

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 4

WHEN GOOD MEN GO WRONG.

Three scandals, involving the reputation of three ministers of different denominations, are topics of interest among many of the readers of PROGRESS at the present moment. The cases are wholly independent one from another and the circumstances differ widely. All are sufficiently bad, and all are alike in the fact that men who have been looked up to as preachers and teachers are furnishing unbelievers and scoffers with weapons to assail afresh the faith of the Gospel.

The instances of preachers and teachers wandering from the paths of rectitude and virtue are, unfortunately, not so rare as one would wish them to be. Take the world over, the story is indeed a common one. The erring minister is to the front very often in the news columns of the great daily papers, and even in these provinces there are preachers who, whether justly or not, have been and still are suspected as violators of some of the plainest and most positive of God's commandments. Thus it is that the unbeliever rails at revealed religion as a sham, and sneers at its ministers as men who want only the temptation and the opportunity to be as sinful as other men.

Allowing for all cases, doubtful or otherwise, it is not true that anything like a large proportion of the clerical profession are untrue to themselves and the religion they profess. Taking the figures and comparing them with those of other professions and occupations, the number of those who are even suspected of wrong doing is wonderfully small. When a clergyman errs, his offence is trumpeted all over the land. He is exposed to the full glare of publicity, and with the majority of people he stands condemned whether his offence be proven or not. He may be innocent, indeed, but a rumor once started is sufficient to ruin his reputation. The world simply waits to hear that he is accused, and in its eyes accusation is condemnation. In some instances, sectarian spite may fan the breeze. The fall of a Roman catholic priest is an argument with fanatical protestants against the system of the church of Rome; the misdeeds of an Anglican prove to his dissenting opponents that formalism means an absence of religion, and so on through the list of the religions of the world, despite the fact that no one flock can claim to be free from the discredit brought upon it by unfaithful shepherds.

The truth is, with the clergy as well as with the laity, that good men go wrong not because of their religion but in spite of it. No man is impeccable, and in proportion to the height that a man rises, the greater seems his fall when he does fall. It cannot be denied that, at times, unfit men have been ordained to the ministry in every church, but such are the exceptions. The great majority are earnest, honest Christians, seeking by widely different ways to grasp the spirit of CHRIST'S Gospel, and to guide the feet of others into the paths of peace. Yet, it is just such men as these that sometimes fall. Why should it be so?

Every man who has fought the battle with his own self in striving to lead a "sober, righteous and godly life," must realize how weak and imperfect his nature is, and the more earnestly he strives the more clearly does he perceive that the battle is a never ceasing one in this life below. It is the experience of many that the more they seem to be making their calling sure, the more vigorous become the assaults which come from the world, the flesh and the devil. Sainly men of old have recorded how temptation came most strongly as they strove for the highest spirituality. When they emerged triumphant from the ordeal it was by God's grace and not by human strength, and so it ever must be. The great danger in the life of a christian, clergyman or layman, is that he will assume that, having put on the armor of righteousness, it is proof against the adversary. He has not what SCROLO calls

a virtuous distrust of self, and so it is there may be a rift in the armor, a very little one perhaps, but large enough to let the arrow enter and wound. The life of a clergyman is one of many temptations, and where, in some cases, a skillfully planned attack is made upon him, it is not strange that he yields. It is perhaps less a wonder that there are occasional clerical scandals, than that so many good men have the extraordinary grace which enables them to avoid the temptations that beset them.

There is a wide gulf between the man who is a systematic and wilful offender and the man who errs in the frailty of his nature and repents him of his error. The world is not apt to be just in this respect. It condemns the offender with but little regard to the antecedent circumstances or the ordeal through which he has passed. The man who should never have been a preacher, and the man who would be no less sincere a preacher if the world would forgive his lapse, are classed as one. In the case of each, too, the enemies of religion would fain have the church share in the disgrace that follows.

Since the time when God gave His laws to His chosen people, and established a church on earth, those called upon to minister in holy offices have had among their number some who have erred and gone astray. Yet God's church of old was not the less His church, nor was the priesthood less a priesthood because of the lapses of the guides of the people. Nor is christianity today less vital, less mighty to save all who cling to it, because those who teach it fail to perfectly exemplify it in their lives. The doubtful, timorous christian need not feel less firm a faith in the saving and strengthening power of CHRIST'S teachings in their applications to life in the world. He may, indeed, be brought to see more clearly that it is only by an absolute dependence on God that his own strivings for excellence can be made to bear fruit. So, too, he may realize that there is more than a *no e* form of words in the petition: "And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil."

