

"I have it, Major!" And the colonel seized the pen. The note read as follows:

On demand I promise to pay Ann Carter the sum of six hundred dollars, value received, with interest at the rate of six per cent. from January 1st.
Payable as soon as possible.

GEORGE FAIRFAX CARTER.

I looked to see what effect this unexpected

(To be continued.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

THE RECORD OF VIRTUE:

AN EXPERIMENT IN MORAL CHEMISTRY.

*Those who were
kid gloves and
put on airs have
not a heart half
so big as a poor
rough sailor*

A BRIGHT woman, full of loving-kindness and gifted with what George Herbert called "holy wit," devised not long ago a new scheme of education in the humanities. It was to establish in a newspaper in which she was interested, and which was especially devoted to philanthropic work, a department to be called the "Record of Virtue." This was intended to offset the record of crime which is so large a part of the daily newspaper, and to make another channel for curiosity higher than that which now prevails among the majority of readers, young and old. "If," says the originator of this scheme, "the newspapers, which really means, of course, the readers of news, took one-tenth part of the interest in virtue which they take in crime, our estimate of the human race would be quite different from what it now is. For it is natural, it is indeed inevitable, for us to generalize on the facts brought most prominently and constantly before our minds. If a column in our favorite paper is devoted to the description of a murder or a swindle, and two or three lines without comment to an act of heroism, the former is almost sure to make the larger figure in our average."

This first distinctive and intentional effort in journalism to let the light make prominent the good in human nature and hold the evil in shadow deserves wide mention as a hint to all who sketch human doings for the pano-

rama of the daily press. But the idea it embodies has already received unique attention in another field of social influence which should be told abroad.

She read to the very end the modest scrap of paper suddenly enriched by the colonel's signature, repeated in a whisper to herself "Payable as soon as possible," folded it with as much care as if it had been a Bank of England note, then thanked the colonel graciously, and tucked it into her reticule.

Another bright woman, full of original ideas in humanitarian work, and possessed of that quick intellectual responsiveness which catches thought and passes it on in flashes of insight and sympathy, was much impressed by the "Record of Virtue." How she helped its underlying principle to further development can best be told by her own words, written to the originator of the idea:

DEAR MRS. GRANT: I write, hoping that it will give you pleasure to hear of one result of your beautiful thought in having a "Record of Virtue" in the "Journal of Women's Work." An Episcopal minister, a friend of mine, has a Sunday class of one hundred bad boys; at least they were so rough and rude that the regular Sunday-school teachers would not tolerate them and turned them out of the Sunday school. This minister, whom I will call Mr. White, told me about them and some of his original methods of civilizing them. I was much interested in the account, and it occurred to me that he might set his boys to work collecting records of praiseworthy deeds, and so I sent him a copy of your paper with the "Record of Virtue" marked, and I wrote: "How would it do to interest your one hundred bad boys in that pursuit, and offer prizes for those who could report a certain number of good, or kind, or noble deeds which they had themselves witnessed, or heard, or read about, either at the present time or in past history? . . . I feel so strongly that the right way to help is to present examples of goodness instead of picturing wickedness and vice, that I think this experiment might be worth trying. The daily papers, I believe, do much harm by their detailed and sensational reports of crimes."

Mr. White at once accepted the suggestion, and I will quote from his letters showing what he has done. He says: "I thought of your idea to-day when I saw three little fellows holding on by their toes and fingers to reach their heads above the window-sill of a school-sutler's shop to study the red police gazettes."

"Now, I will buy a valuable prize and exhibit it

next Sunday to the boys, and I will buy fifty little pass-books to be given to the larger boys, in which they may write down the ten best and noblest acts they have seen or read in the papers during the past year. Christmas week I will give a grand banquet. The boys shall sit down to a feast and at its close a song or two—some ballad of brave and noble deeds—shall be sung, followed by a reading of some noble act, after which the prize shall be brought out and awarded to the successful competitor. What do you think of my plan? I hope it will set some people thinking in a good way. I am sure you will be interested, and I will send the prize list to you. I know you are right. Last Sunday I took a big ugly fellow by the collar and dragged him out. I thought it was necessary, he was very unruly; but the look he gave me as I thrust him away set me thinking, What can I do to quicken the good in these dull boys; to overcome the evil? I am illustrating 'Pilgrim's Progress' for them now."

