

vision, physical care, kindergarten instruction, amusement, and the opportunity for sleep and rest. There are two play-rooms on the roof, one enclosed and one shaded by an awning, and the construction and appointments of the building are in keeping with modern scientific and hygienic requirements.

"The house has beds and swinging cribs for seventy-five children, three bath-rooms of the latest pattern, rooms for the Matron and attendants, an isolation room for use in illness, dining-rooms, kitchen, laundry, &c. Mothers' meetings, with instruction on sanitary topics and on cooking, sewing, and the care of home and children, are part of the present work. The nurseries in New York are supported in almost every instance by voluntary contributions.

"In the West Side Day Nursery much stress is laid on industrial training. Girls from seven to sixteen, on payment of 5d. a week, are taught basket-weaving, sewing, and crocheting. This crocheting brings the children a revenue, the work being sold by them among the Germans of the tenements as trimming for pillow-cases and sheets. Much stress is laid on the value of careful habits. If a shoe-button is off, it must be sewn on at once; a rip must be mended; the door must be answered properly. In some nurseries two babies are taken for 1d. each."

A Christmas Carol.

It chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas eve,
I went sighing past the church across the moor-
land dreary—
"Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will
leave,
And the bells but mock the wailing round, they sing
so cheery.
How long, O Lord! how long before Thou come
again?
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary
The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men
toil in vain,
Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas
bells be cheery."
Then arose a joyous clamour from the wild fowl on
the mere,
Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells
ringing;
And a voice within cried—"Listen! Christmas
carols even here!
Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the stars
and snows are singing.
Blind! I live, I love, I reign; and all the nations
through
With the thunder of my judgments even now are
ringing;
Do thou fulfil thy work but as yon wild fowl do,
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through
it angels singing."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

To Frances Power Cobbe.

On her Eightieth Birthday—December 4th, 1902.

Old friend, whose soul is large enough to give
Welcome to all that need compassion's store,
True woman, tender-hearted to the core,
But strong to teach us manlier how to strive;
December comes, and days are fugitive,
Strength wanes albeit the spirit waxes more;
But this remains—dark worlds you dared explore
Are brightening with the Love that still shall live.

Wherefore, on this your solemn natal day,
Though all the griefs of fourscore summers gone
And sorrow of two worlds, and cruel spite
Are heavy on you—this we dare to lay,
This added burden: 'Thanks for work well done,
And prayers—a nation's gift of warmth and light.
—H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Westminster Gazette*.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe has just celebrated her eightieth birthday, and has been presented with a most interesting album of congratulatory autograph signatures.

The address referred to her strenuous philanthropic activity and her pioneer work in urging the rights of women to University degrees; also to the power of her writings to advance the movement to secure equality of treatment for women in educational and other matters, to her efforts in regard to social amelioration, such as ragged schools and workhouse reform, and to her advocacy of the better treatment of dumb creatures. Amongst the signatures are the names of Miss Florence Nightingale and Mrs. Bedford Fenwick.

The English Committee has requested the Guild of Loyal Women at Cape Town to administer the Loyalist Fund.

Slavery in the City of God! How anomalous it sounds! We allude to the City of Mecca. Visiting the slave market in that goal of the Faithful, a correspondent of the *Morning Post* gives a graphic account of its horrors.

"One group," he writes, "that of a mother and daughter, excited my sympathy. The girl, unthinking, giddy, broke every now and then into shrill laughter. In her mirth, more terrible to witness than grief, it seemed as though she would wile away the hours of exciting expectation. For the girl was bent on winning a master; slavery had for her no terror, a mother no reclaiming tie. I watched the mother's face, which was bare. Every time her daughter laughed the nerves twitched all over it, and then grew rigid.

"It was plain, to the sympathetic eye, that she had forced herself to rejoice in her own anguish—her daughter's unconcern, telling herself, it may be, that, though her own pain would soon be the greater, her daughter's would be so much the less. The one, dreading the parting, disguised her secret anguish, or found her consolation in her child's heartlessness; the other, who could not conceal her anxiety lest she should be overlooked, was innocent of a qualm. The dealer, standing by, cried out: 'Come and buy, the firstfruits of the season, delicate, fresh, and green; come

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