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

A Halifax minister recently expressed the opinion that "fancy balls are held under the patronage of His Satanic Majesty," but his particular objection to the fancy ball that was then exciting society was, that it had been fixed for Wednesday night, the night when some denominations hold their prayer meetings. Without knowing much about the facts of the case, it seems to PROGRESS that there was no need of any conflict over the date. If the ordinary attendants at prayer meetings took the same view of the ball as the minister did, it would not matter to them whether the festive dance took place on that night or another. They were not in it, if the colloquialism may be permitted. It, on the contrary, they considered the ball in the light of legal and reasonable refreshment for mind and body, they would have plenty of time to go to the prayer meeting first and the festivities later.

And why not? If it is right to attend a ball under any circumstances, there is nothing inconsistent in going to a prayer meeting first. The christian's test of the right or wrong of any act is whether he can ask God's blessing on it. If his conscience tells him that he cannot do so, he should refrain, but if he can honestly ask that blessing he is justified in proceeding. It is a matter of conscience, and what may be wrong in the eyes of one man is innocent and desirable in the view of another man. The same reasoning will apply to times and seasons. A presbyterian who had no objections to a ball in the abstract, might feel that he would do wrong in going to one on the night his church set aside for a prayer meeting. A strict churchman, in the same way, would feel that he disobeyed the command of his church and was guilty of a moral wrong if he took part in festivities on a Friday, though he would go any other week night. Still, he would not be justified in denouncing as sinners those of other denominations who were not under a like moral restraint. Nor would the presbyterian, or member of any body holding Wednesday night meetings, be right in condemning other people who chose to dance on that particular night.

Down in New Jersey, of late, there has been a newspaper war between the ministers on the subject of dancing. There seems to have been no need of such an undignified way of coming before the public, and there would not have been had each minded his own business. The rector of an episcopal church, Mr. ROCHE, seems to have attended a reception and danced. Thereupon Mr. WIERS, pastor of a methodist church, assumed the function of a "watchman on Zion's walls," and wrote a newspaper letter in which he affirmed that any man who frequented ball rooms had no right at a communion table. The matter was clearly none of his business, but Mr. ROCHE recognized the attack and replied that it was his constant custom to take part in the social life of his parishioners. It seemed to him a most unnatural position for a pastor to stand afar off, "wrapped in a mere conventional sanctity and ignoring the innocent pleasures of his people." That was his view of the matter, yet it would probably be difficult for him to convince his opponent that there was anything but wrong about the affair. The views

taken of dancing by the respective bodies which these two men represent are so widely different that no amount of argument would convince either man that he was in the wrong.

So it is very often in regard to the things of the world, the right or wrong of which is debatable subject. They are right for some and wrong for others. It is largely a matter of conscience.

The ground-hog who came out of his hole to take a look around on Candlemas day, must have felt discouraged when he saw his shadow after the snow ceased to fall. He is supposed to have returned to his lodgings under the impression that the coldest part of the winter was yet to come. It is to be hoped the ground-hog is as unreliable as other weather prophets.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Advice to a Rival Editor.

Be calm, Smith. Go out doors without your hat and boots, and get cooled.—Chatham World.

Story of a Social Function.

A drive to Mahone Biv. Supper and Wine. Result—ladies thrown out, harness broken. \$30.00.—Lunenburg Argus.

The Good Fortune of Mr. Smith.

Mr. Howard Smith was out gunning a few days ago, when he boarded a passing American Schooner, and sold eight ducks to the skipper for \$4.00.—Shelburne Budget.

One Boot on a Foot is Enough.

The recent fire at Halifax was first discovered by a Lunenburg man, who, in order to give the alarm, ran out half dressed, and with one boot on his foot.—Lunenburg Argus.

The Nimrods of Hawk Point.

Some of the boys made a muster to go, and shoot a bear that some one had seen yesterday; but it proved to be a case of "our dog and another one."—Shelburne Budget.

The News From Harcourt.

Capt. H. Walpole Craigie met with a loss yesterday, his faithful and venerable mare Kate having died in harness. Captain Craigie has many friends. In this case he has more sympathizers.—Chatham World.

VEN. PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

"The Delineator" for February has been received from George H. McKay, and it is as full of practical suggestions as usual, in spite of being a midwinter number.