He goes on to say that what the neighborhood is pleased to call his "Bad Boys' School" he means to name the "Banner School."

In the next letter he says: "I inclose two slips which are pasted on the books; I have distributed fifty, but must increase the number to seventy-five. The boys take eagerly to the scheme, and I think it will be a success."

He goes on to say that the boys are very rough and rude; but he was surprised that day when one of the roughest came quietly into his study and said he would go to work if Mr. White could obtain him a place to learn a trade, for he did not wish to grow up to be like a neighbor whose name he mentioned, a man of bad character.

The slips to which he referred were as follows, on pink paper:

"ST. JAMES'
BANNER SUNDAY SCHOOL
Three Grand Prizes,
1888.

"Write in this book the ten kindest, noblest, or best acts you have read or been told. Write plainly on one side of the paper, and as short as possible, and return Christmas.

"THE PRIZES.

"*First.* Every holder of a book will be entitled to a ticket to the grand banquet when the prizes will be awarded.

"*Second.* A Waterbury watch.

"*Third.* Watch with chain.

"*Fourth.* 'St. Nicholas' for one year.

"*Fifth.* 'Wide Awake' for one year."

In the same letter he says: "It is a dreadful community in which my lot is cast; but I have one advantage: I have been here so long that I understand the ways through which the young are led astray; and if my schemes are somewhat unusual, it is because they have originated in the attempt to meet the peculiar needs of my work."

He says: "You must remember that these are not nice little boys, but outcasts from Sunday schools, and very rough and rude, and I watch the outcome of our scheme with great interest."

I will quote from one letter that I sent to Mr. White about this time: "It will be interesting to see what ideas your boys have as to what consti-

tutes a truly brave and noble action. If you can train them not to find it in warlike or showy deeds, but in acts of loving self-sacrifice often never known or recognized, in little ways of kindness and self-denial, you will do a good work. My idea is that they should be taught to love peace and all that is beautiful."

After a while he wrote: "The books are coming in. I have twenty-two now. The boys evidently have done the best they could, but some of them did not understand the requirements of the competition. But these books will be very interesting, exhibiting the idea these boys have of what is kind, noble, and good. A considerable amount of valuable discussion has been raised in the neighborhood over this novel competition. I am sure it will pay.

"It has been a great pleasure to me, and I think I am learning a lesson myself, that there is a better vantage ground for me than I have yet gained in my efforts to teach these wild boys; that it is love and kindness they need more than facts.

"As I read over these strange collections of crude ideas that these boys have brought me, I am gaining a valuable knowledge of boy life and boys' needs that I never dreamed of before. I thought I knew these boys, but I did not."

After the banquet and the awarding of the prizes Mr. White wrote me:

"I am sure you will be anxious to learn how our banquet succeeded. Miss H. sent the oysters and Mrs. P. sent the turkey. I contrived to have the boys set the long table the whole length of the hall. The fifty boys who have taken books were promptly on hand. I had a magic lantern, some music and singing for them. Miss H. was present when they all sat down to the table. They had a royal feast—oysters, turkey, and ice-cream. After dinner I called them to order, and spoke to them at some length on the subject of kindness to all, but especially to the weak. I read the books that obtained the prizes, and explained the value of the brave, kind acts in each. As once I stopped a moment I was struck with the picture. I stood on a bench at the light. Most of the boys had crowded round my feet, some had climbed into the braces and timbers above me. All were deeply intent. Even the man with the concertina I had hired to play for them stood before me, both hands still in the straps, but with his mouth wide open. I was intensely pleased that they should be so deeply interested. The first prize fell to a little boy only six years old, and when he stepped up to take his watch after his book was read he was loudly applauded. The second watch fell to a boy who had a black eye from a dreadful fight in which he had engaged. I painted it over for him with glycerin and light red. He came to see me to-night and my mother has been talking to him, and I have given him some books to read. He told me he dreamed all night that some one had stolen his watch. The books show that I was not plain and simple enough in my printed explanation.

