

brother a chair with wheels, and she held lots of folks besides us." The bell rang, and the opening exercises began. Miss Rachel, in her plain bonnet, joined heartily in them all; the blessing was on her that comes to those who let not their left hand know what their right hand doeth. The teachers who had called her miserly felt some pricks of conscience.—S. S. Times.

Ours is a religion little in its demands, but how infinitely prodigal in its gifts! It troubles you for an hour, and repays you by immortality.

**Correspondence.**

For the Christian Messenger.

**Letter from Paris.**

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

France mourns. Paris is in tears. Europe for one week echoes the sad news—Thiers is dead. The illustrious statesman, the energetic historian, the convincing orator, has passed away. That long life which has spanned the 18th century and the present, is broken. Yesterday a nation, or rather a continent, sent its representatives to carry the fallen hero to his resting-place. All is now over; and one who has witnessed the universal mourning, the funeral pomp, may now attempt a sketch of that illustrious character whose loss fills Europe with mourning and lamentation.

M. Louis Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles in the year 1797. The greatest French statesman was thus two years younger than the greatest living Englishman—the sage of Chelsea; and some seven or eight years older than the great rival statesmen Disraeli and Gladstone. A life which began with the French Revolution, and was yet active in the Franco-Russian war, must for the men of this generation possess no uncommon interest. How was it spent? Lowly, indeed, was its beginning. His father was poor; and Thiers owed a bursarship in the Lyceum at Marseilles to his remote kinship with the poet Chénier, whose dreamy countenance, as it appears in the famous picture in the Palais de Luxembourg, forms a striking contrast to the practical working appearance of the future statesman. This poor boy understands the meaning of work—there is hope for him. At eighteen, after a brilliant examination, he is an advocate. But law is not to his taste; for him the path of literature is all fragrant with delicious perfumes. He enters it; he plucks the golden fruit; for ever shall it be his nourishment, that garden shall be his home.

But he is in the country, and then as now, one thought possesses the ambitious youth of France—to go to Paris and essay a reputation there. In 1821 he arrives; soon after he is writing for the *Constitutionnel*, then the great organ of the liberal party. He writes on every subject—politics, art, literature. His literary career has commenced, and by 1827 he had finished his *History of the French Revolution*, which initiated the movement that Carlyle has perfectly completed, doing honor to the heroes of that national upheaval.

Meanwhile the Restoration had had place, and Thiers regarded it with little favour. "The king reigns and does not govern," was his motto, and its realization could only be found in some such constitution as the English. Hence with Grévy, who yet lives, and Guizot, who died three years ago, he managed to have Louis Philippe raised to the throne. But Louis Philippe found the rule of the majority unpalatable; his love for the English model ceased on his accession to the throne; he was forsaken by his supporters; he falls; and M. Thiers is the first to propose the candidature of Louis Napoleon, whose glorious defeat and lonely death the great statesman has lived to see. But long ere that sad catastrophe he had entered the Chamber of Deputies and become successively Minister of the Interior and Minister of Foreign Affairs. His political career was remarkable for the rapid advances he made in the estimation of his countrymen. And when the crisis of 1870 came M. Thiers accepted a diplomatic mission to the various courts of Europe, which he traversed from London to St. Petersburg in the vain attempt to obtain aid

against the Prussians, who were then pressing so closely his beloved Paris. The effort was futile. The blow must fall, and M. Thiers was appointed to cede in the name of France the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine to the victorious Germans. Then comes his Presidency, quickly followed by his descent from the Presidential chair only two months after the Assembly had declared that he deserved well of his country.

For the last six years the former President has devoted himself to the study of philosophy, upon which he leaves a large work unfinished. Still his interest in politics was not much less than formerly, and in the present political campaign his was the name round which gathered all that illustrious party who oppose tooth and nail the government of the Marshal-President. MacMahon was to be defeated. Thiers was to take his place. All that is now changed, and M. Grévy would probably fill the Presidential chair in case of the Marshal being forced *se soumettre ou se démettre*—to use the phrase for which M. Gambetta is now being prosecuted.

