



*“Caledonia ! thou land of the mountain and rock,  
Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind ;  
Thou land of the torrent, the pine and the oak,  
Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind.*

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*Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,  
Of genius unshackled and free.  
The muses have left all the vales of the south,  
My loved Caledonia, for thee.*

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*Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,  
Of the storm and the proud rolling wave—  
Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,  
And the land of my forefathers' grave.”*

## HAIL, SCOTIA!

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Hail Scotia! Land of beauties wild,  
Where freedom loves to dwell,  
And blood-stained fields to mem'ry dear,  
Their tales of triumph tell;  
Whose mountains proudly rear their heads,  
And mock the tempest's power;  
Whose sons as boldly face the foe  
In battle's deadly hour.

Then, Scotia, let me raise my voice  
In melody to thee,  
The land of beauty, worth, and song,  
Of love and liberty.

Hail! land of towers and hallow'd tombs,  
That whisper of the past;  
Lov'd by thy sons in every clime,  
Where'er their lot is cast;  
While in their dreams they often view  
The scenes of early mirth,  
Or climb the heath-clad airy heights  
Lov'd country of their birth.

Then Scotia, &c.

When listening to thy tales of yore,  
The tales that I revere,  
Methinks I hear the pibroch's notes,  
The slogan thrills my ear,  
In fancy's dreams I hear the shock,  
And see the flaming steel,  
As Scotia's sons to glory rush,  
And foemen backward reel.

Then Scotia, &c.

Hail, Scotia! land where Wallace stood  
And wav'd his mighty blade,  
Till rude invaders quailed and fled,  
All scatter'd and dismay'd.  
Where countless bards have sung his praise  
In never-dying strains,  
And taught us how to live and die,  
And hate oppression's chains.

Then Scotia, &c.



BY THE EDITOR.

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No. III.

WILLIAM QUARRIER,  
PHILANTHROPIST.

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“ Knock, and the door shall opened be ; seek and your soul shall find ;  
To every one with earnest pleas the Lord is ever kind.  
Whate'er you feel your soul requires for perfect happiness ;  
For that pour out your heart's desires, and God will grant no less.”  
—Taylor.

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**B**ENEVOLENCE is perhaps the noblest faculty of the human mind. This faculty is the fount from which flows sympathy, kindness, generosity, and a strong desire to make others happy. It would bestow kindness upon all living creatures. It goes out with pure and disinterested motives to the stranger, the afflicted, the humble ; indeed, those whose condition precludes any return or degree of reward seem to afford it special pleasure in the exercise of its functions.

Such a character never expects any favour from anyone, but is always ready to assist ; never looks for reward, unless an approving conscience ; does not expect love, sympathy, or gratitude, but is ever ready to give such to others Scotland's poet king—Robert

Burns—who with the eye of genius could measure men's minds, said :

But deep this truth impressed my mind,  
Through all His works abroad,  
The heart benevolent and kind  
The most resembles God.

In ancient times Plato and Socrates were public benefactors ; and the story of Sir Philip Sidney—who, when wounded at the battle of Zutphen, and suffering from excessive thirst, gave the water he was in the act of raising to his mouth to a dying soldier, whom he saw eagerly eyeing it, saying, "Take that, your need is greater than mine," is a good example of the manifestation of benevolence.

In later times we have had John Howard, Thomas Gray, Father Matthew, Elizabeth Fry, who all devoted their time and means for the good of mankind. In our own times we have, thank God, many names that stand prominently forward as benefactors of their species, and among them—in the front rank, stands William Quarrier, the orphan's friend in the day of trouble and time of need.

The best answer that one could give to the rampant scepticism of our day and generation would be to point to the Orphan Homes of Scotland, at Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire. Faith in the efficacy of prayer has been the means, with God's help, of successfully carrying out a philanthropic mission, now in the twenty-fourth year of its existence.

I do not intend in this article to give many statistics ; but a few figures will show the vast magnitude of the good done, and the marvellous mode in which it has been accomplished.

The total number of children who had passed through the Homes from 1864 to 1893 was about 10,000, besides tens of thousands of casual cases temporarily helped. About 4,000 had been sent to Canada, and about 4,000 had settled at home. Then, in answer to the faithful prayers of Mr. Quarrier, £286,328 13s., more than a quarter of a million sterling, had been received.