Mr. F. H. C. Miles has an interesting note for amateurs in art which is placed in his regular announcement in this issue. It is well worth the attention of those who are interested in that direction.

ONE STYLE OF ECONOMY.

How the County Committee Undertook to Save Money on a Contract.

Thomas Campbell has the contract for putting the heating apparatus in the registry office at the amount asked in his tender, \$253. No doubt he will do a good job and give value for the money.

When it was found that new heating apparatus was required for the building, J. H. Doody sent in a tender offering to do the work for \$162 and guaranteeing to supply an apparatus which would give a temperature of 70 degrees when the thermometer stood at zero outside. Ald. Blizard, chairman of the committee of the municipal council, thought the offer a fair one and asked Mr. Doody to attend before the committee. He did so, and Ald. Christie, evidently under the impression that Mr. Doody would gather too much weight at the figures named, thought the other plumbers should have a chance to tender. The matter was referred to a committee, consisting of Aids Blizard, McCarthy and Christie, but by this time Mr. Doody had got tired of fooling over the matter and withdrew his offer.

He had shown his figures and did not propose to have them used by other tenderers.

The committee then got the city engineer to draw up a specification which cost sundry dollars of itself, and then they began to look for men to tender. To their great joy they found that F. McManus would do the work for \$160, or \$2 less than Doody's tender. Just as they felt that the matter was settled, McManus found he had made a mistake and threw up the contract. Three other tenders were left from which to choose. That of Peter Campbell was for \$263, that of F. McManus for \$256, while the lowest was that of Thomas Campbell for \$253, or \$91 more than the sum asked by Mr. Doody; in the first instance. The bill of the city engineer added to this will doubtless make the cost \$100 more than it would have been under Mr. Doody's tender.

Runs a Bright Weekly.

Mr. E. E. Sheppard, of the Toronto Saturday Night has been visiting St. John and Halifax this week, and is expected to return here from the latter city today. Mr. Sheppard is an all round newspaper genius as the success of his paper proves, and can put a touch of art into anything from a novel to an obituary form. During his trip he is giving his attention to Templar Masonry, as regards the questions between the great priory of Canada and the encampment of St. John, under the Chapter General of Scotland.

A New Boiler Feeder.

Messrs. Stirling and Brownley, steam-fitters, have fitted up a neat and convenient workshop on Dock street. Everything in it is new and complete, and the firm is prepared to attend to whatever share of patronage the public may extend to it. They will soon place a new boiler feeder on the market which they claim has superior features to any now in use.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

St. John.

A breath from out the Orient,  
The land of star and balm,  
A breath across the mystic sea,  
The wild, new world to calm,  
The sunset on the harbour shone.  
They said, "St. John."  
The mighty flood in power and foam  
Out from its rocky gates flung,  
The whirlpool called the cataract  
The flood to ocean sprung.  
Old world to new sang antiphon.  
They sang, "St. John."

Did he, the seer, whose voice awoke  
The Jordan wilderness,  
Dream, that his name should be a power  
An unknown world to bless;  
A Christian city rise anon  
Thus called, "St. John."  
Oh! fair St. John! No child of thine  
But sees in dreams arise  
Thy many spires, wondrous hills,  
Thy soft and changeful skies,  
Banks, by the blue bells overgrown  
Our own "St. John."  
A blessing from the elder East  
To light the days to be  
Of glad honor, progress, wealth,  
A glad future;  
Softly we speak the benison  
We say, "St. John."

ELLEN MURRAY.

The Old Copy Drawer.

As I sat in the office one cold winter evening,  
My thoughts turned to France and the prospect of war;  
A voice at my elbow my musings arrested,  
And I found that it came from the old copy drawer.  
'Twas a battered old desk that the drawer reposed in;  
Its once polished sides now showed many a scar;  
And in heart broken accents it told me its story,  
And the cause that was crushing the old copy drawer.

The reporters keep stuffing me daily and weekly—  
No attention they pay though my nerves are ajar;  
As the printer's black hands almost frantic do  
Drive me  
As they grope here and there in the old copy drawer.  
O'er thoughts bounding billows my brain is kept  
Dribbling,  
Like a doomed ship at sea going swift on the bar;  
Every venture that's sailed since the dawn of creation  
Has anchored at last in the old copy drawer.

There's births, deaths and marriages, christenings  
and weddings,  
Rebellions and riots at home and afar,  
Mark Twain's brilliant jokings of Ingersoll's fancies  
Are ruthlessly crammed in the old copy drawer.