The end came sooner than men expected it. Sunday last M. Thiers was well; next evening he was a corpse. The news flew over Europe, and letters of condolence poured in upon Madame Thiers in every language. The French Government proposed to inter the illustrious man at the expense of the State, but as Madame Thiers refused to give up the regulation of the proceedings, the offer was not accepted. The funeral was therefore private; but no public ceremony, no parade of soldiers, no eclat of state, could compare with the free spontaneous tribute which a mourning nation paid on Saturday, the 8th Sept., to the memory of its illustrious statesman. From his house to the Cemetery—along the Grand Boulevards in the centre of Paris—the streets were packed to crowding, with men and women of every age and station. Our stand was beyond the principal streets, and yet even there the pavements, the balconies, the roofs and chimneys of the houses, were crowded. In some parts is heard the cry, "Vive la République," but as the funeral car, covered with wreaths and flowers, passed amid that dense concourse, a silence as of death reigned all around us. All felt that France had sustained an irreparable loss.

Onward slowly files the long black procession to Pere Lachaise; and there, where lie the noble sons of France, they deposited all that remained of Louis Adolphe Thiers.

He has worked out his destiny; he has gone. The variety of individuals seen in the cortege attest the multiplicity of his works. Near 400 members of the Assembly, a delegation from the Institute, another from the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences—these pay the last honors to the statesman, writer, orator, philosopher.

His work on Philosophy is yet unpublished, but his opinions are known. Somewhere he has spoken of "that force, power, principle, or if you will call it so, God." Beyond a sort of Deism he, in common with most of the French thinkers, does not seem to have got.

As an orator, M. Thiers possessed all the practical good sense which characterizes an Englishman. He hated long speeches, and had no mercy on the venders of words without meaning. In this respect he is conspicuously different from most of the French orators.

The statesman has committed faults, as in the affair of the Commune, as in his denunciation of the "vile multitude," for which he apologized in 1873, the historian tends to hero-worship, witness his eulogy of Napoleon I; the philosopher finds the horizon limited, the heavens beclouded, the sun hidden and his rays intercepted—in a word, the man was neither perfect nor omniscient; but I confess to no small admiration for the policy of Marseilles, who, by incessant toil and unflinching energy raised himself to the headship of the first continental nation of Europe, and who died as he had lived, the hero of his country, the admiration of Europe, a chief in his generation whose memory is embalmed in the good and noble hearts of a bereaved and mourning nation. X.

Paris, 10th September, 1877.

**The Famine in India.**

[We have had in our pages brief allusions to the terrible state of things now existing in the Madras Presidency and other parts of India. The following letter and extract from the *Bombay Times of India* came by last mail. We are not acquainted with the writer, but presume he is connected with some of the families whose name is so familiar to us. Accounts since received confirm and intensify the worst forebodings of this article.]

MADRAS, Aug. 9th, 1877.

To the Editor of the *Christian Messenger*:  
SIR—I enclose what I have no doubt is a true statement regarding the famine prevailing in the Madras Presidency.

The future you will admit looks gloomy enough, and unless rain and plenty of it comes at once, the mortality will be dreadful. As I write the air is dry and hot with a stiff breeze blowing and clouds of dust flying in all directions enough to blind one.

The city of Madras is simply swarming with the famine-stricken from the country, and poor wretched specimens of humanity many of them are.

I see in to-day's papers that cholera is raging a few miles from here.

I remain

Yours faithfully,  
WM. STARRATT.

