



THE  
**BAND OF HOPE REVIEW,**

FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT IN 1851,

TO THE END OF 1860.

FORMING THE COMPLETE EDITION OF

THE  
**FIRST SERIES.**



TO THE

# MOTHERS

THROUGHOUT Queen Victoria's DOMINIONS,



This Volume is respectfully Dedicated, by their  
Sincere Friend and well-wisher,

THE EDITOR.



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BAND OF HOPE  
REVIEW.



COMPLETE EDITION OF THE FIRST SERIES.

FROM 1851 TO 1860.

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THE  
BAND OF HOPE  
REVISED

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London:

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AND BY THE BAND OF HOPE  
AND BY THE BAND OF HOPE





"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."



TO THE  
BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL NATIONS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.

**H**APPY New Year to you all! The year 1851 will be a very memorable one. You have no doubt heard of the Great Exhibition for all Nations, which is to be held in London during this year. If you look into the booksellers' shop windows, you will see pictures of the Great Palace of Glass which is now being built. In a few weeks this wonderful building will be filled with all kinds of curious machinery and costly productions from all parts of the world. The sight will afford a proof of the rich provision which our Heavenly Father has made for his creatures of every clime, and of the skill which he has given to man. Then we shall have people of all kingdoms, and nations, and tongues, walking about the streets of London. The Chinaman with his long tail and wooden shoes; the Hindoo with his white clothes and turban; the

Indian with his savage looking face; the Laplander in his bear's skin; and all kinds of curious looking people, such as the Children of England have never yet seen. Oh, what a strange sight, what a great gathering there will be! We hope it will be the means of doing much good, and that it will show to all the world, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;" for the world is but one family, although a divided one by seas and mountains, &c.; but which should not divide our hearts one from another, nor prevent us from being kind one to another, and dwelling together in peace.

Sometimes a cloud steals over our minds, lest we should not turn this great opportunity of doing good to the best account. We fear that with more people there will be more sin and wickedness committed; but we must pray and labour that much good may also be done. Many will turn into our Churches and Chapels, and for the first time join in the service of the true God. Let us daily pray that they may hear something which, when carried back to their own country, will sow the seed of the gospel and bring forth a rich harvest.

In this remarkable year then, which will never be forgotten by any of us, we are anxious to commence another "Great Gathering," not of old people, not of fathers and mothers, but of "Children." We shall not be able to bring you all into one large building, but we want the Children of all nations to unite with their hearts, voices, and hands, in forming a "WORLD'S TEMPERANCE BAND OF HOPE."

A great foe to the world's happiness is now in the midst of us. Not content with slaying thousands of our fellow men every year, and consigning them to a premature grave, he is continually gaining new victims within his grasp. In Great Britain he has placed about 20,000 persons in prisons, and filled the asylums and poorhouses with lunatics and paupers, whom he has robbed of their reason and property. Like a wily serpent he has entwined himself around every family circle in the land, for there is not a household to be found into which he has entered where he has not left a sting behind. The name of this Great Destroyer is **INTEMPERANCE**. There are now in London alone not less than 20,000 poor ragged children whom this monster has robbed of home, of food, and of clothing. We wish you (*with the consent of your parents*) to promise, by God's help, never to drink any of those intoxicating drinks which lead to Intemperance. Form Temperance Bands of Hope in every city, town, and village, and let us unite in one great army, and never rest until Intemperance falls before our onward march. Let the "BAND OF HOPE REVIEW AND SUNDAY SCHOLAR'S FRIEND," have a place in every Sunday school and family throughout the three kingdoms.

We shall labour to assist the Parent and Teacher in their laborious and responsible duties, and shall gladly receive any suggestions whereby our publication may be promotive of glory to God and good to men.





## THE LENT HALF DOLLAR.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALLEN, D.D.

"WHAT are you crying for?" said Arthur to a little ragged boy that he overtook on his way home from the village school. There was something in the kind of crying that led Arthur to think there was some serious cause for it.

"I am hungry," said the boy, "and I can get nothing to eat."

"Why don't your mother give you something to eat?"

"She hasn't any thing for herself, and she is sick, and can't get up."

"Where is your father?"

"I haven't any. He was drowned away off at sea."

"Where do you live?"

"Down there," pointing to a miserable hut in a distant lane.

"Come with me and I'll get you something."

Arthur turned back, and the boy followed him. He had a few halfpence in his pocket, just enough, as it proved, to buy a loaf of bread. He gave it to the boy, and told him he would go home with him.

Arthur went in, and saw a good-looking woman on the bed, with two small children crying by her side. As he opened the door he heard the eldest say, "Do, mamma, give me something to eat." They stopped crying when Arthur and the boy came in. The boy ran to the bed, and gave his mother the loaf, and pointing to Arthur, said, "He bought it for me!"

"Thank you," said the woman; "may God bless and give you the bread of eternal life!"

The eldest little girl jumped up and down in her joy, and the youngest tried to seize the loaf, and struggled hard to do so, but did not speak. Seeing that the widow's hand was weak, Arthur took the loaf, and cut off a piece for the youngest first, and then for the girl and the boy. He gave the loaf to the widow. She ate a small piece, and then closed her eyes, and seemed to be engaged in silent prayer.

"She must be one of the Lord's poor," thought Arthur. "I'll go and get something else for you as quick as I can," said Arthur, and he departed.

He went to Mrs. Bertron's who lived near, and told her the story; and she immediately sent some milk, and bread, and tea, and sugar, and butter, and sent word that she would come herself as soon as she could get the baby asleep.

Arthur had half a dollar at home, which he wished to give the poor woman. His father gave it to him for watching sheep, and told him that he must not spend it, but put it out at interest, or trade with it so as to make something. He knew his father would not let him give it away; for he was not a Christian, and thought of little else than of saving and making money. Arthur's mother died when he was an infant, but with her last breath she gave him to God.

When Arthur was five years old he was sent to school, to a pious teacher who cared for his soul; and knowing that he had no teacher at home, she took unusual pains to instruct him in the principles of religious truth. The Holy Spirit helped her efforts, and before he was eight years of age there was reason to hope that he had been born again.

Arthur was now in his tenth year. He considered how he should help the poor widow, and at length he hit upon a plan which proved successful.

His father was very desirous that he should begin to act for himself in business matters, such as making bargains. He did not wish him to ask his advice in so doing, but to go by his own judgment. After the business was done, he would show him whether it was wise or not; but never censured him, lest he should discourage him from acting on his own responsibility.

In view of these facts Arthur formed his plan.

"Father, may I lend my half dollar?"

"To some spendthrift, boy?"

"I won't lend it without good security."

The father was pleased that his son had the idea of good security in his head; he would not inquire what it was for; he wished Arthur to decide that for himself. He told him to lend it, but to be careful not to lose it.

"I'll be sure of that," said Arthur.

Arthur took his half dollar and ran to the poor widow, and gave it to her, and came away before she had time to thank him.

At night his father asked him if he had put out his money.

"Yes, father," said Arthur

"Who did you lend it to?"

"I gave it to a starving widow in Mr. Hare's house."

There was a frown gathering on his father's brow, as he said, "Do you call that lending? Did you not ask my permission to lend it? Have I a son that will deceive me?"

"No, father," said Arthur, "I did lend it." He opened his Bible, that he had ready, with his finger on the place, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "I lent it to the Lord, and I call that written promise good security."

"Lent it to the Lord! He will never pay you."

"Yes, father, he will—it says he will repay again."

"I thought you had more sense," said his father; but this was not said in an angry tone. The truth was, the old man was pleased with the ingenuity, as he called it, of the boy. He did not wish to discourage that. So he took out his purse, and handed Arthur half a dollar. "Here, the Lord will never pay—I must, or you will never see your money again."

"Thank you, father," said Arthur. "In my way of thinking," said Arthur to himself, "the Lord has paid me, and much sooner than I expected too; I didn't hardly expect he would pay me in money. The hearts of all men are in his hand, and the gold and the silver are his; he has disposed my father to pay it to me. I'll lend it again."

Arthur kept his habit of lending his spare money to the Lord all his days, and he was always satisfied that he was paid four-fold, and often several times over.

A very safe way of lending money, is that of lending it to the Lord.



THE SPIDER.

I was one day wandering alone, after the cares and employment of a teacher's busy day were over. In my wandering I was seeking for amusement and relaxation, for something to divert, and not fatigue the mind. The first thing that particularly attracted my attention was a large spider, hanging by his tiny thread from the branches of a small tree. Well! Mr. Spider, thought I, you are beginning to weave a web, I suspect. I think you are a very curious workman, but I wonder how you contrive to fasten your house on the boughs of two different trees. I know you cannot fly, and I should not think you could jump so far, and so accurately as just to hit the branch. I know if you fall your thread might catch you; still I think it must hurt you exceedingly; and I think it must be equally difficult for you to take your thread in your mouth or in your hand, and run down one tree and up another. So long a thread would be apt to become entangled. The spider did not hear me, for I spoke in my thoughts, and if he had heard me, he could not have understood my language. So I had no reason to think he would show me how he managed. But I wished to look at him awhile, and see what he was doing.

The spider, I believe, heeded me not, for he went on with his work at a very rapid rate. He first ran down some distance on his slender cord; then up again, apparently doubling it, and leaving it unattached to anything. When he reached the top, I thought he was preparing to descend again, but about this time I perceived the gentle breeze had wafted his light thread to the high post of a neighbouring fence; where, after a few ineffectual attempts, its silken fibres at length caught on a projecting sliver, and remained firmly fastened. As soon as the spider noticed this he tightened the cord, fastened it firmly to the tree, and then ran on the line to the fence, spinning as he went. When he reached the fence he spent a few seconds, either reconnoitering or fastening firmly the foundations of his contemplated house. Soon he returned again to the tree, then back again to the fence two or three times, each time stopping a moment to fasten the end of his cord. When it became a six or eight fold thread, he stopped about

the middle of it, and remained busy for a moment. He then ran to the fence, and instead of stopping as formerly to fasten his work, he ran a little on one side, and fastened it a little distance from the former place. I now perceived that he had bound his bundle of cords together in the middle, and that this last thread diverged from this point. When he had made the second thread two or three folds, he diverged still more with another, and then another, till each end of his work resembled an open fan. He then began to fill up his work with cross threads, as you have often seen in the spider's web. I cannot tell how fast time passed while I was watching him, but I should think in half an hour he had woven quite a web, which I left him to complete at his leisure.

What an example this was of industry and perseverance! May the young reader remember it when he is disposed to be indolent, or easily discouraged in a good work!—*Baptist Children's Magazine.*

## THE BOY AND YOUTH WHO WOULD NOT DRINK.

Long before modern temperance societies were known, there lived a little family, who had but one son. His mother died when he was but four or five years old. She used to take her little boy, and alone they would kneel down, while she would lay her hand on his head, and pray to the Father of all mercies to bless him, and fit him to meet her in heaven. After her death, this little boy associated with bad company, learned and practised and grew up in the commission of almost every vice but that of intemperance. He would not drink intoxicating liquors. His father said, that bad and abandoned as John was, while he refused to drink, he had hopes of him. John ran away from his relatives, and went to sea, and was one of the vilest and lowest sailors, only he would not drink. While lying in his hammock one night, he dreamed that he stood on the deck of the vessel, when an angel came to him with a beautiful, rich and valuable ring, and made him a present of it. But he thought little of this present, and let it fall into the sea. This messenger of mercy died after it, and bringing it up and showing it to John, said, You do not know the value of this now. I will keep it for you until you feel its worth. This abandoned sailor had not blunted his sensibility, impaired his judgment, or seared his intellect by the use of wine, beer, cider, rum, or any other intoxicating drink: so this strange dream made a powerful impression—a deep and long mark on his thoughts and feelings, which remained while he lived. It made him reflect what treasures of wealth, of intellect, of character, and of happiness he had foolishly thrown into the sea. This train of thought largely contributed to bring him to his "right mind," and make him a valuable good man. Had he used any kind of intoxicating drink, it is very probable, this impression would have been effaced, and he would have died as he had lived, an abandoned sailor. But his temperance principles and practice kept his head clear and his judgment cool, so that means produced their legitimate effect upon his heart. John became one of the most eminent ministers off the gospel of the last century. He was the instrument of converting multitudes from the error of their ways, while he lived; among them was: Dr. Buchanan, the author of "The Star in the East," "Researches in India," &c., and also Thos. Scott, the author of the "Commentary on the Bible."—His sermons, letters, essays, hymns, and other published writings, have been the instruments of making good and happy, multitudes more. Now, can you tell me what was his other name, besides John? And what you, like him, not use intoxicating drink?—*Temperance Recorder.*

**NO POOR HOUSE FOR ME.**—A little boy, seven years old, the son of a notorious drunkard in this city, bids fair to be older and wiser than his father. The poverty and misery brought upon this family by the detestable traffic in ardent spirits, made it necessary that the proper authority should order them to be taken to the poor house. This little archin, one of the family, is determined he will not go, except by muscular force. Said he, the other day, "I'm not a going to be punished in this way because my father gets drunk;—that's not my fault. I'll show 'em that I can work here as well as I can at the poor-house, and earn my living too;—I won't go to the poor-house."—*Temperance Anecdotes.*





## THE GREAT GIANT.

**W**Y dear little readers, you have heard of the Giant Goliath who defied the Israelites and made them all tremble; you remember that he was slain by the stone from little David's sling. Do you know that there is a much more fearful and powerful enemy than Goliath now in England? He is slaying tens of thousands of poor drunkards every year, and shutting them all out of heaven for ever. His name is GIANT ALCOHOL. The Bible says that "no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven." Now would you not like to help us in destroying this foe to England? We think you will all say, "Oh, yes, but how can I help? Very easily indeed. Every child can do it by never tasting any liquor that contains alcohol. If all the British boys and girls will join together in a great "Band of Hope," or "Cold Water Army," the giant will soon die, and he will not be able to send one of you to a drunkard's grave. Ask your father and mother to let you put your names on the pledge roll.

"Friends of Freedom! swell the song,  
Young and old, the strain prolong,  
Make the Temperance army strong,  
And on to victory!  
Lift your banners, let them wave,  
Onward march a world to save;  
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,  
And bear his infamy?"

## THE THREE QUESTIONS.

"Robert!" said Mr. Rawlins, as his little boy put on his cap to go out to play, "can you remember the tale that your uncle told us this day fortnight?"

"Yes," said Robert, "every word of it. O! it was so droll!"

"And can you tell me what day it was that the tailor brought home your new clothes?"

"Yes; it was last Tuesday week, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and I was waiting for him."

"Then I will only ask you one more question. What was the text last Sunday morning?"

Alas! Robert could not tell.

"Ah, Robert! Robert!" said Mr. Rawlins, "this is too much the case with all men. They are more interested in their own pleasures than in God's word, and think twice as much of this world as they do of a better."

## DRINKING IN TROUBLE.

A gentleman who was once in the habit of drinking his brandy and water, moderately of course, had a negro servant who was a model of sobriety. On a certain day the gentleman went home and found Jim very drunk. The next morning the offender was called up for an explanation. He came forward with a peculiarly distressed and mournful look, and when inquired of what this meant, he replied, "Why, master, when I see anything troubles you, or you feel bad, you always drink brandy amazingly. Well, yesterday I broke one of your china platters, and knew that you would be sorry, so it troubled me, I felt very bad indeed, and I thought I would take some brandy, too; so I kept drinking and drinking, and I got drunk before I thought of it; but it did no good at all, for I feel just as bad about the platter, and then I am mortified to think that I should get drunk. It does no good at all to drink when you're in trouble."

## BIBLE STATISTICS.

The first English edition of the Bible was printed in 1535; the present translation finished in 1611. The following is a dissection of the Old and New Testaments, made by some curious painstaking:—

In the Old Testament.	In the New.	Total.
Books.... 39 ....	27 ....	66
Chapters.. 9,029 ....	260 ....	10,189
Verses.... 3,214 ....	7,957 ....	11,173
Words.... 592,493 ....	181,253 ....	773,746
Letters... 2,728,100 ....	898,380 ....	3,566,480

The Apocrypha has 183 chapters, 6,081 verses, and 125,185 words. The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible is the 117th Psalm; the middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm; the middle line is in the 2nd book of Chronicles, 4th chapter, and 16th verse: the word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,535 times; the same word in the New Testament occurs 10,684 times; the word "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times.

*Old Testament.*—The middle book is Proverbs; the middle chapter, the 20th of Job; the least verse is the first book of Chronicles, 1st chapter and 1st verse.

*New Testament.*—The middle book is the II Thessalonians; the middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of the Romans, the middle verse is the 17th of the 17th chapter of the Acts; the least verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of the Gospel by St. John.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it.

The 19th chapter of the 2nd book of Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah, are alike.

The book of Esther has ten chapters, but neither the words *Lord* nor *God* in it.

## SMALL THINGS.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"

From little seeds sweet flowers spring,  
And perfume o'er our pathway fling;  
The noble oaks derive their birth  
From acorns buried in the earth;  
And the bright corn on waving plains  
Rose from the tiny, scattered grains.

And infant hands may plant the seed,  
And from that small and simple deed  
Rich produce shall adorn the ground,  
And gladden every heart around;  
For God will send the sun and shower  
To cherish and refresh the flower.

How small the seed of truth appears!  
Oft sown with trembling and with tears  
And yet that precious germ imparts  
Fragrance and life to desert hearts:  
Nor shall its progress stay until  
Its branches the wide world shall fill

And a child's soft and earnest prayer,  
Rich blessing may to others bear;  
And a child's penny, rightly given,  
May aid in guiding souls to heaven;  
And lisping accents may proclaim  
The sweetness of a Saviour's name.

Dear children, God is kind indeed  
To let you help to plant his seed!  
O! cast it with a liberal hand  
On every dark and heathen land,  
And He who dwells enthroned above,  
Will smile upon your work of love.

## BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's Church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn a corner, and walk towards the Church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door, they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me and said, "Follow those two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear; the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away; but he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face and said, "When I was a boy like you I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. *I don't feel right.* I believe I will go with you." I seized his hand and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. An excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. xi. 1, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." The young man was attentive, but seemed abashed and downcast.

At the conclusion of the service my mother kindly said to him, "Have you a Bible, young man?" "No, ma'am, but I can get one," was his reply. "You can read, of course," she said. "Yes, ma'am." "Well, take my son's Bible until you procure one of your own, and come to meeting again next Lord's day. I will always be happy to accommodate you with a seat."

He put the Bible in his pocket and hurried away. At family worship that evening my mother prayed fervently for the conversion of that young man.

Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear. My mother frequently spoke of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. He had doubtless been the subject of her closet devotions. On the third Sabbath morning, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from recent sickness. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my Bible on the desk, and left the church, without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed "W. C." He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18—, the ship *St. George*, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay.

Next day, being Sabbath, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan Chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman, seated behind me, asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the "George," and was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently labouring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions—my name, age, occupation, birthplace, &c. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church? I was astonished; the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

He was born in the town of Leeds, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age, his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint,



he left his employers, and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and a son worshipping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days he had embittered, and whose gray hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and on being ordained, he entered the missionary field, and had been labouring for several years in Southern Africa.

"The moment I saw your Bible this morning," he said, "I recognized it. And now, do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. Beattie's text, on the day of my salvation, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.'"—*Ingli's Sabbath School.*

### DEATH'S PRIME MINISTER.

Death, the king of terrors, was determined to choose a prime minister, and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned to attend, when each preferred his claim to the honor of this illustrious office. Fever urged the numbers he had destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions by shaking all his limbs; Gout hobbled up, and alleged his great power of racking every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak was a strong though silent argument in favour of his claim. Stone and Colic pleaded their violence; Plague his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure.

In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting, and revelry; when immediately entered a lady, with a bold, lascivious air, and flushed jovial countenance. She was attended, on the one hand by a troop of bacchanals, and on the other, by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced half naked to the softest musical instruments. Her name was INTemperance. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases: "Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this monarch; am I not your queen? Do ye not receive your power of shortening human life almost wholly from me?" Who then so fit as myself for this important office? The grisly monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her on his right hand, and she immediately became his principal favourite and Prime Minister.

ADDISON.

### THE BEAUTIFUL TOTAL ABSTINENCE BOYS.

Ancient history tells us of four boys, of great beauty and intelligence, that were carried captives from their native country and presented to the king, a mighty monarch, to stand before him as his most honoured servants. These favored youths were provided with every means which the court of this great monarch could furnish for making them skilful in all wisdom, cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, beautiful in person, and accomplished in manners. The richest fruits and the most delicious wines were given to nourish them. But they were lads of greater wisdom than even those persons who were set to perfect and polish them. And when the wine was brought them to drink, they decided among themselves, 'None for us.' It is not said that they signed a pledge, but they formed a total abstinence society, and it was impossible for those who were set over them to break their ranks. 'If you pine away,' said they,

'we shall endanger our heads to the king.' 'But,' said the boys, 'give us WATER to drink ten days, and then if our countenances look not better than the countenances of those who drink wine, then deal with us as you see fit.' The experiment was eminently successful. Their countenances were fairer than all the children which partook of the king's delicacies.

*Quere?* What sort of men did those boys make? *Answer.* Men that could brave a den of lions; men that were not afraid of a burning fiery furnace.

### THE GLASS OF GIN.

OR, WHEN IT IS SAFEST TO RUN.

"Go the other way! go the other way!" cried Mr. Grace, a thoughtful neighbour, as Samuel Hawkes was about to get over the fence into Mr. Benson's orchard. Sad complaints had been made of the boys for pelting the fruit trees, and Mr. Grace would have felt ashamed of any Sunday scholar who would dare to take what belonged to another.

Mr. Grace had a good opinion of Samuel Hawkes, for he was a steady lad; but he thought that the temptation might be too much for him, so he persuaded him to take the other path.

"Samuel," said he, "listen to me. I once saw a man running from the door of a public-house, while two or three other men were hallooing after him. Aye, thought I, this fellow has been drinking, and is running away without paying for his liquor. Presently after, however, I overtook the man, and asked him what made him run away so fast from the tavern door?"

"Why, sir," said he, "not a very long time ago I was a sad drunkard; my wife and children were in rags, and I was about going to jail, when a good friend stepped forward and agreed to save me from prison, if I would promise never to drink another glass of spirits as long as I lived. Up to this hour the promise I then made has not been broken. Having walked a long way to-day, I called at the door of the public-house yonder for a draught of water; but no sooner had I drank it, than an old companion of mine came up, and offered to treat me with a glass of gin. Having drank my glass of good pure water, and seeing the landlord pouring out the gin, I fairly took to my heels, for I know too much of my own heart to trust myself. If I were to pause, and stop to talk in a place of temptation, it would be too strong for me; but so long as I can run away from it I am safe."

"Well, thought I, I must take example from this man, and run away from temptation whenever it approaches me. Now it will be a good thing, if you will do just as he did; for a boy is as likely to be tempted by a cherry-cheeked apple, as a man is by a glass of gin."

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Psalmi. 1.—*American Sunday School Union Tracts.*

**THE RAGGED SCHOOL SCHOLAR.**—A few Sunday evenings ago, a group of ragged lads were seen under a lamp in Smithfield. They had just left the Field Lane Ragged School. On distributing a few of the Ipswich Juvenile Books amongst them, one little fellow expressed very great pleasure. His father had been a sad drunkard, but about a month ago signed the pledge. "I have not to fetch drink now," said he. Who will say that it is no use trying to reclaim poor drunkards?

**TWENTY THOUSAND CAPTIVES.**—There are now about twenty thousand prisoners in Great Britain. What a fearful number of persons to be in prison for crimes which they have committed. The judges say, that if all these had kept from "drink," very few of them would have had to be tried before them. Dear Children, do you not think it will be wiser for you never to taste these drinks, which have led so many into crimes and brought them to prison? "Touch not, taste not, handle not!"

**SOLOMON.**—What did Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived, say about wine? Take down your Bible and read the 1st verse of the 20th chapter, and the 31st and 32nd verses of the 23rd chapter of the Proverbs, and you will have the answer to this question. We hope that all our little readers love the Bible. Remember that you are told by God to "Search the Scriptures." Can you repeat the following pretty verse?—

Holly Bible, book divine!  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

### PUBLICATIONS.

*Steps to the Bible Mine. Sixth Thousand. By Elizabeth.*—PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY.

This little work has been for some time before the public, with whom it is gaining increased favour. Though it is exclusively confined to matters of Scripture, and does not go beyond that which may be known by all—yet that person is a good biblical student who can stand the test of examination by this little book. It has already recommended itself—which is better than anything we can say in its praise.

*Ipswich Juvenile Temperance Tracts, assorted packets, Nos. 1, 2, 3.*—SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.

Mr. Alexander has done great service to our Juvenile Societies by the publication of these little Illustrated Messengers. Let parents buy them for their children and teachers for their scholars. Scatter them by thousands!

*Voices from Prisons and Penitentiaries.* JOHN CASSELL, London.

This is one of John Cassell's most important pamphlets. Societies should forward a copy to every Sunday school teacher in their localities. Let this be done without delay, and our principles will receive a powerful impetus.

*Temperance Music Book.*—HOULSTON & Co.

We trust that this very acceptable little work will have a wide circulation,—good singing will do much to keep up the interest of our Band of Hope meetings.

*Band of Hope Pledge Book.*—WATSON, Kirby-street.

Every Temperance Sunday School Teacher should spend Sixpence in the purchase of this little pocket companion, and seek to secure the names of all the scholars in his class.

### INTELLIGENCE.

**SPITALFIELDS.**—The friends of Total Abstinence in this neighbourhood have now commenced a movement which promises to be a very successful one. Some teachers connected with the "Friends" school in Quaker Street, secured the use of their school room and obtained the co-operation and assistance of friends connected with other schools in the neighbourhood. A Society was formed, consisting of two parts, called "The Spitalfields' Temperance Society," and "The Spitalfields' Band of Hope." Three meetings have been held, with an average attendance of 400 persons. On the 12th of December, a Juvenile Meeting was held, when nearly 500 young persons met, and were very suitably addressed by Messrs. Esterbrook, Giffin, Boniface, Jelfeot, and by the Secretary of the Society. Sixty-eight signatures were obtained to the following Agreement, "We agree to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks as beverages." Sunday school teachers will do well to consider carefully the important subject of Total Abstinence, and its effects on the ultimate prospects and welfare of their interesting charge. The connection between crime and intemperance is proved to be so intimate, by recently procured statistics, that too much attention to this subject cannot well be paid by teachers in schools generally.

**YORK.**—A most cheering meeting of 800 children, and a large body of Sunday school teachers and parents was held on Christmas day.

**HOXTON.**—The Band of Hope meetings are held monthly in the Ragged School-room. Upwards of two hundred members have been enrolled.

**DARLINGTON.**—Aglorious juvenile movement has been organised in this town, some particulars of which may be expected in our next.

**NEATH ABBEY IRON WORKS.**—A nice little society has here been commenced under the auspices of the respected proprietor of these extensive works.

### Notices to Correspondents.

The letter written by a sick friend to the Neath Band of Hope Meeting shall appear in our next.

We shall be glad to receive original articles, anecdotes, &c., together with any suggestions for increasing our usefulness. All communications (postpaid) and books for review to be addressed to the Editor, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

### GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

*Subscriptions Received.*

	£	s.	d.
Rev. H. Townley .. .. .	1	0	0
Mrs. Massee, Sheriff Hutton .. .	0	10	0
Mrs. Smithies, York .. .	0	10	0
W. Linton, Esq. .. .	0	5	0
Forfeits for late rising .. .	0	4	8

Will our friends furnish us with the means of presenting a copy monthly to all the Ragged School Scholars in London, &c.?

LONDON:—PARTRIDGE & OAKEY.

DUBLIN:—J. Robertson.

EDINBURGH:—Messrs. Oliphant. GLASGOW:—G. Gallie. Sold by TWEEDIE, Wellington Street, Strand; HORSELL, Paternoster Row; and WOODLEY, Fore Street, London; ACKLAND & COOK, Bristol; KERSHAW, Leeds; PENNY, Darlington; YOUNG, Leighton Buzzard, and all Booksellers in Town and Country.





"Suffer little children to come unto me."

"BE YE ALSO READY."



IT was a beautiful morning—the sun had risen with unwonted brilliancy, and scattered his bright rays over all the hills and vales, lighting up the clouds of heaven, and tinging their borders with lines of emerald and gold—the snowy mantle of the earth glittered in his beams, as though studded with ten thousand diamonds—the tall trees, which had been for several days contending with the storm, writhing and bending in the scowling blast of wind that howled fearfully through the air, now stood erect and graceful, seeming to exult in gladness in the smiles of the glorious sun.

Such was the morning on which a happy child was suddenly hurried into the invisible world. "A fine day this," said the father of Jared S. Bradley, "we will away to the woods to-day, and the sturdy forest shall echo with the music of our labors; we will level the trees to replenish our fuel, and to-day shall make amends to us for the delay the storm has occasioned. Come, Jared, my son; you may go with us, and take back the horse and put him under shelter." The cheerful boy hastened to obey his father's wish: he had been assisting his mother in her morning duties, for he was a kind and noble hearted child—the eldest of the family, and it was a pleasure to him to lighten the toils that devolved on his beloved mother—his cap and mittens, his overcoat and tippet, were soon adjusted, and he hastened from the house in obedience to his father's call; along he rode, cheerful and happy as the lark that pours forth her morning song to God. His mother watched his receding form till it was hidden in the distance, inwardly thanking God for the gift of her dutiful boy. The woods were soon in sight; already was the woodman's ax filling the lofty forest with the echoes of its toil—the workman had almost levelled a tree, as the father and son reached the spot. "Here, Jared," said the father, "run, put my coat beneath yon tree." The boy hastened to obey: just as he started the tree began to tremble and rock—in less than a moment it was falling, falling too in the direction of the child! The father saw the danger of his boy, and with a sudden shriek he called, "Jared!" The child sprang, to avoid the fall: but, alas! alas! the tree in its progress struck him on the temples, and prostrated him to the earth. The father ran with lightning speed, and removing the tree, lifted his dear boy, and raised his face to the light of heaven. What horror chilled his veins! not a breath, nor a sigh, nor the least token of life appeared! yet the distracted father could not believe his child was dead: in the agony of his spirit he called his name, "Jared! Jared! my son! my son!" but no returning answer met his ear. Still he thought it possible that he was only stunned by the blow; they hastened with the body to the house of the physician, which was not far distant. "Doctor,

doctor," said the distressed father: "O, help me! help me! tell me, is he dead? Is there no hope? O, can you not restore him?" The physician soon ascertained the painful fact—"He is dead!" The blow had fractured his skull, and killed him instantly. Despair seized the heart of the disconsolate parent, and he would not be comforted.

A messenger was dispatched, to convey the painful intelligence to his mother and friends; but on her ear it fell like an idle tale. "It cannot be! it cannot be! my dear child just left his home so full of joyous life. O! it cannot be that he is dead!" Ah, they come; the pale, lifeless body is borne into the house, cold and inanimate—they dress him for the tomb, and there he lay like one in a quiet sleep—beautiful even in death. O, many were the tears that bathed that quiet brow: his little brothers gazed on his sweet face with childish grief, and wept, while they felt that they had lost a friend.

Some thought, and said, the mother was calm! Ah! little do such know of that "deep anguish that hath no voice." I saw that mother when she stood by the open grave of her dear boy. I saw her when she took the last look of his quiet face, and when she laid the grave cloth over his features, just as though he had been folded in her arms in the peaceful slumbers of infancy: she shed no tear—but my eyes were riveted upon her, a cold shudder ran over her frame, and she trembled like an aspen leaf, and it would have been a relief to my mind could the fount of grief have been unlocked, and the anguish of her spirit have found vent in tears.

His grave is close by my house; and though many months have passed since the event transpired, yet very often do these parents "go to the grave to weep there." The green turf is placed above it, the myrtle and the willow are planted by its side, the snowdrop and the rose-bush too are there, and many fragrant little blossoms are growing up around it. Sweet tokens of affection! they speak the language of the heart.

The sabbath school never missed the dear boy from its circle till he was laid in the tomb. Peace to his memory! he shall rise again! renewed in youth and beauty, he shall put on immortality, and dwell for ever in the presence of his God.

"Be ye also ready! for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh!"

B. S. HALL.

CLEAN HANDS.

A little boy (whose name I shall call John) was observed to wash his hands many times in a day—a most praiseworthy exercise. The unusual frequency with which he repaired to the hollow stone by the well, led his elder brother Henry to ask him why he washed his hands so frequently.

"Because I wish to be strong."

"Do you think that washing your hands will make you strong?"

"Yes."

At evening, as the two brothers were sitting in the porch of the farm-house, listening to the notes of the whippoorwill, Henry asked John why he thought that washing his hands would give him strength.

"Because I read it in my Bible," was the reply.

"Where did you find that passage?"

"I will show you." He got the Bible and read the latter part of the 9th verse of the 17th chapter of Job: "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." John was very confident that his position was a firm one, for it had the support of Scripture. Henry proceeded to explain to him the meaning of the passage, and convinced him that he had taken, in a literal sense, that which was intended to be understood in a figurative sense—that the passage taught that those who do right, shall increase in strength to do right. The truth thus explained made a deep impression upon John's mind, and I wish it may make a deep impression upon the mind of the reader. Every time you do right you increase your power to do right. Boys love to be strong. The highest kind of strength, is strength to do right.—*Scottish Christian Journal.*



THE COTTAGE.

Where is there a lovelier sight to be seen,  
Than a cottage imbosomed in covert of green;  
Where the rose and the woodbine embower the gate,  
And health, and contentment, in lowliness wait?

And if in this house of the poor there be found  
That goodness and love which shed blessings around,  
The beauty without, though so lovely, has been  
Less fair than the beauty of spirit within.

If sickness or poverty enter, the peace  
Which Jesus bequeathed, will in sorrow increase;  
And new strength to the faith, and new grace to the heart,  
The sweet from the bitter, will sorrow impart.

More than halls of high splendour, a cottage like this  
Is endowed with a portion of heavenly bliss;  
Though the low, humble dwelling in secrecy lies,  
There spirits of Christians grow ripe for the skies!  
*Cottager's Friend.*





## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

To the Sunday Scholar who forwards us the best replies to these questions before the 26th February, we shall present twelve copies of our March number.

1. How was food procured for so many inhabitants as Canaan is said to have contained, as its length from north to south, was not two hundred miles, and its greatest width but ninety?
2. How many hundred miles was Abraham from Canaan when he received promise of the land for a possession?
3. How far had the patriarch Jacob to travel, in going down to Egypt?
4. What discovery was made by Anah, the Hivite, while feeding his father's asses in the wilderness?
5. Whose threshing floor was situated on Mount Zion, the same spot on which the temple of Jerusalem was afterwards built?
6. To which tribe belong the families of potters and those that dwell among plants and hedges, and in what part of Scripture do we read of them?
7. What celebrated musician and his descendant presided over the service of song in the house of the Lord?
8. What instances of gigantic strength are recorded of a man, who, from his birth to the day of his death, drank neither wine nor strong drink?

## PICTURES OF THE BIBLE.

Impressions made in childhood are always the most lasting. We well remember sitting upon our dear mother's knee on the Sabbath evenings, looking at the pictures in the large Bible and listening to many interesting Scripture narratives. G. MEASOM, Esq., the well known engraver, has published six beautiful plates illustrating the influence of the Bible on Man, which will prove of great value to parents in guarding their offspring from the paths of vice. They are printed on a very large sheet of paper, and may be folded as a book, or fastened on the wall of the Sunday school, nursery, &c. Children, ask your parents or teachers to buy a copy for you, or if twelve of you will join, by giving one penny each, you can buy one for yourselves, and then ask your teachers to fix it up in the school where all the scholars can see it.

## THE PURSE OF GOLD

Two friends once were talking in sociable chat,  
When a purse one espied on the ground;  
"Well, come," said he, "thank my good fortune for that,  
What a large sum of money I've found!"  
"Nay, do not say I," said his friend, "for you know  
'Tis but justice to share it with me;"  
"I share it with you!" said the other, "How so?  
He who found it the owner should be,"  
"Be it so," said his friend; "but what sound do I hear?  
Stop thief! one is calling to you;  
He comes with a constable close in the rear."  
Said the other, "O, what shall we do?"  
"Nay, do not say we," said his friend, "for you know  
You claimed the sole right to the prize;  
And since all the money was taken by you,  
With you the dishonesty lies."

When people are selfish, dishonest, and mean,  
Their nature in dealing will quickly be seen.  
If the business in question be pleasure or profit,  
Then each thinks, of course, he should have the whole of it;  
But if it should happen it is danger or toil,  
Then, indeed, they will vote for dividing the spoil.

## THE DRUNKEN MOTHER'S BOY.

"I've got young — in custody again," said an active officer of the Metropolitan Police to me, a few days ago.

Now I was very sorry to hear this, for the poor boy was a Scholar in the Ragged School, and a fine looking lad too, of whom I had hoped better things. So I said, "What, has he ever been in prison before?" "Once," said the officer, "but he was then sent to Newgate, and told his mother when he came out, that his fare was so much better there than at home that he didn't care how soon he got back again." "Did his mother tell you this herself?" I asked. "Yes, sir," he replied. "One night she was brought into our station upon a stretcher, very tipsy, with her clothes almost torn off her back. When she had sobered a little I said to her, 'No wonder your poor boy takes to stealing if you behave thus,' and then she told me 'that he liked prison better than home.'"

No wonder, poor child, with the wretched home that a drunken mother made him. In prison he was fed and clothed, but at home he was starving and wretched.

Poor boy, poor boy! let us all try to save him and others like him, by asking every father, every mother, and every child, not to touch those drinks which make others so wretched. A.H.D.



## FAITH.

DEAR MARY,—In this letter I shall try to answer your question, 'How shall I believe in Jesus Christ, so that my sins may be forgiven?'

"I shall illustrate the answer to the inquiry by relating a circumstance the like of which has occurred more than once.

"It was a dark night: a high wind was blowing without, while all the family of Mr. H. were lying quietly in their beds, breathing calmly in the soundest slumbers.