"The plan has been received by many people with great favor, and the boys have set many of their friends searching for them to find kind and brave deeds. It has taught me invaluable knowledge and opened my eyes to lines of work I had not discovered before. I intend to go on and try the plan again, but in a different way. I will have a free entertainment for the boys, a magic lantern and a

little comedy; that night I will lecture on kindness and explain thoroughly what I want them to write, and I will distribute a great many books, and after two weeks I will have another meeting of boys, and have some more music, and read the prize books and deliver the prizes, and then try and organize a legion of boys pledged to be kind, noble, and brave."

Of his second starting of the boys on the hunt for virtues Mr. White wrote: "I read your letter to the boys, and they cheered well. And they are hard at work gathering incidents and facts for another contest. I ruled that the boys who had won the other prizes should write up the books, but were not eligible for the prizes this time. I have decided also to increase the number of prizes, and will give a small gift to every boy who completes the ten items. The banquet I hope to improve also. I am deeply interested in this work. A boy sixteen years of age was hanged in our jail for murder last summer, and now there is another of the same age who is guilty of the murder of an old woman. I deplore the result of our present educational systems. I wish I could give my whole time to humane education. I have prepared some books for a lady who teaches in the 'House of Refuge,' and she will make a trial of this scheme of getting those whom we want to make better to record virtuous and kind deeds."

Later Mr. White wrote: "I hope it will please you to know that we have held our second banquet, and that the boys cheered in their rough way for the lady who had so generously provided a treat and prizes for them. The banquet was a fine affair. We had a dinner, with ice-cream, etc., for fifty boys. After dinner I cleared the floor and let them have a good time. The prizes were awarded, and every boy was presented with a 'Band of Mercy' badge. To my surprise the first prize, a good watch, fell to a boy who last year was taken by my sexton by the scruff of the neck—a ragged, bare-footed boy—and landed off the church grounds, and bade never to come back again, he was so troublesome. I learned that his father gave him a beating when he heard of it, and so I hunted him up when I gathered these banished boys at another hour. I am studying these boys: I think when the proper time comes I will draw the net and organize my 'Legion of Honor.'

"I will say that these experiments with the 'Record of Virtue' books in addition to the Sunday-school work have so gratified and encouraged me that I wish I could confine myself entirely to educational work among neglected children. I have been educated also, and have forbidden the use of coarse songs and rough quotations and slang in the little exhibitions with which I amuse my people. You must know that these are not destitute boys I labor amongst, for the most part. Their people work hard for their daily bread; but they are neglected. They are very wild and rude, and if they grow up as they are they will make very brutal husbands, and coarse, vicious fathers—just like their own fathers and grandfathers, who work almost like brute cattle. I cannot interest many even among philanthropic people in them. Some even think the boys deceive me, and I do them little real good. Perhaps even you, Miss Maxwell, would not encourage me to go on if you should hear and see them. But they come to me so confidentially and

confide in me in so many tender ways, I cannot feel about them as others do. I see in them two natures, two personalities, and even the most skeptical must admit there has been a great improvement in them. I will go on. I will organize the boys, beginning with thirty of the largest. If I could learn the best way of working with them I would make much sacrifice to try it."

That Mr. White is discovering some very good ways of working with neglected children is proved by the testimony of a leading paper in his city, which, in giving an account of a novel entertainment, an originally illustrated lecture of travel, which the clergyman gave them, says, "Already the lads, most of whom are waifs from the street, show signs of decided improvement in demeanor under the influence of the training to which they voluntarily subject themselves."

I hope, dear Mrs. Grant, you will be interested to learn how far your little candle throws its beams, and to read this long letter, and also some of the boys' books which I inclose.

Yours cordially,
HELEN MAXWELL.