**THE FAMINE RELIEF MEETING IN THE BANQUETING HALL.**

The public meeting held at Madras on Saturday evening is at last likely to open the eyes of all Englishmen, whether at home or in India, to the true state of the famine now raging in the Southern and Western districts of the Empire, "from the Kistna river almost to Cape Comorin." For some inscrutable reason it seems to have been considered an official duty to understate the actual nature of the calamity from our fellow subjects in England, and the Duke of Buckingham deserves the thanks of all concerned in the welfare of the Indian Empire for having the courage to express, both officially as Governor of the Province, and publicly as chairman of an important public meeting, the true significance of the situation. What he has written officially will be seen in a minute we shall quote hereafter; while a summary of his speech delivered, it is true, before a Madras audience but intended for the wide public who read this morning's London papers, will be found in our telegraphic columns. Many things have been written about the famine in the Indian journals; but nothing so terrible has yet appeared as these statements which come from a source above suspicion. "The famine must, at the very best, last for half a year more. 'The people have no food, the cattle have died, and the grain plants are withered.' The stocks of grain are everywhere exhausted, and while eighteen millions of people are affected, the railways can only supply imported grain food enough to satisfy five millions. Private trade seems to have failed; imports are falling off, only one week's supply being in the Presidency." If this last sentence be correctly transmitted it were difficult to over colour the gloom of the immediate prices. High prices are telling on classes above the poorest, and—a fact that should be taken to heart in England as in India—rice is nearly double the Bengal rates of 1874, when the efforts of private charity were so bountifully exercised. The appalling facts disclosed at the meeting, and the consequent necessity of obtaining pecuniary aid to assist Government in affording aid have by this time been flashed across the wires to the Lord Mayors of London, York and Dublin, the Mayors of the principal towns in Great Britain, and the editors of the London papers. And the one fact that over half a million deaths are reported to have occurred from famine in the Madras Presidency alone during the last seven months is certain to ensure sympathy and substantial aid. This is a terrible certainty to look back upon; all the more terrible from the vague additional rumours as to the mortality in the Bombay Presidency, which have gained ground lately, chiefly we will hope from the unwise determination of our Government to keep back all painful statistics. But the appearance of the future is gloomier than even the facts of the past. In an important minute by the Duke of Buckingham, which we publish elsewhere, it is distinctly laid down that "it must be assumed for the purpose of famine arrangements that the south-west monsoon has failed." Thus the Madras famine will be prolonged for six months more, which means that "no material aid will be obtainable from crops sown with the north-east monsoon until the end of January." During this continuation of the famine grain must be not only dear beyond precedent, but, if the Duke's speech be correctly reported, scarcely to be had in some places for any equivalent in money. Even in the city of Madras the purchase-value of money has already diminished beyond the record of famine times, while in Bombay itself the lower class of servants are beginning to el-

mour for what they urge is an essential rise in wages.

The Duke, therefore, in this minute, suggests a thorough change in the system of Government Relief, which at best must obviously be supplemented by the most generous subscriptions of private charity. This scheme proposes that the new scale of famine wages shall be paid on the relief works, for a daily task of 50 per cent. of that of an ordinary labourer; that all who cannot execute such a task shall be kept in their villages and receive a daily wage equal to two-thirds of that paid on the relief works; that all wanderers who shall be unable to labour shall either be sent back to their villages or relieved in closed camps with a diet somewhat below the purchase value of the money relief afforded to the villages. So that we have at once three scales of relief. But every camp will include a medical department by which full diet may be given. Other regulations carefully enforce the necessity of keeping up the principle of family union and support. And this leads us to ask whether in some of the towns and villages it would not be possible to obtain return of some sort for the relief afforded, by organizing local industries, such as weaving. In Yeola, as we related the other day, 2,000 persons are now gaining relief in this manner. A certain amount of cotton is entrusted to all applicants; it is brought back in the form of cloth; weighed so as to tally with the original amount; and then paid for. And though those weavers are only able to earn about half an anna per head per diem, the work is of such a nature that every member of a household, down to little children, can join in. This is one instance of a system of remunerative relief that might be extended. The principle itself at one time received the hearty approval of Sir Richard Temple. The second part of His Grace's Minute deals with the large relief works now available. The list is of local rather than of general interest, and we will only here note that Colonel Mullins, Chief Engineer for Irrigation in Madras, "confirms the fact that there are but few large works which can be undertaken." Our interest, however, is with the important changes proposed in the system of relief, and the graduated scale. In these changes we think it is not difficult to recognize the realization of the recommendations made by Dr. Cornish some time back. Dr. Cornish had to hold his own against very powerful opponents. He fought bravely, and was soon aided by the loud expression of medical opinion in England, and the almost unanimous voice of the Indian Press. He has fairly earned the very hearty acknowledgments of his efforts introduced in that speech of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, which is intended to arouse all England to a true knowledge of the miserable condition of the famine-stricken districts. That the Government has done much we are free to confess, and they are now relieving upwards of one million and a-half of people. That there is still a wide field for the distribution of private alms, whether collected in England or India, is, however, painfully evident from the deaths, through famine causes, of half a million people in seven months. We live, unfortunately, in a moment in the world's history of the intensest excitement, when not only does Nature seem unwontedly cruel to humanity, but when the struggles and ambitions of antagonistic races of men are adding to the horrors of the story. Still the great and momentous drama which is being played out in the wide dominions of the Ottoman power should not so occupy the thoughts of Englishmen as to hinder us from recognizing the duty we owe to our Indian fellow-subjects.