"All at once Mr. H. was roused by the terrible cry of fire. He was not sufficiently waked, at first, to understand the cause; but the sound grew nearer and nearer, and soon many were gathering under his windows. 'Fire! fire! your house is on fire!' they shouted, as they pounded heavily upon the doors. Throwing a few clothes around him, Mr. H. rushed to the door; and what was his surprise and fear to discover that his own dwelling was in flames! He hastily returned, called up his terrified wife, and taking the babe and the next elder child, they quickly sought a shelter in an adjoining house. His eldest son, about ten years of age, slept in a chamber in another part of the house, near the room of the servant maid who lived in the family.

"Immediately the father hastened to rescue him, feeling but little anxiety for his property, if his family only might all be saved. On his way, he met the maid: 'Where is Charles?' said Mr. H., surprised to see her alone.

"Crying in his room," answered the frightened girl. 'I but just escaped, and the stairs are now all in flames.'

"The fire had broken out in that part of the house, and the flames were now spreading with fearful rapidity. Almost distracted, Mr. H. rushed out, and hastened to the part of the house beneath the window of his son's sleeping-room.

"The window was thrown up. The terrified boy was standing there, crying out in agony, 'Father! father! how shall I get out?'

"He could be seen by the glare of the fire in the room; but he could see no one beneath him—it was so dark—although he heard many voices. 'Here I am, my son,' cried out the deeply moved father. 'Here I am; fear not. Lay hold of the sill of the window, and drop yourself down. I will certainly catch you.'

"Charles crept out of the window, and clinging with the grasp of a drowning person, he hung, trembling, and afraid to let go.

"Let go, my son," cried the father.

"I can't see you, father."

"But I am here, my son."

"I'm afraid, father, that I shall fall."

"Let go; you need not fear," again shouted the father. The flames began to approach the window—the casement grew hot—if he stayed there he would be burned. He recollected that his father was strong; that he loved him, and would not tell him to do any thing that would injure him. He drew in his breath, unclasped his fingers, and in a moment was in his father's arms, overpowered, and weeping for joy at his wonderful escape.

"Now, notice, little friend, that Charles first felt his hopeless situation. He could not escape any other way save by the window. He could not see his father, but heard his voice. In the second place, he thought with his mind that his father was strong, and able to catch him. And, thirdly, he believed, or trusted, with his heart, that his father would save him, and then dropped, trembling, into his arms.

"So, when we feel that we are sinners, there is only one way to escape the punishment. We cannot save ourselves. We do not see Jesus, but we hear his voice in the Bible, and know he is here. We believe his word: we fear no longer: Jesus will not deceive us, and we will fall into his arms."—*The Way to Jesus.*

## THE HONEST RAGGED BOY.

Some people think that all the poor ragged boys are thieves. They do not believe there is a kind heart or a honest one among them all. Did I ask you to point me out a thief in the street—the man with a ragged coat, or a boy with a tattered jacket, would be the first you would think of. Now, some of the ragged boys are thieves, but it does not follow that because the boy is very poor, and often very hungry and very cold, he is sure to be a thief. You would not be pleased if we told you, that it was only because you had got out of a nice home and kind parents that you were honest; and that, if you were very poor, you would be very wicked. Nor is it so with all the ragged boys. Some of them are not only honest, but they have also very kind hearts. Many of them love and pity each other. They love their parents, and do all they can to help them. Just think of this poor boy, whose mother was blind; she could do very little for herself, much less for him, but that did not hinder him from helping her. There he stood, cold and hungry, and half-naked, lean and withered, for he was a growing boy, and growing boys require much food, and he had little; he had grown up tall, and thin, and weak, like a plant in a barren soil. Some people seeing him stand there might have said, 'He's waiting for a chance to pick pockets; others might well have wondered what he was doing, for there he stood, his hands to his back, his back against a wall, and his feet close together. Some might have said, 'How lazy he looks; so he did; but looks will not always do to judge by, for, idle as this ragged boy looked, he was standing there to try and get something to feed his blind mother with. Sometimes, if he looked out, the brokers gave him a penny or two-penny job, but not often; then he would buy a quarter of an ounce of tea-dust, a half-penny worth of sugar, and a penny worth of bread, for himself, his mother, and brother. I stopped to speak to him before I turned down a court to visit a sick person. He was one of our Ragged School Evening Scholars; he touched his cap—it will hardly do to call it a cap, it was not half a cap—but he touched the rag upon his head very respectfully, and told me, on my asking if he had no work, that he had nothing to eat, and had no stock-money to buy fruit. Well, I lent him a trifle, directing him where to repay it. Perhaps you might think that, as he, his mother, and his brother, were so hungry, he would lay it out for food; but, no, he traded properly with it, hungry as he was, and there was my shilling left at the School for me as I directed. He had good success, made perhaps three journeys to Covent Garden in a day, besides selling what he bought each time, and supporting his blind mother.

Oh, young friends, we wish we had half the money some of you lay out unprofitably, to save from slow starvation many, very many, such instances as this of an honest ragged boy.

Ragged School Magazine





### HOW TO FORM BANDS OF HOPE.

Invite a number of children to meet you, either at the school, or your dwelling house. Read to them the first chapter of Daniel, and spend a few moments in silent devotion, then explain what evils are being inflicted upon families by the use of intoxicating drinks. Show them Cruikshank's plates of the "Bottle" and the "Drunkard's Children," accompanying the same with explanations adapted to the capacities of children. Narrate cases of good resulting from children signing the pledge. If no such facts have come under your immediate notice, you may find several in Nos. 18 and 21 of the Ipswich Juvenile Books. Sing a nice temperance melody. Request the children to go home and think about the advice you have given, and invite them to meet you the next week, provided their parents consent to their signing the pledge. At the second meeting, enter the names of such as are disposed to sign the PLEDGE ROLL. (See engraving in our January number.) Supply them well with temperance tracts, and pledge papers. Hold monthly meetings. Let some of the members occasionally recite suitable pieces. Give to each child the "Band of Hope Review." This will tend to strengthen and encourage them.

We have many more suggestions, which we hope to give in our future numbers, but shall be glad to have as many "hints" as our friends can favour us with. Several useful suggestions will be found under the head of "Intelligence."

**HARLAN PAGE.**—"Amongst other means of usefulness he had formed a Sabbath School Temperance Society, though he had no knowledge that such an experiment had then been made; and he had at length the pleasure to have enrolled the names of thirty-two teachers, and one hundred and eighty male pupils, as subscribers to the Temperance Pledge."

"A memorandum, bearing date Feb. 7, 1833, contains the names of fifty-nine individuals obtained by H. Page, from the square in which he lived, as subscribers to the Temperance Pledge."—*From the Life of Harlan Page, published by the Religious Tract Society.*

### NEATH ABBEY IRON WORKS.

The following letter was addressed by an invalid friend to the children attending the schools at these extensive Iron Works, and read at the meeting recently held for the formation of a "Band of Hope."

Do you wish to know what this "Band of Hope" means? It means a Society of Young People uniting in the "Hope," that by early abstaining from taking any intoxicating drink, they will, in this respect be "trained up in the way they should go," and may be preserved from many sad and overwhelming evils. The temporal advantages to you of thus early forming a good habit will be great,—almost beyond what you can now believe possible; but it is not for the things of this world only that we wish you to enroll your names in the "Band of Hope." There is a higher motive linked with your eternal interests, for "we are all called in one hope of our calling," to be good Christians, to "abstain from every appearance of evil," to "resist the devil and all his works,"—and one of the devil's strong baits is intoxica-

tion. It has been found, by an inquiry lately made through the principal jails of Great Britain, that the larger number of criminals date the beginning of their sinful career to intoxicating drink! Now, if they had all, when children, been members of "Juvenile Total Abstinence Societies," perhaps many of them might, at this time, have been respectable members of the community, instead of being a pest to themselves and others, for their bad example may have induced others to sin,—and the example we set is of consequence. This is another reason why you should be members of the "Band of Hope," that you may, through the blessing of God and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, be helped yourselves to abstain from the beginning of this evil, and that you may also extend to your young companions a good example, and induce them to do likewise.

### INTELLIGENCE.

**RODMERSHAM GREEN.**—We have established a Band of Hope in connexion with our Sabbath School, which now numbers thirty members.

**JESSE THOMAS.**

**BOOTLE, LIVERPOOL.**—A Band of Hope was commenced here on New Year's morning, and without any extraordinary measures having been made, we can already muster eighty members. A prize has been offered by the Committee for the best Temperance Address to the Inhabitants, and an inquiry into the Water Supply for the District.

**T. R. HOPK, President.**

**BRISTOL.**—We have in this City about twenty Bands of Hope, in a promising condition. The largest numbering from 150 to 200 members. Myself and two other friends visit them in rotation, so that we have to attend three or four meetings a week. I will supply an account of our plan of proceedings for your next number.

**EDWARD H. MATHEWS.**

**DARLINGTON.**—This association was established in the beginning of November, 1850.

It had been previously announced at most of the Sabbath Schools, that it was intended to hold a meeting on a day named, to explain the objects of the Society to children, and without other notice, about 150 boys and girls assembled in the Central Hall! They behaved in a quiet and orderly manner, and listened with interest and attention to the kind addresses of several gentlemen, who are warmly interested in the rising generation.

There was a little disappointment expressed by some that their names were not entered that evening; the permission and sanction of parents having first to be obtained. One of the pleasing features of this movement is the strong interest which it excites in the parents and friends of the children, on behalf of the Temperance cause. Many are the anecdotes related of the earnest appeals of these little missionaries to their fathers and brothers, "never to go to the public house again." Meetings having been held about once a fortnight, the attendance now averages about 300. The plan of having juvenile speakers has not yet been adopted; it has seemed to require the power and experience of manhood, to guide and interest so large a company, composed not only of the gentle and teachable, but also of the rude and the untaught.

The members already enrolled amount to upwards of 300; each child receives a card of membership, which is much prized. 100 copies of the "Band of Hope Review" are in course of circulation, which is already very popular.—*From a Correspondent.*

### OUR CIRCULATION.

In answer to the inquiries of several friends, we have to state that we require a circulation of not less than 10,000 copies monthly to secure us from loss. We therefore solicit the co-operation of our friends in introducing the paper into as many schools and families as possible. We have been much cheered by the liberal donation of

£20, FROM SAMUEL GURNEY, ESQ.,

which is to be expended in supplying one of our numbers to every Ragged School Scholar in London. If a few more friends will help us in the same way so as to enable us to send a copy monthly to the "Ragged Ones," we shall be glad.

From the various encouraging letters received we select the following, which we are sure will afford pleasure to our readers.

From Rev. H. TOWNLEY, Highbury.

Jan. 15th, 1851.

I have perused with much pleasure your first number of the "Band of Hope Review and Sunday Scholar's Friend." I cannot but anticipate the very extensive circulation of a periodical so exceedingly cheap; and, in my judgment, so much calculated to benefit its readers, and that both in a temporal and spiritual point of view.

I trust that my expectation will be realized, for your own sake as well as that of others; for I fear your responsibilities will be considerable, and that only a large sale will protect you from serious loss.

I will thank you to let me have two hundred and fifty copies monthly throughout the current year, beginning with the present month; and send herewith £2 toward the "Gratuitous Circulation Fund."

J. S. BUCKINGHAM, Esq., London.

Jan. 16th, 1851.

I have received and read with great satisfaction, the admirable little Temperance Journal "The Band of Hope Review," which seems to me well adapted for the class of readers to whom it is chiefly addressed.

I shall order copies to be sent to me in my monthly parcel per my bookseller, and by their distribution hope to effect some good.

From Rev. H. E. GRAHAM, Penzance.

Ludgou Rectory, Jan. 22nd, 1851.

I have read with great care your little paper, the "Band of Hope Review," which you have had the kindness to send me. I like much its tone and character, and if continued in the same unsectarian spirit, and with the same views, it will be greatly beneficial, especially to the rising generation. I shall order it for my schools, and at the end of the year have the volumes bound up, as a reward to the best conducted child.

I have been for twenty years a most determined opponent to every thing in the shape of the drinking system. I have seen in it the fruitful parent of the most degrading sins, and of the most heart-rending distress and poverty in families, not only of the poor, but of every grade in society. I have found it, in every parish I have ministered in, the great hindrance to the spread of gospel principles. It is a combination of all sin. This, sir, is not the hasty conclusion of a day, but the result of nearly thirty years' experience.

### Notices to Correspondents.

**J. SPRETTIGUE, Nottingham.**—Your mission will be productive of good. You cannot do better than leave copies of our two numbers with each Sunday School Superintendent.

**B. WALES, Penzance.**—You will receive your 100 copies monthly by ordering them through your bookseller. Your Yorkshire zeal amidst Cornish love for temperance can do much for us.

**T. R. HOPK, Liverpool.**—Our present number will partly supply what you desire. We hope to have your help.

**B. ADAMSON, Manchester.**—Your efforts, if continued, will doubtless prove a blessing. Persevere and let us hear from you again, with brief notices of success.

**J. S. BUCKINGHAM, Esq., J. H. PUGH, Esq., Rev. T. PUGH, Mrs. CARLILE, E. FRY, Esq., J. EATON, Esq., R. D. ALEXANDER, Esq.**—We return many thanks for your hearty wishes. Your co-operation in securing for us a circulation of not less than 10,000 per month will encourage us.

**E. H. MATHEWS, Bristol.**—We shall at all times be glad to hear from you.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS TOWARDS THE GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

LONDON.		£	s.	d.
Samuel Gurney, Esq., Upton		20	0	0
Rev. Henry Townley		2	0	0
W. H. Warton, Esq., Highgate		1	0	0
John Cassell, Esq.		1	1	0
Forfeits for late rising		0	4	8
BRISTOL.				
Robt. Charleton, Esq.		1	0	0
IPSWICH.				
R. D. Alexander, Esq., (proceeds of 50 packages of Juvenile Books)				
YORK.				
Mrs. Smithies		0	10	0
Mrs. Massee, Sheriff Hutton		0	10	0
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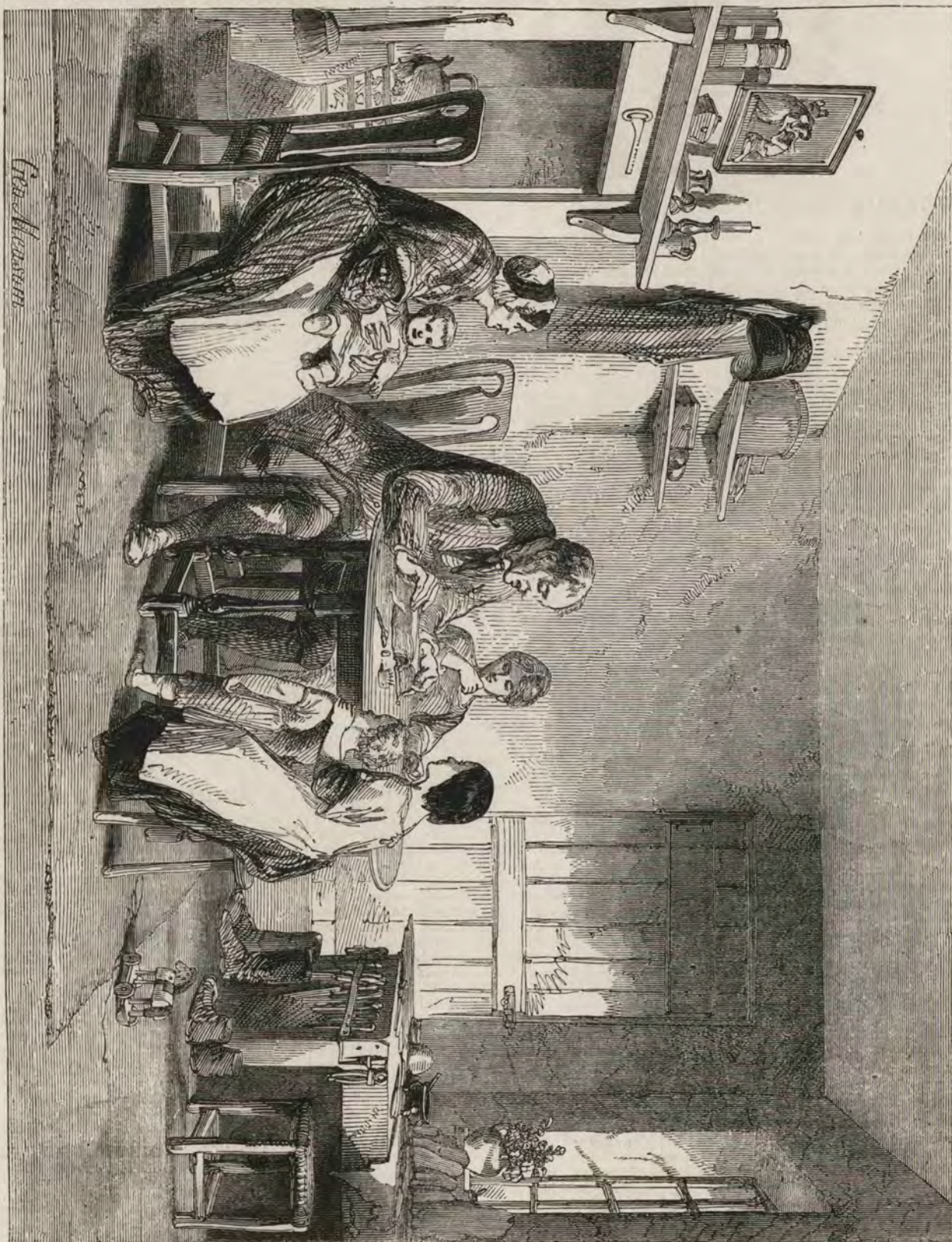


## THE PICTURE.

In the good old city of York it is customary to hold what are called "Experience Meetings," or "Temperance Love Feasts." At one of these interesting meetings several reclaimed drunkards spoke, from whose testimony it appeared, that with but one exception they had all joined Christian churches, since signing the Temperance Pledge. One of these individuals rose, and in a

very modest manner, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and evidently labouring under deep emotion, spoke as follows:—"Friends, I was once a poor unhappy drunkard—my Sabbaths were spent in drinking—oaths and curses were continually pouring out of my mouth—our home was one of the most wretched places on earth. But now, thank God, what a change since I signed the Temperance pledge! I soon began to attend

a place of worship, and there found that I required something more than merely giving up the sin of Intemperance; I began to feel that as a sinner I needed a deeper work of grace. For this I earnestly sought. With the first spare money I had, I went to Mr. Burdekin's shop and bought A BIBLE. The Word of God is now my delight, and I love to read it to my family. Instead of swearing, the sound of praise may now be heard



"THE WORD OF GOD IS NOW MY DELIGHT, AND I LOVE TO READ IT TO MY FAMILY."

THE RECLAIMED ONE AND HIS BIBLE.

in my dwelling. Oh, what a happy man I am to what I once was!"

Dear Children, had you seen the tears of gratitude, as they rolled down the cheeks of the speaker, and of many who listened to him, you would have felt glad that the man who was once so wretched had become so changed. Look at the picture, and see how happy the mother and children seem to be. We have known poor boys creep under beds and into closets, when they have heard their drunken fathers coming home; but when

these fathers have given up their drinking habits, we have seen these same children run with joy to meet their parents as they returned from work. Now, do you not think that it will be a wise plan for all Children to join the "Temperance Bands of Hope," and seek to prevent any more becoming poor drunkards? Let every boy and girl who reads this, try to get one each, and the work will soon be done. Remember that we want you not only to abstain from that which leads to Intemperance, but also, from every other evil way.

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"They that seek me early shall find me."

### THE GREAT PALACE OF GLASS.



A few days ago we received a letter from a gentleman at the West-End of London, kindly inviting us to visit the Great Palace of Glass in Hyde Park. It was indeed a treat to us, and as many of our young readers will not be able to see the Palace, we have procured an engraving of it for them. The building is 1848 feet long; 456 wide, and 64 high. Any boy in the country can ask his father to give him a stick just a yard long, and if he measures with this, *six hundred and sixteen times* in a straight line, in a field or on a nice quiet road, he will then see the length of the Palace of Glass. Or if two boys take a stick each and begin to measure in an opposite direction, from the same point, for 308 yards each, they may then imagine themselves standing at either end of this wonderful building. We were much pleased with the beautiful appearance of the glass roof, and sides of the Palace. Just as we were walking under the circular part in the centre, called the "Transept," the glorious sun burst forth with his cheering rays. Although at the time passing through severe trouble of mind, we could not but feel our spirits raised above the dark clouds of this life, and encouraged by faith to behold that Great Palace "above," of which Jesus said that it contained "many mansions," and in which, as the "Sun of Righteousness," he shall for ever shine, giving light and peace and joy to all around. It must indeed be pleasing to

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, that his noble project for uniting men of all nations in one great exhibition has been so well received in all parts of the world. How much wiser is Prince Albert than even Alexander the Great, or Napoleon! These last two seemed only to live that they might spread the horrors of war, whilst Prince Albert is striving to make all nations love one another. But let us gather a solemn lesson from the Palace of Glass. Large as it is, it cannot hold even the people who are already living in London, much less all those who are coming. Hundreds of thousands, not only in England, but in all other countries, will *desire to come*, but will *not be able*. Many will be *too poor* to pay for the expense of coming. Thousands of prisoners will *not be allowed* to come. Ah, how different is this to our Heavenly Home! "Many shall come from the North and the South, the East and the West," and yet there shall be room. "Whosoever will, let him come." The poor will not be shut out of Heaven for their poverty, for all must come "without money and without price." And even from the prison cell, the truly penitent captive may, by faith in Christ as his Mediator, have the gates of Heaven thrown open for his reception. In a future number we hope to give a drawing of the interior of the Palace of Glass, and shall then have more to say on this subject.

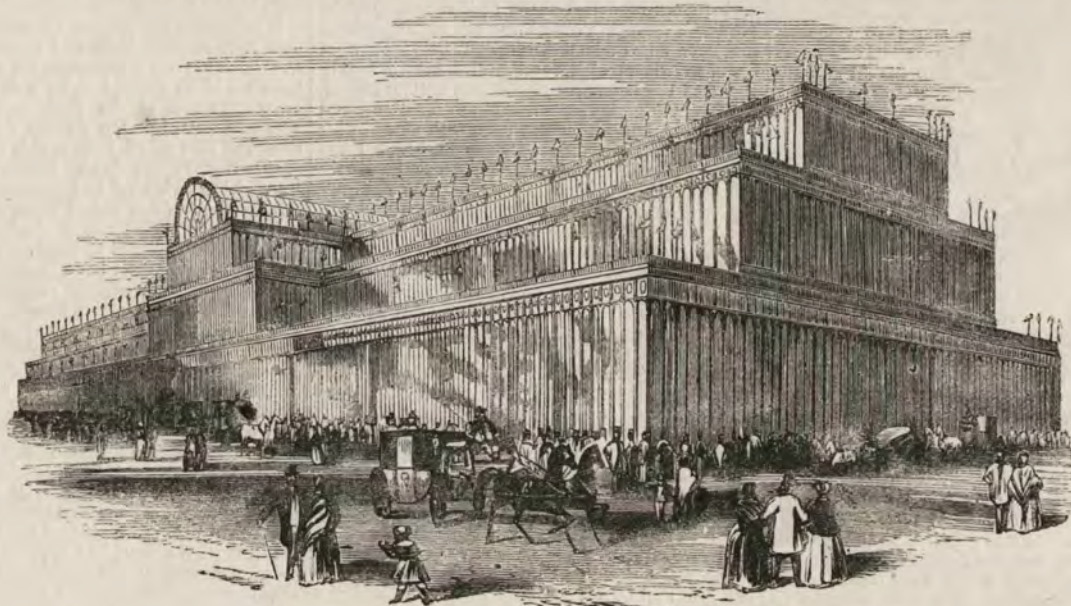
### THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A few days ago we opened that blessed book the Bible, and read in the 25th chap., of II. Chronicles about a very little boy who was made king of Judah.



"Joash was seven years old when he began to reign.—And Joash did that which was right in the sight of the Lord."

We immediately thought of the little Prince of Wales, whom we hope will some day become



THE PALACE OF GLASS, FOR THE EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS.



the King of England. We are thankful that we are favoured to live under the reign of our beloved Queen Victoria, and trust that she may be spared to a good old age.

"Long may she live  
To reign over us!"

We hope that all the members of our Band of Hope will be loyal and dutiful subjects, and that they will join with us in the prayer that, when God is pleased to call the Queen to another world, it may be to receive "a crown which shall never fade away."

Should the Prince of Wales become the King of England, we desire that he may commence his reign as Joash did, by doing that which is "right in the sight of the Lord." Oh, how pleased we shall be if he becomes the Patron of our Bands of Hope! Let us hope that it may be so.

We are indebted to Messrs. Cundall and Aldrey for our beautiful illustration of the Prince, in his naval costume.



### THE CHIMNEY SWEEP;

OR,

'HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.'

You may have read this story before, for I have seen it in a little book for children; but if you have seen it before, you will not mind reading it again.

A little chimney-sweeper was once set to sweep a chimney in a large house. It was the chimney of a lady's dressing-room. The little boy went up the chimney, climbed to the top, scraping down the soot as he went; and when his job was done, came down again into the room. There was no one there when he came down, and he looked round the room before going down stairs. On the lady's table lay a gold watch, and the little boy went near to look at it. I think he took it into his hand, but I am not sure. But whether he did this or not, while he was looking at it, the thought came into his heart that he could steal it, and hide it in his soot bag; and that when he got away, he could sell it for a great deal of money. But another thought came into his mind. He thought of those words, "Thou God seest me," and he burst into tears, and prayed aloud that God would forgive his wicked thought, and keep him from being a thief. He then went down stairs. Ah! that was the turning point in that little boy's life; for, though he did not know it, he had been seen and heard all the while. The lady was in the room next to the dressing-room, and saw the boy look at the watch, and heard the words that he had prayed. If he had taken the watch, the lady would most likely have had him sent to prison as a thief. But as he did not take it, when he thought he could have done so unseen; and as he had prayed to God for help in this time of trial, she felt kindly towards him, and had him put to a good trade, and he became rich, and what is better, grew up to be a good man.

Now, I have only three short remarks to make about this story. The first is, that the little chimney-sweeper ought not even to have gone to look at the watch. By doing so, he put himself into great danger of being a thief. The next thing is, that such turning points as this are not rare to any of us, only we do not often see them. This boy did not know, at the time, that it would depend upon how he bore that trial, whether he should be a wicked and lost boy and man from

that time, or an honest boy and a good man. The last remark is, that though God suffers us to be tried, that we may know what is in our hearts, He is always near us, to help us if we ask Him, as He was near, and did help, this little boy. Will you think of this?—*The Turning Point.*



### THE REFORMED SHOEMAKER;

OR,

"I WILL IF YOU WILL."

Two young ladies, in their visits amongst the absentees of their Sunday school class, had to call at a shoemaker's. It was Monday afternoon, and a sad scene presented itself as they opened the door of the wretched dwelling. The poor wife and children stood almost heart broken. The man had but just returned from the public-house, where he had been drinking with his wicked companions ever since the Saturday night. He had not been within his own home for two nights and nearly two days. How sad this was! His money was now all gone—his head and heart were aching, and conscience tormenting him. The young ladies kindly remonstrated with him, and at last he said that he knew he was doing wrong, and would be glad if he was a different man. One of the ladies then advised him to sign the Temperance Pledge, and ask God to help him to keep it. He replied, "I will if you will."

Now neither of the Sunday school teachers expected to have this said to them. They were in the habit of taking a little wine occasionally, and thought that it did them good. They, however, reflected that if this poor drunkard should be rescued, by God's blessing, through their example, it would more than repay them for the loss of the wine. One of them said, "I will sign, Mr. — for your sake." "And I will too," said the other. A pledge paper was procured, and the names were duly entered.

Ten years after, the writer had occasion to pass a Sunday in the place where the above transpired. I felt anxious to ascertain if the shoemaker continued firm to the Pledge, and after the evening's service wended my way to the door of the once miserable dwelling. What a change! I was welcomed with a smile, and such a hearty shake of the hand. The room was well furnished, and everything bore the marks of cleanliness and comfort. The father had been with three of his children to the House of God, in which I was pleased to find he now had "paid sittings" for himself and family. His children, also, not only regularly attended the Sunday school, but also a good week-day school, for which the father was now well able to pay. Before I left, the BIBLE was placed upon the table, out of which I read an appropriate Psalm of thanksgiving to God for his mercies, and we then all knelt around the family altar. When we parted, tears of gratitude prevented many words being spoken, but as I left the room, I felt thankful that a whole family, who were once apparently on the way to ruin, were now with their faces Zionward.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS! visit your absentees. You will find many unhappy parents like the poor shoemaker. Try the same plan as the two females above named tried and you may have the joy, like them, of turning "a sinner from the error of his way." You cannot say, after reading this narrative, "I have no influence." However humble you are, you have some influence. Use it then in all things to the glory of God and the welfare of others.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Of the answers to the Bible questions we have received, we consider those from Elizabeth Leeming of Darlington the most correct and genuine. We hope our other young friends will not be discouraged because they have not succeeded this time. In our next number we shall give them a few hints as to the points in which we considered they failed, and would now remind them of the well-known lines—

"If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try, try again."

With respect to ourselves we feel much gratified by the experiment, and purpose offering rewards of greater value for future exercises of the same kind. Conditions and rewards will be given in our next number. For the best answers to the questions in the present number, we engage to give any Book of the value of Five Shillings,

of a religious character, which the most successful may wish to possess. In giving the answers, each one to name the book desired. To be sent by the 20th of March.

7.—A striking practical illustration of our Lord's precept, Matt. v. 44, is exhibited in the conduct of one of the early Christians. Can you give his name?

8.—Which is the most ancient prophecy?

9.—By what beautiful object in nature may we be frequently reminded of the faithfulness of God; and for what especial object was it originally designed?

10.—Quote an expression and striking description given by the Royal Psalmist of the transitory nature of human life.

11.—Name two significant emblems by which our Saviour describes the character and influence of His true disciples.

12.—What remarkable exhibition of "the meekness and gentleness of Christ" is recorded in connexion with his apprehension?



### SHOE BLACK SOCIETY.

It is customary on the Continent for gentlemen to have their boots and shoes cleaned in the streets. It is not uncommon for a Frenchman to have his boots cleaned twice a day. In order to meet the wants of the thousands of foreigners who will visit London during the great Exhibition, and also afford honourable employment for not a few, it has been determined to form a "Polishing Brigade," to be composed of a selection of the best lads out of some of the Ragged Schools. Suitable spots in the leading thoroughfares will be assigned to them. A committee of influential gentlemen have commenced a fund, for the purchase of the requisite number of wooden boxes or stands, brushes, blacking, &c. Each lad is to be furnished with a coloured jacket, which is to be numbered or lettered. Several of the successful candidates are already under training in the art of polishing. The sanction of the police authorities has been obtained to the project. To provide good employment to "Ragged ones" is of the most vital importance, and we are much pleased with the project. Many of our friends will doubtless have pleasure in sending postage stamps for a "brush," or a few "pots of blacking," towards this novel movement. We shall be happy to be the medium of transmitting to the committee any contribution towards this object. Address to the Editor, at 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.



## TEN LIVES LOST.

**DEATH FROM DRINKING.**—A soldier of the 62nd Regiment died on Thursday night, at Mullingar, from *excessive drinking*. He, being a drummer, had played the preceding day the "Dead March" at the funeral of a comrade.—*Plymouth Journal*, Jan. 30, 1851.

**MAN FOUND DROWNED.**—Early on Tuesday morning last, the body of a man, since identified as that of John Crossley, weaver, of Swinton, was found in the Bolton Canal, near Agecroft.—The deceased had left home on the day previous to go to Prestwich, which place he left about nine o'clock in the evening on his return, in a state of intoxication, and it is supposed, the night being dark and stormy, that he slipped into the canal and was drowned.—*Manchester Courier*, Feb. 8, 1851.

**DEATH FROM EXCESSIVE DRINKING.**—At the Cambrian brewery, Cardiff, on Wednesday last, a respectable farmer and a pig-drover got *dead drunk*. They were littered down in a shed, and when the drover came to his senses, he found his companion lying by his side a corpse.—*Devonport Telegraph*, Feb. 15, 1851.

**FATAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.**—An Inquest was held before T. Taylor, Esq., deputy coroner, and a respectable jury, on Friday week, at the Lord Nelson Inn, on view of the body of Mr. James Whitely, of Church Street, formerly clerk to Mr. Keir, solicitor, who expired suddenly from the effects of a fall on the evening previous, while in a helpless state of intoxication.—*Sheffield Free Press*, Feb. 1st, 1851.

**AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH.**—An inquest was held on Wednesday last, before T. Taylor, Esq., deputy coroner, on view of the body of Mr. Thomas Crawshaw, butcher, New Road End, who died very suddenly on Tuesday evening. It appears that deceased had been much addicted to drinking, and on the day of his death had been at the "Shades" dram shop. He had afterwards gone to Mr. White's, of the Market Inn, and after balancing an account that he had with Mr. Traviss, he fell back in his chair, and expired instantly.—*Sheffield Free Press*, Feb. 1, 1851.

**EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF DEATH FROM DRUNKENNESS.**—A man, named Millard, had been to a Christening on Sunday last, at Wells, and was drinking all day and night. In the afternoon of Monday he got to Slab House, on the road to Bath, and after having had some drink there, he sat close to the fire and fell asleep, his head dropping down close to the end of the grate. A person coming in, considered that in leaning down so close to the fire, the man would be hurt, and therefore attempted to awake him, and the landlord coming to his assistance, they raised the unfortunate man up, and in doing so, discovered that whilst his head had been "drooping" in sleep, his neckcloth had been caught by a hook that draws out in some grates for the spit to rest on, by which he had been hung! He made but a single groan after being raised up, and life could not be restored.—*Bristol Mirror*, Jan. 1851.

**A MAN BURNED TO DEATH.**—John Healey, residing at Castle Hill Side, went to Aldmondbury on Saturday night, where he remained till early the next morning. He returned to his home in a state of intoxication, and there being very little fire in the grate, he sat down in a chair in front of the fire-place, resting his elbow on one of his knees, and his head upon his hand, stretching his other leg straight out close to the fire grate, in which position he fell asleep. Sometime during the night his clothes got on fire, but how it is impossible to conjecture; but they being woollen, would not blaze, but gradually smouldered away. Not making his appearance in the morning the door was broken open, and the poor fellow was found quite dead and stiff, with a portion of his clothes still burning, the flesh being completely burned off his legs, so as to exhibit the bare bones.—*Halifax Guardian*, Feb. 1st, 1851.

**DEATH FROM EXCESSIVE DRINKING.**—An inquest was held on Tuesday at the Railway Inn, Deansgate, by Mr. Herford, coroner, on Thomas Clayton, a clogger, in the employ of Mr. Bradshaw, of Deansgate, who, it was alleged, had come by his death in consequence of some violence which he had sustained on the previous Sunday evening week, in a fight in a house in Lombard Street, when he received a severe gash in his forehead from the blow of a poker, and as he complained of the blow and pain in his side, up to the time of his death on Saturday last, his decease was attributed to such injury. The result of a *post mortem* examination, however, showed that death resulted from inflammation of

the bowels, brought on by *excessive drinking*, and the irregular life the deceased had led, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.—*Manchester Courier*, Jan. 25, 1851.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—On Monday last, an inquest was held at Water Gate, near Dewsbury, on the body of Mary North. It appears that the deceased and her husband had for some time been living at variance with each other, and to *drown care she had taken to drinking*, and her husband and her having had a quarrel on the previous evening, she on the day following took some poison, which caused her death.—*Leeds Mercury*, Jan. 25, 1851.

**A LESSON FOR THE IMPETUOUS.**—An inquest was held at the Waterloo Inn, Waterloo Road, on Monday last, before Mr. Charles Hudson, coroner, on the body of a man named James Heaps. From the evidence tendered, it appeared that the deceased had been drinking on the Sunday previously, and was known to be quite intoxicated. While in that state, he passed over a small pathway, leading over the Care Dam, opposite to Waterloo, when it is supposed his foot slipped and he was precipitated into the water beneath. The jury returned a verdict accordingly.—*Manchester Examiner*, Feb. 1851.

We shall be glad if our friends in all parts of the world will send us (prepaid) extracts cut from Newspapers, with notices of deaths, accidents, &c., through drinking. In every case let the name and date of the Paper be furnished. We are indebted to a Female Sunday School Teacher for the majority of the above extracts.



### THE OLD SOLDIER; OR THE HORRORS OF WAR.

On visiting in a court in Holloway, on a recent Sabbath afternoon, we met with an interesting old soldier, seventy years of age, laid upon his sick bed. He had been engaged in six battles, and various skirmishes. Referring to one of the battles, he said, "Ah, Sir! one morning at nine o'clock we had 700 fine healthy fellows in our regiment, but on the following morning there were only 25 of us to be found. All the rest had been killed or taken prisoners." Oh, how sad to think of so many poor men being cut to pieces in one day! We hope that all our Band of Hope boys will be little "peacemakers." Look to the ninth verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew, and you will find what Jesus Christ said about such children. We shall send this paper to Elihu Burritt, the American blacksmith, and ask him to write you one of his "Peace Letters."

### INTELLIGENCE.

Our space being so very limited, we have to solicit the kindness of our friends in sending brief and fitting notices. We have been reluctantly compelled to shorten several of the communications.

**CARDIFF.**—"I have just returned home from a meeting at which I had the pleasure of seeing a Cardiff "Band of Hope" formed. We have the names of upwards of 70 youthful members inserted on the pledge roll. The meeting was held in the British School Room, and the excellent master has entered most heartily into the subject, exercising a judicious care to impress the children with the important nature of the agreement they have entered into; and it was quite delightful to witness the attention, interest, and in-

telligence they evinced, so that it seemed to me to be truly a "Band of Hope." The Review gives great satisfaction. I have had 350 down here."—*From a Correspondent.*

**BOROUGH ROAD.**—A most enthusiastic meeting for the inauguration of a Band of Hope was held in the Suffolk Street school room, on the 10th February. Dr. Burns presided. Excellent addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Doxsey, Messrs. W. J. Gordelier, C. Newcombe, J. H. Esterbrooke, E. Griffiths, J. Balfour, and J. W. Parker. The value of abstaining from all intoxicants was intelligibly explained to the children. One hundred and ten names were placed on the temperance roll. Many others were disposed to join, but as we require the consent of the parents to be obtained prior to our admitting any children as members, they had to be left for our next meeting. We had some delightful singing, by deputations from the Horsleydown and Westminster Bands of Hope. It is intended to hold meetings on the Thursday evenings, and the attendance of friends from other societies is invited.—T. C. PREBBLE, Hon. Sec.

