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TORONTO.

Rev. Prof. Gregg will lecture twice on "The History of the Presbyterian Church in Canada," at the post. graduate course which the Knox College Alumni Association have decided to hold during this winter. The session is expected to begin Tuesday, Jan. 30th, and continue until Feb. 9th. On the latter date the students will give their annual "At Home."

Oliver Wendell Holmes astonished his breakfast table companions with the remark that six persons were engaged in every conversation between two people, the company consisting of you as you are, you as you think you are, and you as other people think you are with a little for the other party.

• Staff. •

MRS. J. J. B. FLINT, MAN. EDITOR.
MISS EDITH P. JONES, ASSIST. EDITOR.
MISS MARY A. HOLTON, BUS. MAN.

EDITORIAL.

Dear Clansmen, if we want variety in our publication we must contribute it. In Belleville we have both the ability and willingness to fill the paper each month, but that is not what we want. Let us make our Monthly a home letter then all will welcome it. The articles are good, but the gossip home news is better, besides, this is the only medium through which many of us hear of some of our members. Please write, we want to hear from you.

We were pleased to see in the Winthrop St. Herald, Boston, the following appointments for the year: Silas Pierce, Jr., Sunday school superintendent; Geo. F. Kellogg, president of Epworth League.

The following from the Toronto Globe also caught our eye: A very interesting paper was read by W. R. Gregg on "Estimating the cost of proposed buildings from calculations of their cubical contents."

Congratulations, dear cousins.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

At a recent meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society of St. John's West Presbyterian Church (the Rev. Wm. Gibson, D.D., pastor) Mrs. R. F. Burns delivered an address, the subject being "A Model Missionary Society."

Miss Frances E. Wilard has joined the permanent staff of "The Young Woman," an excellent London publication for which she is now preparing the story of her life.

Please, cousin, don't forget that this is OUR paper, and we must each do our share towards supporting it. We depend upon your subscription, and unless it soon arrives your paper must be discontinued.

BUS. MAN.

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.

sight is enough to make older people wish they were young again, and how the bright eyes sparkle in anticipation of the feast! Eight or ten tables are fairly loaded and groaning with good things, fruit, candies, etc., beside the substantials. But now all stand beside their chairs and silently bow their heads while grace is said, even the fifteen babies under two years of age seeming to understand its meaning. Dear little children, homeless no longer, nor loveless, for Jesus himself it was who said, "Suffer the children to come unto Me."

From this happy home let us walk only a few blocks to East Chester Park No. 45 and on the door plate we read "Deaconess Home of the M.E. Church"

Here are gathered together about twenty consecrated women under a super. Miss Luon, who devote all their time, strength and means to the suffering poor. This order is not at all like the Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church, as with us, members are at liberty to leave any time. There is a two years course of study, but practical work begins immediately. The morning hours are devoted to classwork and lectures, and in the afternoon the quiet Deaconess in her dark gown and "little gray bonnet," may be found threading the streets of our city, intent upon her mission.

Their work is divided as follows: "Visiting Deaconesses" who call upon the poor and others whose names are furnished by pastors, hunt up Sunday School children etc. The "Nurse Deaconesses" who go to the bedside of the sick and often remain day and night until they are well. And "Special Missionary" work which may be assigned as "Slumming in back alleys" midnight work in disreputable streets or teaching in sewing and mission schools. Although the "Deaconess Work" is only four years old in Boston, the amount of good already done and being daily added unto, cannot be estimated.

Our third call will be at the "Immigrants Home" in East Boston, just opposite the Cunard Wharf. Here is a Christian Home and Temperance Restaurant right in the midst of the lowest surroundings, liquor saloons at every step and wickedness rife upon the streets. The residents in this Home are several missionaries with their assistants. Every steamer that reaches our shore, brings hundreds of innocent, homesick immigrants ready to accept the first offer of friendliness. How necessary then that our Christian workers should be there (as they are) to welcome these to our shores, guide them to friends or give them temporary shelter until they can find work.

Many a young girl has thus been saved from a dark fate and many a man from utter despair and discouragement. Sometimes whole families are snatched from ruin, but the work is largely among the girls of whom our workers keep watch and aid from time to time. Religious meetings are held and many saved, and some prove their gratitude by returning with gifts of money for the "Home" that opened its doors to them in their need.

Now we will ascend Copp's Hill, and stand upon one of the most historic spots in Boston. Exactly opposite us is the old "Copp's Hill Burying Ground" and at the end of the street is the old "North Church" from the Tower of which Paul Revere swung his lantern long years ago. We are now at the "Epworth League House University Settlement" as the door plate informs us. And what have we here? A family of eight college graduates living and making a refined, cultured home among the utterly poor and abandoned people of the North End. This is "Christianity in earnest" indeed! The Epworth League (similar to your Christian Endeavor) furnish the House, while students of Boston University furnish the inmates. A young married couple form the nucleus of the home, and about them the others gather led

by Miss Cooke, formerly Preceptress and Missionary to the "Hebrews" College, recently of Mildmay, London.

From here the Missionaries in different languages go out daily to their toil and "labor of love;" one to the Jews, another to the Italians, a third to the Portuguese, to the Swedes and so on. We saw a sewing class of little Jew girls bright and untainted, but their hearts are opening to such genial influences, and through these the poor mothers are reached. Then there are the "Mothers' Classes" the "Rescue Work," and work among the men, for every Sunday morning from two to three hundred are given their breakfast, and afterwards "have the Gospel preached unto them." After all, dear friends, this is the only work that really pays as we go along or in the end, for the Good Book says: "Work for God, it dieth not!"

CARRIE KENDIG KELLOGG.

BELLEVILLE ITEMS.

We are glad to see Senator Flint up on the streets once again, after being confined to his bed for some weeks.

