

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

BY ANTONIA DICKSON.

A little child rests on a bed of pain,
With an aching head and a throbbing
brain;
A feverish flush on the soft cheek lies,
And a wistful look in the sweet blue eyes,
As the sick child moans: "How the slow
hours creep!"
Will the Lord not send to His little one
sleep?"

And the mother smoothed from the child's
brow fair
The clustering locks of her golden hair,
And murmured: "My darling, we cannot
tell;
But we know that the Father doth all things
well;
And we know that never a creature in pain
Addressed a prayer to His mercy in vain.
Time has no line that His hand may not
smooth;
Life has no grief that His love cannot
soothe;
And the fevered brow shall have rest at
last,
In the healing shade of the Death-Cross
cast.
Look up, my precious one; why shouldst
thou weep?
The Lord giveth aye to His loved ones
sleep."

And the little one gazed with a glad sur-
prise,
In the loving depths of those patient eyes,
Then lifted her lips for one long embrace,
And turned with a smile on her weary
face.

And the mother smiled as the early morn
Marked the deep peace on the childish form,
And cried aloud in her thankfulness deep:
"The dear Lord be praised, who hath given
her sleep!"

Ay, mother—she sleeps, in that charmed
repose,
That shall waken no more to earth's pains
and woes,
For the Saviour hath gathered His lamb to
His breast,
Where never life's storms shall her peace
molest.
His dear love willed not that time should
trace

One sorrowful line on that innocent face;
Others less favored might suffer their
share
Of the midnight toil and noontide glare;
Others might labor, others might weep,
But "the Lord giveth aye to His loved ones
sleep."

DEALING WITH CRIMINALS.—We have no hesitation in saying that the neglect of the police to meddle with the thieves, so long as they can avoid doing so, is a principal cause of this audacity of our criminals. The burglars are allowed to "put up" their jobs without interference. Bands of pickpockets patrol the streets day and night, jump on the cars and jostle citizens on the sidewalks without molestation. Most significant of all, there is a personal acquaintance between the police and the thieves which is very demoralizing. They walk on Broadway and recognize each other under a sort of pleasant truce. We never hear of these well known thieves being arrested on suspicion. The facilities for the disposal of plunder are very great—a facility which an active police force could put an end to. The remedy, so far as the police are concerned, is in increased activity, the arrest of suspicious loiterers at unseemly hours—in a word, active prevention as well as active pursuit. Our citizens should deal with burglars as with any other dangerous animal on their premises. No man in his senses would attempt to capture a wolf unharmed. It is best to give an alarm at once, to arm one's self before pursuing them, to use no lights, if single handed, in seeking them, and to strike upon the first symptom of resistance. That crime should lift its sloping forehead so boldly in our midst is a stain upon our progress, a reproach to our manhood and a disgrace to the police. —*New York Herald, July 30.*

Nothing comes home to a man so much as an unsettled bill.

A correspondent, writing from the Indian country, of the Sioux savages, says: "There seems no doubt but what we can find all we want of them in twenty-four hours."
"Why do I kill somebody?" thought a convict as he entered the Massachusetts State prison to serve out a ten years' sentence for hen-stealing side by side with a man sentenced for five years for causing the death of his wife.

A brave young man in a neighboring town got patriotically intoxicated the other night, and while in that condition resolved to avenge Custer's death—and next morning not one sound wooden Indian could be found in the place. —*Norristown Herald.*

The Social Problem of the Day.

The question how to deal with the terrible phenomenon of intemperance has for many years engaged the earnest attention of philanthropists and humanitarians. The manifold evils of the social scourge are everywhere hideously apparent. They are witnessed in every grade of life, and in every community great or small. The families are few indeed, which are not, directly or indirectly, touched by this mournful blight. He who has not been appalled or saddened by witnessing its effect upon some relative or cherished friend must be esteemed exceptionally fortunate. No one who mixes with men fails to see daily the ravages of vice—or, if you prefer, the disease or infirmity—intemperance in impaired health, enfeebled intellect and blunted moral sensibilities. There is no vice that so unmistakably sets its seal upon the countenance, so surely reveals itself by a general demoralization of conduct and character; and there is none that causes so much misery and degradation to all connected by social ties with the victim. These are truths which no one disputes, and which have become stale from frequent repetition.