**STEPNEY, CAMBRIDGE.**—On Monday, the 27th January, the festival of the Band of Hope was held. Prior to the tea, the children walked in procession, which attracted crowds of spectators. After tea, an appropriate address was delivered by Mr. E. Dorsett, the president, and it was most delightful to witness the marked attention of so many happy and healthy looking children. The meeting was enlivened by good music and singing. Although but four months have elapsed since the formation of this little society, it already numbers 130 members. We seek to train up the children, not only in habits of temperance, but in other good practices, and we look forward to a glorious harvest of our labours.—P. F. MATTINSON.

**EBLEY.**—The second anniversary of the Juvenile Total Abstinence Society was held on Wednesday, the 5th February. About 200 persons sat down to tea, after which they adjourned to the chapel, where the public meeting was held. Charles Henry Roome was voted to the chair, and having made a few appropriate remarks, Joseph Latham, the secretary, then read the report. After which Mr. George Hancock, of Eastington, a healthy farmer, and the Rev. B. Parsons, and several others spoke. The Ebley brass band enlivened the meeting by a few celebrated airs. Thirty-six signed the pledge. The society is very flourishing; it was established in February, 1849. It distributes tracts through the whole neighbourhood, and has a good reading society connected with it. The meetings are held quarterly, and the attendance varies from 400 to 1200 persons. It is already the parent of thirty societies, twenty of which are in Bristol, and the rest in the surrounding neighbourhood. The number of members is about 200. There have been only four or five who have been unfaithful to their pledge.—R. PARSONS.

**SCARBOROUGH.**—In this delightful retreat, which has been described by the celebrated Dr. Granville as the "Queen of English Watering Places," great efforts are being made to obtain the reformation of the drunkard, and not without success. Mr. Hodgson, from London, our own missionary, has achieved some glorious triumphs. Amongst other things he has accomplished the reorganization of the Scarborough Band of Hope; about 200 children, from the ages of 6 to 16 years, have voluntarily placed their names on the pledge book. They hold meetings every Friday evening at 7 o'clock in the Courting, Merchants' Row, where they repeat pieces, and sing melodies from the Leeds selection, and it is a pleasing sight to witness them. The pleasure of the children has been heightened by the appearance of a new monthly publication, "The Band of Hope Review," of which about 200 copies are taken.—C. MEADLEY.

**CROYDON.**—We have had a little Temperance Society here for the last three years, of children from 6 to 15 years of age. We now number about 50, and I think you will be glad to hear, that except in a few instances, they keep their pledge well, and are increasingly interested in the subject. The "Band of Hope Review" is just such a publication as we want, to keep alive the interest of the children in the progress of this important movement, as well as to give them fresh information in an agreeable form. I shall be glad to have any hints through it, that will enable us to throw fresh energy into our movements. Information of any plans that have proved beneficial will be particularly acceptable.—H. M.





### THE DYING PRODIGAL.

Being deeply anxious to impress the minds of our young readers with the truths of the Bible, we feel that we cannot urge too powerfully the importance of

#### OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

The Almighty has promised special blessings to obedient children, but he has said of the disobedient and wicked, "Be sure your sin will find you out," and that "the way of transgressors is hard." Let all unruly boys take warning from the following case.—Some years ago, a kind and pious gentleman was distributing tracts on a Sunday morning, in one of the most wicked and miserable courts of London, when a woman begged of him to go and see a young man who was dying. She directed him up a broken and dirty staircase, to a wretched looking room, almost destitute of furniture, but in which, on an old bedstead, lay the wreck of what had once been a fine young man. The visitor conversed kindly with him, and found to his surprise, that he was the son of a rich gentleman, who resided near London; that he had been intended for an important situation in life, and had received a most costly education, but that having got amongst bad companions, he had been led into habits of intemperance and gambling, falling from one vice to another, until at length he had run away from his father's house, and given himself up to every kind of wickedness. His bad practices had now ruined his health, and he was dying in the very prime of life. He went on to state that during his sickness he had remembered the early instruction of his parents; in earnest prayer, and with a contrite heart, he had sought the forgiveness of his sins, and he could now humbly say that his supplications had not been in vain. He added, "I believe that I have received God's forgiveness. Oh, that I could have my father's forgiveness before I die!"

The gentleman, deeply moved by the narrative, expressed his willingness to endeavour to effect a reconciliation. He at once rode off to the father's mansion. When the father was asked if he had a son of the name of — he looked angry, and said, "He has broken my heart, do not mention his name to me again." A few more words changed the scene. When the father was told that his prodigal son was on his death bed, and imploring his injured parent's forgiveness, he burst into tears, and hastily pulling the bell, rushed into the passage, and with an earnestness which showed the emotion of his heart, cried out, "The Coach!" "The Coach!" "Bring the Coach!" In a few minutes the father and visitor were being rapidly driven through the streets of London, and at length arrived at the abode of the penitent child. The visitor went up the staircase first; the young man smiled, held out his trembling hand as a token of welcome, and then hearing another footstep, his attention was fixed upon the grey hairs of his father. With all his remaining strength he raised himself up in the bed, and in the most affecting and heart reading accents implored his father's forgiveness. The father, like the one named in the Redeemer's parable, "ran and fell upon his son's neck and kissed him." The young man put his arms round the neck of his father. The father was expressing, as well as his tears would allow, how readily he forgave his

prodigal son, when in a moment he felt the grasp of his child to slacken, and found that he only held his corpse. The "golden bowl" was broken—the young man was DEAD.

### THE BIRD'S SONG.

I asked a sweet Robin, one morning in May,  
Who sung in the apple-tree over the way,  
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,  
For I'd tried a long time, but I could not find out;  
"Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you cannot guess wrong,  
Don't you know I am singing a Temperance Song?"  
"Teetotal—O that's the first word of my lay,  
And then don't you see how I rattle away?  
'Tis because I've just dipp'd my beak in the spring,  
And brushed the fair face of the Lark with my wing,  
*Cold Water, Cold Water*, yes, that is my song,  
And I love to keep singing it all the day long."  
"And now, my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb?  
For the dear little nestlings are waiting at home?  
And one thing beside, since my story you've heard,  
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird;  
And never forget, whilst you list to my song,  
All the birds to the *Cold Water Army* belong."  
E. P. Hood's *Temp. Melodies*.

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Whenever we see a boy cruelly beating a poor horse or donkey, or throwing stones at a dog or cat, we say to ourselves, "That boy is likely to grow up a bad man." When Nero, the wicked king, was a little boy, he was cruel to dogs, and pulled off the wings of flies, and tormented them in many sad ways. Did he grow up to be a kind man? Oh, no! sad to tell, he murdered his mother, and burnt many good people to death. Boys and girls, we warn you not to be cruel to animals.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have very gratefully to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Alderman Beaumont, of Bradford; Mr. H. Scott, of Carlisle; Mr. Thos. Hane, of Maidstone; and Mr. S. Phillips, of Northampton, in forwarding us the names of parties resident in their respective localities, who may be expected to take an interest in promoting the circulation of the *BAND OF HOPE REVIEW*. The last named gentleman thus writes, "The spirit, principles, and objects of your publication are admirable. I fear to promise much in the way of sale, or other co-operation; but I will, at any rate, try to get up a good order. I will employ a youth to canvass; and also, send a copy to each of the schools in the Northamptonshire Sunday School Union, and let you know the result as early as may be." We hope that other of our friends and well-wishers in the country will be induced to follow so noble an example.

G. GRIFFITHS.—Your valuable communication in our next.  
A. J. BRADY.—We never saw "The altered man" afterwards.  
C. J. WATTS.—We are obliged by your kindness; but the compositions are not correctly poetical.  
T. C. PREBBLE, Camberwell.—Let us know the number of your scholars, and we will let you have a grant, for gratuitous distribution.  
T. R. HOPE, Liverpool.—Any of the American or West Indian Papers will, at all times, be acceptable.  
W. H. AINSWORTH.—We refer you to "Burn's Teetotaler's Companion," and "Scottish Temperance League Register," Chambers's Tracts on the Temperance Reformation, &c.  
G. BODD.—We are always glad to hear from you. The "Donkey Cart Boy" shall be illustrated.  
F. W. FROST—JOHN JAYNE.—Your efforts on our behalf will do good.  
J. H. MATTHEWS.—We hope to give your valuable letter at length in a future number.

### OUR CIRCULATION.

We have pleasure in apprising our friends, that the circulation of our first two numbers has equalled our most sanguine expectations; and although it is below the number required to enable us to continue our labours without loss, yet we have a feeling of confidence that the sales will increase. In consequence of the difficulty which many country friends have had in procuring copies through their booksellers, we have found it necessary to have a "Paternoster Row Publisher." Messrs. Partridge and Oakey have kindly undertaken, with their usual good will towards all benevolent objects, to be our London Publishers. Any person, therefore, in any part of the world, has now only to go to his bookseller and order

### THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW, AND SUNDAY SCHOLAR'S FRIEND,

Published by Messrs. PARTRIDGE & OAKEY, London, And his wants will be promptly supplied.

We continue to receive the most gratifying testimonies of approbation; we select the following

### TESTIMONIALS.

From the Rev. Dr. RAFFLES, Liverpool,

Feb. 11th, 1851.

I cannot but wish success, and desire earnestly the blessing of God to every well-meant and well-conducted effort to do good; and as such appears to me to be the character of the publication, a specimen of which you have forwarded for my perusal and opinion, you have my hearty good wishes for its wide circulation and abundant usefulness.

From the Rev. W. ARTHUR, M.A., London.

Feb. 7th, 1851.

The "Review" seems to me a publication likely to be useful in many ways; and, if it could to any extent supplant the cheap immoral prints of our day, the benefit would be great.

From the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, B.A., Hull.

Feb. 11th, 1851.

I heartily approve the object and style of your "Band of Hope Review." May it continue to advocate Total Abstinence in the same religious spirit: it must prove a valuable auxiliary to the labours of the Sabbath School. I hope to be soon able to order some hundreds monthly for the Band of Hope I am anxious to organise in connexion with my congregation.

### GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND

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R. D. Alexander, Esq., Ipswich. Produce of 80 Packets of the Ipswich Juvenile Temperance Books.

By the valuable donation of £20 from Samuel Gurney, Esq., of Lombard Street, we shall be enabled to present one of our last month's number to every one of the 10,600 Ragged School Scholars in London. We have already visited several of the largest schools on the Sabbath evening, and have been much gratified by the eagerness manifested by the "Ragged ones" to obtain a copy of the "picture" of the "Reclaimed One and his Bible." In one of the schools, the policeman at the door privately directed our attention to not a few well-known thieves in several of the classes. We did not fail, when announcing Mr. Gurney's gift, to draw special attention to the anecdote of "The Honest Ragged Boy." From the deep attention paid during the address, and the hearty "Thank you, Sir," with which we were greeted at the close of the school, we feel persuaded that not a few went away with the conviction that, "Honesty is the best policy."

J. G. Gent, Esq., Secretary to the Ragged School Union, has kindly offered to assist in the distribution to the remaining schools, which will materially lessen our labour.

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"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

### OUR CIRCULATION.

**T**HREE the last month we have been enabled by the liberality of our friends to scatter, gratuitously, several thousand copies of our paper amongst Sunday Scholars, Cabmen, Sailors, Railway Porters, Ragged Schools, &c., and have been much gratified by the welcome manner in which they have been received. It is worthy of remark that in not a few cases they have been offered to dissipated characters, (*for their children*), and without a single exception they have been accepted *with thanks*. We continue to receive the most encouraging letters of approbation from all parts of the country. The following will afford peculiar pleasure to our readers:—

From the Right Hon. LORD ASHLEY, M.P.

March, 12th, 1851.

Your illustrated paper, the "Band of Hope Review," seems to be well adapted for the purpose you have in view—of counteracting the evil effects of the vile publications that are circulated among the poorer population. I heartily wish you success in your good work.

From the Rev. Dr. MARSH, Leamington.

March 7th, 1851.

I was so much pleased with the first number of the "Band of Hope Review, and Sunday Scholar's Friend," that I circulated 200 among the children in my schools.

From the Rev. J. ANGELL JAMES, Birmingham.

March, 14th, 1851.

I so entirely approve of your "Band of Hope Review," that I wish it may be circulated by myriads, yea millions.

For Contributions to Gratuitous Circulation Fund see page 15.

### THE NEGRO'S OFFERING;

Or "God's Work Must be Done."

**M**ANY of our young readers will have heard, or read, no doubt, of the eight hundred thousand poor black slaves in the West Indies, who a few years ago were ransomed or made free, by the payment of twenty millions of pounds by the English Nation. At one time it was thought by some people that these poor blacks had no souls, and could not be taught to understand the truths of the Bible. The following interesting anecdote, however, shews that they not only love God's service but that they evidence a simplicity of mind, and liberality of heart seldom surpassed. The Rev. E. Davies, of Berbice, when about to erect a new place of worship, called together his black congregation. He thus writes relative to the meeting;—

"In many instances I was obliged to restrain their liberality. One incident occurred which I shall never forget. In calling over the names to ascertain how much they could give towards the new erection, I happened to call the name of Fitzgerald Matthew. "I am here, massa," he instantly replied; and at the same time I saw him hobbling with his wooden leg out of the crowd, to come up to the table where I was standing. I wondered what he meant, for the others simply answered to their names without moving from their places. I was, however, forcibly struck with his apparent earnestness. On coming up, he put his hand into one pocket

and took out a handful of silver wrapped in paper, and said with a lovely kind of abruptness, "That's for *me*, massa." "Oh," I said, "keep your money at present, I don't want it *now*; I only wanted to know how much you could afford to give; I will come for the money another time." "Ah, massa," he replied "God's work must be done, and I may be dead"; and with that he plunged his hand into another pocket and took out another handful of silver, and said "That's for *my wife*, massa." Then he put his hand into a third pocket, and took out a somewhat smaller parcel and said, "That's for *my child*, massa," at the same time giving me a slip of paper, which somebody had written for him, to say how much the whole was. It was altogether nearly £3—a large sum for a poor field negro with a wooden leg! But his expression was to me worth more than all the money in the world. I have heard many eloquent appeals in England, and have felt, and felt deeply, under them, but never have I been so much impressed as with the simple expression of this poor negro. Let me never forget it; let it be engraved on my heart; let it be my motto for all I take in hand for the cause of Christ—"God's work must be done, and I may be dead."

Let all our readers remember the words of the poor Black, and also the impressive words of Scripture, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do it* with all thy might, for there is neither knowledge nor device in the grave, whither thou goest."

"THE  
LORD LOVETH  
A  
CHEERFUL  
GIVER."

2 Cor. ix. 7.



"IT IS  
MORE  
BLESSED  
TO  
GIVE THAN TO  
RECEIVE."

Acts xx. 35.

"Ah! Massa, God's work must be done, and I may be dead."



## THE COLD WATER ARMY.

(An American Sketch.)

Written for the "Band of Hope Review."

By the Author of "PEN PICTURES OF POPULAR PREACHERS," &amp;c.



NOT long since, whilst on a visit to that Prince of Temperance Advocates—John B. Gough—at his pleasant home in the village of Roxbury, near Boston, we were gratified by an invitation from an equally celebrated individual, to accompany him to the neighbouring city, for the purpose of seeing the review of an army. And when we inform our young readers that the inviter was no other than the Great PETER PARLEY himself—the veritable original Peter; and not one of those who have, in England, abused his popularity by assuming his name,—we need scarcely add, that we gladly embraced the opportunity offered us, and were in ten minutes afterwards on our way to Boston.

Little did we then know of Temperance Lilliputian Legions; but as we walked along the road, Mr. Goodrich (for such is Peter Parley's real name), illuminated us somewhat on the subject. We will endeavour to render a similar good office to the readers of the *Band of Hope Review*, by briefly describing the scene which gladdened our hearts on that bright American summer day.

We had, long ere then, witnessed reviews of armies. In the *Champ de Mars*, near Paris, had we seen thousands of soldiers arrayed in glittering ranks, their helmets gleaming in the sunshine, and their "plumes in the light wind dancing." In our own Hyde Park, too, had we seen the Iron Duke review some regiments of England; but now we were about to be shown a novel spectacle in the land of Washington—the review of an army of children—whose triumphs were all to be achieved on a bloodless field, and the weapons of whose warfare were fashioned by Temperance, and wielded by the strong arm of Love.

We are in Boston. How blue is the sky above! how clear is the atmosphere which surrounds us! Threading the gay and exquisitely clean streets, we at length reach a park-like space in the heart of the city. It is the far-famed Boston Common; and on this green space will, to-day, assemble the Cold Water Army. Fit spot for so peaceful a demonstration.

"Plenty of room for you," said a soft and gentle voice from above to my companion. Casting a glance upward, we saw a balcony gaily decked with flowers, in which sat some ladies and children. One of the latter had espied Peter Parley—the beloved of boys and the glory of girls. As the balcony commanded an extensive view of the Common and the pathways to it, we accepted the implied invitation, and in a trice were at home amongst a happy family group, who were anxiously awaiting the appearance of the head of the army.

So, for a little time we sat, shaded from the hot sun, sipping lemonade, luxuriating over ices, and listening to the shrill chirping of the Katydid in the clustering elms by which the Common was bordered. The youngsters were impatient for the great sight of the day; and, at length, their eyes brightened, and one of them exclaimed, "Here they come!"

Yes, they were coming, indeed! We could tell that by the crowds who now ran towards the Common gates, and by the sound of not very distant music. Then the excitement of the youngsters in our balcony became intense—they climbed up the railings—and leaned over to the imminent peril of their finery—but curiosity for the time banished all fear on that score. At length the booming of the drums grew louder—the flutes and clarionets became more audible—the violins were distinctly heard; and then a huge banner of white silk, on which shone the words "COLD WATER ARMY," emblazoned in letters of gold, waved and flashed in the sunlight.

Next followed a band of music. Twenty-four performers, with admirable precision, sent forth delicious strains from their various instruments. It was quite wonderful how well the little fellows—for the band was exclusively composed of boys—marched and played; one lad beat a drum quite, or almost, at least, as big as himself; another played a cornet-piston, the keys of which seemed intended to be pressed by much stronger fingers; the trumpeter's tiny cheeks appeared quite inadequate to propel wind through the trumpet; and the flutes almost equalled the performers in length. But play all these young musicians did, aye, and well, too; for Cold Water had caused no diminution of physical strength, and most assuredly, none of spirit.

"Here they are!" cry the children. "Aye, here indeed are they. Listen to the measured tramp of their tiny feet, as they march towards the Common. Every division of the army has its appropriate banner; and every boy and girl wears a gay ribbon or a bouquet in their button hole or bonnet." On they come, six abreast, the utmost order governing their movements. Hundreds upon hundreds—thousands of children, indeed, have entered the Common; but the cry is still "They come," the length of the Sea-serpent is nothing to that of the juvenile procession! Will the human tide never cease to flow?

Not yet, at all events, for another band—another set of banners—another legion of the Cold Water Army comes in sight, and so arrive they, for more than an hour: at the end of which time the last little Soldier of Temperance treads the green turf of the Common.

What a sight! Nearly ten thousand children, all well dressed—all looking healthy and happy—and all conducting themselves with the utmost propriety, formed in squares, and ranks, and circles on that beautiful spot! We have seen many splendid spectacles in our time, but frankly confess, that no one ever more deeply interested us than this gathering of the children. And every one of them was a pledged Total Abstinence, a silent preacher of Temperance Principles.

All armies are supposed to be organised for the purpose of repelling or of advancing towards an enemy. This army of children was assembled to destroy one of the greatest enemies of mankind. Intemperance was the monster foe against whom they had vowed to wage a war of extermination. Strong drink, the Goliath whom they, like so many David-striplings, were to destroy with the sling and stone of Total Abstinence. Listen; the note of preparation sounds, for they sing a Temperance Hymn:—

"The draught that's in the drunkard's cup  
Is not the drink for me, etc."

And clear and musical, beneath that blue American sky, sounds ten thousand voices. Powerless, perhaps, may their united strains appear, to thoughtless or incredulous minds; but as we listen, we remember that the walls of Jericho fell down when the rams' horns sounded; and we believe that the songs of these thousands of children shall do much towards the overthrow of those barriers which interpose between human hearts and worldly happiness, aye, and eternal happiness too. Who shall measure the influence which these children shall exert? Well may such assemblages be entitled "Bands of Hope."

What would be the impulse given to Temperance in England, if our mayors and magistrates would address meetings of this kind. These children of America listen to addresses from no less a personage than the Governor of the State of Massachusetts, himself a Temperance man. We fear it will be long ere we behold such a spectacle in our own country; but let us "hope on—hope ever;" above all, let the children work. The mouse in the fable, did much in freeing the lion from the toils—and so may the humblest child achieve wonders by freeing some, far stronger than itself, from the bondage of strong drinks.

We must conclude by merely adding, that the addresses to the Cold Water Army were received with as much enthusiasm as ever was speech of Napoleon to his Imperial Guard; and, that, when the review was over, the "noble army" of children marched from a glorious field to their happy homes, with apparently stronger desires than ever to wage an incessant warfare against the great foe of mankind. If they fail not, nor faint, their triumph is certain.

One word more. The Cold Water Army of England must fight side by side with the American legions. The cause is a common one, the reward will be the same. Let Bands of Hope be formed in every British city, town, and village; let them fight the good fight of Temperance unflinchingly, valiantly, and temperately, and though an obstacle may interpose, or a difficulty appear, perseverance will remove the one, and faith, which removes mountains, will destroy the other. Let their motto be "Love;" and their watchword, "Go on."

## TIME LOST.

Never spend a moment idle. We know a young man who cannot bear to lose a minute. He says, that his mother taught him when a child, that,

"Satan finds some mischief still,  
For idle hands to do."

And he has never forgotten the importance of these words. We want all the members of our Bands of Hope, to be zealously "Redeeming the Time."

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

## FEBRUARY QUESTIONS.

THE answers last month given by some of our young friends appeared to us as though they were copied; this we wish them in future to avoid. Let every answer be the genuine production of their own research in the Bible itself, not taken from lesson books, or given on the authority of "ancient and modern writers;" to these last sources all children have not access, and therefore it is most fair that the one Book should answer for itself, which is alike open to all.

## MARCH QUESTIONS.

From the answers received we cannot select one as perfectly correct. We have given the names of all our competitors, dividing them into classes according to their correctness. We shall award prizes to the first.

## CLASS 1. Five Answers right.

CHARLOTTE DURHAM, West Green, Tottenham.

WILLIAM LEES, Locominster.

H. C. MURCH, Ottery St. Mary, Exeter. Age 10½ years.

## CLASS 2. Four Answers right.

Byers, Agnes, Darlington. Middleton, J. Darlington.  
Hazel, Amelia, Farnham. Watson, Elizabeth, London.  
Lambert, Samuel, Islington. Watts, G. Islington.  
Lamb, Eleanor, Scarborough. Williams, S. Luton.  
Lambourne, T. S. (blind). Wolfe, H. Islington.

## CLASS 3. Three Answers right.

Allbuery, E. F. London. Middleton, J. Darlington.  
Allen, M. A. Islington. Miles, Alfred, Lutterworth.  
Bateman, Joseph, Gloucester. Moore, E. Scarborough.  
Bell, Jon. Darlington. Morris, Charles, Brentwood.  
Bryant, G. W. Bristol. Parkinson, Mar. Liverpool.  
Carter, G. B. Darlington. Pelham, J. H. Hull.  
Chaloner, G. W. York. Poole, E. Darlington.  
Curtis, J. J. Neath. Roberts, John, London.  
Druggan, W. Hoxton. R. W. London.  
Empson, C. J. Headingly. Sharp, M. R. Darlington.  
Forster, Ann, Darlington. Sims, Ellen, Wantage.  
Gardner, Chas. Westminster. Smith, E. Darlington.  
Garthwaite, Jane, Darlington. Smithies, Eliza, York.  
Giles, Elizabeth, Tottenham. Tapscott, Edward, Exeter.  
Howell, Alfred, Gloucester. Thorne, John, Crediton.  
Hudson, T. S. Bristol. Townsend, M. A. Tottenham.  
Jenkins, C. H. Fordingbridge. Walker, S. Wantage.  
Kipling, Charlotte, Darlington. Westlake, J. S. Glastonbury.  
Leeming, Eliza, Darlington. Wilson, John, Islington.  
Lewis, Mary, Wantage. Wood, M. Highgate.  
Lovett, C. Islington Green. Wray, Jane, Darlington.  
Malthouse, W. Darlington.

## CLASS 4. Two Answers right.

Beasley, R. Hull. Kennardy, W. Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
Bond, I. W. Hull. Norton, Ellen, Tottenham.  
Coldwell, J. Stoke Newington. Perry, A. T. Stapleton Road.  
Eddison, R. W. Hitchin. Stamp, Thomas, York.  
Freeman, S. Finchley. Shell, George, Lambeth.  
Fry, M. Exeter. Skinner, William, Bristol.  
Green, M. A. Bethnal Green.

## ANSWERS.

- Stephen.
- Enoch's, Jude 14th.—(Genesis iii. 15. is a promise made by God, and not spoken by a prophet.)
- The Rainbow.
- A Shadow, Psalm cxi., 11.
- Salt and Light.
- "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" Matt. xxvi., 56.—(Christ healing the ear of Malchus, was rather compassion than meekness and gentleness.)

## QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

OUR FUTURE PLAN will be to give FOUR PRIZES Monthly, of the different value of 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d., to be awarded according to the merit of the different competitors, and at the close of the year to give FOUR ANNUAL PRIZES to those who shall obtain the largest amount of the monthly prizes—on the following

## CONDITIONS:—

- Competitors to be under 18 years of age.
- The answers to be given from the Bible, and not quoted from other books.
- Each successful competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own.
- Answers to be sent in by the 20th of the Month.

It is requested that the answers be written on the usual size letter paper. Passages of Scripture to be in full. The name and address not to be written on the same sheet with the answers, but a short verse from the Proverbs to be placed at the head of the answers, and the same verse written on a separate piece of paper with the date, name, address, age, and whether a sabbath school scholar, and enclosed with the answers.

## QUESTIONS.

- Give a minute description of the army of the Lord, sometimes called the northern army, of whom it was prophesied that they should not break their ranks; stating particularly where they encamped in cold weather, and how, regardless of every obstacle, they mounted the walls of cities and houses.
- Give two eminent types of Christ who bore his name.
- What very unusual mode of operation was adopted in the erection of Solomon's temple?
- What useful lesson on the necessity of moderation is taught by Solomon, in reference to a wholesome vegetable substance?
- What number of cities fell to the lot of the tribe of Judah in the division of the land of Canaan?
- What quantity of provisions are stated to have been prepared daily for the household of an eastern sovereign, and by whom were they furnished throughout the year?



## H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

It will gratify many of our young friends to know that a copy of our March Number has been received into the Queen's Palace. We hope that the Queen will allow the little Prince of Wales to take the "REVIEW" monthly. Col. Phipps, who is Prince Albert's Secretary, has sent us a very polite letter, acknowledging the receipt of the paper.

## FIRE EXTINGUISHED WITHOUT WATER.

A few weeks ago a very large fire took place near to London Bridge. Although many fire engines were worked by hundreds of firemen, and streams of water were poured into the burning buildings, yet the fire continued to burn. For several days and nights, all the efforts of the firemen seemed to be of no use, and it was not until many thousands of pounds damage was done that the flames were stayed. We remember reading of a fire that once took place at Taberah. It was a very sad one, for many men were burned to death. There were no fire engines to be had, and yet one good praying man was the means of putting out the fire, without even a single drop of water. If our young readers will take down their Bibles and turn to the 11th chapter of Numbers, they will find out how this fire was extinguished.

## THE HAPPY RESCUE; or, SIGN OF SUCCESS.

We are not left without tokens that the blessing of God is vouchsafed to our little "Band of Hope" Paper. We have been gladdened by the intelligence, that a copy of our February Number, given by a lady to a poor drunkard in H—, has been the means, under God's blessing, of inducing him to abandon his drinking habits. The perusal of the touching narrative of the "Reclaimed One and his Bible," powerfully operated upon his mind, and as he read, he resolved to strive to imitate the example there recorded. Let us earnestly pray, that he may not rest in merely giving up the use of intoxicating drinks, but that he will earnestly seek for that change of heart, without which no man can ever enter Heaven.

## OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

A miserable looking man went into a grocer's shop in York, and begged for bread. The grocer thought that he knew the man, and asked him if his name was not —, who had once a good fortune and houses of his own. Yes, it was the same man. The grocer spoke kindly to him, and inquired how he had become so poor. "Ah, sir," he replied, "I am suffering for my bad conduct to my widowed mother. I used to wish her dead that I might have her property; but when I got my desire I never prospered; the money was soon squandered, and now I am reduced to want." Let all boys and girls take warning from this. God has said, that he will bless those children who love and obey their parents; but his curse shall be upon the disobedient.

## EASTERN BEDS.

"Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house," Mark ii., 11.

Many of the beds of the East consist only of two cotton quilts, one of which is folded double, and serves as a mattress; the other as a covering.

Remember, that though God offers forgiveness to those that repent, yet he does not promise that they shall have to-morrow to repent in. Be wise to-day.

## A VISIT TO THE POOR DRUNKARD'S HOME.



THOSE only who have frequently visited, or lived in the home of a drunkard, can conceive of half the sorrow and suffering which daily flow from the sin of Intemperance. We have visited or conversed in the streets with hundreds of poor drunkards, and assisted not a few home who were unable to walk, and can testify that there are many poor mothers and children in this country suffering far worse than West Indian Slavery. For these we would plead. Amongst the sights we have witnessed is one partially described by the annexed engraving. It was on a Saturday night in 1848. We had spent the greater portion of the evening in company with our valued and now departed friend Jno. Wm. Locking, of Hull, when we felt impelled to pay another visit to —. We found him seated near the fire-place, with his head buried in his hands. He was very sullen, being still stupid with the effects of long

TRY! TRY!  
OR, THE RESULT OF ONE LETTER.

OUR thanks are due to many friends who are doing much to circulate our little Paper, and if they would follow the example of a young lady at B—, our circulation and power of doing good would be materially increased. We wrote to Miss— in January last, inclosing her a copy of the "Review," and asking her to introduce it into the Schools in the large town where she lives. She replied, "that she feared she had not much influence, but she would try what she could do." She set to work in good earnest, and has succeeded nobly. How many copies do you think we now send monthly to that place? EIGHT HUNDRED!! Will our friends kindly aid us by enclosing copies in their letters to friends in the Country, and recommending the introduction of the "Review" into Schools and Families?



## WHAT CAN I DO?

What! if the little rain should say,  
"So small a thing as I  
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,  
I'll tarry in the sky."

What! if the shining beam of noon  
Should in its fountain stay,  
Because its single light alone  
Cannot create a day.

Does not each rain-drop help to form  
The cool refreshing shower?  
And every ray of light to warm  
And beautify the flower?

From a Birmingham Correspondent.

## THE INFANT'S ANSWER.

At a Missionary station among the Hottentots, the question was proposed, "Do we possess any thing that we have not received of God?" A little girl of five years old immediately answered, "Yes, Sir, sin."

## AAAAAHHNNNPZTEP.

No name of nation, or of place,  
I, by these letters mean;  
But if you do them rightly trace,  
And put each letter in its place,  
A word will then be seen.

To know what word these letters spell,  
Read your Bible and that will tell,  
And when you've search'd the Scriptures round,  
It only once can there be found.

We copy the above from a Foreign Sunday School Paper. In our next, we will insert the solution, giving our readers in the meantime an opportunity, if they please, to exercise their ingenuity in attempting to discover it.

## KEEP THE NUMBERS CLEAN.

WE are very anxious that our readers should keep their monthly numbers in a thick paper wrapper, so as to preserve them nice and clean. At the proper time we purpose issuing a beautiful titlepage and index, so that the numbers may be bound up into a volume. We think that it will be a favorite book both with OLD PEOPLE AND YOUNG.

## SIX HINTS TO SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

1. Before going to school pray for a blessing upon your teacher.
2. Be at school in good time.
3. Meet your teacher with a smile and a kind shake of the hand.
4. Carefully read over your lessons, so as to be able to answer the various questions put by your teacher.
5. When at the house of God, attentively listen to the Minister. When you get home, write down the text, and repeat to your parent as much of the Sermon as you can recollect.
6. Be obedient to your parents, and affectionate to your brothers, sisters, and school fellows.

## SCHOLARS AND THEIR SICK TEACHER.

A NUMBER of boys who had been taught in a Sabbath School, near Sheffield, met in a field, and instead of spending their money in oranges, on what is called Shrove Tuesday, they agreed to give all they had to their teacher, who they knew was in great distress. They tied up the money in an old cloth; and, when it was dark, they opened his door, and threw it into the house. Inside of the parcel was a small piece of paper, on which was written, "Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

## THE SABBATH DAY.

A poor man was hung on the gallows some time ago for the awful crime of murder. What do you think he said was the first step to his getting into crime? *It was breaking the Sabbath.* Had he kept to the Sabbath School instead of wandering in the fields amongst bad companions, how different might have been his end. "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

## THE SHOE BLACK SOCIETY.

Will our friends allow us to draw their attention to the project named in our March number, for employing a selection of the Ragged lads as "Shoe Blacks" during the Great Exhibition? We think it worthy of liberal support. We have received 1s. 6d. from two young friends in York for "brushes" and "pots of blacking," which will be forwarded to the Committee, together with any further CONTRIBUTIONS which may come to hand.

## INTELLIGENCE.

We are compelled from want of space to postpone all our notices of meetings, etc. until our next.

## GRATUITIOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

(Contributions received since our last Number.)

Jos. Spence, Esq., York	-	-	£2 0 0
R. Barrett, Esq., Waddon near Croydon	-	-	1 0 0
Jon. Barrett, Esq., Croydon	-	-	1 0 0
G. Sutherland, Esq., Cheltenham	-	-	1 0 0
Robt. Farrer, Esq., York	-	-	1 0 0
Mrs. Carlile, Dublin	-	-	1 0 0
Jacob Post, Esq., Islington	-	-	1 0 0
Mrs. Isaac, York	-	-	1 0 0
Mr. W. Dickson, Hull	-	-	0 10 0
Jos. Crossfield, Esq., Liverpool	-	-	0 10 0
A Widow's Mite, Islington	-	-	0 5 0
R. Morrell, Esq., Selby	-	-	0 5 0
Mr. Tasker, Rotherham	-	-	0 5 0
Miss Emily Smithies, York	-	-	0 5 0
Small Sums	-	-	0 7 6

## Contributions for Wood Blocks.

## ON "PEACE."

J. Sharp, Esq., Middlesbrough - - - 1 0 0

## ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Mrs. Smithies, York - - - 0 10 0

We acknowledge with thanks the kind donation of eight wood blocks by Mr. Cave, of York.

that he would adopt our advice. "Do you really think, Sir, that there is hope for me—I have been so bad?" he inquired. We pointed him to the assurance of God's word that *all* who are willing to turn from their sins shall have help to do so.

We now inquired of the wife what food she had for the family, when she replied, "Nothing, Sir, he has got through about five pounds this week, and I have not had a farthing of his wages—we have had nothing to eat to-day." "Five pounds!" we exclaimed, "how can he have had such a sum to spend in one week?" She then pointed to the place where the chest of drawers, the clock, and other articles of furniture had stood. *All these had been carried away by him and his drinking companions, and pawned for drink.* Taking one of the children, we sent back a sufficiency of food to supply their wants over the Sabbath.

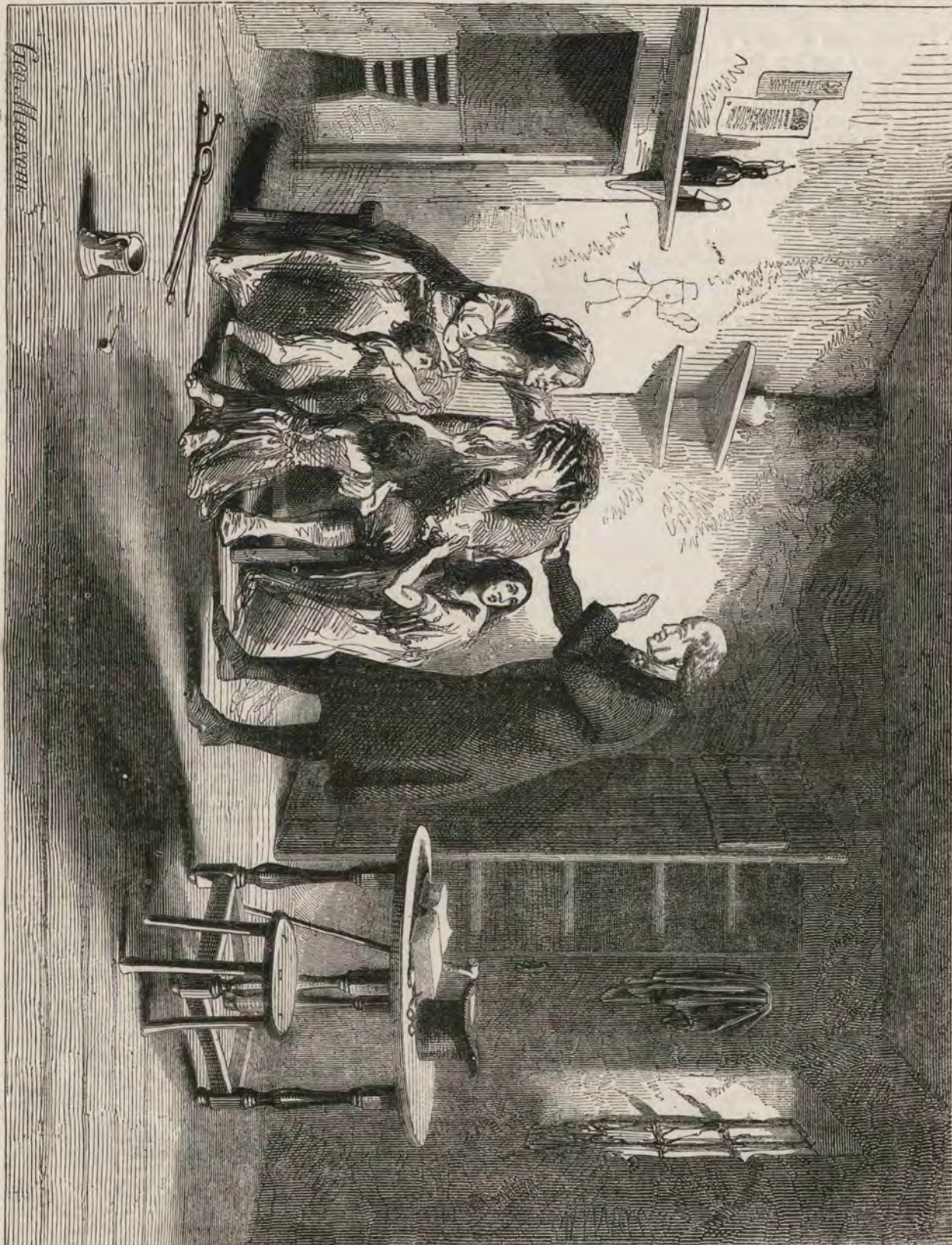
We frequently saw the man after the above interview, and his conduct was on the whole much improved, but he could never be induced to give up



his *bad companions*, he trusted too much to himself, and did not seek earnestly for Divine strength. He still pleaded for a *little drink!* although he frequently found that the little led to much. The Almighty bore long with him, but it was of no avail. He again gave way to constant drinking, notwithstanding that the cholera was raging in the neighbourhood. On the last Sabbath that he lived, he was in the public house, and with a fearful oath

declared that the cholera could not touch him. "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth." He was almost immediately smitten by the pestilence which he had just been ridiculing. He was carried to his desolate-looking home and within twenty-four hours was a LIFELESS CORPSE. "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy." Let this case act as a caution. The poor

man whose end we have narrated, was once a fine promising youth, and might have become a man of talent and usefulness but for his Intemperance. On inquiry we found that when a child he had been indulged with the "bottoms" of his father's glass. From this apparently trivial circumstance a taste for liquor was early formed, which strengthened with advancing years, and was never quenched until he was arrested by the cold grasp of death



"THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD."—PROV. XIII. 15.