Mrs. N. Jones continues much as she has been for the last six months.

Mrs. Ritchie has recovered from grippe and has gone to Montreal for a short visit.

Miss Alport, of London, England, is visiting the Misses Holde, George St.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Holton, with hundreds of our citizens, are enjoying the excellent skating upon our bay.

Mr. W. E. Holton is travelling for Messrs. Scott & Bowne.

Mr. L. W. Yeomans recently paid a short visit to Toronto.

At a recent meeting of the Bridge St. Methodist Church Christian Endeavor Society papers on the subject: "In what am I my Brother's Keeper," were contributed by the Misses Florence and Edith Jones and Lucy Holton.

BOSTON.

Mrs. Kendig is prolonging her Xmas visit with her daughter Mrs. Kellogg though Dr. Kendig has returned home.

SCHOOL DAYS.

In Sept., '59, my cousin Mary Holton, of Montreal, now Mrs. P. M. Holton, of Kingston, and I left home for Mr. Agassiz's school, Cambridge, Mass. We decided upon that school because it was so highly recommended by Mrs. Dr. Cordiner (wife of the Unitarian minister, Montreal) formerly Miss Parkman, sister of the historian. Through letters of introduction to Cambridge friends, we were introduced to a Mrs. Robinson, wife of John P. Robinson, immortalized by J. R. Lowell in his Bigelow papers, who gave us a most happy home for the year.

My early life had been passed solely among men of commerce, and busy, devoted mothers and wives, and when I came into this new world, living and daily coming in contact with men and women of literature, and art, and music and poetry, my whole being thrilled with all the enthusiasm of a school girl; even now, after thirty-three years, I feel the old intoxication that comes with youth in happy surroundings. The inimitable life of J. R. Lowell, to which I listened last week, stirred up the old love, and I read my letters from Susie Robinson, received the first few years after my school days, also all my weekly letters home, which my dear father had methodically filed away; letters which were simply a diary of that year. I came across so much that I thought our readers would be interested in that I have decided to write about a few of the many people and incidents that pleased me. Mr. Agassiz was by far the greatest man I met, even now after such great strides in research and knowledge, Louis Agassiz stands without a compeer. We all loved the great and gentle soul. Mr. Felton, (afterwards president of Harvard) who lectured to us on Greek literature, was an author and great student; but we did not admire him, he had neither magnetism nor dignity. With two or three exceptions we were taught by lectures given by Harvard professors.

Mr. Longfellow was not on our staff of professors, but as he lived on our street (Brattle St.) I often used to see him, the first time I saw him he was chasing his hat, which the wind kept playing with, much to my amusement. The Cambridge people did not call him a great poet, but a good translator.

From Susie's letters I make the following extracts: "Sept., '61, Mr. Longfellow has come out from the sea shore with his family. Miss Day who was at the Colborn's when you were here, is to take charge of the children. Josey Ames has been invited to study with them, and as Mr. Longfellow teaches some himself, it will be very pleasant her."

"Nov., '61—I send you a photograph of Longfellow. It is a very good likeness of him as he was, but poor man, since his wife's terrible death he has grown ten years older in looks, he has become so gray, and he stoops like an old man. His children seem a great pleasure to him, and I seldom see him with them. Josey Ames takes lessons from their governess, and likes it much. I shall try to get his autograph and send to Miss Rous."

"March, '62—All the Ames children and the Longfellow's have just recovered from the measles, some of them were very sick."

Mr. J. R. Lowell's house was next Mr. Agassiz's, but beyond. I never had occasion to pass it, and never recollect having done so, but from the school room windows we could look down upon it, nestled among the trees.

Susie writes Nov., '61—"Of course you have seen by the papers how dreadfully cut up our 15th and 20th regiments were at Bull Bluff. (?) It was composed mostly of Boston fellows, so it has been felt here more than any other battle."

Mr. Smidt, one of our professors, received five balls, and I should think must be in danger. Jimmy Lowell and Amelia Holmes's brother were wounded slightly, but Jimmy's cousin was killed."

March, '62—James Lowell has recovered and returned to his regiment, but Dr. Holmes's son still continues on the sick list, his wound, though not so bad at first, is longer healing.

Feb., '65—"Poor Mrs. Lowell has lost her eldest, her only son; you probably saw it in the papers at the time."

Mrs. Robinson was sister-in-law of William Appleton, publisher, New York. The fate of many a book has been decided by her, for the manuscripts were sent on to her to read and criticize. Among our (Mrs. Robinson's) friends were Mrs. Colborn, widow of the author of "Colborn's Arithmetic," mother-in-law of Felix O. Darley, illustrator of books, etc., and great and intimate friend of Mr. Longfellow. I quote from one of my letters home. March, '60—"A few evenings ago I made a call with Mrs. Robinson at Mrs. Colborn's and while there Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow called. Mrs. Longfellow is a dreadfully stiff woman, and larger than her husband." Mr. Ames, portrait painter and artist, Mrs. Ames (his wife), a beautiful woman, a modeller in clay, and a great friend of Wendell Phillips. Susie writes Dec., '62—"Mr. Ames has just been in with a letter from his wife, who is down in the midst of our army. You may wonder how she got there, it is so hard to get a pass, but she managed to procure a private interview with the President, who finally granted it, and thus she is within a mile of the battle, and amidst a sound of the cannon and the shell. I should not be surprised to hear next that she is taken prisoner. She writes it is very exciting and that with the aid of an opera glass she has been able to see the encampments of the army plainly, and even read the names on the signs in Fredericksburg."

Feb., '66—"As you used to see Mrs. Ames I will enclose a piece from one of the New York papers (lost). She made this little bust of Lincoln last fall, and it is very good, she has been in Washington for some time. We supposed she