Now what can be said of the books which the hands of these rude boys have inscribed with their crude ideals of virtue and kindness? They lie before this faithful chronicler, a curious testimony to the most wonderful and encouraging fact in human nature—the fact that some of the highest qualities of character can be seen and appreciated by those habituated to the lowest social conditions. The gallery gamins applaud the hero of virtue at the theater. The neglected waifs, thrust from sacred places "by the scruff of the neck," know what is meant when kindly bade to speak of noble and generous deeds. And if the eye be so keen to see the good when evil so clogs the growth towards goodness, who shall dare say that with better conditions about them these neglected children could not walk in the light they discern? If a tender, hopeful patience like Mr. White's could oftener "make channels for the streams of love" and sweeten the currents of social influence for these rude boys, perhaps even the coarse and brutal fathers would not hold them always to vicious ways. It may seem odd that a boy fresh from a street fight, with black eye painted over for the occasion, should take a prize for the recital of kind acts; but that such a boy should be able to tell so well what virtue is shows a misguided or undeveloped moral power which witnesses more strongly to the divinity of human nature than all the perfections of the better born and bred.

Two of the boys did mistake utterly the meaning of Mr. White's directions respecting the record-books, and offered a list of murders, thefts, fires, and calamities copied from the crimes and casualty column of the daily press; and several gave a collection of remarkable

facts and quotations of no moral significance in the line required. Quite a number of boys seemed to think nothing sacred enough for the books but Scripture texts and narratives of Bible heroes. One devoted to scriptural subjects evidently believed that "brevity is the soul of wit," and summed up his required items in the following single sentence: "The ten commandments." One biblical book is sufficiently remarkable for partial quotation; quotations in this case, as in all others, being verbatim as to spelling and punctuation, or the lack of it.

Jacob was very kind his brothers sold him and when his brothers wer in neede he took them in his home.

David was a brave man he killed Goliath whit a sling

Simson killed 1000 people with a mule jaw boon and he pulled a lion jaw into

*Simson Killed 1000
people with a
mule jaw boon
and he pulled a
lion jaw into*

Daniel was a brave man he was in by 7 lion.

The seven jews brothers was brave and there mother the were killed be thy would not eat pork.

Several boys made collections of poetry, some of which was quite irrelevant in character, ranging from "Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild" to "Little Boy Blue" and "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and some of which was of a stately and sentimental order; in a few cases a poetic version of some heroic deed. One boy, in a curious medley of verse and prose, quotes two stanzas of what is evidently a stirring ballad of brave action as follows:

(1) A sea faces upward turn, one fear by every heart inured by ruddy light is clearly read in every brow the anxious dread a mother mid the bright light stands her necktie clasped by baby hands.

(2) Mid the lurid light for a moment loss then dimly seen as it gleams on the sight her curling wreath of smoke between up the ladder one rushes but three come down and the helm is a heroes crown.

The same boy has for his tenth item the following mixture of pertinent suggestion and reassuring sentiment:

Who misses or who wins the prize to lose or conquer as you can

But if you fail or if you rise be each pray God a gentleman.

VOL. XLI.—32.

Yet do not think I doubt thee I know thy truth remains I would not live without thee for all the words contains.

Several books are historical and political in tendency. Robinson Crusoe and Christopher Columbus divide honors as discoverers, and the latter receives one quite remarkable recognition in the following entry:

Christopher Columbus going on a voyage to discover unknown lands so as to spread the gospel to the heathens to safe their immortal souls.

Arnold von Winkelried and other true heroes appear in the narratives; and Abraham Lincoln is mentioned by several of the boys for "his kind act the emancipation proclamation." George Washington is praised both for his devotion to his country in the revolutionary times, and for, as one boy puts it, "admitting that he did it with his little hatchet."

One boy proceeds in so orderly and accurate a manner that his book is very impressive with its array of dates and its dignified items of national and universal importance. His first item is "The Discovery of America"; his second, "The Landing of the Mayflower"; his third, "The motion in Congress that the American Colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent"; his fourth, "The Emancipation Proclamation"; and his fifth, the surrender of Lee, "therby puttin an end to the great Rebellion." And then he takes up religious history, beginning with "Martin Luther," and ending his book with the following summary:

But the greatest and kindest act was when Jesus Christ died on the Cross so that our sins might be forgiven.