But while all admit the magnitude of the evil, the multitude of good and earnest people who have interested themselves in the effort to abate it have no agreement among themselves in regard to the best methods. In Great Britain and America there are over a million of men and women who are engaged, in one way or another, in the work of combating the evils of intemperance. They embrace members of all ranks of society, with a very fair sprinkling of members of Parliament, and titled personages among our kinsfolk across the water; and among thousands of able, intelligent and eminent citizens. There is something touching and almost sublime in the patient resolution with which this noble army of reformers have fought a battle in which their interest is not personal, but purely humanitarian, and have kept up the struggle in the face of the utmost discouragement. For it must be conceded that results thus far are by no means proportionate to the sacrifices made or the efforts exerted. Some of them have thought that the true remedy is to be found in legislation, either restrictive or prohibitory, and have sought to obtain such legislation through political action. But candid and thoughtful observers on both sides of the Atlantic have come to the conclusion that legislative remedies have failed to produce the good effects anticipated from them. It has been found that, as a general rule, prohibition does not practically and effectually prohibit. The fanatics, however, learn no valuable lesson from these failures; they do not infer from them that their method is a false one, but only that the laws are not sufficiently stringent nor the penalties sufficiently severe. Another class of reformers rely upon rhetoric and appeals to the emotions, the effects of which are transient and liable to be followed by reaction. Both in this country and in England these methods have accomplished no large or permanent reform. The Rev. Dr. Hill of Portland said a year ago, during the excitement of the local-option contest, that after forty years of observation he had never known so much drunkenness in Maine as at that time. In Massachusetts, the experiment of prohibitory legislation in one form or another has been tested under favorable circumstances, and the general testimony is that in the chief cities and towns of that State the various legislative remedies have proved worse than failures. Mr. Pascoe of Boston, in a pamphlet on the subject, declares it as his opinion that these laws "have led to an amount of domestic and public hypocrisy and secret drinking which reflects discredit upon the State itself, and threatens, if the system is persisted in, to end in thoroughly demoralizing the people."

The conviction seems to be gaining ground that the methods heretofore relied upon for combatting intemperance do not take sufficient cognizance of its real causes. Of late years there has sprung up a school of reformers who insist that this particular vice or infirmity cannot be treated separately with any rational hope of good results. These argue that excessive indulgence in drink springs from a general feebleness of character, an inability to exercise self-control or to

resist temptation, a kind of weakness which shows itself in various other forms as well as in tipping. They hold that the demon of intemperance will remain powerful so long as men are not trained and disciplined to govern themselves and control their appetites; that reform, in order to be effectual, must be general, not aimed at a single bad habit, but at the elevation and strengthening of the whole character. To this class belong many distinguished prelates and clergymen of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, who preach the doctrine that the true reform of the future will be found in education, habits of conscientious industry, agreeable occupation, innocent recreation, the cultivation of the aesthetic tastes, and a perception of the infinite beauty and desirability of having every low appetite and evil passion in subjection.

This idea, unfortunately, holds out little hope for those who have already fallen under the sway of intemperate habits. It has no encouragement and no consolation for the inebriate who is struggling to free himself from the fatal yoke. It says, in effect: Your case is hopeless; you must go your way and suffer the penalty of your infirmity; but when you shall have passed away a generation more wisely trained and disciplined will arise, which will never become the victims of the curse from which you suffer and which has been your ruin. —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Sewing Machine-Agents.

A Poor Widow with Five Small Children Victimized.