"HE THAT BEING OFTEN REPROVED . . . . SHALL SUDDENLY BE DESTROYED."—PROV. XXIX. 1.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A FRIEND has written to us recommending a series of easier Bible Questions, for younger children, for which he offers 10s. towards prizes.—We are disposed to adopt his suggestion, and accept his kind offer. Who says "Yes?" We have to return our thanks to numerous friends who have addressed us in terms of approbation. To those who have kindly presented a copy of the Paper to the Sabbath-school Teachers in their localities, we are particularly obliged. A. HOWELL, Gloucester. G. R. GILL, Ipswich. If all our readers will copy your example, we shall soon have to

rejoice over a large circulation in Sabbath Schools. Please to persevere.

G. A. B. We shall probably require a new block for our title next year, and will carry out your suggestion. T. Howard, E. Moore, G. Budd, T. Hodgson, R. Watson, S. Thompson, R. Fox, J. P. Draper, W. Gaisford, F. Atkin. Received with thanks. We regret that we have not space this month. Our communications are becoming so numerous, that we should be disposed to issue the Review fortnightly, instead of monthly, if such a course would meet with the general approval of our readers.

LONDON:—PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY.

DUBLIN—J. Robertson.

EDINBURGH—Messrs. Oliphant. GLASGOW—G. Gallie.

Sold by TWEEDIE, Wellington Street, Strand; HORSSELL, Paternoster Row; and WOODLEY, Fore Street, London; ACKLAND, & COOK, Bristol; KERSHAW, Leeds; PENNEY, Darlington; YOUNG, Leighton Buzzard, and all Booksellers in Town and Country.





"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

### THE WINE OF EDEN

Composed by Mr. JOHNSON BARKER, and Sung by him at the "Band of Hope" Meeting, Albion Chapel School-room, Hull, April 9th, 1851....(see Intelligence, page 20.)

Drops of crystal water,  
Oh! the summer showers,  
Gemming with a thousand pearls,  
Blossoms in the bowers;  
While the Sun is resting  
On a couch of clouds,  
Drops of crystal water  
Trickle down in crowds.

CHORUS: Wine's a friend of sorrow,  
Water's friend is glee;  
Drops of crystal water then,  
Are wine enough for me.

From the waving king-cup  
Bees are drinking dew,  
Butterflies are waiting  
To taste a little too;  
The cricket on the lady-bird  
Makes a rassing call,  
Drops of crystal water  
Furnish drink for all.

CHORUS: Wine's, &c.

The lily and the daisy,  
Sun-burnt in the field,  
Had no parasol of leaves  
Their purity to shield;  
So sunlight dropp'd its cloud-veil,  
And rain began to fall,  
Drops of crystal water  
Soon reviv'd them all.

CHORUS: Wine's, &c.

Corn that gilded acres,  
The clover, and the grass,  
Cowslips that the children  
Gather as they pass;  
The primrose in the green lane,  
The berry on the sloe,  
Drops of crystal water  
Cause them all to grow.

CHORUS: Wine's, &c.

Drops of crystal water  
Forn the running rills,  
Where the cross is growing  
By the bramb'l'd hills;  
Oceans vast and boundless,  
Rivers wide and far,  
Drops of crystal water  
Make them what they are.

CHORUS: Wine's, &c.

### THE BIBLE SOCIETY;

OR,

### A GRAVE QUESTION.

This noble society, which is the boast of old England, has issued since its establishment twenty-three millions one hundred and ten thousand and fifty copies of the sacred Scriptures. During the year 1849, the number issued was 1,136,695. We wish our young friends to get their slates and pencils, and to find out the answer to the following question.

If the Bible Society continues to print as many Bibles every year as in 1849, how long will it take to supply a copy to every one of the seven hundred millions of poor benighted heathens?

When we receive an answer to this, we shall have another question to give of still greater importance.

### THE PEACE LETTER FROM AMERICA,

TWENTY-EIGHT YARDS LONG.

ALL our readers will have heard of ELIHU BURRITT, the American Blacksmith. He is now in England, trying to get nations to settle in a *kind manner*, any disputes they may have, instead of going to war and killing each other. About three years ago, he was in the ancient city of York, when he said to the late secretary of the Wesley Place Boys' Sabbath School, "I wish you would get your scholars in 'Old York' to write a 'Peace Letter' to the scholars of some of the schools in 'New York.' I think when they grow up to be men and women, they will not be disposed to go to war with each other." The suggestion was thought to be a good one, and a suitable letter was shortly afterwards prepared, and signed by 300 of the boys and girls.

### THE HAPPY DAY.



"They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The younger children who were unable to write, made marks. The letter was duly forwarded by post to the Rev. E. W. Jackson, of Chelsea, Boston, Massachusetts. On the arrival of the "Independence" ship from New York, a short time ago, Mr. Daniel Grant landed, having in his possession a peculiar looking roll of paper. This roll, when opened, was found to contain a *reply* from the scholars in New York. We have it now before us, and find that it measures 84 feet, 5 inches long; and contains the signatures of *five thousand seven hundred and sixty children—black ones as well as white.* We learn that this letter was read at a General Meeting of Sunday School Teachers, held in the Mulberry Street Church, presided over by the Rev. M. D. C. Crawford. When unrolled, it was found to be as long as that large building.

Its appearance excited the deepest interest in the minds of the thousands who were present. A committee, composed of the Rev. Josh. Longking, Dr. S. A. Purday, and James Davis, Esq., was appointed to take charge of the letter, and transmit it to England.

We feel sure that all our dear friends will want to know what the American children have got to say in such a long letter, and we have, therefore, got a copy of it for them, which they will find on the 19th page. Those who attend the annual Peace Meeting in May, will, perhaps, have an opportunity of seeing the *original letter.*

We hope that similar "Peace Letters" will pass between the scholars of *many other places* in England and America, and that they will do something towards hastening the approach of that happy day which is foretold in Isaiah ii. 4, when nations shall not "learn war any more."

### BROKEN PROMISES.

On Sunday Evening, November 26th, 1848, we accompanied Mr. Peter Kitwood, the sailors' missionary, to the Bethel Meeting, St. George's Dock, Liverpool; and were much struck with the variety of coloured faces in the congregation. On inquiry we found that there were present—Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Swedes, Hollanders, Germans, Norwegians, Americans, Africans, and a North American Indian. The sight was an instructive and affecting one, and reminded us of our heavenly Father's house above, to which men, women, and children shall come from "the north, the south, the east, and the west." At the prayer meeting which was held at the close of the service, nearly every person stayed. The simple but earnest petitions of some of the weather beaten Jack Tars, constrained us to say, "Master! it is good to be here." Amongst the rest, a Swedish captain prayed. One sweet sentence, in his broken English, which we have never forgotten, was this: "Oh, Lord, dere are som here dat have promised de when on de sea, in de storm, dat if dou would bing dem to land, dey would give dere hearts to de; but dey have *forgotten.* Lord! bing dere words to dere minds, dat dey may remember dem." Ah, how many of us are like these sailors in the storm! In the hour of affliction we have promised the Lord, that if he would raise us to health, "our lives should show forth his praise." But we have too often *forgotten* our vows. Let our prayer be with the sailors, "Lord, bring our words to our minds, that we may remember them."



## LONDON RAGGED DORMITORY.

AMONGST the many valuable Institutions of the Metropolis, there are few of greater interest, or deserving more liberal support, than the "London Ragged Dormitory and Colonial Training School," (28, St. Ann's Street, Orchard Street, near Westminster Abbey.) It is an Asylum for young thieves who are desirous of abandoning their bad practices. They are taught useful trades and habits of industry. In many cases the most genuine proofs of reformation have been witnessed, and in some instances, the once hopeless burglars have become members of christian churches. Those who have been sent out to situations in the Colonies, are giving the greatest satisfaction to their employers. The following cases are extracted from the interesting Report published in 1850:—

"B. C. aged fifteen. Was turned out of doors by his parents. Had been in prison nine times. Used to sleep in empty carts, and under the Adelphi arches. Was an inmate of the Institution for seven months, and is now in Australia.

"H. W. B. aged sixteen years. An orphan. Had been a thief since six years of age. Imprisoned five times—left the Institution for Australia, not only outwardly reformed, but there is reason to hope that a work of grace had begun in his heart.

"W. B. aged fifteen years. Father dead. His drunken mother sent him to beg or steal. Was beaten by her for not bringing her much money. Had been twenty-one times in prison—frequently slept in the open fields—for nine months prior to being admitted into the Dormitory, had slept under arches."

We give these Extracts in order to awaken in the minds of our young friends, feelings of pity and thankfulness. We think that they cannot read of poor ragged boys being driven by their drunken fathers and mothers to steal and break God's laws without a feeling of sorrow for them. Neither can they but feel thankful for the comforts and blessings of a happy home, which most of our readers enjoy.

We have a letter from Mr. Nash, the Governor of the Dormitory, now before us, in which he says, "Fifty of the very worst have been reclaimed during the past year, and we have on the average, forty applicants per week earnestly supplicating admission, but for want of funds and larger premises, they are refused admission."

We hope that the last few lines will meet the eyes of some to whom the Lord has given much of this world's wealth, and that instead of having to close the doors of the Dormitory against these poor wanderers, the Committee will soon be able to inscribe over the door of a commodious Institution, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

### THE ELECTRIC EEL; OR THE ASTONISHED SAILORS.

Many of our readers have visited the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, and seen the large glass case (not far from the diving bell), covered with brass wire, in which there is a very fine electric eel, which possesses the wonderful power of electrifying those who touch it. Those of our country friends who are intending to visit London for the first time this year, will, after reading the following amusing narrative, from Pinchard's *Notes on the West Indies*, be anxious to see one of these wonderful inhabitants of the West Indian waters. The form of this fish is not so round as the common eel. The head and tail are flatter and broader; the sides are less convex; the back is wider, and the body tapers down somewhat abruptly. The shock communicated is sometimes very powerful, and precisely resembles that from the electrical machine.

The governor of New Amsterdam has a large electrical eel, which he has kept for several years in a tub, made for that purpose, placed under a small shed near the house. This fish possesses strong electrical powers, and often causes scenes of diversion among the soldiers and sailors, who are struck with astonishment at its qualities, and believe it to be in league with some evil spirit.

Two sailors, wholly unacquainted with the properties of the animal, were once told to fetch an eel, which was lying in a tub in the yard, and give it to the cook to dress for dinner.

The sailors had no sooner reached the shed than one of them plunged his hand to the bottom of the tub to seize the eel, when he received a blow which benumbed his whole arm: without knowing what it was, he started from the tub, shaking his fingers, and holding his elbow with his other hand, crying out, "I say, Jack, what a thump he fetched me with his tail!"

His messmate, laughing at such a foolish notion, next put down his hand to take out the eel: but receiving a similar shock, he snapped his fingers likewise, and ran off, crying out, "Why, he did

give you a thump! He's a fighting fellow; he has fetched me a broadside too! Let's both have a haul at him together, Jack; then we shall board his slippery carcase, in spite of his rudder."

Accordingly they both plunged their hands into the tub, and seized the fish by a full grasp round the body. This was rougher treatment than he commonly experienced, and he returned it with a most violent shock, which soon caused them to quit their hold. For a moment they stood aghast, and shaking their fingers, they capered about with pain and amazement, declaring that their arms were broken, and that it was the evil spirit in the tub in the shape of an eel.



They now perceived that it was not a simple blow of the tail that they had felt before, nor could they be prevailed to try again to take out the fish, but stole away, rubbing their elbows, and abusing the trick about the cook and the eel.

## A BOY REPROVED BY A BIRD.

When quite young in my boyish days, I had watched some sparrows carrying materials to build their nests, in the usual season, under the eaves of a cottage adjoining our own; and although strict orders had been given that none of us should climb up to the roof of the houses, yet bird's eggs formed a temptation too powerful to be easily resisted, and our own gratification was considered rather than obedience. A favourable opportunity presenting itself, the roof of the house was ascended, and not only was the nest robbed, but seized and carried away. It was soon stripped of all that was unnecessary on the outside, that it might appear as neat as possible. Among the externals thus removed, was a piece of paper, which had been a leaf of one of Dr. Watts' hymn books, and which, thrown away, had been picked up by the poor bird for strengthening the nest, or increasing its warmth. A word or two caught my eye, and I unfolded the paper. Need I say that, boy as I was, I read those verses, with, to say the least, curious feelings.



"Why should I deprive my neighbour  
Of his goods against his will?  
Hands were made for honest labour,  
Not to plunder, nor to steal.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,  
Lest I covet what's not mine;  
Lest I take what is not given,  
Guard my hands and heart from sin."

Had the little bird been able to read and reason, it could not have selected a text more appropriate for reproof and instruction than this. It shows that when we do wrong, God sees us, and can send reproof, even by means of a bird. I have not forgotten the lesson presented to me by the leaf of paper which had been fixed to the nest of a poor sparrow.—*Bible Class Magazine.*

## BIBLE QUESTIONS

A Friend having suggested easier questions, for those UNDER ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE, and kindly y sent us 10s. towards prizes for the same, we have recommended a SECOND SERIES; which we hope will be successfully answered by our LITTLE READERS.

## PRIZES and CONDITIONS.

FOUR PRIZES Monthly, of the value of 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d., for the First Series; and 1s. 6d., 1s., 9d., and 6d. for the Second; and at the close of the year, FOUR ANNUAL PRIZES will be given for the First, Second, Third, and Fourth best answers to these questions, to those who obtain the largest amount of the monthly prizes, on the following conditions:—

1. Competitors to be under eighteen years of age, for the First Series, and under eleven for the Second.

2. The answers to be given from the Bible, and not quoted from other books.

3. Each successful competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own.

4. Answers to be sent in by the 20th of the Month.

It is requested that the answers be written on the usual size letter paper. Passages of Scripture to be in full. The name and address not to be written on the same sheet: with the answers, but a short verse from the Proverbs to be placed at the head and the same verse written on a separate piece of paper with the date, name, address, age, and whether a Sabbath school scholar, and enclosed with the answers.

## ANSWERS—APRIL.

We have received more than One Hundred Let ters in reply to our Bible Questions for April. The Four we consider entitled to the Prize, are from JOHN ROBERTS, Clipstone-St. London, First Prize. SUSANNAH GRISBY, Moulsham, Chelmsford, Second do AMELIA HAZELL, Farnham, Surrey, Third do. ANN FOSTER, Darlington, Fourth do.

The above are requested to state the book they wish and the mode of conveyance.

While we fear some of our young readers will feel disappointed in not obtaining a prize, we would remind them that there is a far better prize than we can offer, in that "Mine of Wealth unknown," which all who prayerfully seek, shall find. The answers this month, are generally more correct than last. Our young readers should carefully observe the questions, as some only answer them partially.

13. Joel ii., 25, 20, 11, 8, 9. Nahum iii., 17.
14. Zech. vi., 11, 12. Acts vii., 45. Heb. iv., 8.
15. I. Kings vi., 7.
16. Honey. Prov. xxv., 16.
17. One hundred and twelve. Joshua xv., 20, 62.
18. I. Kings iv., 22, 23, 28, and 7

## QUESTIONS—MAY

## FIRST SERIES.

19. How many persons are named in Nehemiah's account of the return from captivity, that are not mentioned in Ezra's account,—and how many named by Ezra, are not mentioned by Nehemiah?

20. Name a book of the minor prophets, that is not prophecy, but history—and quote a passage from the historical books, where this prophet is mentioned as having foretold events.

21. Give six instances of things mentioned in Scripture as having happened, but of which no notice is taken in the sacred histories at the time of their occurrence.

22. Give proof from an incidental observation recorded in Scripture, that the patriarch Job did not live in the first age of the world.

23. Give twelve examples from Old Testament History in which disobedience was followed by signa punishment.

24. In what passage is the same thing expressed three times, once negatively, and twice affirmatively?

## SECOND SERIES.

Competitors to be under Eleven years of age.

1. Give instances of the same person being called by different names?

2. Name a book, (not historical) in which is stated the awful death of two disobedient young men; giving their names

3. Which of David's mighty men slew the brother of Giant Goliath?

4. Another near relative of the Giant having six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot, was killed by one of David's valiant followers.—Name him.

5. What command did David give concerning the gods (idols) of the Philistines, which were left at Baal-Perazim?

6. What name did God give to the first man and woman?

## AAAAHHHHNNPZTEP.

"AND PHAROAH CALLED JOSEPH'S NAME"

ZAPHNATH-PAANEAH."

See Genesis, chap. xli., 45th verse.

We have been much gratified by receiving several correct answers to this question in our April number. In two instances from Scholars in Ragged Schools, viz., Field Lane, London, and York. This shows that Ragged School Teachers are not "spending their strength for nought."



## PEACE LETTER FROM 5,760 AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

*The Scholars of the Sunday Schools belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York, America; to the Scholars of the Sunday Schools attached to the Wesleyan Connexion of York, England.*

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

The letter which you sent to us has been read in all our schools, and we are very glad that we have an opportunity to send you back an answer, and to thank you for your affection towards us. We are very sure that if any of you or your teachers had been present when that letter was read, you would have been delighted to notice how very quiet we all were, and how attentively we listened to its contents. Your hearts would have rejoiced to see how readily we all unite in your desire to promote that christian love, which the Bible teaches us to feel for each other. It was a beautiful thought, such as none other than christian children could have entertained, thus to send your greetings of affection to those who are so far away, and whom you do not know. It shows how well the lessons of love and good-will to all mankind, which our teachers strive every Sabbath to teach us from the Bible, have been learned by you; while the pleasure which your letter has produced in all hearts, makes us love our Sabbath-school more than ever. We send back our love to you, and pray that God may bless you, and help us so to regard each other, that, whether we ever meet on earth or not, we may always feel that these letters have been the means of uniting our hearts in the bonds of christian love.

There are many scholars and teachers in our Sunday schools, who came from your country, and some from your own city. Our teachers say that you are right in supposing that some of our forefathers came from your good old city, which, in comparison with ours, may well be called "Old York;" for we are told that it was in existence before our Lord Jesus Christ lived on the earth. New York was first built by the Dutch, who came here from Holland. They called it New Amsterdam; and some of the houses which they built were standing but a few years since; now we believe there is not one in the city. Afterwards the Dutch gave the city to the English, and they called it New York, in honour of the Duke of York. This was about one hundred and eighty-five years ago; since then it has grown to be a very large city, containing more than four hundred thousand inhabitants. It has about two hundred and twenty-five churches of different denominations, and we are told that more than forty thousand children attend Sabbath-schools. This seems like a great number. Yet we fear there are a great many others who do not go to Sabbath-schools, and care nothing about them. How we wish that we could get all such children together in one place, and have some person to read your letter to them; it might make them want to go with us to the Sabbath-school, and we know that our teachers would gladly receive them all.

In your letter you speak of war, and how wicked it is for men to fight and kill each other, because they do not think alike. We most cordially agree with you in all that you say against this most horrid crime, and unite with you in the hope that your country and ours may never again be guilty of it. We sometimes hear people talk about the glory of war; but we think that the true glory of such nations as England, and America, consists not in the number of lives that are destroyed upon the field of battle, but in their efforts to make the world better, and wiser, and more happy than it is. We trust that those bad people you mention, who would be glad to see our countries go to war again, may never have their desire, but that we may become more friendly every year; and as we are taught in our Sabbath-schools to love God, and our neighbour as ourselves, we hope to grow up with a determination never to fight with you, or any other nation; but to try to settle our disputes, if we have any, as the Bible teaches us to do. We shake hands with you in our hearts, across the wide ocean, and will strive to remember, when we become men and women, that the Sunday-schools of Old York, and New York, have promised not to be enemies to each other.

You mention the good corn and flour sent from here to your country, and to Ireland. If it has been the means of saving some of our fellow creatures from starving, we are very glad of it. The Lord has blessed us with a large and fertile country, which produces more than is necessary for our own wants; and as our teachers tell us that God is pleased when we feel for the sufferings of others, we hope he may accept the good we may have been the means of doing, as our thanksgiving to Him for his mercies to us.

You remind us that we have a great many black children who are slaves. We are sorry to say that this is true, but our country is very large, and they all live in the southern states, far off from where we are. There are no slaves in New York, or in any of the Northern or Eastern states; and if we could prevent it, we would not have any in any part of this or any other land. We believe that slavery is a very great evil. We often hear our parents talk about it, and they think that the people who live where the slaves are, ought to treat them well, and if they can safely do so, they ought to set them free. We can only pray for them, that God may guide them into the right way, and enable them to do their duty to those who are put under them; but as they have many difficulties to contend with, we ought not to judge them unkindly.

You ask us to tell you something about our Sabbath-schools. We have twenty-six Methodist Sunday-schools in New York, having about eight thousand scholars, and about eight hundred teachers, who are trying to teach us the way to Heaven. During the last year more than one hundred of our scholars have experienced the pardon of their sins. Once a year, in the Spring, we all meet in four or five different churches, and have interesting addresses, and singing, after which, we march out in a procession to a public square, where we pass each other, and greet our school-mates from the other schools. It is a fine sight to see us all out, with our banners flying, as we march along with our superintendents and teachers. In most of our schools we have Missionary Societies, each of which raises from one hundred to five hundred dollars a year. They meet once a month to collect the dues, and have also anniversary meetings, which we suppose are something like your children's meetings on Christmas day. We often hear about what the Wesleyan Methodists of England are doing for the missionary cause, and are very glad to learn that the Sunday-schools are engaged in this good work. We feel a great interest in it ourselves; but our teachers say that you go far beyond us in collecting money to send to the poor heathen the Gospel. We are told that there are a great many more Methodists in this country, than in England; and yet you collect four times as much money for this cause as we do. This ought to make us more active, and we hope that before long, we will do as much as you do.

In this country we have a great many Temperance Societies, and hope you have them also with you; if you have not, we must tell you something about them. Some years ago most people thought it was no harm for them to drink wine, brandy, rum, and other kinds of liquors, and so a great many that used them became drunkards. These people thought at first that there was no danger in taking a little, because they never intended to drink enough to hurt them, and they were so foolish as to think that a little would do them good. By and by there were so many drunkards, that the people became alarmed, and were afraid that our country would be ruined. Some good persons then set about trying to do something to put a stop to this great evil. They called meetings, and formed Temperance Societies, and promised each other that they would never take any of these hurtful drinks themselves, nor offer them to others. And so many thousands have joined these societies, that the dreadful vice of intemperance has been prevented from doing the injury which it threatened. Our parents and teachers have encouraged us to form Juvenile Temperance Societies; they tell us that it is very hard to break off the habit of drinking after it has been acquired; but if we never learn to drink any intoxicating drinks, there is no danger of our ever becoming drunkards. We have said that we think it is a sin to go to war with our fellow creatures; but as we believe it is our duty to drive intemperance from our land, a great number of us have enlisted in the "Cold Water Army," and we mean to fight against the use of cider, beer, wine, gin, brandy, and every other kind of liquor that leads on to drunkenness. And now, dear brothers and sisters, if you have not already done so, will you not enlist with us in this war, and help us to drive from the earth this monster, who has already destroyed so many valuable lives, brought misery into so many families, and ruined the souls of so many victims? Let us write upon our banners, "Touch not, taste not, handle not the accursed thing," and the victory will be ours.

If any of you should come to this city, we hope you will not forget to come to our Sunday-schools. Every one of our churches has a Sunday-school attached to it, and they can easily be found; only make it known that you belong to the Wesleyan schools of York, and you will find many glad to welcome you to our ranks. And now, dear brothers and sisters, we wish you God speed. Thanking you again for your kind letter, and asking a reply as soon as you conveniently can, we join you in the prayer, that all the Sunday-school scholars of Old York and New York may meet in Heaven. Signed by

THE SCHOLARS OF THE JOHN STREET CHURCH. (116.)

Wm. Blair  
Geo. H. Ash

Richd. M. Peckham  
Martin Goss

Jno. W. Bentley  
Adam Goss, &c., &c.

LAURENS STREET BRANCH Coloured Children.



## LITTLE JEM THE RAGGED SCHOLAR.

On Christmas afternoon, when visiting the haunts and hovels of the poor and miserable in the dark, dingy region of rookeries in Westminster, I descended an obscure and damp cellar, to converse with a dissipated and outrageous Irishman and his wife. Oh! what a scene of desolation was presented to my gaze. There was a broken, three-legged table, a chair without a seat, and a small oval tub. The cupboard was empty, and a filthy mattress, and a torn, dirty blanket constituted the entire bedding; it was indeed a DRUNKARD'S HOME. By the side of a broken grate, which contained a few dying embers, sat poor little Jem, shoeless and in rags. "Well, Jem," said I, "where is your father and mother, and why have they abandoned you in such a destitute condition?" "I am very sorry to tell you, Mr. Esterbrooke, that they have gone to F——'s house." "Why didn't you go?" I inquired. "Because," said Jem, "I did not wish, because they always get drunk, and kick up a dreadful row, and I am sure they would try to pour the drink down my throat, if they knew I was a tee-totaller. You know, Teacher, I have been a member of your Band of Hope these nine months, and I intend to remain so until I die." "Jem, I admire your decision, and may God bless and preserve you. What have you to eat?" "When mother was leaving, Teacher, she gave me a penny, with which I bought a loaf, and with this basin of clean water I shall be very contented, until I fall asleep. I would rather starve than break my pledge. I will not become a drunkard; if I never drink I shall be better off when I get older." I was delighted with poor Jem's fidelity, and in order to cheer his young heart I took a seat upon the tub, and told him some encouraging religious and temperance stories. On taking leave of my ragged little friend, when I reached the top of the aperture, Jem cried out, "Teacher, I wish you a merry Christmas and many a happy New Year."

I. H. E.

## THE BIBLE PROHIBITED.

In the reign of Henry V., a law was passed against the perusal of the Bible in English. It was enacted, "That whosoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit land, cattle, life, and goods, from their heirs for ever; and so be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most arrant traitors to the land."—*Anecdotes about the Bible.*

How thankful Sunday scholars should be that instead of being threatened with imprisonment and death, for reading the Bible, they have kind teachers who every Sabbath teach them to "search the Scriptures."

## THE DRILL SERGEANT;

OR

## BETTER TO SAVE LIFE THAN TO DESTROY.

We have seldom met with a more pleasing tribute to "peace" principles, than we obtained from an old drill sergeant in the artillery a few days ago. We entered into friendly conversation with him on the subject of war, in the course of which he said, "I have long been engaged in teaching men the use of the sword, and the quickest way of killing an enemy, but I have often felt that my greatest pleasure was in teaching the soldiers how to swim." "Ah, that is because your better feelings were engaged, and you were teaching men how to save rather than to destroy life," we added. "I know it! I know it, Sir!" was his quick reply. May all the "Band of Hope" boys grow up to be men of "peace," and do all they can to save rather than to destroy their fellow creatures!

## HIS FATHER WOULD NOT LET HIM SIGN.—

A fine youth was disposed to sign the Temperance Pledge several years ago, but his father refused to allow him. He was told to take drink moderately. He did so, and became very fond of it, the public house was at length frequented, and he soon became a poor drunkard. He is now laid in the churchyard. Dear Children, if your fathers and mothers object to your joining the "Band of Hope," ask them to read this, and we think that they will then be glad for you to sign and have your Pledge Card of Membership.

## SHOE BLACK SOCIETY.

We have received the following Contributions—  
Mr. C. Wilson, 1s. 6d.; Pupils at Selby House Seminary, Darlington, 3s. 6d.; Mr. and Miss Smithies, 3s. 6d.; E. W., 1s.; Two Friends, 1s. 6d.; Emma, 4d. —1s. 11d.

## TO TRAVELLERS IN 1851.

This year will present unprecedented opportunities for doing extensive good. We trust that no professing christian will travel without procuring a supply of good seed in the form of tracts, (Religious, Temperance, Peace, &c.) and scattering them broad cast, in the train, at the station, on the steam boat, in the boarding house, omnibuses, &c., Worldly men will be active and in earnest; let christians be equally so. We were much pleased the other day, on calling at the Religious Tract Society's depot, in St. Paul's Churchyard, to observe a new mahogany case with the words gilded thereon, "Tracts in various Languages." Let us have a "Great Exhibition" of religious truth brought before not only our own countrymen, but before the men of all nations, "and glory to God" shall be the result.\* Let our watchword be, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

\* A notorious character in M——, was on his way to a prize fight. A gentleman dropped a Tract from the carriage. The boxer took it up, and read it attentively. The hand of God mercifully arrested him. That tract led to his conversion, and he is now a preacher of the gospel.

## GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.

We want you to remember continually that God's eye is always over you. We can tell you of a good method of fixing this great truth upon the memory. Ask your parents or teacher for a small piece of cardboard, and print upon it as neatly as you can the following words.



Hang this card by a piece of thread or ribbon near your bed, or in some other suitable place where you can see it every day.

## INTELLIGENCE.

**HULL.**—We feel that we cannot answer the oft repeated inquiry, "How are we to form a Band of Hope?" better, than by inserting the following valuable letter from the Rev. Newman Hall, B.A., of Hull. It is full of important practical suggestions.

"I am happy to say that a Band of Hope has recently been established in connection with the church of which I am the Pastor, and that it promises to be very flourishing. Although I have been a Total Abstinence for ten years, my congregation entertain various opinions on the subject, and while consistent to my own convictions, I have always avoided whatever would endanger christian unity in the church. For the information of others similarly situated, I may state, that my first step was to convene the Sunday School Teachers, and bring the subject before them, in its especial bearing on their labours. I did not ask that the Band of Hope should be identified with the school, but while worked as distinct societies, I urged on the teachers the importance of co-operating in this work, leaving it of course to their own convictions. I next invited the Parents and Children of the Sunday Schools to meet me—and after that I announced a lecture on the general subject, to which I invited the Congregation from the pulpit. Having thus prepared the way, and endeavoured to remove objections which might be felt by any persons, I summoned a public meeting in the school-room, which was largely attended, and a Band of Hope regularly organised, and officers appointed, without any opposition. Those who did not join the association themselves, seem to wish it all success. We have held two monthly meetings, and circulate 300 of your excellent Review. Our Secretaries have been fully engaged at every meeting in receiving names and enrolling members. At our last meeting, on April 9th, a piece, (see page 17) composed for the occasion by Mr. Johnson Barker, one of our Sunday School Teachers, was sung by him. I hope that soon every Sunday School will have its Band of Hope."

**IPSWICH.**—A meeting is held here fortnightly, when addresses are delivered by the president of the Society, Mr. I. S. Kerr, Mr. Atkin, the Town Missionary, and other friends. The circulation of the "Review" has already done good.

**YORK.**—An interesting lecture on the Oxy-hydrogen Microscope was given by Mr. Pumphrey, on the 27th March. This Band of Hope now numbers about 1200 members.

**BRIGHTON.**—The Rev. Thomas Spencer presided at an interesting meeting, held in the Town Hall, on the 31st March. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Esterbrooke, of London; and Mr. Ripley, the Town Missionary. Several sweet melodies were sung. This "Band" already numbers 250 members.

**BUTE DOCKS.**—The groups of children hastening to the Bethel Chapel, and the melodious singing of the Cardiff Choir, together with the excellent address of Mr. Hudson, of Bristol, on the 6th of March, will not soon be forgotten. No names of children were enrolled at this meeting, it being wisely decided that the consent of parents should first be obtained. It was indeed cheering to find that on the following day many parents accompanied their children to Mr. Gaisford's, for the purpose of having their names entered as members of the "Bute Docks Band of Hope."

**FITZROY HALL, ST. MARY-LE-BONE.**—The Anniversary meeting was held on March 13th. Mr. Draper presided. It was stated that 120 had joined during the year. Mr. Watson spoke on the importance of early habits; Mr. J. S. Griffin, on the evils resulting from intemperance, and the benefits secured by abstinence; Mr. Roberts explained the nature of the pledge.

**EXETER.**—The members of the newly formed "Band" are working with zeal. A subscription has been commenced for the purchase of a good Magic Lantern, and we hope to have to report at Christmas that it has been used at their Festival.

**CAISTOR.**—A meeting of juveniles is held every Monday evening in the Independent school-room. Suitable addresses are given, and the children are instructed in singing. The consistency and zeal of the youthful members of this "Band of Hope," afford the most pleasing encouragement to the conductors.

**MIDDLESBRO.**—The superintendents and teachers of the various Sabbath schools have shown great readiness in promoting the circulation of the "Review" amongst their scholars, and much good is expected to result therefrom. The Temperance Cause in this place is in a remarkably prosperous condition.

**BRITONFERRY AND BAGLAN.**—A meeting for the formation of a "Band of Hope" was held at this place on the 7th April.

**BRISTOL.**—A great aggregate meeting of about thirty "Bands of Hope," connected with the various schools, and formed in Bristol within the last twelve months, was held in the Broadmead Rooms, on Good Friday. At two o'clock the city presented a lively appearance. Processions of children, headed by banners, were to be seen in all directions, going to the place of meeting. About two thousand assembled. Suitable addresses were delivered by Messrs. Collens, Addeshaw, Copham, Andrews, and Revell. A number of temperance melodies were sung by the children with much enthusiasm. The chair was occupied by Mr. Edward Matthews, author of several "Band of Hope" publications. At this interesting meeting the following document was adopted by a show of hands.

THE "BRISTOL BAND OF HOPE" TO THE "BANDS OF HOPE" THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN.

DEAR FRIENDS,

We, a company of children, about two thousand in number, met together as members of the "Bristol Band of Hope," wish to say a few kind words to you.

We are, like yourselves, of those who neither drink wine nor strong drink. We say to all,—touch not—taste not—handle not. So we act, and so we teach.

To-day is a high day with us. Our meeting fills us with joy and gladness. We look round upon each other, and it is a glorious sight. We sing together, and feel happy in our hearts.

Do you ask us, why? We will tell you. We believe that we are doing right, and that God smiles upon us. Our teachers, and other good men and women help us, and so our "Band" grows in numbers day by day.

We are glad we live in times when the young are taught to shun the tavern and the use of strong drink. It will save them from a thousand snares.

Dear Friends, we hope these words of ours will encourage you: We hope some of you will send us an answer, and so encourage us. We read in our "Band of Hope" Magazine, that many of you are engaged in this good cause. Go on, and prosper. We hear, too, that we have thousands of brothers and sisters in the "cold water army" in America; we would shake hands with them, if we could, across the sea.

The words of this letter are to be printed in our magazines, so that you and we shall be able to read them in time to come.

We now join to offer you our heartiest good wishes. We ask you to take from us our warm expression of Brotherly Love. In token of all we say upon paper, and feel in our hearts, we now lift up our hands, and ask our President to send this letter to you in our name.

Signed on behalf of the meeting.

EDWARD MATTHEWS, CHAIRMAN.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled from want of space to withdraw a long list of "Acknowledgments." We hope that our friends will accept the will for the deed, and not relax in their kind efforts.

## Gratuitous Circulation Fund.

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"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

### OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The First of May has long been a gladsome day in England, but never was it so much so as in 1851. Early in the morning, tens of thousands were hastening from all directions towards Hyde Park. Although the Queen was not expected until twelve o'clock, yet even so early as eight the road from the Crystal Palace to Oxford Street was crowded with an unbroken line of carriages, filled with ladies and gentlemen who were waiting to be admitted into the building. At nine o'clock the doors were opened for those who had been fortunate enough to procure tickets, and in a very short time the nave and noble galleries were crowded with from 20,000 to 30,000 persons, the ladies having seats in front, and the gentlemen standing behind.

It was a long time to wait prior to the arrival of the Queen, but to those who had secured places near the transept, the scene was one of ever-varying interest. The chair of state was brought in by some of the elegantly dressed officers of the Queen's Household. It was covered with a rich gold cloth, and placed upon a raised platform under a magnificent canopy. In a short time the Gentlemen at Arms, dressed in their costly uniforms, with waving feathers, came marching in and took their places round the platform. The funny looking "Beef Eaters," dressed in the red costume of

as they, from time to time, made their appearance.