Another boy of apparently the same statistical and methodical order of mind puts in, between a recognition of the "Holy Martyrs" and of recent contributions by the citizens of his town for sufferers by a great fire, the following bit of home gratitude:

Our pastor giving his time and energy towards teaching and amusing our little ones.

Another boy of similar historic turn adds a dramatic touch to his recital of facts, and asks, *à la* Carlyle:

Who is the man in America that is not proud of the name of Bengimin Franklin who chained the lightning from the heaven and Franklin P. Morse that made the same subservan to man will.

One boy evidently thinks it is a prophecy of better things and a promise of better life which is wanted, rather than a record of facts,

and he begins with his suggestions of improvement as follows:

The first kind act i think wold be if some of our rich people wold take some of thare spare money and give it to St. James Church.

It will be observed that this reformer starts in his scheme for bettering the world where so many others do, in an easy mental disposition of other people's surplus funds. This same boy closes his contribution with these reflections, in which the peculiar spelling emphatically points the moral:

We all must mind our pastor and teacher and be *yousfull* in this world. Merry Christmas to you all.

One boy has evidently been impressed with the rhythm of the Church service, and has unconsciously patterned his book upon its stately form. He enumerates important events, beginning with "The election of Harrison and Morton as President and Vice President of the United States"; and for his sixth item, following a formal statement of congressional action, makes this pathetic entry:

The loss by death of my little brother.

Death has, it is clear, impressed the little fellow as a stupendous thing, to be classed with great public events when he makes up a solemn book to show to a clergyman; and then he goes on to enumerate causes for thankfulness as follows:

For the great yield of our crops the past year
For the health of our people of —
And to God for the preservation of my father and mother.

Another boy, apparently of the same mind respecting the sort of entry required by Mr. White, begins, "The first and best thing I have read is the Bible"; has for his eighth item, "The best for mankind was Christ dying to save us"; and closes with:

roth the last but not the least was the kind act of the lady who offered us boys the prizes if we should win.

A very good number fill the requirements as regards the topic better than those yet mentioned; and of these a fair proportion fill out the ten items. One curious difference appears in these records of virtue that are nearest the ideas of Miss Maxwell and Mr. White. Some boys start out ambitiously and with an evident desire to copy exactly something they have read, or give an elaborate recital of something they have heard in the required line; and a

few keep up the interest and energy long enough fully to accomplish their purpose. But of those who grow weary some come to an abrupt stop, with no attempt to condense the story to preserve its pith, while others make a very good synopsis, and so give the picture even if it is blurred. An instance of the former is the following item:

George Washington, who was the leader of the American armies wished very much to find out the positions of the American [English?] army and just how strong it was.

Here the account ends. The boy evidently began the story of the young man whom Washington sent as a spy into the English lines, and who was shot by the enemy, and whom Washington so mourned for his bravery and promise.

On the other hand, several of the boys show real ability in their brief and pithy sentences, as the following indicate:

There was an old woman who was sick and blind and a little girl read the Bible to her.

One cold night it happened that a bridge burned and a small girl managed to crawl over to save the train which was to cross the bridge that night she got over to build a fire around the bend the train come the engineer noticed the fire gave alarm to the people they got out of the car and kissed the girl for her braveness.

About 5 years ago there was a man who had a brave dog who saved 2 bodies from a fire when the firemen were afraid to go in but the dog was not the dog ran in got an old lady and dragged her out running in again looking all over and found a little baby he dragged her out and there wer both saved by this brave dog. The dog is dead now he died about a year ago.

I heard of a brave engineer who was running a locomotive it happened one day when he was running the locomotive that a horse and carriage with two girls were near the track when the engineer jumped from the engine into the carriage and stopped the horse and saved them all.

There was a man standing by the gate and a boy passed and snapped a cherry stone into the man's eye and put his eye out the man planted the stone ten year passed and a hungry tramp come along and the man told him to go up in the cherry tree and eat some cherries it was the same boy who put his eye out.

