establishments in which children—unlucky waifs abandoned by their natural protectors and found by others—are nurtured at the public expense. In ancient times the disposition of children was usually placed, by law, in the hands of the father, who could rear them, or sell them into slavery, according as his interest or inclination prompted. Whether the modern practice of desertion and exposure to

the mercy of strangers be less atrocious, we leave to Christian moralists to determine. To mitigate, in some measure, the guilt of infanticide, one of the stubborn remnants of heathendom, the Catholic Church, at a very early period, lent its encouragement to the establishment of foundling hospitals. The 70th article of the council of Nice enjoined that "A house shall be established in each town for the reception of children abandoned by their parents." In the 6th century at Treves, a marble basin was placed in front of the cathedral in which the bishops permitted abandoned infants to be deposited, which, when found, were given in charge of the members of the church. These institutions abound in Catholic countries at the present. In the foundling hospital at Paris, the child is deposited in the "revolving cradle" by the mother or some other person, and by turning the box round, the waif is carried inside the walls. It is then taken out and weighed, and if its weight be less than six pounds, it is considered that its chance to live is very small. It is then inscribed in a register, and a formal statement is drawn up of any name which may have been given with it, or of any mark which it bears either on its person or otherwise; of the hour at which it was received, its sex and dress, etc.

Parents or relatives can reclaim the children at any period; or they may be legally adopted by any French citizen who is in a condition to maintain them. The mortality amongst these "infants of the State," is quite appalling. According to published statistics, their average life does not exceed four years; 52 per cent. dying during the first year, and 78 per cent. during the first twelve years. Only 22 out of 100 foundlings thus reach the age of twelve years. The lot of the unfortunate foundling is a hard one. As might naturally be expected, those who survive, and are ushered into the

world without friends or means constitute a large proportion of the thieves and prostitutes of large cities. Of the male convicts of France, 13 per cent. are foundlings; and females from the same class form one-fifth of the inmates of houses of ill-fame.

The foundling hospital in London was established by Captain Thomas Coram, in 1739, as "An hospital for exposed and destitute children." In many respects this establishment differs from the older and more famous institutions of Paris, Amsterdam, Moscow and St. Petersburg, and is conducted upon stricter and more humane principles. On Sunday morning the 7th of November, 1886, I paid a visit to the Foundling Hospital, London. I presented myself at the entrance a few minutes past 11 o'clock, and I was confronted by a porter in bright blue livery, holding a bright silver plate in his hand; and as he had the emblematic appearance of "a sprat to catch a mackerel," I took the hint, and deposited a piece of silver upon the shining disc. I dropped it lightly, modestly preferring not to call attention to my liberality. (Three-penny bits have a modest ring anyhow.) I entered the centre building, which proved to be a large, handsomely-furnished chapel. The deep tones of the organ, and the vocal accompaniment of rich and solemn strains admonished me that divine service was then being held. The pulpit, galleries and pews, had a cosy and comfortable appearance; and the ample audience were a high-toned class of worshipers. Possibly the silver-plated door-keeper had a refining influence upon the congregation. I soon discovered that the services were of the Episcopal type, and after the High Church order. The prayers and liturgy were chanted by the minister in a monotone; and the responses were sung by the congregation, accompanied by the impress-