Sir Someone's been knighted, a tramp is caught  
stealing,  
Phoenix Park is the subject or maybe the Czar;  
A hospital's founded, a doctor's boycotted,  
And their woes must be aired through the old copy  
drawer.

A fair one is wedded and the trousseau is noted,  
An accident happens in boat, bus or car;  
Like fiends the reporters jot down the sensations  
And rush them in haste to the old copy drawer.

The Pope has left Rome and the Queen's gone to  
France,  
A ship train is run across bleak Tantram,  
Gro. Cleveland's elected, Johnny Brown has the  
measles  
And they all settled down in the old copy drawer.

Domestic events visited Robinson's family,  
Dr. Talnage has dined in the tents of Akbar,  
Buck Olsen is hanged and young Hagen's a dandy,  
And their praises are rung through the old copy  
drawer.

I've lived through a seige of this sad federation—  
(Here it heaved a deep sigh and it felt a slight jar),  
A report had come in, 'twas about annexation,  
And it bustled the sides of the old copy drawer. HENO.

Separation.

Fate—with its myriad thread  
Weaving an unknown dread,  
Spinning the silk and rending the veil,  
Forging the anchor and fresh'ning the gale,  
Choosing the victim,—giving it life,  
And for the sacrifice whetting the knife.  
Fate—grew two trees in a wood;  
Side by side they stood;  
One was shapely and tall,  
The other was gnarled and small,  
But each to the other was true.  
Under the lofty skies  
It was their only good  
That each to the other was true.

Each in a vessel's bow was builded,  
And the ships were twin as the trees had been;  
But only an infinite variation—  
The faintest curve and least gradation—  
To none but the eye of the master seen,  
Marked a difference between;  
Yet in one was a woman's thoughtless moment;  
In the other the skill of a life was spent.  
The ripples laughed as the ships were launched,  
And the waves danced high in air;  
The noonday sun on their bright tips played;  
They kissed with the kiss of care.  
Ever the kiss of care,  
A caress from the lips of despair,  
Robbing the sun of its light,  
Changing the day into night;  
For even the sunlight's gleam,  
With life in its glorious beam,  
Was a strand in the cable of Fate  
To sunder them by and by!

One ship sailed on to the ocean wide,  
While the other lagged by the shore;  
The shapely one had voyaged far—  
'Twas years since they parted company—  
When a song was borne on the sunset air  
Down the river—past gleaming lights—  
And the harbor's arms—to the sea beyond  
Where never a sail was seen.  
A song of the minor chord,  
The chord that sings defeat  
And teaches truth 'tis sweet  
To stand alone, in the night of one  
Upheld by its plaintive tone.

"I will wrap down the river to-night  
When the rush of day is done,  
With only the moonbeam's silvery light  
On the waters and on me,  
With only the moon's calm light  
On my sails that once were white,  
And only the shadows of the bank  
Will know I am passing by.  
I will wrap down the river to-night;  
To-morrow we'll meet for aye,  
Our song of sorrow will die away  
Ere the cold gray sunrise breaks  
O'er the jagged hills of cloud,  
Calling the wretched world to work  
And ending the sleeper's dream."

Onward she sailed o'er the glassy tide,  
With neither rudder nor star to guide,  
Nor brain to think, nor hand to steer,  
Nor sail in sight o'er waters drear—  
Naught but the sky above o' bleak,  
And the ocean wild and wide.

And the waters in their surges  
As they break upon the shore  
Sing to them who ask of meeting  
"Nevermore!"  
ATROPOS.

POOR MABEL STEVENS.

(Continued from First Page.)

nitions of the word "shock" as a medical term, or the effects of a shock upon a weak heart, and seemed generally fearful of committing himself to any opinion whatever he succeeded in impressing the public mind with the opinion that there was such a thing as being too non-committal altogether, even when actuated by the best of motives, such as consideration for those who are, at least so far as public opinion is concerned, on their trial.

The undertaker deposed that, although he reached Mr. Stevens' house after being sent for, at about seven o'clock in the morning, he found the body washed and dressed and already "laid out" on the bed in a room at the rear of the upper hall, thus confirming a report current at the time of the death, that Mrs. Stevens had not allowed anyone to touch the body but herself. The undertaker merely measured the body and later brought the coffin and placed the body in it. Dr. J. D. Ross testified that the patient was not only dead but cold, by the time he reached the house, adding that it was a cold room and the body would soon become cold. He made no examination, but accepted Mrs. Stevens' statement that the child had cramps during the night, and suddenly seemed to go off, or faint.