The position in the world of trade formerly occupied by the lightning-rod man has been usurped by the sewing-machine agent. Of the two, the lightning-rod man was the lesser evil; he would put a rod on your house in spite of your remonstrances, but he never took it away, and you always had something to remind you of the fellow's inimitable gab and adamant cheek. Not so with the sewing-machine man. He operates altogether among poor women—particularly widows with seven or eight children. He tells his unsuspecting victim that she can make from \$10 to \$20 per week with a sewing-machine, and in a year or two can lay up a snug little fortune for her children. If she says she has no money, he will smile blandly and declare upon honor that he despises filthy lucre, and only seeks to befriend her from philanthropic motives. She can make herself mistress of a first-class sewing machine without money and without price—that is, very little money—a mere song; \$5 a month will, in a couple of years, pay the full price, and this she can make out of the machine itself. He succeeds in talking the widow into the notion of buying a machine, and he sets it up for her, shows her how to run it, and gets her to sign a paper promising to pay \$5 a month for the rent. He gets \$5 down; calls for two or three months and collects regularly, and then, perhaps, he disappears, and another man of sterner manners takes his place. The widow, in the course of six or eight months, may meet with some misfortune—her children may have undergone a course of the measles or scarlet fever, or she may be sick herself, or unable to obtain work, and consequently she falls behind in her payments. This is the sewing-machine man's opportunity. He enforces the contract with a more deadly determination than Shylock or a township constable in levying an execution. He takes the machine away, although it may be more than half paid for, and the poor woman is left without the slightest means of subsistence. A case occurred the other day in which a sewing-machine man took from a poor woman a machine upon which there remained but \$15 to pay.

An instance of peculiar hardship was developed yesterday in a trial before Justice Young. A poor widow named Schultz, with five small children to support, purchased, or "rented" a sewing machine of an agent who signed himself "Cannon"—a brass piece of small caliber, no doubt—and after she had made all the payments but one, another man, who signed his name "Conklin," collected the last instalment and gave her a "final release." Another agent called and demanded more money,

and when she told him she had a final receipt he refused to recognize it, and took the machine from her. Deputy City Marshal Adams called at the office of the company with the last receipt signed "Conklin," and was told it was forgery. He asked why the company did not take steps to discover and punish the forger. The reply was that the company lost many thousand dollars in that way.

Mrs. Schultz had been making \$10 a week by her industry, and when deprived of her machine she was compelled to hire herself out as a servant, and place her little children with charitable strangers. She brought suit against the company for the value of the machine and the justice gave her a verdict for \$90, and \$50 damages. The company raised a point as to the jurisdiction of the court, and will probably take an appeal. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Aug. 5.*

Wagner's Theatre at Bayreuth.

Edward Dannreuther is delivering a series of lectures in London on the poem of "Der Ring der Nibelungen," upon which Wagner has been engaged ever since 1847, and may be regarded as the main work of his life. Mr. Dannreuther's introductory before the Royal Institution gives a detailed account of Wagner's work, for the proper production of which it was found necessary to build a theatre with special adaptations. Exterially it is a plain, solid structure of red brick and wood, neither beautiful nor ugly, without the slightest attempt at architectural show, but exactly fit for its purpose. Of the interior arrangement Mr. Dannreuther says:

"The theatre is built and paid for, stage arrangements and preliminary rehearsals completed; in short, all expenses defrayed up to the present day, and a balance in hand of upwards of 15,000 florins. Of course, this has been done so far only by means of much sacrifice on the part of all the principal persons concerned. Every mechanical service required for the building, the stage, the business management, etc., was chosen of the best, and paid for accordingly. But every artistic service is paid for only in proportion as the giver can afford to give it or not. The principal singers are not paid at all, or only in proportion to the loss they sustain on the infringement of contracts they are under elsewhere. The members of the orchestra receive a salary sufficient to defray their railway fares, and their livelihood during the months taken up by the rehearsals and performances, and so on with everybody concerned. And when I add that the principal singers, and the members of the orchestra, are one and all picked men from the principal theatres of the great cities; and that very many more have volunteered than could by any chance be accepted, you will agree with me that the coming performances at Bayreuth are indeed a most surprising thing.