At length the pointers of the clock told that it wanted but a few minutes to twelve. Hark! the trumpets sound. "The Queen has come," passes from gallery to gallery. After a pause of a few moments a second flourish of silver trumpets was heard, and Her Majesty the Queen with H.R.H. Prince Albert, the little Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, followed by a long retinue of richly dressed lords and ladies, slowly walked up towards the chair of state. For a few moments, silence reigned throughout the vast mass of human beings who were eagerly gazing upon the beautiful scene. No sooner, however, had Prince Albert led the Queen to her seat, than the most deafening plaudits rose from all parts of the immense building. It was an affecting and exciting time. The Queen gracefully acknowledged the reiterated cheers of her subjects. As the cheering subsided, the loud peals of the organ and the voices of the choir joining in "God save the Queen," burst upon the ear. The Archbishop of Canterbury now advanced near to the Royal party, and offered an appropriate prayer for the Almighty's blessing. This was one of the sweetest features of the imposing ceremony. Her Majesty and Prince Albert reverently inclined their heads towards the ground. The clear and strong voice of thanksgiving and supplication fell upon the ears of thousands, and seemed to find a response in every heart. Doubt-

less many sincere prayers ascended to heaven, that this great gathering of all nations might be over-ruled for the glory of God, and good will amongst men. The choir again struck up in overpowering strains the "Hallelujah Chorus," during the whole of which Her Majesty still continued standing.

Prince Albert now joined the Royal Commissioners and advanced with them in front of the Queen. In a distinct voice he read, and then handed to her Majesty, the Report of the Commission.

The procession was now about to form, when to the astonishment of every one, the portly looking Chinese, Hsing, marched boldly forward from amongst the group of Ambassadors and Officers, to the front of the Royal party. This representative of the so called "Celestial City," gracefully bowed to the Queen, which she very pleasantly acknowledged. He then retired amidst loud applause.

The Queen, resting on the arm of Prince Albert, now joined the long procession. The Queen held the hand of the Prince of Wales, and Prince Albert that of the Princess Royal. As the procession moved slowly along, the Queen was loudly cheered. The two old warriors, the Duke of Wellington, and the Marquis of Anglesen, who walked arm in arm, were objects of pleasing interest. They seemed very happy in thus celebrating the triumphs of PEACE. The organs occasionally gave out their melodious notes, and the bands of music struck up some favourite airs. The sun burst forth in all his beauty, giving

a splendour to the scene which neither pen nor tongue can describe.

The procession being over, the Queen again ascended the chair of state, and declared the Exhibition to be opened. She then graciously moved to the assembly, and accompanied by Prince Albert, the Royal Children, the Ladies of the Court, &c., left the building, followed by the most deafening cheers, and the blessings of her joyful people.

Henry VIIIth's time, were cleverly grouped amongst the flowers & trees. The venerable looking Archbishop of Canterbury in his gown and lawn sleeves, the Lord Chancellor in his black velvet clothes, the Lord Mayor in his robes, the Tunis Ambassador, Hsing the Chinese Mandarin from the "Junk," with his long tail and thick wooden shoes, and many others too numerous to mention, attracted considerable attention



希生

The Signature of Hsing in Chinese.

HESING, THE CHINESE MANDARIN, AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

Hsing

The Signature of Hsing in English.





### THE GEM OF THE EXHIBITION.

"This case," said a gentleman a few days ago, as he stood near the Koh-i-noor diamond, "is worth more than all the rest of the Great Exhibition." We differ with his opinion. There is a stand in an obscure part of the building, containing the "Pearl of Great Price," translated into one hundred and forty different languages, by the British and Foreign Bible Society. We regard this as the "Gem" of the Exhibition, and hope that the Committee will give it a place by the side of the Great Diamond, so that this lamp of life—THE BIBLE—may be seen by the men and women of all Nations.

We know that Prince Albert honours the Bible; and we shall therefore write to him about it. We hope to tell our little readers next month, that the Bible has the best place in the Great Exhibition.

### ENCOURAGEMENT FOR TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the Band of Hope Review.

One of our old scholars has sent us (anonymously) a letter enclosing a £5 Bank Note for the benefit of the Sunday school, as a token of thankfulness for the benefits derived by him whilst a scholar therein. This pleasing fact is cheering to us. We had an interesting festival of our Band of Hope on Easter Monday. We have 235 members, and believe that much good will result from this little organization.

JOHN ROBERTS,  
JOHN KILBURN,

Superintendents of the Zion Sunday School.  
Leeds, May 13th, 1851.

### DON'T BE CRUEL.

The son of a milkman, when only thirteen years of age, used to amuse himself by putting pitch on the tails of cats, and then setting it on fire. One, at last, in great torture, turned round and bit his face and arm, and he died *raving mad* in Guy's Hospital.

When in the village of —, I was asked to visit two blind sisters. Their father, when a boy, was very cruel, and took great delight in catching birds, plucking their eyes out, and then letting them fly. When he grew up he married, and these, his two daughters, were born blind.

The cheerful months of May and June are often made sad ones to many of the pretty little birds, who are so fond of warbling their sweet notes when we rise from our beds in the morning. When they have made their warm nests so cleverly, and are hoping that the beautiful eggs will be hatched, and that they will soon have to teach their little ones how to fly, their joy is turned into sorrow by some cruel lad dragging away the nest. I hope that none of the Band of Hope boys or girls will be ROBBERS OF BIRDS' NESTS, or cruel to cats, dogs, donkeys, or any of God's creatures. C. S.

### THE LONELY LAD.

There are many poor lads in England, especially in London and large towns. Some of them are very much to be pitied. Perhaps they are orphans, or their fathers and mothers are bad men and women who have quite neglected them, never sending them to school or teaching them any good. For such poor wretched lads "Ragged Schools" have been opened in London and other places, and many have been reclaimed from a life of sin and crime. It is right to try to do good to such. Jesus Christ would; and he will bless all who do. A gentleman in America, where there are not so many poor lads as in England, gives the following account of one of these outcasts. It was very kind in him to notice the lonely lad, and he was well repaid for the expense and trouble he bestowed. How happy they feel who do good!

Entering the police court, as usual one morning, I noticed among the prisoners a youth who was poorly clad, and who was weeping. Sitting down

by his side, I said to him, "Why are you here, my boy?"

"I am accused of selling newspapers, sir, without a license."

"Are you guilty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been arrested before?"

"Yes, twice."

"What for?"

"For selling newspapers."

"Why do you persist in doing so?"

"Because I don't know what else to do to get a living."

"Have you a father?"

"No, sir, my father is dead."

"Is your mother living?"

"My mother is a drunkard; she does not take any care of me, and I don't know where she is now."

As the thought of his loneliness came over him, he again wept, and I was much moved.

"Where do you lodge?" I inquired.

"Near Union Street, sir. I pay ninepence for my lodging, in advance, and I buy two plates of beans in the course of the day, for which I pay as much more."

"How do you spend your evenings?"



"I walk about the streets, or go into the auction rooms."

"Cannot you sit down in the house where you lodge, by the fire, and read?"

"No, sir, the woman of the house is poor, she has no room for me at her fire."

"Would you like to go into the country and work, if a place could be obtained for you?"

"Yes, sir, I would be glad to go and work for my living. I don't want to stay in Boston any longer; but I have nobody to get a place for me. I don't want to go down to the jail again."

I now spoke to the judge respecting the prisoner. One of the officers of the court said, "It is no use for you to try to do anything for him, for he has been sent to the jail twice for doing this same thing, and it did not do him any good."

"That is a good reason," I said, "why he should not be sent there again."

After some conversation with the judge, I agreed to pay the costs of the prosecution, and he agreed to call the fine one cent, (a halfpenny.)

Taking the boy to my house, he was supplied with food, shoes and stockings were put upon his feet, and a good place was immediately obtained for him in the country.

Let us now see the result of this effort to save a lad who had been sent to the jail twice, and had not been made better by it.

Entering my office one day, I found there a neat, healthy, comfortably clad youth. He arose as I entered, and called me by name. Perceiving I did not recognize him, he smiled, and said, "Don't you know John, sir?"

Astonished, I exclaimed, "Are you John C—?"

"I am, sir."

"Where do you now live, and how are you doing?"

"I am living in the town where you sent me, and with the man who first took me into his family. I have bought and paid for the good clothes I now have on, and am earning nine dollars per month."

Results of this character greatly encourage me to labour for the salvation of the wretched and helpless.

From *Wink's Children's Magazine*.

\* In America it is necessary to pay for a license from the government before any person can lawfully sell any newspapers.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

#### PRIZES and CONDITIONS.

FOUR PRIZES Monthly, of the value of 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d., for the First Series; and 1s. 6d., 1s., 9d., and 6d., for the Second; and at the close of the year, FOUR ANNUAL PRIZES will be given to those who obtain the largest amount of the monthly prizes, on the following conditions:—

1. Competitors to be under eighteen years of age, for the First Series, and under eleven for the Second.

2. The answers to be given from the Bible, and not quoted from other books.

3. Each successful competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own.

4. Answers to be sent in by the 16th.

It is requested that passages of Scripture be in full. The name and address not to be written on the same sheet with the answers, but a short verse from the Proverbs to be placed at the head and the same verse written on a separate piece of paper with the date, name, address, age, and if a Sabbath school scholar, and sent with the answers to the Band of Hope Office, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

Successful competitors are requested to send the title of the book they wish, and mode of conveyance.

We regret that we are unable to decide upon the successful competitors in time for the present number, and we reluctantly defer until next month giving their names; but we find that we have more to do than we could accomplish with justice to our young friends. We do not hesitate to say, that the replies do our young friends great credit. We shall apprise those who are successful as soon as we have made our decision.

#### FIRST SERIES.

##### QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

25. What crime (one of debt) under the Jewish law, could be cancelled by a trespass offering, and giving twenty per cent over and above the sum due?

26. What persons during the Mosaic Commonwealth acted in a double capacity, being at the same time civil magistrates and military officers?

27. Name a passage by which the Israelites were prohibited from keeping, or even bringing into their houses, the gold or silver that had been upon any image, and state the reason for the prohibition.

28. Name an occasion, on which the Israelites were bound to invite to their feasts, the stranger, the widow, and the orphan, and say how frequently they were obliged to employ some portion of the second-tithes, &c., in benevolent entertainments in their native cities.

29. Which is the earliest instance recorded of any military force being kept in time of peace?

30. Give four, or more, texts from Scripture, in which the words "for ever" are used with different meanings, and state those meanings.

#### SECOND SERIES.

##### QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

7. Where is Genesis iv., 4 referred to in the New Testament?

8. Who is the only woman whose entire age is recorded in the Scriptures?

9. Give five instances of excellent persons being imprisoned for faithfully reproving monarchs of their sins.

10. Give four instances from the Old Testament of persons being stoned.

11. What circumstance connected with the crucifixion of our Lord is particularly mentioned by the four evangelists?

12. What times in the day are referred to by the royal Psalmist as seasons of prayer?

### THE BIBLE SOCIETY,

OR,

### THE GRAVE QUESTION ANSWERED.

(See the last month's number.)

#### TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am a little boy of 13 years of age, but am induced to answer for the first time in my life a public question. Taking for granted that the year consists of 365 days and 6 hours, I find it will take 615 years, 10 months, 2 weeks, 5 days, 15 hours, 51 minutes, and 39½ seconds to supply a copy of the Bible to every one of the 700,000,000 of poor benighted heathens, at the rate of 1,136,695 ass supplied in the year 1849.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN PROSSER.

Seymour Place, Bryanston Square,  
London, May 21st, 1851.

A similar reply has also been received from John Stray of Lowgate, Hull.

### THREE EXCELLENT MAXIMS.

When alone guard your thoughts.  
When in the family guard your temper.  
When in company guard your words.



## THE ABORIGINES SOCIETY.

Some of our young readers will at once inquire, "What does the Ab-o-ri-gi-nes Society mean?" We will try to tell you. Many of you have read in your lesson books of the celebrated William Penn, who went over to America and founded the State of Pennsylvania. You will remember that he called together the savage-looking chiefs and natives, to whom the lands and woods belonged, and agreed to *buy* a portion from them. He did not attempt to deceive them, for he was a good man, and wanted to teach them about a better world. They became very fond of him, and listened to his advice. We are sorry, however, to say that many white men acted very differently to William Penn. They went amongst other tribes and nations with a desire to steal away the woods and hunting grounds belonging to the poor Indians. In many cases they quarrelled with the natives, and then shot them. Amongst other bad things, they took large casks of whiskey, rum, and other spirits, and cruelly tempted the poor natives to drink.

Sometimes the Indians would bring large quantities of furs and other valuable things for sale. Instead of giving them good things in exchange for these, the white men would often give them spirits. By drinking, their bad dispositions were inflamed, they became quarrelsome, and frequently killed each other. By degrees the lands have been taken away from the natives, and in some cases entire tribes of many thousands have been almost extinguished. Now these *original* inhabitants of any country are called "Aborigines," so that these Indians of whom we have been speaking formed part of the Aborigines of North America. In the year 1838, a number of good people joined together in London under the name of the "Aborigines Protection Society," for the purpose of trying to prevent the natives of various countries being thus injured. They also desired to do something for improving their condition by having them taught how to build houses, plant fields, gardens, and do other useful things. This Society has done much good, but could do *much more* if the English people would give the committee larger contributions.

We hope that as our readers grow up to be men and women they will remember the "Aborigines." To shew that England ought to feel for the various native tribes, particularly of America, we may name that sometime ago we took tea with

MAUN-GWA-DAUS, one of the finest Indian Chiefs we ever beheld. We talked with him, and asked if the Indians had been injured in any way by the white men. He looked very sad, and lifting up his hand, said, "O yes, before your countrymen did come to our tribes, and bring 'Fire Water,' many of our people did live *one hundred years*, but now, *very few do live sixty*."

Do you not think, dear friends, that these poor Indians have a claim upon our help? Let us do what we can for them, not forgetting to send them the BIBLE, which tells of the "Bread and Water of Life."

During the year 1851 we shall doubtless have some of the Indian chiefs visiting our country. Let us, if we have the opportunity, try to do them some good.

## THE PEACE CONGRESS OF 1851.

The largest assemblage of the friends of Peace ever known in the World is expected shortly to take place in London.

Mr. Cobden is also to present an address to the Queen, praying that steps may be taken for preventing future Wars. We pray that the "Great Exhibition year" may be signalized by a determination amongst all nations, to dwell together in love, as brethren of one common family.

## BEN AND HIS MOTHER.

Sarah Clarke was left a widow with one little boy, who was called Benjamin, after his poor father. His mother feared God; and her first wish was, that her dear child should know, love, and fear him too. When Ben was a very little boy, his mother sent him to the Sunday school; and she used to read pretty histories to him out of the Bible every night, and then pray with and for him. Little Ben and his mother lived in a small cottage by the road side, near a large town. Their humble dwelling had a pretty garden in front, which, when Ben grew old enough, he loved to keep in order.

Sarah used to take in washing; and with the money she earned, sent her lad to a master's school, where he got on nicely in reading, writing, and accounts. When Ben was fourteen, a master carpenter, who had been a kind friend of his poor father, offered to take and teach him his own trade; and you may suppose, Sarah was full of thankfulness for such an offer, as she had not money to send him as an apprentice. Ben went on very steadily for some years; and there was not a finer lad, or better workman, for his age, in the carpenter's shop. After his day's work was over, he came back to his happy home; and when he had got his tea with his mother, would work in the garden, or read to her out of her Bible, whilst she mended up their clothes.—Now there was a lad about Ben's age, who worked with him at the same shop, whose name was Jack Standish. Jack was a bad boy, and gave his father and mother a great deal of trouble. Sarah would often warn her Ben of Jack, saying, "Be civil and kind to him, but do not choose him for your friend." One evening, Ben did not come home so soon as usual; his mother had swept up the hearth; made tea; and had drank her first cup before he came in. Ben began to tell his mother what had kept him; and said, "Oh! mother, there is a party of the King's soldiers come into the town, to get recruits, they say; and all the neighbours are looking at them; for they walk about in their smart red coats; and the sergeant is such a fine man! and there is such a large drum, and lads as big as I, who play the fife: you *must* put on your cloak, mother, and come and see them."

"Nay, not I," answered Sarah; "I have seen many a recruiting party, Ben, and heard of many a heartache they have caused. I dare say some of the town's lads will be led away by them; but do you take care not to be caught by their grand looks." For two or three nights after this, Ben came home at his usual time; but very soon he was late again, and told his mother that Jack Standish had enlisted.

"And, mother," said Ben, "if you could see the fine ribbons Jack had in his hat, and the money he took out of his pocket—aye, notes, and guineas, and shillings, and all—and then how free the other soldiers talked to him, you would think he was not so badly off."

"And what say his father and mother to it, Ben?" asked Sarah: "I think *they* won't be best pleased."

The next evening, when Ben came from his work, he told his mother he had seen Jack Standish, who asked him to go and get a glass at the public house, but that he made an excuse, and came straight home. Sarah felt pleased that her boy had withstood the temptation; and again warned him to "beware of the recruiting party."

About a week after this, Ben was returning home, when passing the public house, Jack Standish again asked him in to drink. Ben said, "No, he must go home." Then Jack laughed at him, and said, "he should be tied to his good mother's apron string." Here poor Ben's pride rose; and "the fear of man which bringeth a snare," was too strong for him to fight against.

(To be continued in our next.)





## ACROSTIC

## A GOOD MEMBER OF "THE BAND OF HOPE."

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."—Psa. lxxiii. 24.

The youth, how blest! whose heart, inclin'd to God,  
Has left the downward for the narrow road,\*  
Esteeming piety his most ennobling good.

Brighter and brighter will his pathway shine,  
As still he moves along the course divine,  
Not aw'd by frowns, nor yet allur'd by smiles,  
Dautless, unshaken he, whate'er the tempter's wiles

On God he loves to wait, by secret pray'r,  
For guidance, comfort, strength—in brief, parental  
care!†

His hours, from day to day, glide smoothly on,  
Of dread bereft whene'er the last is gone:  
F repair'd for life or death, for pain or ease—  
Enough for him to know—so doth my Father please.

London.

B. C.

\* Matt. vii. 13, 14. † Prov. iv. 18. ‡ Psa. lxxii. 5, 6.

## SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

I am a sentence composed of seven words, or thirty letters.

My 19, 23, 15, 8, 11, is the name of a city repaired by king Jotham.

My 17, 21, 29, 2, 21, 18, was a Jewish prophet.

My 21, 30, 21, 26, 24, 12, 25, 27, 26, was a king of one hundred and twenty provinces.

My 23, 3, 22, 27, 16, 11, a city built by Jeroboam.

My 21, 20, 19, 20, 26, was a herdsman of Tekoa.

My 4, 21, 1, 26, 25, the Israelites were in want of at Rephidim.

My 7, 5, 26, 2, the father of one of the kings of Israel.

My 1, 21, 6, 15, 20, 19, 17, 6, 29, 13, was one of David's mighty men.

My 10, 3, 26, 29, 27, 26, was a governor of Judea.

My 25, 15, 19, 9, 16, 26, an island where Paul stopped on his journey to Jerusalem.

My 14, 2, 21, 11, 16, is a great fish.

My 17, 21, 2, 27, 20, a book in the Old Testament.

My 26, 5, 20, 19, 17, was one of Christ's disciples.

My 29, 21, 9, 20, 29, 25, a city built by Solomon.

My 23, 19, 29, 26, Hiram made for king Solomon.

My 3, 20, 15, 21, 17, was one of the wise men of Israel.

My whole is a wise saying of Solomon.

[We have been favoured with a number of good Scriptural Enigmas from the Rev. D. P. Kidder, Editor of the New York Sunday School Advocate, the occasional insertion of which will, we think, be acceptable to our readers. Let all our young friends try to send us the solutions before the 16th of each month.]

## REVIEWS.

*Bible Facts, descriptive of Bible Mountains.*

*Biblical Biographical Exercises. No. 1. The Kings. By the Author of the Steps to the Bible Mine. LONDON: PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY.*

The above neat and cheap sets of cards in cases, with directions for use, are intended to exercise the faculties by research—to interest the mind by bringing under review the leading characters and incidental events in the Old Testament History; to be made the familiar companions of the social circle, so that an intimate knowledge of that Sacred Book may be acquired, which is worthy to be studied at all times. We think them highly calculated to store the minds of the young with the best knowledge—that of the Bible.

*Matthew's Melodies for Band of Hope Meetings. LONDON: HOULSTON AND CO.*

This little publication will be found of good service in conducting meetings.

*Blind Alice. Jessie Graham. Florence Arnot, or, Is she Generous? Grace and Clara: or, be Just as well as Generous. Ellen Leslie; the Reward of Self-Control. Hubert Lee; or, how a Child may do Good. Flora Mortimer. Charles Hamilton; or, better Rub than Rust. LONDON: B. L. GREEN.*

These delightful and cheap books should have a place in every Sunday School Library.

*The Illustrated Sabbath Sheet Almanac, 1851. LONDON: PARTRIDGE AND OAKLEY.*

We were not aware until recently, that so beautiful an Almanac as this had been published, and although five months of the year have passed away, we are sure that no friend of the better Observance of the Sabbath, will regret expending two-pence in the purchase of a copy for the use of the family or Sunday School.

## UNCLE ANTHONY;

## A STAFF IN OLD AGE.

Midsummer holidays! They will soon be here! Where is the school boy or girl who does not love them? "But," exclaims some impatient boy, "what-ever have the holidays to do with the picture of an old man, with a thick stick in his hand, a spade and axe over his shoulder, and a book that will not go more than half-way into his pocket?" Be patient, my little man, and I will tell you. When I was your age I could always tell, even before the first of June, how many days, if not hours, it wanted to "breaking up" time. When this important day was over, my mother would carefully pack up a nice box of clean clothes for me, and send it off by old Brabbs, the carrier. In the meantime my kind father would borrow a horse and a nice donkey, from Fulford, and after sundry precautions, to prevent my slipping from the saddle, or the donkey running away with me, we started from Friar Walls. After many laughable adventures on the road we arrived generally towards evening, at the pleasant farmstead of Spaldington Grange. I cannot stay now to tell all about my uncle and aunt Simpson and the good folks who were always glad to see me. Neither can I relate all about the milking of the cows, the gathering of the hens eggs, the pulling of the gooseberries, the feeding of the ducks and turkeys, the making of hay, and many other things in which I was proud to lend a feeble but willing hand.



My principal object now is to tell you about the oldest person in the family, who was called "Uncle Anthony," to whom I soon was greatly attached. Although then an old man, he would still rise very early in the morning, and after having his basin of pure milk and bread would trudge off to work in the fields. I was always glad to follow him. He taught me how to cut up the weeds in the corn fields, not forgetting to tell me sometimes to look after the "weeds of bitterness" that would spring up on my naturally depraved heart. I never saw him out of temper, although he had, like other people, things to grieve him; I never heard him grumble about his lot in life, he always seemed happy and contented. The great secret of his happiness was this,—HE LOVED HIS BIBLE. When I left school and entered into business, my pleasant visits to the Grange were finished. Years rolled away, when I was told that old Uncle Anthony was failing fast, and thought to be near death. Anxious to see him once more, I rode over to Brighton, to which place he had removed from the Grange, and found him evidently near his final change. His sight was dim, his legs tottered, he could scarcely walk across the clean brick floored kitchen, but he was still happy. How was this? His BIBLE was his STAFF. What, when he could not see to read? Oh yes! The many sweet passages that he had committed to memory when he rested to take his dinner in the fields, in bygone years, were now precious to his remembrance. When I was bidding him farewell I remarked that we should never meet on earth again. He replied in his homely Yorkshire strain, "Ah, my bairn, I shall soon be at home. I'm waiting the Lord's time, and expect every day he will be sending for me." Pointing to the staircase he added, "Every time I go up those steps to bed I think I shall never come down again alive. I shall soon be brought down in my coffin. In a short time after the above interview the good old man breathed his last, and his bodily remains now lie buried in the village churchyard. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

T. B. S.

## SHOE-BLACK SOCIETY.

Postage Stamps have been received as follows:—

Ackworth School, per D. Messer, 3s. 7d.; a Friend, 1s. Miss C. Durham, 6d.; Miss Jewitt, 2s.; C. Mitchell, 1s. a Friend (Tenterden), 1s.

## SELF-EXAMINATION.

Did I this morn devoutly pray  
For God's assistance through the day?  
And did I read his Sacred Word,  
To make my life therewith accord?  
Did I for any purpose, try  
To hide the truth, or tell a lie?  
Was I obedient, humble, mild,  
Such as becomes a Christian child?  
Did I my thoughts with prudence guide,  
Checking ill-humour, anger, pride,  
Did I my lips from aught refrain  
That might my fellow-creatures pain?  
Did I with cheerful patience bear  
The little ills we all must share?  
To all my duties through the day  
Did I a due attention pay?  
And did I, when the day was o'er,  
God's watchful care again implore?

From the Children's Friend.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. We expect shortly to have some interesting letters from "Ragged Scholars," who have emigrated.

R. WATSON, JUN. We shall be glad to hear from you. You can do much for us in your county.

T. H., York. We much regret that we have not space for your poems.

T. R. HOPE. We wish you would introduce the "Review" to the superintendent of each school in your important town.

A SUBSCRIBER. We are obliged by your good wishes. You ought however to have paid the postage of the extract.

We thank our friends for sending us newspaper paragraphs, with notices of deaths, &c., from interment. In all cases mark in ink the name and date of the paper.

RICH. HODGSON. We are pleased with your success, but our space is too limited.

G. MOORE. We are obliged. We trust that your Scholars are gratified.

W. NESBITT. We are glad to receive your letter. The story is a very nice one.

If any of our readers can forward us a copy of the "Scottish Temperance Review" for August, 1847, and the "Adviser" for December, 1847, we shall be particularly obliged.

F. R. S. If you can procure us the loan of a good wood cut of William Penn making the Treaty, we shall be glad.

S. FULLER. We are pleased with your effusion, but it is not correct rhyme.

J. S. SPETTIGUE. None. We prefer your ordering through your bookseller, and getting him to expose copies in his window. We have large expectations as to your efforts in Nottingham.

A SUBSCRIBER. I is the substitute.

G. C. BENNETT. Shall appear shortly.

C. P. Very good, but more suited for the "Working Man's Friend."

E. LIXNER. Letters like yours cheer us. We hope to send Sunday School Teachers by promoting a love for Bible truths.

We have decided to continue the publication monthly; at all events for the present.

REV. G. HARRISON. We are obliged by your kind hint.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS. G. SADLER, F. ATKIN, T. CRAMPTON, G. TINS, W. W. MAC DON, J. MILBURN, MART. NORTON, HALL, G. BUDD, F. WILLIAMS, EMMA, REV. R. TABRAHAM, DR. BURNS, REV. G. W. MAC CARR, T. MONKHOUSE, T. BUTLER, R. H. BURDEKIN, R. DAMON.

W. J. SEAGO. A medical gentleman has kindly promised us some good pieces on the wonders of the human body, which we hope to illustrate.

I. TAYLOR, Middlebro. We are obliged, and hope that you will visit all the Schools in your locality.

Boys of St. John's School, Yeovil.—Try again. Never despair. The Bible is worth searching into, again and again.

S. THOMAS.—We will comply with your request and give the music for the "Wine of Eden" in a future number. We shall be glad to hear it sung by the children if we can arrange to be with you.

## OUR BACK NUMBERS.

Many applications having been made for back numbers, we have, at considerable cost, had them all stereotyped in the present improved form. They may therefore now be had through any Bookseller. We wish all our readers to keep the numbers clean, so that they may hereafter be bound up into a nice volume.

## THE FIRST HALF-YEARLY PART.

Our first Six Numbers, stitched in a neat Wrapper, with Index, &c., may now be ordered through any Bookseller. We hope that many of our friends will kindly give us a helping hand by presenting copies to the various Sunday and Day School Libraries, Reading Rooms, Editors of Newspapers, &c. By doing this, they will doubtless secure for us a more extensive permanent circulation.

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.

W. Janson, Esq., Tottenham	£1 0 00
Mrs. Griffiths	0 5 00
Mr. Griffiths	0 5 00

LONDON:—PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY.

EDINBURGH:—Messrs. Oliphant. GLASGOW:—G. Gallie.

DUBLIN:—J. Robertson.

Sold by TWEEDIE, Wellington Street, Strand; HORSELL, Paternoster Row; and WOODLEY, Fore Street, Dartington, ACKLAND, Bristol; KERSHAW, Leeds; PENNEY, Darlington; YOUNG, Leighton Buzzard; GLOVER, Bury; BURDEKIN, York; WHITE and PIRKS, Birmingham, and all Booksellers in Town and Country.





"Blessed are the Peacemakers."

### TO OUR READERS.

Having issued our first half-yearly Part, it is our pleasing duty to thank our readers for that support with which they have so extensively favoured us. By the liberality of numerous friends, we have been enabled to distribute, *gratuitously*, upwards of *twenty-five thousand copies* of the monthly numbers.

These have been scattered in Ragged Schools, Sunday and Week-day Schools, Railway Trains, Omnibuses, Packets, Emigrant Ships; amongst Policemen, Railway Labourers, Mission Stations, &c. Instances of good resulting therefrom have already reached us, which constrain us to "thank God and take courage."

Various encouraging letters have recently been forwarded to us, from which we select the following.

From Rev. A. SHERWIN,  
Chaplain of the Birmingham  
Boro' Prison.

Approving highly of your well designed and well conducted paper, the "Band of Hope Review," I submitted some numbers of it to the Visiting Justices of the New Prison at Birmingham, and am happy to say that those gentlemen promptly granted permission to have it introduced for the benefit of the juvenile prisoners. I cherish the hope that the scriptural principles of your attractive little periodical will engage the attention and touch the hearts of many of the seed of evildoers, the inheritors of guilt and misery, entailed in many instances, by the profligate training and example of ungodly, unrighteous, drunken parents.

FROM  
Rev. W.W. ROBINSON, M.A.,  
Christ Church, Chelsea.

I have waited until several numbers of the "Band of Hope Review and Sunday Scholar's Friend" appeared, before I gave my unqualified approbation of its contents. I now beg to state my earnest desire that it may have a large circulation; believing that it is calculated, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, not only to promote true temperance principles, but to bring young children to Jesus the sinner's friend. I have given directions for my Schools, at the request of many of the Scholars, to have a monthly supply.

From the Rev. THOMAS SPENCER, A.M.,  
Notting Hill, London.

I consider the "Bands of Hope," and "Band of Hope Review," as amongst the most pleasing signs of the times.

### THE CAFFRE WAR, OR, THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

We wish you to open the map of Africa, which you will find in Goldsmith's, or Reid's geography. Near the bottom, that is the Southern part, you will

to get them to quarrel with the soldiers. A sad war has now broken out, and we fear that if peace is not soon restored, some of the tribes will be entirely destroyed.

British children have never felt the horrors of war, and they cannot, therefore, sufficiently value the blessings of peace. We wish you, however, to join us daily in the prayer that God will be pleased to stay the Caffre war, and that England may not

shed any more human blood. Look at the sweet little fellow in the picture,—how happy and cheerful he seems! Many such little prattling boys and girls who, a few months ago, were smiled upon by their kind parents, are now poor orphans. Their fathers and mothers have been shot, and the parentless children have been left to perish in the woods from hunger, or be devoured by the beasts of prey. When you lie down to rest to-night, think of the "Caffre children," and pray that you may have thankful hearts for "the blessings of peace."

### REVERENCE FOR AGE.

How beautiful it is to see the young reverence old age! We never see a little boy bowing respectfully to an aged man in the street, but we feel sure he is a good boy. Many of our readers will remember the conduct of the irreverent children to the prophet of God, and their awful death. Although bears may not be sent to punish the irreverent now, nevertheless, God will always punish them one way or another. "Reverence is always due to aged people. God, nature, and a proper education say to the young, Reverence old age. Gray hairs are crowns of glory, when found in the way of righteousness. The promptings of our kindly nature teach us to respect the aged, to rise up before the hoary head. The dim eye, the furrowed brow, and temples thinly clad, who would not respect, reverence, and love them?"—*Sunday School Advocate*.

### DECISION.

A little boy belonging to one of the London Bands of Hope, was not long ago where a glass of wine was offered to him, which he very respectfully declined, saying, "Please, Ma'am, I am a member of the Band of Hope." A gentleman present said, "I'll give you a shilling if you will drink it." He modestly answered, "Oh no, Sir, I would not break my pledge for one hundred shillings!"



THE CAFFRE FAMILY IN TIME OF PEACE.

see marked "Caffraria," or "Kaffirland." A few years ago the black natives of that country were happy; they were, indeed, thankful for the instructions they had received from the missionaries. Many of the fathers and mothers would take their little happy-looking black-faced children on their knees, and tell them of the great and blessed changes brought about by the "Great Teachers." But whilst the missionaries were teaching the people to love "Peace," some discontented men were trying



## BEN AND HIS MOTHER.

Continued from page 23.

Hurt and angry, Ben forgot to put up a hasty prayer for strength:—so he thought he would shew himself a man, and take one glass with Jack. They went in together; and Ben found several soldiers in the tap room, and some young recruits. They all tried to make Ben think it was a fine thing to be a soldier; he listened, and took another glass, and then another, (they pressed him so hard,) till the liquor got into his head; and in a sad moment, he said he would enlist too. They took him at his word, and paid him the bounty money; after which he drank again. About eleven o'clock, Ben was so drunk, that Jack Standish and a soldier carried him home. His poor mother had been watching and listening for him many hours; but the night was so blowing, dark, and wet, she did not dare go out to seek him. You may think how startled she was, when she heard a loud tapping at her door after eleven o'clock at night; and how shocked she was to see her dear boy brought in, like a dead creature, between two men. They put him on his bed, and the soldier said, "There, my hearty! you'll soon sleep it off."—Ben's hat had fallen from his head, and his mother picked it up after the men were gone: but O! how her poor heart beat, when she saw the coloured ribbon cockade in it!—The truth came to her mind at once, and she shook all over. She went to bed, but could not sleep; and when she got up in the morning, she found Ben still asleep. When breakfast was ready, she called him; but he was so ill, and his head so bad, he could scarcely rise. When he came to his mother, he took hold of her hand, and was going on his knees to ask her to forgive him what he had done; but Sarah said, "No, Ben, kneel to that God whom you have offended, and whose anger is worse than your mother's. I know all that has happened; your hat tells me you have enlisted." Poor Ben sobbed like a child, and said, "Oh! mother, had I not been more afraid of man than God, this would never have happened; do pray for me."

In the course of the day, Sarah heard that the recruiting party was to leave the town that week: so she began to wash and mend up her poor lad's things; but his pleasure in seeing the world, and spending his money, was quite blunted by seeing his mother's distress. When his clothes were all ready, she packed them up, and put a few tracts and a little Bible with them into his knapsack, desiring he would not open it till he left home. The night before Ben was to start, he was very sad indeed; but he would not let his mother know he should be off in the morning, for he could not bear to take leave of her; and meant to steal away. When he kissed her at night, he felt he might perhaps never kiss her more; and when he got to bed, he could not sleep. He rose before daylight, and wrote a letter to his mother, saying, he could not bear to bid her good bye: when, taking off his shoes, he went into her bed-room, placed his letter on the drawers; and giving a last look at his poor sleeping mother, left the cottage.

When Sarah rose, she missed Ben; and finding his knapsack gone too, she began to think he had left the town. She went to call on old Standish and his wife, whom she found in deep sorrow, for the recruiting party was gone. Jack's mother was 'oud in her grief; and whilst Sarah tried to comfort her, you would not have supposed Sarah was as ill off too. But Mrs. Standish had never sought the Lord, and did not find him "her refuge" in this her "time of trouble." Whereas Mrs. Clarke felt the rod, but knew it was a tender Father who had appointed it; and she believed, bitter as the cross was, still it was among the "all things" which should "work together for her good." After leaving the Standish's, she returned home; and, indeed, at the loss of her boy, but full of joy and gratitude to God for his mercy in "making her to differ" from her poor neighbours; who, instead of bowing to the Lord's will, were like "a bear robbed of its whelp," furious—enraged—finding fault with their child, the sergeant, and their God!

Sarah soon found that she must suffer from the want of her son's wages, which he always brought home on Saturday night; and was obliged to work harder than ever at her washing to support herself, and pay the rent of the cottage. A few months after Ben left home, his mother got a letter from him, saying his regiment was ordered to the East Indies; but that she was still in his mind, and that he hoped to write to her as often as he could. Sarah would still look forward to Ben's return; and would sometimes get a boy to come and weed his garden, and put it in order; that it might not seem a wilderness, if ever he did come back.

(To be continued.)



## "SPEAK TO THAT POOR GIRL."

A lady, in walking near — met a poor ragged girl. It was a cold morning, but the girl had very little clothing on beyond a tattered frock. She begged for a "penny to buy some bread." The lady was at first disposed to pass her by, for she had frequently been deceived by beggars. She however felt an impression upon her mind of "Speak to that poor girl." After conversing with her, she went to the yard where the girl lived, to ascertain if she had been telling the truth. The neighbours said that the father of the poor girl was a very cruel and drunken father, and made his children beg. The lady felt sorry for the poor child, and gave her some nice warm clothes. A few weeks after, the lady met the girl again; she felt ashamed and hung down her head. Poor thing, her unhappy father had taken the warm clothes from her and pawned them for drink. Oh, how cruel strong drink will make people! The lady got a Sunday school teacher to visit the father. He talked kindly to him, and prevailed upon him to go to the Temperance meeting. He there signed the pledge. Shortly after, he got work and was very industrious. His children were soon nicely clothed and placed in the Sabbath school. On the first Sabbath that he had a decent suit of clothes he went—where think you, to the public house?—Oh no! to the house of God. The writer had the pleasure of seeing him listening with earnest attention to the Rev. John Rattenbury. The sermon seemed specially suited to his case. It told him that something more than merely signing the pledge was needed. The soul must be converted. On being asked how long it was since he had been in a place of worship, he replied, "I have not been inside a church or chapel for twenty years before to-day, Sir."

Let no one, after reading this, despair of reclaiming poor drunkards. They are our brethren. They are like the poor man who fell amongst thieves on his way to Jericho. Let us be like the good Samaritan, and try to lift them up. Whenever you see a drunkard's child, think of the words, "Speak to that poor girl."

## SLAVERY.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA.

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

We have often been pleased with the accounts we have heard and read about your great country. Our parents say that it is called "The land of liberty." We cannot however understand how it is that you have three millions of SLAVES in your States, and yet be lovers of freedom. Will you please explain to us how this is? We read in the Bible that God has made of "one blood all the nations of the earth," and we believe that it is displeasing in his sight to see any of his children keeping others in bondage.