One boy is of a strikingly dramatic turn. He dashes into the heart of his stories without a word of preliminary explanation, after the style of the bold novelist whose forte is plot and thrilling climax. One of his items is as follows:

Brave Toby! The house was on fire and no one thought of poor puss. All were too busy sav-

ing themselves. No one: yes: Toby, missing his companion actually ran into the burning house and presently came downstairs holding poor puss safe and sound in his mouth wasn't he brave and didn't he deserve the shout of

Bravo!

Another runs in this wise:

Will he succeed

The man has fallen over board and in his struggles caught hold of a great sea bird swimming on the water. The bird tries to escape and the man hopes, by its means, to raise himself above the waves. Will he succeed? we hope so for it is said to be drowned.

I think the bird is an albatross.

And again this boy celebrates the good deeds of the dumb creatures by a striking tale which we quote:

A few years ago in the city of New York there was a brave polly who saved a man and woman in this way burglars enter the house and stole the money and then one burglar said to another we'll shoot 'em! Now the Polly hearing this rang the alarm which woke his master up and then the burglars escaped and a few years after the polly die and was mourn by many people and he was buried in a coffin cost three hundred dollar

Brave Polly!

Some of the boys who failed to complete the number of items seem to have had a very good idea of the sort of incident required. As, for instance, the following three narratives show that if the boy who wrote these in his book had only persevered he might have made an excellent record:

I read in a book a story of a girl who was very brave her father was General Schuyler and he was in the Revolutionary War. One day the Tories and Indians came to his house to capture him he went up stairs and took his family with him but when they were all together in a dark room the mother remembered that the little baby was asleep in its cradle down stairs she was going for it but the General said no I will go while they were talking their little girl ran down stairs and got the baby. The Indians tried to tomahawk at her but she ran so fast that it did not hit her, and she carried the baby to her mother.

There was a little boy scating on the ice in Toledo the ice broke and he fell in his dog was watching and jumped in and saved him this I call a brave act.

There was an engineer saw a little child sitting on the tracks and his engine was almost to her and he could not stop it so he walked out on the frond of engine and picked her up and by doing so saved her life.

Another boy who failed to complete his book showed an understanding of true nobil-

ity and kindness by his quotation of the following among other incidents:

Not long ago some boys were flying a kite in the street just as a poor boy on horse-back rode by. The horse became frightened and threw the boy injuring him severely. None of the boys followed but one that witnesses it did. He found that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow whose only support consisted in selling milk. The boy said to the old lady I can drive your cow. He also gave her some money he had saved for a pair of boots to buy medicine and wore a pair of boots that belonged to the sick boy.

A girl while going to school was abused by an older girl. Day and after day she would throw snow at her. So one day she told her mother and her mother told her to pick out the nicest apple she could find and the next day to give it to this girl. So she did and after that she never hurt her again.

Considering that we are quoting from the collections of "little outlaws," it is somewhat surprising to come upon a choice like this, with which one boy begins his book:

Like one who leaves the trampled street for some Cathedral cool and dim where he can hear in music beat the heart of prayer that beats for him.

One little boy only six years old had evidently received help in the preparation of his book, and was of different home surroundings and training from the others. His book is very interesting, both from the quaint and original incidents given, and also from one narrative which betrays the author's desire to include himself among his list of heroes. Like many an older chronicler he took pains that history should do him justice, but showed an adroit avoidance of direct self-praise worthy of imitation.

Some very bad boys tied an old tin can to a little black dog's tail, and he was afraid, but a *little* boy who was good caught the dog and got the can untied so the little dog did not cry any more. That little boy was brave. I am a little boy only six years old and I am afraid of *big bad* boys.

Another item given by this little boy leads us to exclaim, "Wonderful if true!"

A nice fat hen died one day, and her little chicks did not have any place to go: but a *big big* rooster walked up to them, and took them with him; and he scratched in the dirt for them, and let them sleep under his feathers at night, so they all lived to be fat hens. I think that was a *very* kind act.