"Now for the inside of the theatre. A large stage, with all the best-considered mechanical appliances, about the size of that of Covent Garden. An auditorium much smaller than that of Covent Garden—less than 1,500 seats—1,000 for the patrons of the undertaking, the remainder to be otherwise disposed of; all seats directly facing the stage; no side-boxes or side-galleries, no prompter's box. In front of the stage, and screened from the auditorium by a simple wooden reflector, a deep and commodious pit for the orchestra, large enough to seat 120 musicians comfortably, and so deep as to render even the conductor totally invisible. It was a desire to obtain complete scenic illusion, and to get rid of the disturbing aspects of the orchestral lamps, and the unavoidable contortions of the orchestral players, that led to this plan of sinking the orchestra and extending the auditorium in the shape of an elongated amphitheatre; for if the orchestra is to remain invisible, it is obvious that neither lofty galleries nor side-boxes could be admitted. The best way to form a picture of the theatre, is to fancy a wedge, the thin end of which touches the back of the stage, and the thick end the back of the auditorium. The rows of seats are arranged in slight curves, each row further from the stage being raised about ten inches above its predecessor, and the seats so arranged that every person

seated looks at the stage between the heads of the persons before him.

"The pit for the orchestra has proved perfectly successful from an acoustical point of view. In short, certain shortcomings of our present orchestral arrangements seem to have been removed. One of those changes for the better, which I noticed last summer at the preliminary rehearsals, is still a puzzle. The wood winds—flutes, oboes, clarionets and bassoons—though the position occupied by them as regards the other instruments is not a bit nearer to the auditorium than in any of our opera or concert rooms, yet have a distinctness and clearness of sound altogether surprising. The individuality of each instrument stands out as distinctly, and the actual volume of sound they produce when used together, is so palpably greater than one is accustomed to hear, that I have in vain looked about for a sufficient reason. The players no doubt are of the first order, but there are players equally competent here or in Paris.

"The brass, as might have been expected, sounds less brassy than usual. That explosive bang which seems inseparable from a sudden forte of trumpets and trombones in our concert-rooms is subdued, yet the power of those instruments is not perceptibly lessened. With the strings I have noticed no change worth remarking; there was an absence of clearness here and there, but as this occurred only in passages of extreme technical difficulty, and as the orchestra read at first sight (and wonderfully well, too,) I am convinced that, after proper rehearsals, every note will be as clear and bright as it should be.

"The orchestra is constituted as follows, viz: String—16 first violins, 16 second violins, 12 violas, 12 violoncellos, 8 contrabasses. Wood-wind—3 flutes, 1 piccolo, 3 oboes, 1 cor Anglais, 3 clarionets, 1 bass clarinet, 3 bassoons. Brass—8 horns, 2 tenor tubas, 2 bass tubas, 1 contrabass tuba, 3 trumpets, 1 bass trumpet, 3 trombones (tenor, bass), 1 contrabass trombone. Percussion instruments—4 kettledrums, 1 side-drum, 1 triangle, 1 cymbal, 1 carrillon. And 6 harps. Total, 114."

Bishop Whipple on the U. S. Indian Policy.

WASHINGTON, July 31, 1876.

To his Excellency the President of the United States:—

You are aware of my deep interest in the welfare of the Indians and I am sure you will ponder this letter.

We have entered upon another Indian war, which, I fear, will be one of the most memorable in our history. I do not fear the few thousands of hostile Indians, but I do fear that eternal law of a righteous God, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." A nation which sows broken faith, injustice and wrong, will reap a harvest of blood. Thousands cry for extermination. There is One who exterminates, and a people who have more than half a million soldiers' graves within their borders ought to know that God is not blind.

I yield to no man in my sympathy for the brave men of the border, who are always the first victims of savage hate. Every generous feeling of my heart goes out for the brave soldiers who, without one thought of self, go to die; and yet I can but feel that for every life lost in such a war the nation is guilty, which for 100 years has persisted in a policy which always ends in massacre and war. Every friend of the Indian owes you a deep debt of gratitude for honestly trying to give us a better policy.

The so-called peace policy was commenced when we were at war. The Indian tribes were either openly hostile or sullen and turbulent. The new policy was a marvelous success. I do honestly believe it has done more for the civilization of the Indians than all which the government has done before. Its only weakness was that the system was not reformed. The new policy was fettered by all the faults and traditions of the old policy. The nation left 300,000 men living within our own borders without a vestige of government, without personal rights of property, without the slightest protection of person, property, or life. We persisted in telling these heathen tribes that they were independent nations. We sent out the brave and best of our