Our hearts have been made very sad by hearing that a law has lately been passed in your country which will cause many of the "Fugitive Slaves" and their children to be sent back to the Slave States from which they had escaped. We love the poor black children, and believe that they are our brothers and sisters just the same as you are. We cannot therefore keep from asking you to do all you can to get the Slaves set at liberty. We are talking about it very much in England, and want you to ask your fathers and mothers to proclaim the "Year of Jubilee," and let the captives go free. Do you not think that the "Great Exhibition year" will be a very nice time for it?

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Yours very affectionately,

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF ENGLAND.

\* \* By a recent Post-Office regulation, unstamped Periodicals and Pamphlets under 8 ozs. weight can be forwarded to any part of the United States for a penny. Our readers who have relatives in America, will do well to send them a copy of this paper. There must be no writing thereon, except the direction, and the ends must be left open similar to a newspaper.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

For the Conditions and Prizes see the number for May or June. We beg to remind our young friends that the answers are required by the 16th of the month, and that passages must be written in full.

The answers received for May and June are equally numerous, but we should like to see among them more of the names of our earlier young friends; they should bear in mind that the better prizes—the annual ones—are yet to come; and more than this, let them consider how much they gain in the search, although they may be unsuccessful in obtaining prizes.

Those who obtain prizes will please send the title of the book and the mode of its conveyance, to the Band of Hope Office, Kirby-st., Hatton Garden, London.

## FIRST SERIES.

ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—MAY.

19. 1795 in Nehemiah, not in Ezra; 494 in Ezra, not in Nehemiah. Probable explanation—Ezra's age was taken in Chaldea before they commenced their return; Nehemiah's after they arrived in Jerusalem. Alteration of purpose, deaths, &c., would occasion a difference.

20. Jonah, 2 Kings, xiv., 25.

21. The changing of Jacob's wages ten times, Gen. xxxi.

7, 8. Joseph's feet being hurt with fetters, Psalm cv., 18—

Several things concerning Moses, Acts, vii., 23—30; Heb. ix.

19, xii., 23—Michael's contending for the body of Moses—

Enoch's prophecy, Jude 14—Balaam teaching Balak to put a

stumbling block, &c., Rev. iv., 14.

22. The observation, that of Bildad referring Job to their

forefathers for instruction in wisdom, Job viii., 8—10.

23. Eve, Achan, Nadab, and Abihu, Jonah, Saul, dis-

obedient prophet, Shimel, Israelites going up to smite the

Canaanites, when expressly commanded by Moses not to go,

(Num. xiv., 40, 45.) Hiel the Bethelite, Sabbath breaker

Uzzah, Lot's Wife, Gen. xix., 26.

24. "He confessed, and denied not, but confessed,

John i., 20.

ROBERT BULL, Newport, I. W.

ELIZA HAZELL, London.

RICHARD SWEENEY, London.

ALFRED JACKSON, London.

## ANSWERS—JUNE.

25. A debt to the sanctuary; or when any person had

not paid his tithes. Lev. v., 14, 15; see also, Lev. vi., 1—7.

26. The captains of thousands, &c., Ex. xviii. 25; Deut.

i., 15, xx., 9.

27. Deut. vii., 25, 26.

28. The sacrifice feasts, Deut. xii., 5—12, 17, 19; xv., 22—

29; xvi., 10, 11; xxvi., 12, 13.

29. In the reign of Saul, who retained two thousand for

his body guard, and one thousand for Jonathan's guard, 1

Sam. xiii., 1, 2.

30. "My salvation," &c., Isa. li., 8. Continuance signi-

fied—"Shall bore his ear, &c.—be servant for ever"—as

long as he lived. "This shall be a statute to you for ever,"

during the continuance of the Jewish state. "The earth

abideth for ever," as long as the world shall stand, Eccles. i.,

4. "God is blessed for ever," Rom. i., 25. To all eternity,

also, John vi., 51.

Successful competitors will be given in August.

## QUESTIONS—JULY.

31. In what condition of life was the person to whom the

first recorded appearance of an angel was made?

32. Which is the only woman's dream alluded to in

Scripture?

33. Eve was allured to the forbidden fruit by its being

agreeable to the appetite, attractive to the eye, and flattering

to pride; what account have we of a similar three-fold

temptation?

34. Which two of Paul's Epistles bear a remarkable simi-

larity, having many phrases almost verbally the same?

35. Christ carried the cross on which he was sacrificed;

what similar thing was done by a type of Him?

36. How many sayings of Christ at his crucifixion are

recorded? Mention them.

## SECOND SERIES.

ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—MAY.

1. Azariah is called Uzziah, 2 Chron. xxvi.; 2 Kings xv.

Jehoiachin is called Coniah, 2 Kings xxiv.; Jer. xxii.—

See also Dan. i.

2. Leviathan, Nadab, and Abihu.

3. Elhanan, 1 Chron. xv. 5.

4. Jonathan, 1 Chron. xx. 7.

5. 1 Chron. xiv. 12.

6. Adam, Gen. v. 1.

H. C. BOURKE, London.

MARY WATSON, London.

SARAH PROSSER, Marnhill, Dorset.

MICHAEL SWEENEY, London.

## ANSWERS—JUNE.

7. Heb. xi., 4.

8. Sarah.

9. Asa placed Hanan in prison, 2 Chron. xvi., 10—Ahab

Micah, 1 Kings, xxii., 27—Zedekiah, Jeremiah, Jer. xxxvii.

21—Herod, John Baptist, Matt. iv., 12—Herod Agrippa

Peter, Acts, xii., 4.

10. Achan, Joshua, vii., 25—Adoram, 1 Kings, xii., 18—

Naboth, 1 Kings, xxi., 10; and Zechariah, 2 Chron., xxiv., 21.

11. The petition of Joseph of Arimathea for the body,

Matt. xxvii., 58, 60; Mark xv., 45, 46; Luke xxiii., 50

—3 John xix., 31, 7.

12. Psalm lv., 17, "Evening, Morning, Noon."

Successful competitors will be given in August.

## QUESTIONS—JULY.

13. What important narrative of a person was given

very many years before he was born?

14. Refer to an eminently pious man, who on one occasion

disbelieved the heavenly word, and was for this rendered

speechless.

15. Name a prophet who lived in the obscurity of poverty,

and died by the executioner in jail, yet is pronounced by the

sacred historian as the greatest of men.

16. Prove from Scripture that God did not think it beneath

him to make laws for the ox and ass.

17. Where are the descendants of Abraham first called

Jews?

18. Give the first instance recorded of raising a dead body.



## THE TEMPEST STILLED; OR, A WORD TO SAILOR BOYS.



Upwards of eighteen hundred years ago, a crew of sailors in a small ship were striving hard to get to shore, but the wind blew so hard, and the waves rose so high, that the vessel was covered with water, and they were afraid that they would all be lost. Although the vessel was tossing about most fearfully, yet strange to say, there was a person on board, who had laid down on a pillow, at the hinder part of the vessel, and he was fast asleep. Just when they thought all hope was gone, and were wringing their hands in despair, some of the crew awoke him. He calmly arose, and standing on the side of the vessel, stretched out his hand and said, "PEACE, BE STILL." In a moment, the wind gave over blowing, and the sea became smooth like glass; it

was a "great calm." The sailors gazed in amazement and were afraid, asking, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and sea obey him?" Now, sailor boys, can you tell the name of this mighty conqueror of the sea? It was JESUS the GREAT CAPTAIN of our salvation. Would you not like to have this captain with you on your voyages? You may have him with you, by day and by night; when you are on watch, or in your berth, at the masthead, or on deck; in port, or under weigh; whether it be fine weather or foul; stormy, or calm; every hour and every moment. He has promised that he will *never forsake* those who put their *trust* in him. We love sailor boys and shall frequently have something to say to you. We conclude for

the present, by asking you to learn by heart, the following beautiful lines.

Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

The above beautiful woodcut forms one of an excellent series of BIBLE PRINTS published by Mr. Sears, of Burton Crescent, London. We have much pleasure in recommending them to all parents and teachers. They are very cheap and very good.



## ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—No. 1.

We have been much pleased by the receipt of several answers to the Enigma in our last. The most correct one is from Harriet Whitby, of the Ipswich union workhouse. The writing is very creditable, not only to Harriet, but also to the schoolmaster. It is the neatest letter we have yet received. We are glad to find that the governor has introduced our paper amongst the inmates, and hope that his good example will be followed in other unions.

*"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."*

1. OPHIEL—The name of a city repaired by king Jotham. 2 Chron. xxvii., 3.
2. NATHAN—A Jewish prophet. 1 Chron. xvii., 1.
3. AHAZUERUS—A king of one hundred and twenty provinces. Esther i. 1.
4. PENUEL—A city built by Jeroboam. 1 Kings, xii., 25.
5. AMOS—A herdsman of Tekoa. Amos, i. 1.
6. WATER—The Israelites were in want of, at Rephidim. Exodus xvii., 1.
7. KISH—The father of one of the Kings of Israel. 1 Samuel, ix., 3.
8. TACHMONITE—One of David's mighty men. 2 Samuel, xxiii., 8.
9. FESTUS—A governor of Judea. Acts xxiv., 27.
10. RHODES—An island where Paul stopped on his way to Jerusalem. Acts xxi., 1.
11. WHALE—A great fish. Jonah i., 17.
12. NABUM—A book in the Old Testament. Nabumi., 1.
13. SIMON—One of Christ's disciples. Matt. x., 2.
14. TADMOR—A city built by Solomon. 1 Kings, ix., 18.
15. POTS—Hiram made for king Solomon. 1 Kings, vii., 45.
16. ETRAN—One of the wise men of Israel. 1 Kings, iv., 31.

## SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—No. 2.

BY X. Y. Z.

1. A servant of the Lord, whose mother was a mother to Paul.
2. Another servant of the Lord, who was zealous in intercessory prayer.
3. A convert at Rome.
4. A wicked necromancer.
5. A proselyte of Antioch.
6. Paul's amanuensis.
7. A Jewish king.
8. A timid disciple.
9. A heathen queen.
10. The first native of Achaia converted to Christ.

The initial letters of the answers to the above form a word expressive of the first step towards salvation—a gift of God.

## THE WASP IN THE PEAR.

It was near to the close of an autumn day,  
When Willy ran into the orchard to play;  
Or rather, to look, if perchance there might be  
A pear that had dropt from his favorite tree.  
So thither he scamper'd, and presently found  
A beautiful one, which lay there on the ground:  
Its colours were rich, and he knew it was sweet;  
So he seized it with joy, and began it to eat.  
O, how happy was he thus its juices to taste!  
But alas! his enjoyment was speedily chas'd,  
For a wasp was conceal'd in the pulp of the pear,  
And Willy soon painfully found it was there;  
For press'd in his mouth, the impassionate thing  
Pierc'd his tongue and his lips with its venomous sting.  
With screams and with tears to his mother he ran,  
Who at once to reprove and relieve him began:  
And the means which a mother knows how to employ,  
Soon abated the pain of her much-beloved boy.  
But she thought an event which such anguish had  
Bestow'd an occasion too good to be lost,  
For storing with cautions the mind of her son,  
Which might guide and preserve him as life should roll  
"Ah! Willy," she said, "there are hundreds of things  
That are lovely without, but within have their stings.  
When pleasure allures thee, take heed of her snare,  
Else, oft thou wilt find there's a wasp in the pear.  
Thus the drink of the drunkard doth thousands entice:  
How transient the pleasure! how fearful its price!  
Health, money, friends, peace, are but part of the cost;  
Reputation and life, and the soul too, are lost.  
The joy of an hour or two, after it brings a  
Guilt, piercing the conscience with terrible stings.  
In this world the anguish is oftentimes great;  
But a doom far more dreadful doth drunkards await.  
O then, Willy, when tempted to taste it, beware:  
And always remember the wasp in the pear!"

Oakham. J. JENKINSON.

GREAT EXHIBITION  
IN FAVOUR OF TEMPERANCE.

We are gratified to find that a large gathering of the friends of Temperance from all parts of the kingdom is to take place in London during the first week in August. Extensive arrangements are being made for sermons, meetings, a procession, visit to the Zoological Gardens, trips to Gravesend, &c. Country friends who wish for particulars will do well to communicate with Mr. Griffiths, the finance secretary, 59, Fleet-street, London.

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

"David returned to bless his household."—2 Sam. vi. 20.

"Father," said a little girl, about seven years of age, "Mr. Bickersteth preached about family prayer to-day."

"Did he?" added the father.

"Would you like me to read a chapter, father?"

"You may," replied the father; and she read.

"Shall we sing a hymn, father?" and they sang.

"Will you pray, father?" asked the little girl; but the father could not, and then the dear child prayed. This touched the father's heart, and ever afterwards there was family prayer in that house.

To thee, Almighty God, we bow,  
And would ourselves resign;  
Receive the praise, accept the vow,  
And make us ever thine.

## THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

Some people are very apt to use harsh, angry, words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud, swear and storm, though after all they are often only laughed at; their orders are not attended to, and their ill-temper only is remembered.

How strong is a kind word! It will do what the harsh word, or even a blow, cannot do; it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders.

Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wanted him. The man was in an ill-temper, and cruelly beat the horse; the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not, or would not go the right way. Another man who was with the cart, went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would say, "I will do any thing for you, because you are kind to me," and bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly, as if the load was only a plaything. O how strong is a kind word!—Sunday School Advocate.

TO THE  
SECRETARIES OF THE BANDS OF HOPE.

We are collecting a series of suggestions on the formation and management of these juvenile gatherings. We are anxious to publish, as an appendix thereto, a list of all the existing Bands of Hope. This will afford a facility to the officers for correspondence and promoting each other's usefulness. We wish, therefore, to be furnished by the secretaries with the following particulars, by an early post:—

1. Name of society? 2. When formed? 3. No. of members? 4. Names of President, Secretary, and Registrar?

Any practical hints in furtherance of our object will be of service. Address to the Editor, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

## INTELLIGENCE.

**EAST GRINSTEAD.**—On Whit-Wednesday, after the Children of Zion Chapel Sunday School, amounting to upwards of 200, had enjoyed their annual treat, each child was presented with a copy of the "Band of Hope Review."—T. C.

**THORNIEBANK.**—The first anniversary of the Thorniebank Juvenile Abstinents, was commemorated on Saturday, 24th May. The young people assembled at 3 o'clock in Mr. Hutton's School-room, were formed in procession, and walked to the Gorbals Gravitation Water Works, preceded by the Band of the Blind Asylum. After an ample refreshment, they proceeded to Barrhead, where they were joined by the Juvenile Society of that place, which augmented the number to 600. The procession, as it paraded the principal street in Barrhead, thickly studded with neat and appropriate banners, exhibited a pleasing and interesting spectacle. After parting with their Barrhead friends, they returned by rail to Thorniebank, when, after prayer, and singing some of their favourite melodies, they repaired to their homes highly gratified with the day's proceedings. This Society was instituted in May, 1850, and now numbers 320 members.—Glasgow Paper.

**CHELSEA.**—A prosperous Band of Hope was formed here in March last. It now numbers upwards of 100 members.

**WESTMINSTER.**—A grand gathering of the Band of Hope took place on the 30th ult., in the Temperance Hall, Broadway. The Rev. Isaac Henson, a fugitive slave, presided. Interesting sentiments were spoken to as follows:—"The Child's Duty," by A. Duffy. "The Mother's Duty," by John H. Esterbrooke. "The Teacher's Duty," by W. Harper. The children recited some appropriate pieces, and the Temperance Choral Society added much to the interest of the evening. At the close, an address was presented to the Chairman by a member, supported by a long retinue of children. The document was a Welcome of Brotherhood, and a strong protest against American Slavery, to which were appended the signatures of 700 children. The Rev. gentleman appeared deeply affected, and gratefully acknowledged this tribute of love to the cause of freedom.

**BELFAST.**—The celebrated Mrs. Carlile, of Dublin, (for sometime companion of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, in her prison visitations) has just made a tour to this place and the neighbourhood, for the purpose of forming Bands of Hope. Amongst other places, she visited the Donegal-street Sabbath-school, where Mr. Lowe, the Superintendent, nobly came forward and appended his name to the Temperance declaration. Many of the Teachers and Scholars followed his example. At Whitehouse, Miss Grimshaw gave proof of the influence of example, one hundred and twenty of the young people having given in their names. Mrs. Carlile is a most indefatigable promoter of temperance. Her labours are much blessed. She breathes the spirit of Christianity in all her addresses.—Belfast Paper.

**KENTISH TOWN.**—The Rev. Wm. Forster presided at a Meeting, held April 28th, in the Literary Institution, for the formation of a Band of Hope. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Esterbrooke, Duffy, and Stagg. Several boys were rewarded with medals for their constancy as young abstainers. Fifty signed the pledge at the close of the meeting.  
JAMES EATON, Secretary.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. DOMAN.—We are anxious to meet the wishes of country booksellers as far as possible. Perhaps by selling the half-yearly parts you will do better.

R. DAY, Cork.—We hope that many other superintendents of Sabbath Schools will follow your good example, and bring the BIBLE QUESTIONS under the notice of the scholars monthly. Your suggestion shall have consideration.

X. Y. Z.—Your further contributions will be very acceptable. We thank you for your hints.

W. WELDON.—Not good rhyme. Try again.

G. PARRINGTON.—We are preparing "Rules for the Formation of Bands of Hope." See Rev. N. Hall's letter in our May number. Also page 7.

W. WILLIAMS.—Your efforts will do us much good. We are indebted to several friends who have sent us notice of the typographical errors in the "Scriptural Enigma." Greater care shall be taken in future.

F. W. SHAW.—A good thought. We should rejoice if all the smokers would give up the use of tobacco and cigars, and hand the money over to the Bible Society.

Received with thanks.—R. Forward, W. Waite, F. U., Edmund Stodd, J. H. Esterbrooke.

JOHN ROBERTS.—We have forwarded your letter to Mr. Mathews of Bristol.

A. R. BROWN.—The prevention of cruelty to animals has our special concern. Your hints shall have attention.

W. J. CORNELL.—You can order the first half-yearly part (price 4d.) through any bookseller.

C. B. D.—We thank you for your contribution, which shall have insertion. It holds up our hands to find that we are promoting our Saviour's injunction, "Search the Scriptures."

We are anxious to have the address of the superintendent or secretary of every Sunday School in the kingdom. Will our friends kindly aid us in this? State the denomination to which each school belongs. Address to the Editor, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following additional contributions:—

## FOR GENERAL DISTRIBUTION.

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"There shall no evil befall thee."

### THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

SAY not that the young emigrant is discontented with his lot, a thankless partaker of his manifold blessings. And say not that he has no love for old England, for he never will love another country like her. He was born and bred in her. In her he learned his first prayer, kneeling in the lap of his mother. He has worshipped in her temples the Lord God of his fathers, entering their gates with thanksgiving, and their courts with praise, and in the churchyard of his native village his parents are mingling with the dust. He cannot choose but love old England.

But then, say you, if he loves her, why does he leave her? Why does he leave her! Look at his bonnie bairns, the two boys and the little maid their sister, besides the infant in arms; these are his reasons for leaving the land of his fathers. He has struggled hard to gain bread for them, rising with the lark; but land is high and taxes are heavy, and rent day comes before he is ready for it. He has heard of a country where land is cheap, and labour wanted, where a lusty arm may plough and sow, and gather fifty and a hundred fold into the garner; so he has taken his partner tenderly by the hand and said to her, "Rachel, will you go with me to a distant land, for the sake of these little lambs of ours?" And she has replied with tearful eyes and a

loving heart; "I will go with you, Robert, to the end of the world. As Ruth said to Naomi, so say I to thee, 'Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.'"—Ruth i. 16, 17.

They have sought good advice, formed their plan, counted the cost, paid their few debts, packed up their little all, and taken leave of their friends, and now they are going to the ship with the world before them, and with the God of their fathers for their guard and guide.

With hearts full of hopefulness forward they set,  
Undaunted and fearless of danger,  
With a sigh for the country they leave with regret,  
And a smile for the land of the stranger.

Rachel, as she follows her husband, thinking of the past and the future, presses her little babe closer to her bosom. What is there in the world that she would not give up for her husband and her children!

The young people, bless their sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, are not dreaming of the cloud that hangs over them. They must, alas! part with their two little favourites, the dog and the bird, for steerage passengers will not be allowed to take such things on board. It will be tearful work to leave them behind, but who can tell! This little trouble,

perhaps, may do something towards preparing their young hearts to bear greater calamities. Cheer up, my little pilgrims, there are flowerets springing for you in another land, and your sorrow shall be turned into sunshine.

Robert, as he strides along, holding one of his boys by the hand, has a few cares tugging at his heart-strings, but he struggles manfully against them, and feels sure that he shall prosper. Robert is no drinker of the intoxicating cup, no tobacco smoker, no idle lounge, but a steady, temperate, honest, and hard working man. He takes with him the "big old Bible," and he counts it to be his greatest treasure. Often has he heard his father read in it the following text, nay, often has he read it himself, and he believes it, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."—Is. xl. 31.

Robert feels strong when he looks on the weak ones around him, dependent on him for their bread. He is neither leaning on his friends, nor trusting to good fortune, but has made up his mind to labour diligently in the fear of the Lord, looking to Him for his blessing; and on he goes, the protector of his young and loving wife, the support of his children, and the roof-tree of their future habitation—

With a hope beaming bright, and a heart beating  
A fearless and right-minded ranger, [high  
With a tear for his friends, for old England a sigh,  
And a smile for the land of the stranger.



THE EMIGRANTS' DEPARTURE.





### RIGHT SERVED.

A mischievous boy was lately passing the Regent's Canal, City Road, London, when he caught up a pretty little curly dog, that was quietly walking along. He ran down the bankside for the purpose of throwing the dog into the water, and amusing himself by preventing the poor little creature getting to the shore. The bank, however, was rather steep, which made him run faster than he intended, and when he got to the bottom he could not stop himself, but went tumbling into the Canal after the dog.

Had it not been for a man who ran to help him out, he would probably have been drowned. As it was, he got covered with mud and dirt, and his clothes were wet through. He was indeed a laughable sight. "Right Served!" "Right Served!" my boy, thought I; may all boys who are cruel to animals be similarly rewarded. PATTY.

### WHAT LITTLE GIRLS CAN DO.

In the town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, was formed a Juvenile Temperance Society. One evening some little members of it were going home, when they saw a poor intoxicated man leaning against a post. One dear little girl went up to him and said, "Please, sir, will you sign the pledge?" "I have not got it, or I would," replied the conscience-stricken man. "I have it here, sir," remarked the polite child, as she drew a blank pledge from her pocket; "and," she added, speaking to her companions, "Let us sing." So they formed a ring round the drunkard, and commenced with—

"The drink that's in the drunkard's cup  
Is not the drink for me."

So sweetly did they carol this simple chime, that the poor man hiccupped out, "Sing again, little girls, sing again." They sang again. Then the little maiden pressed him to sign the pledge. "I've no ink, and no desk," urged the drunkard. "Please, sir," said the child, "I've a pencil, and if you will lend me your hat, that will make a desk." The hat *did* make the desk; and that drunkard, reformed by a child, is now one of the most eminent lecturers on temperance. J. D.

### A WISE CAPTAIN.

Captain March, of the ship Arcadia, who so much gratified some christian friends during his stay in this city last summer, thus writes to us;—"My visit to New York was not altogether without some good. The temperance society wrought so upon my mind, that I have given up the use of spirituous liquors, and have induced my crew to follow my example; so that we sailed without any on board, except for medicine. I have already been laughed at, and anticipate greater opposition, since the Arcadia is the first ship out of Great Britain that has attempted anything of the kind. If God be glorified, I am satisfied; it is worth while to live, if we can live to the glory of God."—*New York Protestant.*

A weeping group of 150 children stood around a grave, a few days ago, in City Road. It was the grave of a Hannah Pate, of the Rudnor Street Sunday School. Reader! you are not too young to die. "Prepare to meet thy God."

PEACE CONGRESS.—This great gathering of the friends of peace from "all nations," was held in Exeter Hall, on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of July. The proceedings were characterized by a deep sense of the divine presence and blessing.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—By the time that this reaches our readers, the Convention will be holding its sittings in London. We desire that many prayers may ascend to the Almighty for His blessing (without which nothing is great, or wise, or good) to rest upon all the proceedings.

### THE MURDERER.

In the year 1848, a respectable looking mechanic was induced to attend Rotherham Fair. He there met with some relatives and friends, and foolishly accompanied them to the public house, just to have "a friendly glass." The one glass soon led to a second, and the second to a third. He continued with them drinking and smoking until night, and when he rose to return home, he was much excited with the liquor which he had drunk.

He had to walk a few miles to his home, and on the road he behaved like a mad man. Oh, how the drink had changed his appearance since the morning! On passing a lonely part of the road, he met a young woman, knocked her down to the ground, and pressing his knee upon her breast, took out his large Sheffield knife, and cut the poor creature's throat from ear to ear. In a moment she lay a lifeless corpse, and the footpath was covered with her blood.

The maniac (for such, strong drink had made him for the time) was quickly secured by the officers of justice, and lodged in prison to await his trial before the judge. In a few days he became collected and perfectly sensible.



I saw him prior to the assizes, and shall probably never forget some of our conversation.

"How ever could you do such a sad thing as to take away the poor woman's life?"

"I cannot tell, Sir." "I have a perfect remembrance of being in the public house, but from that time to my coming to my senses in the lock-up, I have no knowledge of what I did or of where I was."

"How long had you been a hard drinker?"

"I was not a drunkard, sir, I took very little liquor indeed in a general way, and therefore what I took at the fair had such sad effect upon me."

"Ah, my friend, what sorrow you would have avoided had you been an abstainer from all intoxicating drinks. I am thankful to say that I have never tasted them for many years past, and I recommend every one to adopt my example."

Bursting into a flood of tears, and pressing his hand to his head, he was unable to give utterance to his feelings; but his expressive features seemed to say, "O! that my parents, or my Sunday school teachers, had given me this advice when I was a child—it is now too late."

I left the prison with a firm resolve, that amongst other good advice to my class at the Sunday School, I would not fail to urge upon them the adoption of the practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

### BIBLE QUESTION.

For the Conditions and Prizes, see the number for May or June. We beg to remind our young friends that the answers are required by the 16th of the month, and that passages must be written in full.

The answers and successful competitors for July will be given in the September number.

Those who obtain prizes will please send the title of the book, and the mode of its conveyance, to the Band of Hope Review Office, Kirby-street, Hatton Garden, London.

#### FIRST SERIES.

##### ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—JUNE.

25. A debt to the sanctuary; or when any person had not paid his tithes. Lev. v. 14, 15; see also, Lev. vi. 1-7.
26. The captains of thousands, &c., Ex. xviii. 25; Deut. i. 15; xx. 9.
27. Deut. vii. 25, 26.
28. The sacrifice feasts, Deut. xii. 5, 12, 17, 19; xv. 22, 29; xvi. 10, 11; xxvi. 12, 13.
29. In the reign of Saul, who retained two thousand for his body guard, and one thousand for Jonathan's guard. 1 Sam. xiii. 1, 2.
30. "My salvation," &c., Isa. li. 8. Continuance signified—"Shall bore his ear, &c.—he servant for ever"—as long as he lived. "This shall be a statute to you for ever," during the continuance of the Jewish state. "The earth abideth for ever," as long as the world shall stand, Eccles. i. 4. "God is blessed for ever," Rom. i. 25. To all eternity, also, John, vi. 51.

ROBERT JACQUES, York.  
ELIZA HAZELL, London.  
WILLIAM SEWELL, Truro, Cornwall.  
CHARLES BOWMAN, York.

#### QUESTIONS—AUGUST.

37. Give a remarkable text repeatedly quoted by St. Paul, as the principal foundation of all true religion, and by which of the minor prophets was it first uttered?
38. Name a passage to prove that the exercise of memory is closely connected with salvation.
39. What passage contains an express reprobation of the slave trade?
40. Where, in the Old Testament, is the word of God said to destroy his enemies?
41. Which of the tribes first introduced idolatry?
42. Give the limits of the Holy Land in a very few words—a passage of scripture.

#### SECOND SERIES.

##### ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—JUNE.

7. Heb. xi. 4.
  8. Sarah.
  9. Asa placed Hanani in prison, 2 Chron., xvi. 10—Ahab, Micah, 1 Kings, xxii. 27—Zedekiah, Jeremiah, Jer. xxxvii. 21—Herod, John Baptist, Matt. iv. 12—Herod Agrippa, Peter, Acts, xii. 4.
  10. Achan, Joshua, vii. 25—Adoram, 1 Kings, xii. 18—Naboth, 1 Kings, xxi. 10; and Zechariah, 2 Chron., xxiv. 21.
  11. The petition of Joseph of Arimathea for the body, Matt. xxvii. 58, 60; Mark xv. 45, 46; Luke xxiii. 50—53 John xix. 31, 7.
  12. Psalm iv. 17, "Evening, Morning, Noon."
- MARY E. BURN, Epsom, Surrey.  
THEODORE C. HALL, Bridgewater.  
JOHN BOND, Lancaster.  
M. A. TOWNSEND, Malvern Link, Worcester.

#### QUESTIONS—AUGUST.

19. Who, before the flood, lived as many years as there are days in the year?
20. In Deut. xvi. 21, the Israelites are forbidden to plant a grove near an altar of the Lord. Before this command was given, what holy man worshipped in a grove?
21. Who was the only person that made confession of Christ when suffering on the cross?
22. Where is it mentioned that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven?
23. What tree is that mentioned in Scripture which bears the greatest variety of fruit?
24. What animal in sacred history has had the greatest honors put upon it, and describe what they are?

### SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—No. 3.

BY J. N. H.

First, a publican and sinner take,  
Who did his calling leave for Jesu's sake;  
And then a mount in scripture famed,  
That from its noble fruit was named;  
And then a mount yet more renowned,  
Where God by erring man was found;  
Then one who did in Canaan dwell,  
And to his brother did his birthright sell;  
Lastly, that monarch must be seen,  
Who entertained fair Sheba's queen.  
The initials take, there will be found  
A Jewish prophet much renowned,  
Who led the Hebrews many a year,  
With zeal, and faith, and God-like fear.

### SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—No. 4.

BY C. B. D. CREDITON.

(A contrast to Enigma, No. 1)

I am a sentence composed of eight words, or 29 letters.  
My 8, 15, 10, 19, 27, 1, 6, 29, 20, 19, compose the name of the son of a giant, whose spear weighed 300 shekels.  
My 13, 17, 18, 1, make the name of a Midianitish prince.  
My 23, 9, 25, 7, a type of bondage.  
My 10, 2, 21, 22, 16, 10, a prophetess.  
My 28, 3, 5, 29, 27, 12, 26, Caleb's younger brother.  
My 4, 8, 11, 14, 24, a bishop of Crete.

The Enigmas from C. L. Rose Hill, and X. Y. Z. shall be inserted



## THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

(From the Christian Miscellany.)

"I ———, beginning to be enfeebled in body, and fearing I may be soon palsied in mind, and having entered upon that course of intemperance from which I have not resolution to flee, do make and publish this my last will and testament.—

"Having been made in the image of my Creator, capable of rational enjoyment, of imparting happiness to others, and of promoting the glory of God, I know my accountability; yet such is my fondness for sensual gratification, and my utter indisposition to resist temptation, that I give myself entirely to intemperance and its associate vices, and make the following bequests:—My property I give to be dissipated, knowing it will soon fall into the hands of those who furnish me with ardent spirits. My reputation, already tottering on a sandy foundation, I give to destruction. To my beloved wife, who has cheered me thus far through life, I give shame, poverty, sorrow, and a broken heart. To each of my children, I bequeath my example, and the inheritance of the shame of their father's character. Finally, I give my body to disease, misery, and early dissolution; and my soul, that can never die, to the disposal of that God whose commands I have broken, and who has warned me by His word that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

"Drunkard, this is your will!"

*Note.*—Oh, who would be a drunkard, and have to make such a dreadful will as this? yet this drunkard was once a sober man. He drank only a little in moderation. But alas! that little led to more. The path of moderation led him into the road of drunkenness. Let every boy and girl who wishes to escape such an awful end, shun the path that leads to it, lest it bring them also into the same unhappy condition. Avoid drinking even a little intoxicating drink; you do not need it, you will be quite as well without it, and totally abstaining from it is, with God's blessing, a safe and sure way to keep you from the road of drunkenness.—G. BUDD.

## OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

It is expected that nearly half a million of English people will emigrate to other countries during the present year. We hope that the Queen of England will grant Elihu Burritt's request, and allow her ships to carry letters across the seas for *one penny each*; just as the railway trains carry them in this country. This will be very nice for those who are leaving relatives in this country, as they can then write to each other very frequently.

We lately went on board a large ship, called the "Sir George Pollock," the night before she sailed from the East India Dock to New Zealand, and gave copies of the "Band of Hope Review" to the children. Amongst others we found Julia Wilson and Ann Ward, from one of the Workshop Sunday Schools, and Helen Townsend, of the Church of England Sunday School, at St. Leonard's. They had not forgotten their teachers. We were pleased by the affectionate manner in which the former spoke of Mrs. Davis. We could not help thinking that the "Ocean Penny Postage" would form a great love-chain to bind the hearts of such children, even when far away in the woods of New Zealand, with the kind teachers whom they have left in England. How cheering it would be to Sunday School teachers to receive letters from old scholars under such circumstances.

We have received a very pleasing letter from the celebrated E. C. Delevan, Esq., of America, which will appear in our next.

The Rev. Chas. Spear, the "Prisoner's Friend," from America, is now in this country, for the purpose of visiting our prisons. Let us pray that his mission of mercy may be blessed.

An old soldier and his wife, named Johnson, residing in Islington, recently had a sad quarrel. They had both been drinking. Johnson struck his wife to the ground, and she was taken up a corpse. He is now in Newgate prison.

## BRAVE BOBBY.

A little girl, named Lucy, the daughter of a rich gentleman, was playing one day on the lawn in front of her father's beautiful house, when she unfortunately ran too near the fish pond, and fell in. Her mother was looking out of the drawing room window, and saw Lucy sinking in the water. She screamed out to the servants, and they all rushed towards the pond, but as it was some distance from the house, they feared that poor Lucy would be drowned before they could reach her. A kind providence, however, had interposed on her behalf. Bobby, a favourite dog, had plunged into the pond, and was struggling to hold her up in the water. He did so until the servant-man could grasp her arm, when he soon brought her to shore. She was carried to bed, and warm flannels were applied to her body. When the doctor arrived he felt her pulse, and said she would soon be well. Tears of joy were in every eye when these words were spoken.

When the parents came down stairs, who should be waiting at the bottom, but Brave Bobby, wagging his tail. He got pats and kind words without number. Even the old housekeeper, who had a great aversion to dogs, could not help saying that she loved him, he was such a "good fellow," and she took care to give him a better supper than he had ever had before.

From this day Bobby was the constant companion of Lucy, and she called him her DELIVERER.



Shortly after this affair, she was sitting in the garden with Bobby by her side, when her mother came up and said, "What makes you love Bobby so much, my dear?"

"Oh, mother! because he saved me from death."

"Right, my child, I wish you to love him, but I am much more anxious that you should love and serve THE GREAT DELIVERER, who gave his life to save you. Can you tell me, my child, whom I mean?"

"Yes, mother, JESUS, who died on the cross to save sinners."

Let us pray every day, that we may be enabled to attend to the words of our dear Redeemer, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

## "DENY THYSELF."

"Father, I will not eat any more butter for a long time," said a Sunday scholar, "if you will give me some money to send to the heathen. The father said he would, and the little girl kept her promise. When the butter was passed around the table without being offered to her, she thought of the heathen.

Years passed away, and that scholar became a teacher in the Sabbath school, and the missionary fire that was kindled in her heart by that little act of self-denial is still burning. Said she, "I think that one act of my life made me feel more interested for the heathen, than all the missionary speeches I ever heard."

## CAN A STONE TEACH?

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" said one, as he lifted up his eyes to heaven, on a clear night, and beheld the peaceful smile of the lovely moon, and the gem-like sparkling of the brilliant stars. The heavens taught the Psalmist, and so may the earth and things upon it teach us.

"Bring me that stone," said a kind teacher to a little boy; and in an instant the stone was brought. "Feel it. What qualities has it? Is it hard or soft?"

"Oh! very hard."

"Take this seal with which I have stamped this wax, and try if you can make a similar impression on the stone. Press it with all your might: now take it away: look, is there any impression left?"

"Oh! no; I have pressed the seal with all my strength, and yet cannot make the same image on the stone as I saw you make on the melted wax."

"Then, you see this stone is too hard to receive an impression." "Now, let us try to find out some other quality. Take this hammer: knock it. Does it cry or groan as if it were hurt?"

"No."

"If you were to strike that little kitten, playing with its mother before the fire, do you not think that it would cry out?"

"Oh, yes."

"What makes the difference?"

"The stone has no feeling; but the kitten has."

"Yes, that is it. This stone cannot feel. Here then we have two qualities: the stone will not receive the impression of the seal; nor could it feel a knock from the hammer."

"Come, let us try again, and contrast this stone with a looking glass; put both in a dark room, and hold a lighted candle in the doorway, just opposite to them. Which now reflects the light of the candle? the stone or the looking glass?"

"Oh, the looking glass."

"The looking glass, like the moon, throws back or reflects the light, but the stone does not reflect. We have now found out three qualities in this stone. It cannot receive impressions, it cannot feel; nor can it reflect. Again, let us examine this stone. Can you frighten it? Can you make it fly away, as you did that little bird that was hopping on the branches of the tree when you ran to fetch the stone at first? Why cannot this stone fly?" "It was not made to fly;—its nature will not let it fly;—it has no wings to fly. There it lies, and there it will remain, unless it be removed by a power not its own."