One of the best collections contains the following incidents of self-sacrifice and devotion to others:

A true nobleman wounded on the field of Zutphen Sir Philip Sidney refused to quench his burning thirst till he had offered his canteen to a poor bleeding soldier.

When the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir they carried him on a litter on board of his ship and to ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head from which he experienced considerable relief. He asked what it was. It 's only a soldier's blanket they replied. Who's blanket is it asked Sir Ralph, I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is. It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second Sir Ralph. Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night. Even to ease his dying agony the general would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.

A slaves revenge.

Some years ago a poor negro bought as a slave on the coast of Africa was carried to the West Indies. His master, a wealthy planter found him faithful and showed great confidence in him and employed him in affairs of importance. One day the planter wished to purchase twenty more slaves. He went to market with his faithful Peter and told him to choose those he thought would make the best workmen. To his surprise Peter chose among others a decrepid old man. On the plantation Peter took the greatest care of the old man. He was as careful of him as a good son could be of a beloved father. The master was surprised at Peter's conduct towards his fellow slave, and wished to know the reason for it. Is he your father? he asked. No master. Perhaps he is an older brother? No master he is not. He must be some relative. It cannot be that you should care so much for a total stranger. He is not a stranger to me master though not a relative, he is my enemy. It is he that sold me on the coast of Africa. But I must not hate him for that. A missionary taught me if thy enemy be hungry give him eat : if he thirst give him to drink. I try to follow that law of our master in heaven.

Another boy, whose collection of items is excellent, begins with one which shows he was able to discern the worth of little simple acts which any boy might do.

One cold morning last winter the streets were slippery with a thin coat of ice, partially covered with snow, and people who were going to their places of business were obliged to walk very carefully for fear of falling. As I was passing along with the rest I noticed a bright looking lad standing on the pavement, and steadily looking at a spot on the sidewalk. As I approached him he looked up at me and pointed to the place said, " please don't step there, I slipped there and fell." I thanked the kind and thoughtful little fellow and passed by the dangerous place.

Perhaps the most remarkable book in its indications of originality in quotations, and native intellectual power in the boy whose name it bears, is one beginning with the following significant moral reflections :

If you do not begin you will never come to the end the first weed pulled up in the garden the first seed put in the ground the first [dollar?] put in the bank the first mile braved on a journey are all important things they make a beginning and

give promes a hope an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor idle erring hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if instead of putting off his resolutions amendment and industry he had only made a

Beginning.

Two incidents given by this boy deserve full quotation.

A traveling jew by the name of Simon come into Germany and been very tired went to a tavern and began to sleep when a soapmake set fire to his beard Simon woke up and put it out and then he went to bed and slept when in the night he heard to fire bell ring he got and dress and went to the fire when he got there it was the same soapmakers house on fire and his wife and child in danger and no one ventured to rescue then Simon went in and safe the wife and child and the soapmake call on Simon next morning but he was gone but he left the soapmake enough money to build his house again.

On a small path at the right was a high mountain in on the left a deep and swift river went a wery wander [wanderer] as a tiger came bounding down the path towards him he was about to jump into the river but there was a crocodile he expected would kill him the tiger had but a few steps more and came leapen instead of on the man he leaped into the river in reach of the crocodile and traveler escaped do not get discouraged till the last moment it may turn out to

your good

It is time for this chronicler to finish with the sentence which one boy gives at the close of his book : " This ends my compositions."

But a little should be added concerning the books of the second competition. These had pasted on the cover the following printed announcement :

ST. JAMES' BANNER SUNDAY SCHOOL'S
Second Grand
Prize Banquet.

Write plainly in this book ten of the kindest, bravest, and noblest acts you have read, seen, or been told.

The design of this competition is to teach you to seek for and to love that which is kind, gentle, and brave, and to shun and hate those things which are base, ignoble, and wrong.

On the back of the book appeared the description of the

GRAND PRIZES.

First. A good watch and chain.

Second. A good watch.

Third. "St. Nicholas" for one year.

Fourth. "Wide Awake" for one year.