That my readers may fully understand the principles under which the Homes are carried on, I cannot do better than let Mr. Quarrier speak for himself. He says :—

"We never call on any one for money, nor do we send out collectors, nor go out to give lectures to get money, or resort to bazaars or enter-

tainments for the purpose of raising it. The work is the Lord's and we commit *everything* to Him in prayer, believing that He will supply, through His children, what we require; and hitherto this has always been the case. Although we have needed during the past year (Novr., 1893, to 31st Oct., 1894) £40 a day for maintainance, it has come with a regularity and exactness which has been marvellous in our eyes, and yet indicating the Father's knowledge of our needs, and leading us to praise Him who has said in his precious word, 'My God shall supply all my need.'

"For the first nineteen of the thirty years I have been engaged in succouring orphan and destitute children, I tried also to carry on my own business so as to support my wife and family. Twelve years ago, however, I was led, after much prayer and thought, to give up the remaining part of my business and devote my whole time to the work of the Homes, my wife and family assisting me. Since then, our heavenly Father has sent, year by year, through His stewards, gifts to a special fund (wholly apart from any of the funds sent in for the Homes) which has hitherto been sufficient to meet the needs of my family and myself."

In July of last year, the Lords of Session appointed Mr. Bremner P. Lee to visit the Orphan Homes at Bridge of Weir, in connection with a case then pending before them, in which the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland asked Mr. Quarrier to deliver to them two children—a brother and a sister—who, they maintained, should be educated in the faith of their Church. The following extract from Mr. Lee's report will give the reader a good idea of the extent and usefulness of the philanthropic work now carried on by Mr. Quarrier:—

"The Curator made a careful inspection of the Homes. The extent of the institution, which shelters eleven hundred destitute or orphan children, and the rapidity of its growth, are an indication of the estimation in which they are held by the public. The Homes are situated about two miles from Bridge of Weir, and consist of forty-six houses, including chapel, school, and boys' and girls' sick houses, erected at a total cost of nearly £150,000. The amount necessary for the support of the institution is between £14,000 and £15,000 per annum, and this, together with the cost of building, has been met in whole by the voluntary contributions of the public from year to year. The children are well cared for and well fed; they are efficiently and practically trained for service or for trade, and are kept until they are able to support themselves by their work, either in the Homes at Bridge of Weir, or at the Branch Homes in Glasgow and in Canada, where children already

working for themselves are housed. The respondent admits no child without its own consent and the written consent of its guardians; each child has a free choice of the employment for which it shall be trained; and no child is ever sent out of the country until it has been fitted for work, and has expressed its own desire to go. In Canada there are Branch Homes to which the immigrants may go in case of sickness and want of work. The respondent finds it necessary for the success of his enterprise that his hand should be left free from the interference of relatives, though he states that on good cause being shewn he is always willing to restore a child to relatives who seem able and willing to keep it. The moderation with which the respondent exercises his authority is manifest from the fact that, though so many children pass through his hands, he has never before had to defend a case of this nature."

All the Homes in this "Children's City" have names given to them, and to each name there is a history. In the delightful sketches we had from the eloquent and graphic pen of "Deborah," in the *Dundee Advertiser* last year, she gives us the origin of some of these names.

One day there was sent to Mr. Quarrier, in an old dirty envelope, the sum of £1,700. Accompanying the money was a note which stipulated that the house built with the money should be called the "Sagittarius Home." From that day to this Mr. Quarrier knows nothing more, and seeks to know nothing more, regarding the anonymous sender of this munificent gift.

We would have liked, but space will not permit, to have given the origin of "Montrose Home," the "Aberdeen Home," the "Edinburgh Home," &c., &c., but I cannot pass over without a few words the "Sabbath School Home," which has been built by the Sabbath School children and teachers throughout Scotland. This Home was opened on the 5th day of May, 1894, when Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson, president of the Sabbath School Council of Scotland, some members of the Council, and 4,000 Sabbath School teachers, gathered to grace the opening.

During the proceedings that day, Mr. Quarrier spoke of his own boyhood. "He looked back to the time when he was a little child of seven or thereby, to whom a dinnerless day was not uncommon, straying about the streets, on being fished into a Sabbath School and hearing for the first time in his life something about God and heaven. It was an old story to go back upon those days, but God put it into his heart then that if ever he made money it would be

spent on the orphans of the land. The money did not come in the thousands he had hoped for, but away back twenty-three years ago, he began to pray in faith, and the help he sought for others came as it was needed." Then he went on to speak on a point that has often been mooted. "A great many people asked, 'What shall be done with the work when Mr. Quarrier dies?' That was a great bugbear to many. They saw no endowments in connection with the work, for he did not believe in endowments; they saw no money laid past for a rainy day, and they saw none of the machinery that was usually in vogue in such effort; and they said, 'What is to become of it?' just as though Mr. Quarrier was the sum and substance of it. Now he wanted to say he was just a simple servant in God's house; that God could dispense with him at the end of the week if he liked; but God kept him on and he kept on to God; and God fed and clothed him just as he fed and clothed the children; and since he began to trust Him for the family and himself, it had been the happiest time of his life."