Can this stone teach? What think you, my little reader? Do you know any thing like this stone? Yes, dear child, if you are not born again of the

Holy Ghost, your heart is like this stone exactly. You have a stony heart. Your minister, when he preaches, takes the blessed Bible, and tries to impress on your heart the image of Christ. Has he succeeded? No. Jesus loved God, but you do not. Your heart is like the stone you press the seal upon; it cannot receive impression. God's word is a hammer: his threatenings are heavy blows. You know what he says about liars. You have heard that the wicked would be turned into hell. Does this break your heart? Does this make you cry out to God in prayer? Does it make you groan like the Publican; and with tears say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" Ah! my dear little friend, you do not know me, but I know your heart is like the stone that was struck with the hammer—it has no feeling. When Moses talked with God, his face shone. Every body knew he had been with God. He had been where the Holy Ghost shone upon him; and then, like the looking glass, he reflected that blessed light back again:—he was a spiritual reflector. But is it so with you? Ah! no; if you have not a new heart you are like the stone. Jesus, the sun of righteousness, may shine upon you, but you do not reflect that glorious light to your companions. Yes, dear reader, your heart is a stony heart. There it lies just like a stone, and there it will remain unless it be removed by a power greater than its own. Does it fly up to heaven like the bird? Are your thoughts very often about Jesus and his precious blood? How sad to have a heart like a stone, that cannot be impressed with the image of Jesus: how wretched not to feel when the hammer of God's word strikes us! Oh! how



distressing not to reflect God's blessed light all around us; and how miserable to have a heart ever lying upon the earth, and never winging its way in prayer and praise to the throne of God and the Lamb! Can a stone teach? Yes; I hope, dear reader, by the blessing of God, it has taught you that yours is a stony heart; that you cannot change it yourself; but that God will. Oh! those blessed words, "I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh," Ezek. xxxvi. 26. Little reader, Pray, pray, pray!

### ACROSTIC.

B rothers! lo, a star appearing,  
A ngels' smiles upon it beam;  
N ow behold it, beauteous, cheering,  
D awning with refulgent gleam.  
O nward, pretty monthly stranger,  
F reely now we welcome thee;  
H elp to guard our youth from danger,  
O nward, onward, make us free.  
P our thy glorious light around us,  
E very heart with joy infuse:  
R ising, let thy shield surround us,  
E very where thy rays diffuse.  
V ainly foes beset our pathway,  
I n thy radiant beaming smile,  
E veryone shall, joyous, hail thee,—  
Welcome to our sea-girt isle!

WILLIAM MALTHOUSE, *Darlington.*

### A FATHER RESCUED BY HIS CHILDREN.

I knew a very respectable family living in a small seaport town. The father was a very wise man when he was sober. He was captain of a light-ship. When he came on shore he would get into company—out of kindness he invited to drink—and then he could not stop. I have often seen his wife and children afraid of him coming home; and sometimes they have been obliged to have a policeman in the house. The children became abstainers. They also prayed for their father. One day they persuaded him to go with them to a temperance meeting. What he heard had so much effect upon him, that he took coffee and cocoa the next voyage instead of spirits. As soon as he came on shore again he took the pledge, and nearly all his crew have joined also. What is still more pleasing, he is now a regular attendant at a place of worship. His wife has been a church-member for some years, and his family are living in peace. Who can tell the good that children may do?

Bootle.

S. K.

### REGISTER OF THE BANDS OF HOPE.

We wish to publish a list of all the Bands of Hope, and shall be obliged by the Secretaries supplying us with:—1. Name of Society. 2. When formed. 3. No. of Members. 4. Names of President, Secretary, and Registrar.

### REVIEWS.

*Trials and Triumphs of Temperance.*—Six large engravings—MARCHANT, SINGER, & Co.

These plates are intended to form a contrast to Cruikshank's "Bottle," and we doubt not will soon be found on the walls of many Temperance Halls, Workshops, &c. The wrapper is illustrated with a procession of Temperance Societies visiting the Crystal Palace.

*The Drunkard, or the Two Pictures.*—A Poem, by W. DREW.—3, Urban Place, Regent's Canal, Hackney.

Very creditable to the Author, who is an industrious young working man.

*A Faded Flower.*—By S. HEGINBOTHAM. B. L. GREEN.

A brief but pleasing testimony to the value of Sabbath Schools.

*Reformatory Schools.*—By MARY CARPENTER. C. GILPIN.

A compilation of statistics, facts, and arguments on behalf of the "Ragged Ones," creditable to the head and the heart of the talented authoress. We should like every Member of Parliament, and every Minister in the land to possess and peruse a copy.

The Americans purpose commemorating the birthday of the philanthropist, John Howard, on the ensuing 2nd of September.

### "WE HAVE NO SABBATHS."



We love the Sabbath, and are always glad when Saturday night arrives, and tells of the near approach of the "sweet day of rest." Our enjoyment however of its blessings is often marred, by knowing that there are in and around London, at least seven thousand omnibuses and cabmen who can say with truth, "We have no Sabbaths." On a recent occasion we entered into conversation with the driver of a Paddington omnibus. We found him to be an intelligent and well informed man. He had once been a Sunday Scholar, and expressed his regret that he was now obliged to work on the Sabbath, although he knew it to be wrong. On our inquiring how long it was since he was at a place of worship, his reply made us blush for our christian country, "I have not been in either church or chapel, Sir, for seven years, except once, and that was to bury my wife. I leave my family at eight in the morning, and never see them again until near midnight, both Sundays and week days."

We recently attended a meeting at Exeter Hall which was called for the purpose of devising some means for providing for the spiritual welfare of the omnibus men; and also securing a reduction of their long hours of labour. Some startling facts were read by Mr. Lilwall, the indefatigable secretary of the Early Closing Association, which are shortly to be published. Those of our friends who are interested in this important object will do well to communicate with Mr. Scully, Secretary for the Metropolitan Omnibus Servants' Provident Society, 2, Clifton Terrace, Camden Town.



### SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Few boys started life with fairer prospects than C—. His parents were wealthy, and he had therefore every comfort that money could procure. His indulgent parents, however, would hand him the remains of the wine glass at dinner, and by this injudicious practice, a relish for liquor was early formed. When his mother's back was turned he would stealthily open the cupboard door and take a drink from whatever bottle was at hand. C— grew up to be a profligate young man, got amongst wicked companions, broke the laws of his country, and was cast into prison. Where is C— now, think you, little reader? He is far away across the seas. "Be careful of small beginnings."

### INTELLIGENCE.

**CARDIFF.**—The last monthly meeting was addressed by the town Missionary, Messrs. Panny, Manning, Lewis, and Scudamore. Several pilots were present. The Rev. J. S. Workman's lecture has done much good. We have announced an "out door meeting" for next month. Several sad cases of intemperance having lately occurred in this town, we feel impressed with the duty of striving more zealously to prevent the young commencing the habit of drinking. "Prevention is easier than cure."—W. GAISFORD.

**LLANELLY.**—An interesting Band of Hope was formed here in April last, under the title of "The Lily of the Valley." In addition to teaching the children to sing, we teach them the principles of temperance and other good things. Questions are given at each meeting by the teachers, and to those who give the best answers at the following meeting, prizes are awarded. The following question was proposed at the last meeting, "Who gave the first temperance address? See Num. vi. 2, 4.—D. BOWEN.

**LEYBURN.**—The Band of Hope formed here in 1849 is in a very pleasing condition. We have 170 members on the books. Our youthful movement has done good to the adult society. Our address to parents and teachers has been well received, and we are encouraged to persevere.—R. RAUNTRIE, JUN.

**ELGIN.**—Wm. Goldie writes, "You must know that we are only boys, the eldest of us not exceeding twelve years of age. We have a room in which a lecture is given every Wednesday. We get down two dozen of the 'Review' monthly. The drinking usages here are a great hindrance to the cause, but we hope to succeed in increasing the list of abstainers."

**EDINBURGH.**—America has hitherto boasted of the largest gatherings of children belonging to the Cold Water Army, but now Scotland must bear away the palm. On the 5th of July, the old city of Edinburgh was the scene of joyous activity. Nineteen thousand children belonging to the various Juvenile Temperance Societies in and around Edinburgh, were marched through the streets to various public institutions. After which they were addressed by their old and tried friends, J. HOPE, Esq., Mr. SINGLAIN, &c. It is supposed that not less than 70,000 persons were assembled on the occasion. A few more such demonstrations, and the intemperance of Scotland will pass away.

**YORK.**—A novel and interesting tea meeting has taken place in this City, the first of the kind we believe which has been held in the kingdom. Within the last year or two, juvenile temperance societies, called "Bands of Hope," have been established in many places, and in 1848 this new feature in the temperance movement was introduced in York, since which period about 1200 children have become members of the society. Several of these members having attained the age of fifteen and upwards, it was thought desirable that they should be transferred from the Band of Hope to the York Temperance Society. To celebrate this event in a public manner, the tea meeting was given, which was attended by between eighty and ninety of these candidates for adult membership, and a numerous party of friends. Banners bearing appropriate inscriptions were suspended in the room. An excellent repast was provided, at the conclusion of which Mr. T. Monkhouse, the president of the Band of Hope, took the chair. Mr. F. P. Millington referred to the origin of this Band of Hope through Mr. T. B. Smithies, formerly of this city. The secretary concluded by handing a list, containing ninety names, to Mr. Holroyd the city missionary and registrar, for enrolment. Mr. Holroyd expressed his pleasure in receiving the document, and addressed the meeting at some length. The Rev. J. Steel, and Mr. Pickwell, afterwards spoke. F. P. MILLINGTON.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**THOS. CRAMP.**—Your interesting facts shall be made use of. We want to form a good collection of original "Band of Hope" anecdotes. Let all help.

**M. P. NAISH. ANNIE.**—Deferred.

**J. FISH.**—What do the railway labourers think of the "Review?"

**RECEIVED WITH THANKS.**—G. Flindell, D. Bowen, T. Carter Jun., A. Member, &c., Preston; Mrs. Wilson, Miffield John Dix, Miss Flint, T. Snow, J. H. Esterbrooke, H. E. Smith, S. Heginbotham.

**T. HOWARD, YORK.**—Your meeting with the Leyburn Band of Hope must have been cheering. Be encouraged to persevere in your untiring labour of love. One of the Puzzles shall appear.

**ASK** of our young friends who are artistically inclined may render us good service, by sending suitable designs for illustrating our pages. The loan of any good wood blocks will be acceptable.

**WM. THOMPSON.**—If you and our many other friends will increase our circulation *five fold*, we can then carry out your suggestion.

**F. WILLIAMS.**—Your Enigma is very good, but rather too long for our pages. Thanks for the poetry.

**G. BUDD.**—You shall hear shortly.

\* All the back numbers have been reprinted and may be had through any bookseller.

\* The half-yearly part, with neat wrapper and index, may also be had. Will our friends oblige us by presenting copies to their Sunday School Libraries? It will encourage us.

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All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.





"Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

### THE CHINESE JUNK.

WE should like to have taken all our young friends with us to have seen this strange ship, with its singular looking captain and crew, and its many curiosities; but as we cannot do this we shall try to describe a little of what we saw when we visited it, and our picture will show its shape and give them some idea of it. The Chinese entertain a very high opinion of themselves and their country, and call it the "Celestial Empire." This is not to be wondered at, as they know but little of any other but their own, for until lately they would not admit foreigners, neither would they leave their native land to learn about other people; and we all know it is very common for ignorant people to think much of themselves. Now they seem disposed to be more friendly, and we welcome them to our shores, and we have no doubt that our young readers will hope they may come here for good, and be made partakers of those blessings for which we have so much cause to be thankful. But now for what we saw on the Junk. We were first introduced to the mandarin or principal officer on board, who was rather a large man, with full features, and considered very handsome by his own people; he wore a rich silk dress, made something like a loose gown, with a belt round his waist, to which was attached several small articles; on his head was a small embroidered cap, while his feet were squeezed into a pair of stuff shoes with wooden soles about an inch thick; his hair was cut off close in front and left very long behind, plaited into a

long tail which hung considerably below his back; he could speak English and we conversed freely with him. We saw him write, which he did in a very different manner to what we do. Instead of a pen he used a brush, holding it rather slanting from, than towards himself, as we do, which with his finger nails about an inch long, to us looked rather awkward, although he appeared to proceed with great ease. Leaving him, we next visited the artist, a good tempered old man. His cabin was decorated with the performances of his pencil, which were principally attractive by the brightness of their colors. He appeared to possess considerable talent in his native style of painting. In addition to the above, there were about half-a-dozen sailors dressed in a similar style, but their clothes were of commoner materials. They gave us a specimen of their singing, which to our ears was anything but musical, although they appeared quite satisfied with the performance. We next ranged about the vessel, in which were a great many things to be seen, but we cannot now tell you about them, only noticing a figure which was placed at one end of the principal cabin. It was made of brass, in the human form, having about twenty-two arms and hands: this they called their god, which they worship. Our young friends will feel pity for them that they know no better, for when spoken to on the subject of religion, they replied they were quite contented with their own; but we hope the time is not far distant when they will know better. The Bible and many good books are now printed in their own language; our

missionaries are admitted into their country and have already done much good; but there are many millions of people in China, and it will be a very great work to send the Gospel to all of them. We trust that all our readers will be interested in this great work, and though it may be but little they can do, we hope they will not neglect to do that little, for in doing good they will always find the greatest and most permanent happiness.

### PRAYER ANSWERED.

About six years ago I called at the home of one of the scholars belonging to the York Wesley-place Girls' Sunday school, of which the present Lord Mayor is one of the Superintendents. The mother was in deep trouble owing to the intemperance of her husband. After urging her to be very kind to him, and to *pray* for him, she said that the daily prayer of her child was, "Lord, save my father, and may he sign the Temperance pledge." Does God hear children when they pray from the heart as this child did? Oh yes! he does. Shortly after the above interview the father *did* sign the pledge, and became an altered man. He is now a member of a christian church, and I recently had the pleasure of joining in prayer at his *family altar*.

The teacher of that little girl foresaw not the effects of her first address to her class on the subject of Temperance. She little thought that the enrolling of that scholar's name in her pocket pledge book would lead to such happy results.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.



THE CHINESE JUNK.



## SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

ANSWERS TO No. 2, 3, &amp; 4.

No. 2.

The Initials form the word—*Repentance*.

No. 3.

BY P. BROWN.—*St. Ives, Hants.*  
Moses.—Matthew. Olives. Sinai. Esau. Solomon.

No. 4.

BY H. WHITEY, *Ipworth.*  
"But the righteous are bold as a lion."

## SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—No. 5.

BY L. A. L.—*Rose Hill.*

A sentence from the Proverbs, consisting of eight words, or twenty-nine letters.

The 14, 16, 13, 22, 7, 17, 18, one of the books of the Old Testament.

The 6, 5, 27, 7, 3, 1, a prophet of God, who had blessed proof of the truth of the assurance contained in Psalm xxxiv., 7.

The 18, 17, 9, 24, 13, a noted person, whose history is a proof that there is no inherent grace in the act of baptism.

The 2, 27, 7, 23, the epithet by which the Scriptures describe those who seek after and love God.

The 26, 4, 27, 7, one greatly blessed in seeing the Spirit of God working in her descendants. Named in the New Testament.

The 25, 10, 18, 11, 15, 7, a ruler, who showed his knowledge of the wise laws of Rome, but his ignorance of the wisdom of the ways of God.

The 28, 8, 12, 26, the name the Scriptures give to those who deny, or follow not after God.

The 20, 29, 21, 19, 21, the father of the most honored and blessed man that ever existed. Named in the Old Testament.



## "WE SELDOM SEE OUR CHILDREN EXCEPT IN BED."

In our last number we referred to the thousands of London omnibus drivers and conductors, who can truly say, "We have no Sabbaths." During the last few weeks we have conversed with several drivers on the different metropolitan routes, and find the almost uniform testimony to be that this class of men (who afford great accommodation to the public), are suffering an amount of mental and physical labour, which is a reflection on any Christian country. From eight in the morning until midnight, appears to be the average hours of toil, in winter and summer, on week days and Sundays.

On asking one of the men, "Have you any time to spend with your family?" "Oh no, sir, we seldom see our children except in bed." "I am never at home between morning and half-past twelve at night," was his reply.

## "THE JUVENILE ABSTAINER."

We have made arrangements with Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, for the publication of a new and illustrated edition of her valuable work, "The Juvenile Abstinence," (the first edition of which has long been out of print) provided a sufficient number of copies be previously subscribed for. We know of no better text book for our Bands of Hope than this. The greater the number of subscribers the lower shall we be able to fix the price.

If the various Societies will order copies for presentation to the Sunday School libraries, we think that good will result.

We cannot undertake this responsibility without the hearty co-operation of our friends.



## SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

When our first number was sent out, it was accompanied by a sincere desire and earnest prayer for the blessing of Him, "without whom nothing is wise or good." Our labours have been continued after the hours of business, amid many trials of mind and body. We are encouraged to persevere by a conviction, that we have entered an extensive field of usefulness, and that God's smile is graciously vouchsafed upon our monthly messenger.

Nothing has given us greater delight than to find that our BIBLE QUESTIONS are exciting in the minds of the rising generation a love for searching the Scriptures.

Letters received from Ministers, Parents, Sunday School Teachers, etc., satisfactorily prove this.

The Rev. A. SHERWIN, Chaplain of the Birmingham Borough Prison, having introduced the Bible Questions to the prisoners, writes:

"I have a prayerful hope that your little work will prove extensively useful."

Mr. J. ROBERTS, Bible Class Teacher, London, writes:

"The scripture questions excite very considerable interest, leading our young friends to regular scripture reading."

Mr. R. DAY, Superintendent of the Cork Wesleyan Sunday School, writes:

"It would afford you pleasure to see the delight with which the Bible Questions are received. One little girl walked more than two miles on Sunday under violent rain to procure a copy of them."

Our desire is to do all the good that a brief life will allow, and we solicit the co-operation of our numerous friends in rendering our pages instrumental in holding up the lamp of life to the rising generation, so that it may prove a "light to their feet," guiding them "in the way they should go."

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

## PRIZES AND CONDITIONS.

FOUR PRIZES Monthly, of the value of 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d., for the First Series; and 1s. 6d., 1s., 9d., and 6d., for the Second; and at the close of the year, FOUR ANNUAL PRIZES will be given to those who obtain the largest amount of the monthly prizes, on the following conditions:—

1. Competitors to be under eighteen years of age for the First Series, and under eleven for the Second.

2. The answers to be given from the Bible, and not quoted from other books.

3. Each successful competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own.

4. Answers to be sent in by the 10th.

It is requested that passages of Scripture be in full. The name and address not to be written on the same sheet with the answers, but a short verse from the Proverbs to be placed at the head and the same verse written on a separate piece of paper with the date, name, address, age, and if a Sabbath school scholar, and sent with the answers to the Band of Hope Office, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

## FIRST SERIES

ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—JULY.

31. A servant—Hagar.  
32. Pilate's Wife.  
33. The temptation of Jesus Christ.  
34. Ephesians and Colossians.  
35. Isaac carried the wood with which he was to be sacrificed.  
36. Seven. 1. My God, my God, &c. 2. Father, forgive them. 3. To-day shall thou be with me in paradise. 4. Woman, behold thy son; &c. 5. I thirst. 6. It is finished. 7. Father, into thy hand, &c.

ELLEN WILLIAMS, Battersea.  
THOMAS HAMMERSLEY, Hanley, Staffordshire.

RICHARD SWEENEY, London.  
ELIZABETH WATSON, London.

## QUESTIONS—SEPTEMBER.

43. Refer to an extension of Solomon's dominions by which the covenant made with Abraham (Gen. xv., 18) was fulfilled.

44. Where do we first read of prophecy committed to writing, and which confined itself to the judgment about to be inflicted upon an individual?

45. Give a majestic description of the angel who descended from heaven to wait upon our Lord at his resurrection.

46. Name a man who was made king three several times, and state the occasions.

47. Quote words of St. Paul containing noble oppositions and beautiful apparent contradictions, which represent to us the glorious advantages of the gospel.

48. In what chapter have we the fullest account of the resurrection of the dead the whole Scriptures afford.

## Bible Questions continued.

## SECOND SERIES.

ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—JULY.

13. Our Saviour's history, which was foretold by the prophets, Isaiah, &c.

14. Zecharias. He was struck deaf and dumb. For proof that he was treated as deaf, they "made signs to him," to know by what name he would have his son called; they might have asked him if he could have heard.

15. John the Baptist, Matt. xj., 2.

16. Deut. xxii., 21, 33.

17. 2 Kings xvi., 6. When Rezin retook Elath.

18. 1 Kings xvii., 9—17, 18, 24.

SARAH WILLIAMS, Battersea.

ELIZABETH FERNIE, Farnham.

JOHN BOND, Lancaster.

HENRY C. BOURKE, London.

## QUESTIONS—SEPTEMBER.

25. Name the first miracle done by a prophet.

26. In biblical history, in what country do we first meet with the horse?

27. Which is the first precious stone mentioned in the Bible?

28. Name an illustrious man who entertained a hundred men with a present of twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn, who did eat, and left fragments?

29. Give the first instance on record of putting sackcloth on the loins as a token of mourning.

30. Name the place where an apostle was adored as a god, and afterwards stoned.

Successful competitors are requested to send the title of the book they wish, and mode of conveyance!

## ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

A man of kindness to his beast is kind,  
But brutal actions show a brutal mind:  
Remember, HE who made THEE made the brute;  
Who gave THEE speech and reason, form'd him mute.  
He can't complain; but God's all seeing eye  
Beholds thy cruelty—He hears his cry.  
He was design'd thy servant, not thy drudge:  
And know—that HIS Creator is thy Judge!

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

—Matthew v., 7.

"Let not mercy forsake thee: so shalt thou find favour with God."—Prov. xiii., 3.



## A SAD SIGHT.

In passing down Brick Lane a short time ago, we saw a crowd of people in the middle of the street. On pressing our way through, we found four policemen endeavouring to strap a poor woman down to a stretcher. She cursed and swore at them most sadly, and kicked them with her feet. At last they got her legs and arms fastened down, and then they carried her away to the police station, where she would be kept all night. A group of little boys and girls set up a loud laugh, as the poor woman was taken away. We overheard one youth say, "That's the second they have taken to-night." It is very wrong to laugh at such sights, we ought rather to weep.

As you look on the picture, do you not ask what is the matter with the woman? We will tell you. Instead of going to the baker, and buying good food for herself and children, she went to the gin shop with its fine lamp, and spent her money in "strong drink." This took away her senses, and made her like a crazed person, so that the policemen had to take her to prison. Oh, how sad to think of the poor children of two such mothers in one street being left all night without any one to take care of them! We are sorry to say that such cases are very numerous in London. Let all girls who read this sad tale, remember that these mothers were once little girls like them. Will it not then be wise never to taste any intoxicating drinks, lest you should ever become like them?



## THE BOY WHO SMOKES.

What shall we say of the boy who smokes? Shall we pronounce any judgment upon him? Shall we say that he is acquiring an evil habit;—that he is becoming a slave to a master who, by and by, will be very cruel to him; that he is on the high road to ruin; that he is beginning to be profligate with his money, etc.? What say the chemists, who know the stimulating effects of tobacco? They testify, that it often proves the first step to drunkenness. "No young man who uses tobacco, in any shape whatever, is, or can be safe. He is apt to be thirsty, and water never satisfies. Tobacco smoking feeds the love of strong drink in two ways—first, by creating a morbid thirst; and, secondly, by impairing the appetite for food, and indirectly encouraging him who uses it to seek for that strength, which food should give him, in the use of extra stimulus. Let the friends of temperance—temperance men above all the rest, beware of tobacco in every form." Take care, then, temperance boys, how you get that filthy thing, a cigar, in your mouths; abhor and detest it, for it is poison.—*New York Sunday School Advocate.*



## EARLY RISING.

"Up, up," cries the wakeful Cock,  
 "Did you not hear the village clock?  
 I have been up for an hour or more,  
 Crowing aloud at the stable door;  
 Dobbin has gone with the boy to plow,  
 Betty has started to milk the cow;  
 Sure there is plenty for all to do,  
 And all are up, young friend, but you."  
 "Up, up," cries the soaring Lark,  
 "Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark.  
 O let it never, never be said  
 You wasted the morning hours in bed;  
 Out of the window glance your eye,  
 And see how blue is the morning sky;  
 Open the casement, your slumber spare,  
 And smell how fresh is the morning air."  
 "Up, up," cries the busy Sun,  
 "Is there no work, little friend, to be done?  
 Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,  
 That you lie dosing the hours away?  
 Who would give light to the world below,  
 If I were idly to slumber so?  
 What would become of the hay and corn  
 Did I thus waste the precious morn?"  
 "Up, up," cries the buzzing Bee,  
 "There's work for you as well as for me,  
 O how I prize the morning hour,  
 Gathering sweets from the dewy flower:  
 Quick comes on the scorching noon,  
 And darksome night will follow soon;  
 Say, shall I chide you for idle hours,  
 Time unimproved, and wasted powers?"

*Sunday School Advocate.*

## SABBATH BREAKING.

An inquest was recently held at Isleworth, on the body of George Phoibey, aged fifteen, a page in the service of a lady at Richmond, who was drowned in the river Thames on the previous Sunday afternoon. The deceased had been sent by his mistress to church, but instead of attending divine service, he went with two other boys to a waterman and hired a boat. They had proceeded across the river, when as deceased was fixing the rudder and leaning forward, a sudden movement of the boat caused him to fall over. He did not rise again.

THE CLIFTON ROCKS;  
OR,  
THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE FENCE.

Perhaps some of our readers may have seen, and many heard of the Clifton Rocks, near Bristol, which form a very steep and lofty precipice by the side of the river Avon, the opposite banks of which are clothed with the most beautiful woods. On the top of the precipice are extensive downs carpeted to the very edge of the rocks with turf delightfully fine and soft, and thousands of persons walk and ride over these downs to enjoy the fine clear air and the splendid scenery below, when the woods are clothed with their foliage. When the tide is full, and vessels of all sizes are gliding softly along between these magnificent banks of the river, the scene is almost enchanting, and many are tempted to venture too near the edge of this fearful precipice, which is unprotected by any fence, and some, alas! have fallen over and been dashed to pieces. The last person of whose fall we heard, was a fine young woman who took a walk before breakfast on the Downs, and almost before her parents knew she had left the house, their eyes had to rest in bitterest agony on the lifeless and mangled body of their child. In consequence of these sad accidents, boards have been put up at a certain distance from the edge of the rocks, warning persons of the danger of going nearer, and but for the expense, probably a continuous fence would have been erected instead of the occasional boards. Now we want you, dear young readers, to consider on which side of this line or fence you would walk if you had your choice. We will call the space between the fence and the rocks, the outside, and there possibly by great care and always keeping pretty close to the fence, you MIGHT be able to walk without an accident, *but not without danger*, and even if you felt sure you could walk there without injury to yourselves, you must know there are many others less careful and more easily made giddy, who, by following your example, would be sure to fall over the fearful precipice; whereas by keeping *inside* the fence, you would not only be safe yourselves, but be the means by your example of preserving your companions and friends from danger. We trust all our readers would be wise enough and kind enough to choose the path of safety, even if they had to sacrifice some little of the beauty of the scene in pursuing it. Well then, we all know how fearful is the Precipice of Intemperance, how many get giddy by venturing too near the edge of it, and how many thousands fall over to their ruin, both in time and in eternity! A fence has been erected against it—it is the *practice of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors*—keep within the limits of this fence, and you are not only safe yourselves, but will lead others by your example into the same path of safety; but if you venture *outside*, you may fall, or if not, you will help to entice there those who will. Dear young readers, we appeal to you in love and in cheering hope; you are just starting on the great journey of life, and each of you must walk in one or the other of these paths. It is of immense importance to your country, which you choose, and it may prove of immense importance to yourselves. May God grant you wisdom to decide aright, and strengthen you to adhere consistently to your decision. S. B. G.

The crew of the ship "Prince Albert," which recently sailed to the cold Arctic Regions, in search of Sir John Franklin, are all abstainers from intoxicating drinks.

## A SUGGESTION.

Would it not be well at the close of meetings, &c. to give away tracts, ready sealed up in envelopes? At one meeting in which it was tried the people seemed much pleased, and many more would have been joyfully received. These envelopes had mottoes on the outside. Some numbers of the "Band of Hope Review" would afford great delight to the children. This plan might also be successfully carried out in railway trains. The present time affords a wide field for doing good in this manner.—*Annie, Tavistock.*

The suggestion of our correspondent is a good one. We will prepare a good illustrated "Band of Hope Envelope," if we have orders beforehand for 10,000, so as to secure us from heavy loss. We shall be obliged by the receipt of any suitable designs.—*Ed.*

## BEN AND HIS MOTHER.

*Continued from page 26.*

Two or three years passed away after Ben left England, without his mother ever hearing from him; and she began to feel infirm and unable to work as hard as she used to do. At last she was obliged to give up her cottage, and go to the workhouse. Here she lived two years longer, striving to set an example of patience and holiness of conduct to all around her.

The clergyman of the parish went once a week to the workhouse, to pray, and explain the Scriptures to the old people, and he always admired Sarah's contented, happy spirit, and her clean, neat appearance. But do you think she had forgotten her poor lost child? Oh, no! Many a thought was turned into a prayer, for his soul and body; and she felt a strong hope that the God of his father and mother would bring the wanderer home to himself. One morning the clergyman was sent for to the workhouse to see Sarah, who appeared to have been unwell for sometime.

On going to her bed-side, he soon saw from her countenance, that she was not long for this world. She spoke with much pain; but after saying how happy she felt at the prospect of death, from the hope that her sins were pardoned through the merits of her Lord and Saviour, she added—"And now, Sir, I have no fears for myself; but I have a son who left me for a soldier nearly six years ago. I think he is now, if alive, in the East Indies; and for this dear child I have fears. Oh, that he were as near the haven of eternal rest as his mother! I will ask you to take care of this parcel under my pillow; and if ever he comes back to England and his native town, will you, Sir, tell him that you received it from my hands?" The good minister took the parcel, and promised to comply with her request; when Sarah faintly added, "Dear Sir, if you ever see my boy, tell him that I prayed with Jacob, that the God before whom his father and I walked, that God who hath fed me all my life unto this day, would bless my lad also." She was now faint with her exertion, and spoke no more; though her looks shewed she felt the prayer that the minister offered up before he left her; a few hours after which, her spirit left this world of sorrow.

But you will wish to know what Ben was doing all this time. Before he sailed for India, he wrote to his dear mother; and this was the only letter she ever received from him: for when he arrived there, he was ordered far up into the country, and had seldom an opportunity of writing. Ben was five months on the great ocean after he left England; and when he saw nothing around him but sky and water, he would walk up and down on the ship's deck, thinking of his poor mother, and wishing himself back again in old England. He found great comfort from the little books and Bible which had been put in his knapsack; but his serious manner, objection to drinking and swearing, soon got him the laugh of some of his wicked companions; and he could not bear their jests and sneers, and would often join in their sin, because he felt ashamed of being singular. Sometimes his mother's favourite hymn would cross his mind; and the recollection of her Christian advice, and his different conduct would make him sigh deeply, as he repeated to himself those lines—

"Ashamed of Jesus—can it be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?"



When Ben arrived in India, it was indeed a new world to him. Many and great were the hardships he had to undergo. Long marches under a burning sun brought on a bad fever; when death and all his sins stared him in the face. Then Ben, when he was able, began to read his Bible, and to pray. And he often longed for a Christian friend to speak to: but, alas! in the land where he then dwelt, there was no spiritual comfort. There, the Sabbath was hardly to be known from any other day. No "church-going bell," no faithful minister was to be heard, inviting and persuading sinners to come to the Saviour. But what deeply grieved our young soldier were the cruel rites, and sad idolatries of heathenism. Once in a dark wood he heard the sounds of the cymbals and drums, calling the poor natives to the worship of devils. Before a black image, placed in a pagoda, with lights burning around it, he saw his fellow-creatures kneeling down and placing their foreheads to the earth, whilst Ben shivered as if he was standing in the neighbourhood of hell; and he lifted up his heart in prayer to the Lord God of heaven, in two lines of a hymn, which he had learnt when a child:

"Grant, Lord! that I may faithful be  
To clearer light vouchsafed to me."

Dr. Watts's Divine Songs too, which he had been taught in the Sunday school, often crossed his mind, and particularly that one which begins—

"Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace."

After having been in India some years, he received a wound in his leg, which made him unfit to be a soldier any longer; and he was sent over to England. His first thought, on reaching his own country, was to hasten to his mother. He bought a gown and a shawl for her, and proceeded on the outside of the coach to his former home. On reaching the town near his mother's cottage, he went into a neighbour's house; and saying who he was, begged she would let his mother know he was in the town, lest his going himself might prove too great a surprise to her. But you may think how the young soldier's heart sank, when the woman told him his mother had been dead a year or more. He walked on to the Standish's, and found them both alive, but very old and infirm. Ben was so sunburnt and altered, that no one knew him; besides which he walked lame. Old John Standish and his wife's first question was about Jack; and Ben had the sad task of telling them of his death, for he died of hard drinking in India. When he began to speak of his own dear mother, Betty Standish said, "Ah, poor soul! she never looked up much after you went; and when she could not stand at the wash-tub any longer, she was forced to go to the workhouse; but all the folk seemed to say she was vast content. I heard she left our parson a letter for you, as he prayed with her when she died." When Ben heard this, he thought he had best go to the clergyman at once: for he longed to know all he could about his poor mother. As he passed his old cottage, on his way to the minister's house, he stopped a few minutes, and shed tears when he thought of the happy days he had spent there, and his wrong conduct in leaving it. At last he reached the parsonage, and was shown into Mr. Mason's study. When Ben had made his bow, and mentioned his name and errand, the good minister took from a cupboard a parcel, saying, "Here, young man—this was given me by your dying mother for you, and I was to entrust you from her, as with her last breath, to 'consider your ways, and turn to the Lord.'" Now this text came to Ben's mind like a flash of lightning; for he felt his ways had been bad indeed ever since he left England. Ben assured Mr. Mason that he desired to live the remainder of his days to the glory of that God whose mercy had brought him to his native land, when he might justly have been left to perish in a heathen one. Mr. Mason then asked Ben what he meant to do towards getting an honest livelihood. And when Ben replied he thought of working at his trade as carpenter, Mr. M. said he might stop at the parsonage, till he could meet with a master who would employ him, and also quiet people to board with. After Ben had thanked Mr. Mason for this kind offer, he went out of the study and opened his parcel. There he found six pair of yarn stockings, and three night caps, which his mother had employed herself in knitting for him; also her own Bible, and a letter in her handwriting directed to him. This letter was such as to decide Ben more than ever to cleave to the "Lord with full purpose of heart." And on reading the letter, he shed many a tear, saying aloud, "Ah! my dear mother, if your worthless son had not left you, you would never have died in a workhouse."

In a few days, Ben got the promise of constant work; and he also heard of a nice pious family with whom he could board. He therefore left the kind minister's house, and began his new life. And a

new life it was! From attending to the sermons and private advice of Mr. Mason, Ben became a changed man. "Old things were passed away and all things become new." Thus were Sarah's prayers for her dear son answered; and he was remarked in the town for his upright and pious conduct. He became very busy as a collector for the Missionary Society; and got enough subscribers to entitle him to a Register: when his delight used to be to read the accounts of all that was doing by our missionaries in heathen lands; and he would often tell what his own eyes had beheld, of the superstition and cruelty of those poor creatures, till his neighbours could refuse him their penny a week no longer.

His history is now written as a warning to young lads, who dreading the jeers of their companions, and fearing man rather than God, may be brought into misery, not only here, but hereafter.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."—From *Mother's Stories*.



### BE THANKFUL.

The reapers are now busily employed in all parts of the country cutting down the plentiful crops of fine ripe grain which God has been pleased to give. The wheat will soon be ground into flour by the miller, and then made into bread. As you partake of it day by day be thankful, and say with David, in his 68th Psalm, "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits."

Intemperance, far more than the deficiency of elementary education, is the parent of crime. It is appalling to think upon the crime and misery involved in the fact, that £60,000,000 are annually spent in alcoholic liquors in Great Britain and Ireland."—*Nonconformist*.

### INTELLIGENCE.

**SUTTON BRIDGE.**—We held our Festival on the 19th of June. The members walked in procession, carrying banners, &c. After tea, a meeting was held, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Narracott, J. Richardson, and Allan. We circulate the "Sunday Scholars' and Youths' Temperance Magazine," and the "Band of Hope Review" in our schools with success. We have eighty pleasing members.—*T. BURNHAM.*

**LONDON.**—At the late Temperance Demonstration in the Surrey Zoological Gardens there were about 25,000 persons present. We have seen a letter from Mr. Tyler, the proprietor, in which he states, "A more orderly and decorous assembly I never beheld—a profane word never reached my ear."

**SELBY.**—On Wednesday, the 13th of August, the Band of Hope took tea together in the public room, when nearly 200 boys and girls were present, after which they were addressed by Messrs. Beall of Hull, and Booth of Huddersfield, and Morrell of Selby. One hundred and fifty copies of the "Band of Hope Review," and other tracts were given to the boys and girls.

**STEPNEY, POPLAR, AND PLAISTOW.**—The united festival of these three Bands of Hope took place on the 14th of August. An attractive procession of the children and friends, accompanied by bands of music and banners, walked through the streets to a large field near Poplar church, where a plentiful supply of cake and milk was furnished. During the course of the evening, several sweet melodies were sung, music played, and interesting addresses were delivered by the veteran Father Cotton, of Plaistow; Mr. Knight, of the Albion Academy; and Messrs. Dorsett, Nicholl, and Reed. The healthy and happy appearance of these bands of juvenile abstainers was peculiarly gratifying. We regret that our space will not allow us to give a more lengthy report.

**BRIDPORT.**—A few months since a meeting was held in this town, when a Band of Hope was duly organised. Regular meetings of the children have since been held, and many signatures received. On Tuesday, August the 12th, about 350 of the members walked in procession through the town, headed by a brass band; and also bearing many banners with appropriate mottoes. Tea was provided in a field for the children and 150 adults. An open-air meeting was then held, the Rev. T. Young in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. C. Cheney, and Messrs. King, Meteyard, and Monteith. After which the children walked to the Market-place. The band then played the National Anthem, and the company dispersed, greatly delighted with the proceedings of the day.

**AMERICA.**—We have received the following letter from that great friend of all good movements, E. C. DELAVAN, Esq.

Balden Centre, New York,  
July 4th, 1851.