Fifth. For every boy who writes ten acts a Band of Mercy pin and a ticket to the grand banquet, when the prizes will be awarded.

The second set of books is an advance upon the first in understanding of the intention of Mr. White, in neatness, in accuracy, and in the proportion of those having the full number of items. In some instances the same boys tried again, and improved decidedly upon their original work, although knowing that they could not get a prize if they had before received one.

The far greater number of kind acts done by humble people in everyday fashion which are recorded in the second set of books show that the boys had at last understood that they were asked to note that which touched or might affect their own lives closely, and not merely to search history for sublime deeds of great men. One records the following:

One day as two boys were walking along they met a poor old woman carrying a large basket of apples she looked weak and ill so the lads carried the basket a long distance and they would not take an apple because it was their duty.

Another tells this:

A little boy named Arty said to a boy named Frank Green you're the rudest boy in this street I should think you be ashamed Frank had a new snowball all ready to strike the poor old woman who had just returned from a hard days work. But when Frank herd those words he drew back his hand. He look angry and Harry said I dont see how you dare to tell Frank that he pay you off for it. Well I'd rather he'd pay me off than do a rude thing. Dont you think Arty was brave? I do and I think some day he will be a true gentleman.

Another boy, whose whole collection is very good, tells of the heroism of a little drummer boy who refused a glass of wine at the dinner-table of his captain, although urged and commanded to drink it. Another boy repeats the pretty story of the English sailor who, released from his captivity as a prisoner of war, bought of a bird dealer a cage full of birds and gave them their freedom in gratitude for his own newly regained liberty.

The whole collection of books given in at this second contest shows much moral discrimination, and many incidents recorded touch upon those finer and more delicate elements of kindness and nobility which the boys could hardly have seen much of in their homes. The following is one of the best:

THE NOBLE HEARTED BOY.

Just in the rear of a pleasant village in which i once lived is a long hill and in the winter time the

children used to come there to coast on their sleds especially on Saturdays when there was no School. One morning a large number of merry boys had collected as usual on the hill and they were enjoying the sport making the air ring with their glad shouts. But at the top of the hill stood a little fellow by himself watching the other boys intently but taking no part in the sport. He seemed to be a poor boy for he was dressed in a large ragged coat and he had an old handkerchief tied over his cap apparently to keep it on his head. as he moved forward to look after the boys who were descending the hill on their sleds i observed also that he was lame. No one seemed to take any notice of him for a long time except once when a mischievous boy threw a snow ball at him he was indeed a stranger in the crowd and my heart began to ache for him he looked so sad and lonesome standing there by himself unable to participate in the enjoyment which he saw around him and with no one to give him a kindly greeting. Presently however a bright looking lad left his mates and approached the solitary friendless boy i could not hear what he said but i soon saw him help the poor lame boy to a seat on his sled and down the long slope they both went together. The attention of the other boys seemed then to be drawn to the pair and as they reached the foot of the hill they all gave a loud hurrah seeming to understand what their playmate had done. Then catching the same spirit which he had shown they ran to the spot and four or five sturdy little fellows took hold of the rope and drew the sled up the hill with the lame boy sitting upon it. Then they gave him another slide down the hill and another up and no one among them all had a merrier time than he who a few minutes before had been as an outcast among them. That was a beautiful sight. The lad who had the disposition and courage to do such a deed of kindness and influence enough to make the rest of his playmates follow his example must have been indeed a noble hearted boy and a happy one too.

Not all cities have a Miss Maxwell to start this novel experiment in training rudeness, coarseness, and brutality to fix the eye upon gentleness, nobility, and kindness. Fewer cities still have a Mr. White, of devotion, tenderness, and faith to draw the hearts of the most depraved and wayward towards the better life. But the principle of this unique enterprise in moral training is of universal application — the principle that attractive power towards the good rather than repressive power towards the bad is the mighty lever in character-building.

The great interest already manifested in this boys' "Record of Virtue," wherever it has been known, justifies this public recital of a most private and personal work, while it gives hope of new and wiser ventures in the same direction.

Anna Garlin Spencer.