Some romantic gifts have come to help Mr. Quarrier from very unlikely sources. An old washerwoman sends for him when she is on her death-bed and gives him the savings of a life of self-denial and hard work—£1,400. Considering how the money was made, there appears to be a poetical justice in the mode in which Mr. Quarrier spent it—it was won over the washing-tub, and expended in bringing a supply of pure water into the "Children's City."

Again, last year on the 5th January, came a gift of £500, which is recorded in *N. B. D. Mail*. As the story is interesting and short, here it is. "Mr. Quarrier has been alike gratified and astonished at receiving a gift of £500 for the 'Homes' almost rivalling in its way that which he received a year ago from the old Scotchwoman who left him 'the fortune made from a washing-tub.' About two months ago, he was waited upon by another old Scotchwoman, who stated that she had been reading about what he was doing for the orphan children, and she wished to give £500 to help on the work. Mr. Quarrier was somewhat astonished, but said he was gratified to hear of her proposal, and she was to think over it, and he would call and see her in a day or two. He did so, and found her living in a room and kitchen house on the South-side. Everything was scrupulously clean and tidy, but everything also showed that the old woman was living in very

humble circumstances. Asked how she had been able to gather so much money, she said it was *saved by pennies*. In the event of his accepting her generous offer, had she money left to keep her in comfort in her old age? Her reply was: 'Quite sufficient for the rest of my days.' Mr. Quarrier left her with the injunction to think well over the matter, and let him know her decision. Yesterday he was informed that the old lady adhered to her intention, and that she wished the £500 to go to either the Farm or the Aged Workers' Home, or whatever Mr. Quarrier thought best."

In the "Narrative of Facts" for the twenty-third year, published by Mr. Quarrier, we find under Aug. 10th an account of a few admissions that had taken place that day, which gives a good idea of the variety of work being done in succouring the needy, relieving the heavy burdened, and comforting the sorrowful. This is Mr. Quarrier's account of that day's work:—

"This was one of the busiest days we have had for a long time in the taking in of children, fourteen of whom were received and added to our number. The following are a few facts regarding those admitted, indicating a little of the sorrow, sin and misery that our work for the needy is among, and they are a fair sample of the cases we have to deal with from day to day. Three little ones aged five, seven, and nine years from Edinburgh, whose grandfather nearly killed their mother, and then put an end to his own life. The poor mother's character is of the worst description. Four of a family from Maryhill, whose mother died a short time ago, leaving five children, the youngest a baby eleven months old. The loss of his wife, and the burden of the helpless little ones so prayed on the mind of the father, who was a musician, that he committed suicide a few days ago. Some members of the Musical Society brought the case before us, and we have taken the four youngest. The baby, as well as the others, we are sure, will find a mother's kind care in our village Homes. Another case is that of three orphan children belonging to Glasgow, who have been brought up by an aunt, who has acted even more than a mother's part to them. She has struggled bravely on for the past seven years, but has now been forced to give up and seek help for her young charges. A wayward lad of sixteen who had been incorrigible, we are giving a chance to redeem his character. Other two children from Glasgow, whose father deserted them three years ago, and the mother has deserted herself, and is among the



erring ones of our great city. The poor old grandfather, who is alive, has helped them in the past, but is now unable to do so longer. A fatherless little girl, who with her mother has slept for the last three nights in the Night Asylum. The mother has had a hard struggle since her husband died, and has a boy in the hospital at present. We received the child, offered to take an older girl, and paid the poor mother's bed for the night, hoping that her way may be made easier by the help afforded."

The central figure in this wonderful mission, conducted on lines nearly without a parallel in the history of the world, is plain William Quarrier. What a noble task it is to which he has dedicated his life—to lift out of the mire the friendless orphans, to rescue the poor little waifs of our towns and cities, keeping them from becoming vile criminals, and making them good God-fearing useful members of society.

From William Quarrier's portrait, one can easily read that besides having a kind and sympathetic heart, he has also a strong will-power, especially in the practical, full of resources, great faith in the future, and ability to push the cause of philanthropical earnest benevolence.

Quiet and unassuming, taking no credit or praise to himself—giving it all to his Master, the mighty Author of the Universe; a true disciple of Christ—Christ-like himself in his love for and care of the little children—he goes on in the even tenor of his way from day to day, accomplishing such wonders that can be regarded as little short of miraculous.