Mrs. White, the dressmaker, to whom the dead girl was apprenticed, testified that Mrs. Stevens called on her early on Tuesday morning, and inquired about some silver spoons which had belonged to Mabel's mother, and were missing; she seemed to suspect the child of having made away with them, and to think Mrs. White might know something about them. Mrs. Stevens gave her adopted daughter a very bad character, saying she thought she would have to send Mabel to a school of correction, as she considered her dangerous about the house, and feared she might poison her, or do some injury to her little boy, and that was the reason she kept the girl locked in her own room. Mrs. Stevens added that she had punished Mabel for the spoons, and also for the lies she had told; that she was going to punish her again, and Mrs. White need not expect her to work for a few days.

Mrs. White concluded her testimony by stating that she never had any trouble with the child, that she was of a very quiet disposition, and very good natured, often singing over her work, and that she always got along well with the other apprentices. Mr. Enoch Steeves, harness maker, testified to having sold a riding whip three feet long and half an inch thick, to a little girl about twelve years old, answering the description of Mabel Hallett, who said the whip was for Mrs. Stevens, who wanted it for a dog. Mr. Steeves showed his day book containing the entry, which bore the date of January 3rd., and it will be remembered that the child died on the night following.

David White, who is employed as manservant and truckman at Mr. Stevens' house, testified to hearing a conversation between Mrs. Stevens and her servant girl at nine o'clock on Tuesday night. They were speaking about something Mabel had taken, and would not tell about. He asked Mrs. Stevens not to whip the child, saying—"You won't beat her anyway. It is no use whipping her if she won't tell," and she replied, "I did whip her." The next he saw of the child was after her death.

The testimony of Bessie Babineau a fellow apprentice of the dead girl, goes a long way towards confirming many of the reports which have been in circulation concerning Mabel Hallett's treatment in the house which was to be her home only in name. This witness says that the child's disposition was good, she always got along well with the rest of the apprentices and all they liked her. The witness sometimes noticed marks on Mabel's hands, and on one occasion she accounted for them by saying that she had been playing with Mrs. Stevens' little boy, and he struck her with a whip; another time she admitted that Mrs. Stevens had beaten her. The marks were long, and she had observed them at different times; once the hands were all bruised. At another time the child came to work with a large blue lump on her forehead and on some one asking what was the matter she said she fell on a trunk, but confessed afterwards that she had to get up at five o'clock in the morning; one morning she overslept herself and Mrs. Stevens came into her room and struck her with her closed hand, she wore a large ring which made the mark. The witness went to see Mabel after her death and saw Mrs. Stevens and two other ladies. The former told her about Mabel's illness, and when the witness asked if she had a doctor before she died Mrs. Stevens responded—"Oh yes, but the doctor said it was too late." The witness added that Mabel had begged her not to tell Mrs. White what she said about her hands, because Mrs. Stevens came over there asking about everything and Mrs. White would have to tell her, and then Mrs. Stevens would kill her, Mabel.

It will be noted that all these witnesses testified under oath, and yet when Mrs. Stevens was placed upon the stand, last Thursday, she flatly contradicted the sworn testimony of Mrs. White, the dressmaker, Mrs. Rose Landry, and her own man servant, David White, the most important witnesses who have yet been on the stand. She denied telling Mrs. Landry that the child was ill, when she was dead; denying having told Mrs. White that she had whipped Mabel; and denying having told the man-servant that she had whipped her, but admitted having whipped her "a little bit" some eight or nine months ago.

In the light of all the sad and cruel facts which have recently become public it may not be out of the way to give a brief sketch of the previous life of the child whose sorrows have attracted so much more attention since her death than they ever did during her lifetime.

Something over five years ago, Mrs. Robert Hallett, daughter of the late Christopher Hallett, of Sackville, N. B., died at her home in Moncton, leaving a family of four daughters, two of whom were children and the others very young girls. Mrs. Hallett had been a model wife and mother, a deeply religious woman, and an

active member of St. George's church, foremost in all good works, to the utmost limit of her strength, and sometimes beyond it, as her health was very delicate. Her children were strictly and carefully brought up, her great object being, as she frequently told her friends, that their character might be formed as fully as possible during her life time, and they might learn early to do without her, as she knew her own life would be a short one.