**For the Christian Messenger.  
Halifax Infants' Home.**

**APPEAL FOR HELP.**

A great work has to be done in Halifax on behalf of suffering and neglected Infancy. The Committee of the Infants' Home feel constrained by the urgent necessities of the case to lay the facts before the public, and to solicit that generous aid and support without which little can be done.

The Infants' Home was opened in February 1875. Since that time over 130 babies have been under our care.—The number would have been much larger had we more house-room and more money. More destitute ones than we can accommodate are constantly needing our care. Whenever we have been able to secure suitable accommodation outside of the Home we have availed ourselves of it.

The best proof perhaps of the management of the Home is that though we have been visited with cholera infantum, whooping cough, mumps, diphtheria, scarlet fever and other infantile complaints, the number of deaths is still below the average.

We have done what we could—we are doing what we can—for the little children and their mothers; and [we have, by the blessing of God, saved not a few mothers and children from what ap-

peared inevitable destruction. Sixteen babies have already been adopted into excellent homes in various parts of the country, and we are fully warranted in saying that with the exception of two or three these would have perished of neglect had not the Home been open to them; and any that might have escaped an early death would have grown up vagrants and outcasts.

We need a suitable building with accommodation for a Hospital. Hitherto we have been unable properly to isolate the sick, and this causes loss of life as well as great inconvenience. We need \$10,000 to provide a comfortable and spacious Home.

We need \$3,000—THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS—a year, to meet current expenses. At the present moment we have over Forty Babies, and the necessary staff of nurses to care for them.

It is our earnest desire and our endeavour day and night to put a stop to the grim horrors of Baby-Farming in Halifax. It is well known that in the hands of Baby-Farmers from ninety to ninety-five out of every hundred babies die miserably of hunger and filth or of drugs administered to hush their moans and cries. Scores of little ones have perished of slow starvation and neglect in Halifax! Baby-Farmers try to make a living out of the agonies of helpless outcast babies who "have no language but a cry" to make known the dreadful fate to which they have been consigned. Is this to go on beside our Churches and our Sunday Schools, and almost within hearing of our comfortable dwelling houses?

The Infants' Home has already prevented an incalculable amount of misery and crime. That it has not done more is due to the fact that the support accorded to it is inadequate. Last year when we had 25 in the Home we asked the Legislature for a grant, and we received \$500. This year with our numbers over 40 we asked for more, but the Legislature reduced all the charitable grants,—bringing ours down to \$300.

Are we to shut our doors in the faces of twenty or thirty Babies that need to be rescued from death? Must we reduce our "Family" by full one-half? To do so will be an unspeakable grief to us. Many in this city have already responded most generously to our appeal for aid. Since the first of January we have received upwards of \$1,800. But we need about \$1,200 more for our current expenses. We need a building; but current expenses are still more urgent.

Our appeal now is to every man who has a man's heart in his bosom,—to every loving mother who knows the preciousness of infant life and the woes of infant suffering,—to every boy and girl who wishes to do a Christlike deed. We ask immediate aid,—as liberal as you can give. The call is loud; it is the cry of neglected murdered innocence; it is the cry of blood. Pharaoh's daughter had compassion on the tears of the weeping babe she saved; will christian ladies be less compassionate?—It is not the will of our Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish. In the name of that Father we ask your help to save those that are ready to perish near our very doors. Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, verily I say unto you he shall in nowise lose his reward. Christ who took the little ones in his arms and laid his hands on them and blessed them will reward an hundred fold the sacrifices you make in this Christ-like work.

On behalf of the Committee,

A. NORDBECK, Treasurer.  
M. HUTTON, Secretary.

Donations may be sent to Miss Nordbeck, 61 Victoria Road, or to Mrs. J. Scott Hutton, Gottingen Street, or to any of the following members of Committee,—

Mrs. W. L. Black, 125 Gottingen St.,  
Mrs. E. M. Saunders, Queen St.,  
Mrs. Heartz, parsonage, Dresden Row,  
Mrs. Thos. Duncan, St. Andrews' Manse,  
Mrs. Ronne, 14 Annandale St.,  
Mrs. Allison Smith, Park St.,  
Mrs. Ackhurst, 59 Victoria Road.

Articles of clothing for women and children are always welcome, also country produce of all kinds.

There are several children now in the Home at an age suitable for adoption. Applications are earnestly solicited.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.