For some months the girls kept the home together, for their father, but after a time the home was divided and broken up, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Stevens adopting the youngest child but one, Glennie, who became Mabel Stevens, the stipulation being that she became absolutely the daughter of her adopted parents until she reached the age of eight—en, addressing them as papa and mamma, and giving up her own family altogether.

For a time at least, there can be little doubt that the child was treated with kindness, she was prettily dressed and attended church and Sunday school like other children of her age, but soon a great change was apparent. Mabel Stevens no longer appeared at church, and visitors at the house never saw her, except when she came down stairs at her adopted mother's bidding to bring the baby into the drawing-room for the inspection of visitors, who often remarked that she was a very heavy child for so frail a nurse to carry. Mabel was then eleven but looked more like a child of six as she was unusually small and fragile for her age.

At last she disappeared from public view altogether, as far as visitors were concerned and the few whose interest in the child emboldened them to ask for her were informed that she was such a bad child, so deceitful and so untruthful that she was a source of great trouble to her loving adopted parents and that they could not allow her to see visitors. In short, the child seemed to be in a perpetual state of disgrace for some misdeed or other, and visitors were constantly regaled with tales of Mabel's depravity and general wickedness.

Occasionally some bolder spirit, who had known the child and her family for years, would venture to question these statements and remind her informant that Mabel had the advantage of the best possible home training, and been brought up by the best of mothers. The answer would sometimes be "Then she must have had blood in her." What truth there might have been in such statements it is not for the writer to question since no one was given an opportunity of judging for themselves. Mabel was not permitted to visit anywhere, to play with other children or even to speak to anyone on the street. She was sent to the convent school, and strictly forbidden to talk to anyone on her way to or from school. On one occasion a middle aged gentleman, who was a connection of her family, ventured to stop her and ask how she was, but the child answered hurriedly that she was not allowed to speak on the street, and hastened on.

Occasionally people, especially mothers who had little girls of their own, commented on the severity with which Mabel Stevens was treated, and wondered indignantly if nothing could be done. One lady, after listening to her adopted mother's description of the manner in which she forced the child to take ice-cold baths in the depth of winter, pleaded that Mabel would be likely to seriously injure her health, but was answered in the most emphatic manner, that she was "perfectly healthy, very strong in fact, only she had a pale complexion." Friends of the Hallett family, notified with surprise that the child never came to church, and the rector of the church to which she belonged, feeling it his duty to look after each member of his congregation, ventured to call and inquire the reason of her absence, and was told that the child was so bad, and so deceitful, that her going to church or Sunday school would be mere hypocrisy, as she pretended to be so good, and was in reality so bad.

Now it is not the place of the writer to make any comment on the above story, or do more than present the bare facts of the case as they are known to the citizens of Moncton. Neither is it part of that writer's task to throw any doubt whatever on Mrs. Stevens' estimate of the dead girl's character, or her account of the trouble the child gave her; but in common justice to the memory of one who can no longer speak a word in her own defence, as well as to the relatives she has left behind, it becomes a matter of duty to speak, as one who knows, of the child's disposition and character previous to her adoption by Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. At the time they decided to adopt her, the writer heard the remark made by a lady who had known Mabel from infancy, and in whose house the child had frequently stayed, that Mrs. Stevens had made a fortunate choice because Mabel was so much better suited to win her way with strangers, and adapt herself to what ever circumstances might surround her than her younger sister, as her disposition was so even, and amiable, she was so easy to get on with, and had so much common sense for her age.

It was the opinion those who knew her best had formed of the child when she was not eleven years old, surely some extraordinarily bad influence must have been at work to develop her into the juvenile fiend described by Mrs. Stevens to the dressmaker, who kept her in terror of her own, or her little boy's life.

The child showed evidences of a bad disposition her legal guardians took a very strange method of improving it. Instead of surrounding the child with good influences, she was excluded from all religious privileges, set apart, as one "spiritually unclean," from all possibility of softening, or refining impulses, and condemned, as the testimony shows, to a life of almost complete seclusion, except in her working hours. The servant in her evidence, referring casually to the fact that the child's evenings were spent in her own room. Thus the child lived, and thus she died, alone, uncompanied, and cut off from all religious consolation, a fitting end to a sad life.

Speculation as to the merits of the case are out of place. It has passed beyond the jurisdiction, or the condemnation of the public, and been placed in the hands of those competent to deal with it, but whatever the result, there is yet a higher court before which all the actors one day appear, and the judge will be one who while on earth, spoke the stern words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."