My dear Sir,

I thank you for sending to me the *Half-yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review."* I have perused every article in it with much satisfaction and pleasure. Such a work cannot but be an instrument of good to those families into which it becomes a monthly visitor. Children have no more natural taste for strong drink than they have for medicine. It is a great point gained to place arguments before them early, to prevent the destructive habit of drinking—for when the habit is once formed, you know how difficult it is to arrest it. Could the children of Great Britain be induced to adopt the principle of entire abstinence from all that can intoxicate, intemperance with its long train of evils would soon terminate throughout the empire. Let the army of the moderate and immoderate drinkers find no recruits from the rising generation, and a few years will find that army extinct.

What a glorious example it would be to the whole world, could the children of your beloved and virtuous Queen be induced to become members of "The World's Temperance Band of Hope." Her Majesty was once the Patron of the Temperance Cause, when *Distilled Spirit was the object of attack*. When the Friends of Temperance in your land and this made the discovery, that the wine of both countries was a fabricated, drugged, and spurious article, generally made from ardent spirit, and that Beer was also a drugged and highly intoxicating drink, and that all fermented drinks were more or less intoxicating, they felt constrained, in duty to the great cause they were labouring to promote, to take a bold and determined stand against all intoxicating drinks as a beverage in health, as the only course promising the result desired, the universal destruction of the habit of intemperance.

I cannot but think that Her Majesty and her husband Prince Albert will, when they understand this important question, as the friends of Temperance now generally understand it, give to the world their example and support to the great and noble principle advocated in your admirable work.

Yours very truly,  
E. C. DELAVAN.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to several complaints, we beg to state that our publishers are supplied with copies in time for the monthly parcels, and, therefore, if our friends do not procure their numbers regularly it is the fault of the bookseller, or his London agent.

**W. J. CORNELL.**—Your contributions of recent notices of deaths, accidents, &c. from drinking, cut out of newspapers will be of great service. Some of our friends omit to write the names and dates of the papers from which they are taken. This renders them valueless to us.

We are preparing Rules for the formation of Bands of Hope; also a New Pocket Pledge Book and Card.

We have received encouraging letters from the following friends, for which we are obliged—Lady C. L.; W. L. Newark; A Teetotaler; A Reader, &c.; G. A. S.; H. J. Rowley; W. M. Symons; Franklin; A. Rogers; F. Aitkin; Memento; G. R. Gill; J. Proud; J. Balstrick; Geo. Parnington; J. Featherstone; Mary Johns; Rev. J. B. McCrea; Thos. Cramp; Alex. S. Mayne; P. Brown; W. W. Heckford. We solicit your continued efforts to increase our circulation. By presenting copies of the *Half-yearly Part (4d.)* to your Sunday School Libraries, Reading Rooms, &c., you will permanently aid us.

**W. Jones.**—By a judicious and prayerful persuasion you will succeed—We hope to help you.

**RECEIVED WITH THANKS.**—Rev. T. Young, R. H. G. W. Drew, E. Harris, J. A. Maule, P. Sothall, H. V. Bean, J. Nicholas, W. C. Watkins, R. T. W. G. E. Bridge, J. Spettigue, B. Glover, F. F. Cotterill, R. Parsons, S. W. A. Duffy, W. Andrew and George Morris, X. Y. Z., Joseph Shaw, F. E. Mattinson, T. Fuller, R. Yellowless.

**T. R. H.**—We wish you every joy. You almost make us desire to leave the bachelor's chair.

**GEORGE HOLLIER.**—We shall go to some expense for a good illustration, and hope that you will get a goodly number of the October copies well circulated in your schools.

**ISAAC PRICE.**—Please send the answer. All original Enigmas should be accompanied by the answers.

### CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE

### SHOE-BLACK SOCIETY.

A Sabbath School Teacher . . . . . £0 1 6  
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### RAGGED SCHOOLS.

We have peculiar pleasure in stating that Samuel Gurney, Esq. of Lombard street, has commissioned us to present a copy of our October number to every "Ragged School Scholar" in London and the suburbs. We shall be glad if the various Secretaries will inform us how many copies they will require, in order that the parcels may be prepared in time for the distribution to take place as early in the month as possible. Any suggestions for rendering that number specially applicable for Ragged Schools will oblige.

All the back numbers have been reprinted, and may be had through any bookseller.

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"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

**THE WAY TO FORTUNE;  
OR,  
"BETTER TO WORK THAN TO BEG."**

LET no poor boy, after reading the following interesting fact, ever despair of making a respectable living.

A gentleman was once walking down one of the streets of P——, when a beggar loudly craved for a "few coppers for a night's lodging." The gentleman looked earnestly at the poor man and inquired, "Why do you not work? you should be ashamed of begging." "Oh, sir, I do not know where to get employment." "Nonsense!" replied the gentleman, "you can work if you will."

"Now listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman gave me a crown piece, and said to me 'Work, and don't beg; God helps those who help themselves.' I immediately left P——, and got out of the way of my old companions. I remembered the advice given me by my mother before she died, and I began to pray to God to keep me from sin, and to give me his help day by day. I went round to the houses in the country places, and with part of my five shillings, bought old rags. These I took to the paper mills and sold them at a profit. I was always willing to give a fair price for the things I bought, and did not try to sell them for more than I believed they were worth. I deter-

mined to be honest, and God prospered me. My purchases and profits became larger and larger, and now I have got more than *ten thousand crown pieces* that I can call my own. One great thing that has contributed to my success is this, I have kept from *drink and tobacco*."

As the gentleman spoke, he took out his purse, and drew from it a five shilling piece, and handing it to the astonished beggar, he said, "Now you have the same chance of getting on in the world as I had. Go and work, and let me never see you begging again. If I do, I will hand you over to the police."

Years passed away. The gentleman had forgotten the circumstance, until one day when travelling through P——, he entered a respectable looking bookseller's shop, in order to purchase some books that he wanted.

He had not been many minutes in conversation with the bookseller, before the latter, eagerly looking into the face of his customer, inquired, "Sir, are not you the gentleman who, several years ago, gave a five shilling piece to a poor beggar at the end of this street?"

"Yes! I remember it well."  
"Then sir, this house, this well stocked shop is the fruit of that five shilling piece." Tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks as he introduced the gentleman to his happy wife and children. He was regarded as their benefactor. When gathered round the table to partake of a cup of tea, the bookseller recounted

his history from the above eventful day. It was very similar to that of the welcome visitor. By industry, honesty, and dependance upon God's help, he had risen step by step from buying rags, to selling papers and tracts in the street, then to keeping an old book shop, and ultimately to be owner of one of the best circulating libraries in the place. Before the happy party separated, the large old family Bible was brought, out of which a Psalm of thanksgiving was read, and then all bent around the family altar. Words could not express the feelings of those who formed that group. For some moments, silence, intermingled by subdued sobs, evidenced the gratitude to the almighty Disposer of all events, which was ascending to heaven.

When they rose, and bid each other farewell, the bookseller said, "Thank God, I have found your words to be true. 'God helps those who help themselves.'"

**"IT IS  
BETTER TO WORK  
THAN  
TO BEG."**

TO THE  
**RAGGED SCHOOL SCHOLARS  
OF LONDON.**

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Although you may be very poor, yet you have something to be thankful for. God has raised up many kind friends who are building you schools, and purchasing books and other useful things for you at a great cost. These friends desire to see you grow up to be honest, industrious and happy. One of these kind friends (Samuel Gurney, Esq.) has requested us to send each of you a copy of this month's paper, in the hope that some of the good advice which it contains will be made a blessing to you. There are three things we wish you to do: **READ—REMEMBER—PRACTICE.** If you read the paper attentively, remember what it says, and practice what it advises, we shall expect to find that not a few of you will, by God's blessing, become happy and prosperous men and women.

On the 11th of October the Great Exhibition is to close. Prince Albert would have had pleasure in giving all the poor children of England and other lands a sight of it, but this could not be done.

Well, never mind! There is a better Exhibition in Heaven: one that will *never close*; and you may all be there *if you will*. Jesus Christ is "the door," and he will admit all who come *through him*, "without money and without price."





## WILLIE AND HIS ROSE.

"What a beautiful rose!" exclaimed Willie, as he stood by the side of his old grandfather Gregory. "Oh, what a beautiful rose!" he repeated. While it was hard to say which looked most sparkling, the dew drop on the flower lighted up by the golden beam of morning, or the eyes of the little boy which were gazing upon it.

"Is this the very rose, grandfather, which the other day was but a small bud shut up in its own leaflets? Oh, what a difference! I have not forgotten what you told me about that bud. I remember you said it was like that person's heart which was wrapped up in its own selfishness; and that it resembled the people who say, 'Mind number one, take care of yourself, serve self first, and God afterward.' I recollect you patted me on the head then, grandfather, and said to me, 'Willie, my boy, don't love self, love God, love God.'"

"But the rose now is quite another thing. How beautifully it is opened! How fresh the drops of dew have made it look! and what a sweet smell it has! Oh, I should so like to pick it, and take it to father!" Old Gregory nodded consent, and the rose was soon cropped by Willie's little fingers.

"If that rose had been plucked," said the grandfather, "before it was open, it would have been fit for nothing, but to be thrown into that pit yonder."

At this moment the village clock struck seven. The old man started, and seizing Willie's hand, said, "Out of the gate, boy, and over the stile, for there are three long fields and two long green lanes to pass before you reach your cousin's home, and all to be done in less than half an hour."

It was a fine morning, the lark was merrily carolling over head, for as yet the mowers had not disturbed its lowly nest: the bee was busily employed in the bells of many a wild flower growing here and there, and the crowing of the cocks, as one answered the other, helped to give variety to the pleasures of a country walk in June. Both old Gregory and Willie for a time seemed lost in looking, listening and thinking. At length, the old man said, "Shall I tell you a story, Willie?" The little boy always loved his grandfather's stories, so he eagerly answered, "Yes, oh do!"

"Well," began old Gregory, "a long time ago, there were three or four missionaries going into a certain country, but just before they started, one had a very wonderful dream, which seemed to say, they must go across the water to quite a different place. Now they felt that this dream was from God, so accordingly they set sail, and after they landed they came to a river where they found some people in prayer. The good missionaries began to tell them about Jesus; how he came from heaven, what wonderful things he did, and how he suffered on the cross, that they might not suffer in hell. They said beside, that although they were great sinners, Jesus was a great Saviour, and that he would wash every one of their sins away with his precious blood. While the missionary was preaching, God opened the heart of one of these women, just as he opened the rose. Before, this woman's heart was wrapped round with its own selfishness, quite closed against Christ; but now it became enlarged. Before, her heart was dry and graceless, but now the dew of God's blessed Spirit was lying there, and love to God went up to heaven as a sweet odour, just like the fragrance from the rose, perfuming all the air around. Was not that a blessed change, Willie? If death were to take such a heart from earth, it would be fit to present to the Father of Spirits in heaven, and to dwell for ever with Jesus; but if any heart is taken from life before it is opened to receive the dew of God's Spirit, it is fit for nothing but to be thrown into the bottomless pit."

"Now can you tell me, Willie, what this missionary's name was who had the dream, what the country was called where he stood by the river side, and what was the name of the woman whose heart, like the rose, the Lord opened?"

Willie thought for a little while, and seemed very much puzzled, and as by this time they had arrived at their journey's end, old Gregory said, "Look in the sixteenth chapter of the Acts, and see if you can find anything about it there."

And now, dear little reader, what is the state of your heart? Is it opened like Willie's rose? Is the dew of God's Spirit on it? And is the fragrance of love exhaling around?

## A KISS FOR A BLOW.

When I lived in Boston I was one of the city school committee. I used to visit some of the public schools of the city almost every day, and spent a few minutes in each school, talking to the children on peace and temperance. The children understood that, when I came to the schools, they were at liberty to ask me my opinions on these subjects. They generally had some questions to ask.

One day I visited one of the infant schools. There were about fifty children in it, between four and eight years of age.

"Children," said I, "have any of you a question to ask to-day?"

"Please to tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by 'overcoming evil with good?'"

"I am glad," said I, "you have asked that question, for I love to talk to you about peace, and to show you how to settle all difficulties without fighting." I then tried to show them what the precept meant, and how to apply it, and carry it out. While I tried to think of something to make it plain to the children, the following incident occurred. A boy about seven years of age, and his sister about five years of age, sat near me. As I was talking, George doubled up his fist, and struck his sister on her head, as unkind and cruel brothers often do. She was angry in a moment, and raised her hand at once to strike him in return. The teacher saw her, and said, "Mary, you had better kiss your brother." Mary dropped her hand, and looked up at the teacher, as if she did not fully understand her. She had never been taught to return good for evil. She thought that if her brother struck her, she of course had a right to

A Kiss for a Blow! All the school saw at once, what was meant by "overcoming evil with good," and they needed no further instruction on the subject. They never will forget it. Had Mary struck her brother, there had been a fight. It was prevented by her kiss.

When others strike you, or do anything to you which you think an injury, always do as sweet little Mary did. Give a kiss for a blow, and there will be no trouble. They will take care how they wrong you in any way, when they are once sure that the injuries they do you will not be returned. Though George was the elder and the larger, and could strike the harder, yet Mary conquered him. George's large strong body, his muscular arm, and hard blows, were not a match for the stronger love and sweet kiss of Mary.

Dear children, arm yourselves with Mary's weapons, throw away your anger, your sullen looks, your provoking nicknames, your clenched fists, and furious blows, and take the sweet love and soft words of little Mary; then go forth to meet your enemies, and you may be sure of an easy and bloodless victory.

Abridged from Gilpin's ILLUSTRATED Edition of "A Kiss for a Blow." A delightful little work which we hope will soon be found in every Sunday School Library in the kingdom.—Ed.

## STRIKING DISCOVERY OF A ROBBER.

A young man was brought to the Clerknewell Police Court, charged with stealing from Mr. W. Beck, 28, Aldenham Street, St. Pancras. The prisoner had been seized with a fit when walking in the street, and was taken by the Police to the Workhouse. Whilst insensible his pockets were examined in order to find out his name and address. To the surprise of the policeman, he recognized some articles which had been stolen the night before from Mr. Beck. On his recovery he was taken into custody, and is now committed for trial. Is not honesty the best policy? Let us never forget that, sooner or later, our sin will find us out.—See Morning Chronicle, Sept. 6th, 1851.

## AN ODD THOUGHT;

OR,

## "NEVER BE CRUEL."

EDMUND ANDREWS was well known as a cruel boy. Cockchafters, butterflies, and birds, frogs and toads, dogs and cats, had all been ill-used by him in their turn; and many a reproof had he received for his cruelty.

As Edmund was passing by Burliton's barn, he saw Wilkinson, the old shepherd, with his pitch-kettle and iron, marking the sheep, which had been lately shorn, with the letters J. B., for John Burliton.

"So you are putting your master's mark on the sheep, are you?" said Edmund, as he walked up to the shepherd.

"I am, Master Edmund," replied Wilkinson; "but their Almighty Maker has put his mark upon them before."

"What do you mean," said Edmund, looking at the shepherd inquiringly.

"I mean," replied Wilkinson, "that our heavenly Father, in his wisdom and goodness, has put his marks upon all the creatures he has made, and such marks as none but he could put on them: he has given brown wings to the cockchafter, spots to the butterfly, feathers to the bird, a sparkling eye to the frog and toad, a swift foot to the dog, and a soft furry skin to the cat. These marks are his marks, and they shew us that these creatures belong to him; and woe be to those who abuse them. We should never be cruel to any of them."

"That is an odd thought," said Edmund, as he began to walk away from the spot.

"It may be an odd thought," replied the shepherd, "but when odd thoughts lead us to glorify God, and to act kindly to his creatures, the more we have, Master Edmund, the better."—Child's Companion.

DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT THROUGH INTemperance.—A most distressing circumstance occurred to a middle aged woman, residing in Main Street, Gorbals. While in a state of intoxication she had been holding a lighted candle on her knees, the flame of which set fire to her dress. Before any assistance could be rendered, her eyeballs were literally burnt out of their sockets, thus depriving her of sight for life. She now lies in a deplorable state with little hope of her recovery.—Scotch Paper.





## THE OLD BLIND MAN IN THE PATCHED COAT; OR, HAVING COMPASSION ONE OF ANOTHER.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

What a sweet, mild, mercy-loving discourse might be given from the words "Having compassion one of another!" How like the dew of heaven might the soft accents of a gray-headed, kind-spirited minister of Christ on such a text, fall upon and sink into the heart! Hear, manhood and youth, old age and childhood, if ye look for the loving-kindness of the Lord, have compassion one of another.

When an act of kindness is done to a follower of Jesus Christ, it is just the same as if it had been done to the Saviour himself. When Simon Peter said to the Saviour, "Thou knowest that I love thee," the Saviour required a proof of his love, and replied to him, "Feed my sheep;" and "Feed my lambs." And when the Redeemer spoke of kindness done by those who should sit at his right hand in the day of judgment, he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." Matt. xxv., 40. In a world where every one is more or less dependent on those around him, it is very desirable to have compassion one of another.

As Anne and Arthur, two Band of Hope children, went to school, Arthur with his slate, and Anne carrying their books, with their dinner in a basket, they passed by a poor, old, blind man, who, muffled up in a loose, patched coat, with his staff in his hand, was sitting on a piece of timber, attended with a shy-looking little boy, who had no shoes on his feet. At the sight of the old man, who called forth her pity, Anne at once put her hand into the basket on her arm, when Arthur, supposing that his dinner was in danger, interposed to prevent his sister from giving it away. But, though Arthur would not give a morsel of his share, he could not hinder Anne from giving the whole of hers; and this she did, willingly going without dinner, hungry but yet



very ill-naturedly, and Anne acted very kindly to the old blind man in the patched coat. Have compassion one of another.

It is not in giving money alone, nor, indeed, in giving food and clothing, that compassion is shown. When Peter saw the lame man at the gate of the Temple called Beautiful, he said to him, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle

happy in relieving the wants of the old man.

This kind act on the part of Anne was not like giving a piece from a full purse, it rather resembled the conduct of the poor widow in God's holy Word, who, in giving a mite, bestowed all she had.

Though self-denial may impart,  
To day, some trifling sorrow,  
It casts a sunshine on the heart,  
And blesses us to-morrow

There are some boys belonging to the Band of Hope, whether Arthur is one of them I cannot tell, who have fallen into the mistake of supposing that because they abstain from the cup that intoxicates, they have done enough, and thus try to excuse themselves from doing more. Why, just as well might a boy try to excuse himself from washing his face, because he had washed his hands; from tying one shoe-string, because he had tied another; or from behaving well to-day, because he had behaved well yesterday. Every one who belongs to the Band of Hope should set a pattern, and act as an example to the young people around, by attending according to his means to "every good word and work." A Band of Hope boy should be known by his diligence, his cheerfulness, his uprightness, his self-denial, and his kindness, as well as by his sobriety. Arthur behaved

bones received strength. And he, leaping up, stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping, and praising God." Acts iii., 6, 8. This was truly having compassion on him.

You are not able, young reader, to give strength to the weak ankle bones of a cripple, as Peter did; but you are able, and I trust you are willing too, when occasion offers, to perform a hundred little kind actions to those about you. Take another glance at the picture; look at the shy little fellow without shoes or stockings, with his pitiful face, for he has not courage enough to hold up his head; and look at the poor old blind man with the patched coat, holding out his hand with expectation, for very likely he has heard the soft voice of the tender-hearted little maiden, and ask yourself whether you would like to be churlish and selfish Arthur, or kind-hearted, dinner-giving Anne. I think that I know which you will choose. Would you do as you would be done by—

Would you act a kind, thoughtful, and pitiful part,  
Like a loveable sister and brother,  
And cheer up a drooping and desolate heart,—  
Have compassion, then, one on another.

## THE DRAUGHT OF WHISKY; OR, "SHE WAS THE CAUSE OF IT."

Near the road-side, between Ross and Waterford, in Ireland, there is a large heap of stones, upon which many of the passers-by cast an additional stone. This spot was, some years ago, the scene of a sad murder of a Mr. Lennard. The facts connected with the commission of this murder afford affecting evidence of the fearful effects of strong drinks, in prompting a man to commit so dreadful a crime.

The murderer was soon discovered, tried, and sentenced to be hung. When the judge was pronouncing sentence, the scene in the Court was most affecting. The wretched culprit, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Yes, my lord, I am guilty; but she was the cause of it." As he spoke he pointed his finger to a hoary-headed woman, above eighty years of age, who was in the dock with him. Ah, young reader, whom do you think



she was?—His MOTHER!

This mother had become so hardened in heart by the use of whisky, that she had undertaken to murder Mr. Lennard for a sum of money. When her intended victim was approaching, she handed a loaded pistol to her son, and told him to fire.

The son, starting back, exclaimed, "How can I murder the poor gentleman?" The unnatural parent immediately handed him the remains of a bottle of whisky, saying, "Take this, you cowardly rascal."

He drank it. The kinder feelings of poor Malone were soon quenched, and gave place to baser ones. In a few moments the fatal shot was fired; the murderous deed was done; a soul was hurried into an eternal world.

Dear young readers, whenever you see a whisky bottle, think of POOR MALONE.

The "British Association for the Suppression of Intemperance" have resolved, that Mr. T. B. Thompson shall devote his valuable talents to the formation of Bands of Hope.

We have been favoured by Mr. Mountstephen with some very pleasing facts relative to the Field Lane Ragged School, which will appear in our next.

We are very desirous that our First Half-Yearly Part, (4d.) should have a place in every Sunday School Library. Will our friends kindly present copies in their various localities?



### BIBLE QUESTIONS. PRIZES and CONDITIONS.

FOUR PRIZES Monthly, of the value of 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d., for the First Series; and 1s. 6d., 1s., 9d., and 6d., for the Second; and at the close of the year, FOUR ANNUAL PRIZES will be given to those who obtain the largest amount of the monthly prizes, on the following conditions:—

1. Competitors to be under eighteen years of age for the First Series, and under eleven for the Second.
2. The answers to be given from the Bible, and not quoted from other books.
3. Each successful competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own.
4. Answers to be sent in by the last day of the month.

It is requested that passages of Scripture be in full. The name and address *not to be written* on the same sheet with the answers, but a short verse from the Proverbs to be placed at the head and the same verse written on a separate piece of paper with the date, name, address, age, and if a Sabbath school scholar, and sent with the answers to the Band of Hope Office, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

#### FIRST SERIES.

ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—SEPTEMBER.

37. Habakkuk ii. 4. "The just shall live by his faith."
38. "By the which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain."
39. 1 Timothy i. 10. "Men Stealers."
40. Dan and Ephraim. Judges xvii. 18. Micah of Ephraim set up an idol, and the Danites were the first who made application to it.
41. Hosea vi. 5. "Therefore have I mowed down great prophets—I have slain them by the words of my mouth."
42. "From Dan to Beersheba." 2 Sam. xvii. 11. Dan being the northern, Beersheba the southern extremity of the land.

ELIZA HAZELL, Norwood, Surrey.  
ELIZABETH WATSON, Dunstable, Beds.  
HENRY C. MURCH, Ottery St. Mary.  
ELLEN HILL, Fordington, Dorchester.

#### QUESTIONS—OCTOBER.

49. Name that chapter which gives a description of mines, highly adorned with poetic imagery.
50. Name the sacred writer who first described the cherubim.
51. What reason is assigned why the east-door or gate of the holy place was never to be opened?
52. Give in a few words a description of an Eastern winter, which also serves to describe the winter of life in Eastern imagery.
53. Where does St. Paul happily express his transcendent humility and penitence for his mistaken zeal and rage against the name and gospel of the blessed Jesus, by forming a noble comparative from a superlative?

NOTE.—Our young readers will remember that we usually form superlatives from comparatives. (thus we do not say more than the most) but in the answer to this question this expression is adopted.

54. Which of the Apostles lays down an essential truth in two ways—first by way of affirmation, and then by negatives to exclude all possibility of exception?

#### SECOND SERIES.

ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—SEPTEMBER.

19. Enoch.
20. Abraham.
21. The penitent thief.
22. 1 Corinthians vi. 10.
23. The ass.—It was gifted with speech to reprove Balaam, and was honored to carry Jesus Christ.

THEODORE C. HALL, Bridgewater.  
H. PROSSER, Great Barlow-street, London.  
A. REEVE, Norfolk-street, Hull.  
E. ALLEBURY, Mark-street, London.

In addition to the above, the answers from Jane B. Burton, Darlington; William Daw, Holwell; Denis MacCarthy, Wrockwarden Wood; and M. A. Dowry, Bridgewater, are very good, and in the main correct; but we consider those selected the best. Several of our young friends omit sending their age, these we are obliged to pass over.

#### QUESTIONS—OCTOBER.

31. What General continued to worship the calves in Bethel, after destroying the house of Baal and suppressing idolatry?
32. Which was the ninth plague of Egypt, and where is it set first in number, and in what list not mentioned by name?
33. Give two instances where friends brought presents to one who was restored from great calamity.
34. What incident in the New Testament strikingly illustrates the truth, that in acts of charity, God regards the motive and not the sum.
35. Name the five kinds of animals accepted as sacrifices by the Mosaic law.
36. How did the royal Priest style the true God?

### PROGRESS OF PEACE PRINCIPLES.

A grand gathering of about 70,000 Sunday scholars is to take place on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Manchester. The "National Anthem" is to be sung by these Juveniles as the Queen passes through the park; and it is a pleasing sign of the times that the old verse about scattering the "Queen's enemies" is to be omitted. Charles Swain, the Manchester Poet, has composed the following appropriate substitute,—

"Crown'd by a nation's love,  
Guarded by heaven above,  
Long live the Queen!"  
Long may each voice exclaim,  
Wide as Britannia's fame,  
"Long live Victoria's name,  
God bless the Queen!"

### THE STUDENT'S TRICK.

A young collegian of the western world  
Was walking where a rippling streamlet purled;  
His worthy tutor (Heaven such tutors send!  
For he the title bore of "children's friend")  
Was the companion of his lonely walk,  
And sought to improve his charge by serious talk;  
When lo! a pair of labourer's shoes they see,  
Lying beneath the shadow of a tree.  
Seeing the owner's day's work nearly done,  
The college youth propos'd to have some fun; [see  
"Let's hide them," said the youth, "and watch to  
How great the man's perplexity will be."  
"Not so," the tutor, gravely smiling, said,  
"A pleasant thought has popped into my head;  
You're rich, young man, I would a lesson teach;  
Come, gently slip a dollar into each,  
And then with pleasure real, without alloy,  
We'll watch to see the humble labourer's joy."  
The youth assented. Then with stealthy pace  
And noiseless step, they sought their hiding place.

And now approach'd toil's care-worn son,  
Warn'd by the fast-declining sun;  
In putting on his stiffen'd boot,  
Some hard obstruction met his foot.  
Judge ye how great was his surprise,  
When a bright dollar met his eyes!



Astonishment now fill'd his mind;  
He look'd before, he look'd behind.  
He look'd till he had strain'd his sight,  
Then pocketed his dollar bright.  
He stoop'd to fit his other shoe,  
When lo! new wonders rise to view.  
With wonder and with love profound  
He knelt upon the grassy ground,  
And loudly thank'd the God of heaven  
For this his bounty kindly given.  
And in his prayer he mention made  
Of ailing wife and children without bread,  
Whom some kind hand unknown had sav'd  
From sinking in a wretched grave.

With tearful eye the student stood,  
He felt the bliss of doing good,  
And said that he could now believe  
"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."

G. H.



### "AM I NOT A MAN & A BROTHER?"

There are about seven millions of our coloured brothers and sisters who are still held in slavery in various parts of the world. America, which is improperly called "the land of liberty," has the greatest number. Let us pray and labour for the emancipation of the poor blacks.

To meet the wishes of our friends, all the back numbers of the "Band of Hope Review" have been reprinted, and may now be had through any bookseller.

### A DRUNKEN MOTHER.

At Guildhall, on the 23rd of August, Margaret Raymond was charged with Throwing her Son, a Child of six years old, from a third-floor window in Sun Court, Golden Lane. Mary Ann Regan deposed that she was looking through the second-floor window, and saw the prisoner throw the child out. He cried "Oh, mother, don't chuck me out!" At the same time a little girl in the mother's room exclaimed, "Oh, mother, don't throw him out!" The prisoner was committed for trial. She subsequently admitted that she had wanted the boy's boots in order to sell them for gin. It appeared that the child had resisted the attempt of his cruel parent to take off his shoes, and in her rage, (excited by liquor) she hurled the poor thing out of the window.—See Times, Aug. 25th, 1851.



### GOOD NEWS FROM AFAR.

In compliance with our earnest request to THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, his lordship has favoured us with a copy of the following gratifying letter, which he has just received from one of the reclaimed youths who was sent out from the London and Westminster Colonial Training School and Ragged Dormitory. It will cheer our Ragged School friends.

BURNETT RIVER, AUSTRALIA, Dec. 15th, 1850.

KIND LORD,

I write this letter hoping to find you in good health as it leaves me at present. I sincerely thank you for your kindness in procuring me a passage to Australia. I wish your lordship would send out more boys, and use your influence in Parliament to convert all the Prisons into Ragged Schools; if it had not been for your kindness and Mr. Nash, I would no doubt have been transported. Now, by the help of God, I am in a fair way of getting an honest livelihood. I wish you would assist Mr. Nash in recovering poor lads. I am very glad to hear Mr. Nash has established a Dormitory. I read the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress you presented to me every day. As soon as I procure a farm I will call it after your name. I am shepherding a flock of sheep at present, but my master has promised me a higher situation. I am very happy and comfortable although in a very lonely part of the country. I am sorry to inform you that I am not able to attend a place of worship, the nearest being at Wide Bay, 130 miles from where I am; but as I am shepherding, I have much time to read the Bible, from which I find great pleasure and consolation. There are two young men, one shepherding, the other a watchman; they are both very religious men, which is a very rare thing to find in the bush of Australia. My master is also a very nice man, he likes me very well, so I am determined to stay with him; my wages are £18. per annum, which will be risen next year. I have not seen any of the lads lately that came with me from Mr. Aitchinson's School, so I cannot let you know how they are getting on. I wish your lordship would thank those gentlemen that were instrumental in sending me to Australia, and likewise give my kind respects to Councillor Payne and to all the Committee of the Ragged School Union. I send my kind regards to all the Ragged School Boys, inviting them to partake of the land which flows with milk and honey; likewise tell them from me to reform from their bad and wicked habits, and to embrace the opportunity of becoming honest and useful members of society.

I will now conclude by sending my kind regards to your lordship, hoping you will endeavour to reform all the thieves and beggars of London into honest and religious young men.

May the Lord bless and protect you in this world, and at last may we meet in heaven, is the sincere prayer of,

Your ever humble and obedient Servant,

W. S. Ragged School Boy.

To the Rt. Hon.  
Lord Ashley, M.P.

We are informed by Mr. Nash, (the Governor of the above-named valuable Institution) that on the average, from forty to fifty thieves are weekly applying for admission. They are anxious to leave their vicious course of life, but for want of room and funds the door is closed against them. Shall this continue? One of our Metropolitan Prisons would make a first-rate Ragged Dormitory and Training School. We hope to see the day when this will take place.

### GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

Miss Fleureau, Highgate . . . £ s d  
Mr. Bellerby, Ave Maria Lane . . . 0 10 0

A long list of Notices to Correspondents, Intelligence, Enigmas, &c., postponed until our next.

LONDON:—PARTNERSHIP & OAKLEY, 34, Paternoster Row.

DUBLIN:—J. Robertson.  
EDINBURGH:—Oliphants. GLASGOW:—G. Gallie.  
May be ordered through all Booksellers.  
All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 5 Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.





"Behold thy King cometh riding upon an ass."

# THE OSTEND DONKEYS.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

Ah! look at them, for they deserve to be looked at. Fresh and frisky as young colts turned out to grass, they are scampering away as if they were about to keep holiday in a sunny meadow. But perhaps you have never seen donkeys so lively as these seem to be, and cannot understand the picture. Well then, Old Walter Wynn will explain it to you.

The buildings are intended to represent the market place of Ostend, a fortified sea port in the Netherlands. The commerce of the place is very considerable. The donkeys at Ostend are very kindly treated by their owners, the market women. These useful, patient creatures, after they have carried their loads to the market place, are turned together into a barn, or a large stable, till the market is over.

But how do you think their owners contrive to get them out of the stable again, when they are wanted to have their loads once more put on their backs? Do you think that a man is sent in among them with a long-lashed whip to flog them out, or with a stick that has a spike at the end of it to compel them to quit the place? Neither the one nor the other. Such a course is altogether unnecessary, for no sooner is the stable door open, than off they set of their own accord. Up go their ears, their heels and their tails, and without waiting to look behind them, they make the best of their way to their owners. You see what kindness and early training will do! and remember that we are not speaking of human beings, but of donkeys.

And these are the animals that men call sluggish, stubborn and stupid. These are the creatures that thoughtless and cruel boys love to plague, and cudgel, and pelt with stones, to their shame be it spoken.

A wild ass is formidable and fierce, but a tame donkey, though somewhat slow it must be granted, is one of the most gentle, quiet, inoffensive animals in the world.

The vice of cruelty renders a young person hateful. Set a Band of Hope boy before me, and tell me that he is sharp, shrewd, and clever; that he minds his book, and never so much as touches strong drink with his lips; yet if you add that he is cruel to dumb creatures, I care nothing for his sharpness, shrewdness, and cleverness, his book learning and sobriety, for he is, at best, but a disgrace to himself and to all belonging to him.

However right he seems to play his part,  
He must be wrong who has a harden'd heart.

Cruelty, crime, and ignorance are often found together; truly, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Ps. lxxiv. 20.

I called the other day on a cruel man, whose cat had just jumped from the pantry shelf, with a bone in her mouth, and she looked hungry enough to eat the dish as well as the bone. The dog, too, almost as thin as a weasel, did his best to get hold of the bone, but his master sent him off howling, with a kick on the ribs.

I sometimes pay a visit at a pretty cottage, whose inmates hold cruelty to animals in abhorrence. Their dog and cat are both treated with great kindness, the one I call *fat back*, and the other *sleeky sides*. Oh how I love to see dumb animals treated tenderly! Oh, how I hate the inhumanities of the dog fighting, cat worrying, donkey-beating crew!

*Fat back*, a dog that well deserves the name,  
And *sleeky sides*, should cover them with shame.

But think not because I thus speak, that I hate every boy and girl who acts cruelly, for this is not the case. There are some, nay, many, who act cruelly through thoughtlessness, and who, if they were once made aware of the meanness, the cowardice,

and the sinfulness of tormenting a creature, merely because he is not so well off as others, and because he is not able to protect himself from ill usage, would be ready to hide their faces, and renounce cruelty for ever. Had I one of these thoughtless ones now before me, I would say to him:—

"My little friend," yes, friend, for I would not cast him off because he had hitherto been somewhat thoughtless. "My little friend, think for a moment if it had pleased God to give you less strength, less courage, and less intellect than other young people, should you not think it hard if on this account you were to be ill used, persecuted, and tormented? I know you would, therefore from this very moment put in practice that scriptural rule of uprightness which requires us to do as we would be done by."

Again I say, look at the donkeys in the picture, for they deserve to be looked at. Heels, heads, and tails, there they go, fresh and frisky, lively and light hearted. I would not give a walnut, no, nor a walnut shell, for that man, woman, or child who could have no pleasure in making a donkey happy.

THE other morning, two Sunday Scholars who take a great interest in the "Band of Hope Review," were up before their parents. Their mother, whilst dressing, heard her little girl calling out rather peevishly, "Don't, Richard! don't! don't!" She therefore inquired what was the matter. Richard answered, "Sister has struck me, mother, and I am trying to give her a kiss for a blow."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.—Prov. viii., 34.—To sit at the gates of a king is a custom of great antiquity: traces of it are to be found in all eastern countries. Borrowing a figure well understood, therefore, in Palestine, Solomon paints the disciple of wisdom in the attitude of daily watchful attendance at her gates, waiting at the entrance of her palace doors.—*Biblical Orientalisms.*

'THAT THINE OX AND THINE ASS MAY  
REST'—Ex. xxiii., 12.



"A RIGHTEOUS MAN REGARDETH THE LIFE  
OF HIS BEAST"—Pro. xii., 10.



## THE YOUNG WARRIORS.

In a certain village, more remarkable for its rural beauty and sequestered quietude than for the rank or number of its inhabitants, there were two schools of some respectability, where boys were boarded and educated on reasonable terms. One of these stood on the high ground, and was called Hill-top Academy; while the other, which occupied a spot in the valley below at a distance of half a mile, went by the name of Low-grove Establishment.

In the Hill-top Academy, a high-spirited boy of the name of Douglas was a leader among his companions. He was tall of his age, and much looked up to by his fellows. The leader of the Low-grove boys was one Davy, short and square made and very strong. Somehow or other a feud took place between Douglas and Davy. Perhaps the only reason for the quarrel was that Douglas belonged to the Hill-top school and Davy to the Low-grove. Greater people have fallen out about causes equally trifling.

It was not long before the chieftains came to blows, and very desperate was the encounter, for as one was the taller, and the other the stronger, each obtained some advantage over his opponent. While the battle raged, some of the surrounding spectators raised the cry, "A Douglas and a Davy!" and thus increased the rancour of the strife. Each party claimed the victory, Douglas retiring with a black eye, and Davy with a bloody nose. This is the usual course of battles; they begin without reasonable cause, and end with loss to all that engage in them.

Douglas, taught by experience that Davy was stronger than he, determined to be more than a match for his rival by setting up a stick. "What is that for, Master Douglas?" said old Arnold, a servant living up at the Hall; "better be at peace." "The way to preserve peace," said Douglas, looking very wise, very resolved, and very much like a hero, "is to be prepared for war."

"Some years ago, Master Douglas," said old Arnold, "when I was servant in a lunatic asylum, we used to be very careful in removing all hurtful things out of the patients' reach, lest in their outbursts they should lay hands on them, and injure themselves and others. Now, it stands to reason, that if passionate people were surrounded with sticks, stones, flints, and glass bottles ready to their hands, they would do ten times more mischief than if they had a long way to go to look for them. Lay your stick aside, Master Douglas, lay your stick aside." Douglas was much too wise in his

own estimation to regard the advice of old Arnold.

The next time Douglas met Davy, having a stick in his hand, he felt strong, and spoke deridingly to him. If Davy had been a conscientious Bible reader and a Bible heeder, he might have remembered the text with profit, "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger," Prov. xv. 1. This not being the case, he replied with such bitterness that Douglas struck him with a stick. Davy, perceiving the advantage of his opponent, left the place for a season; but he soon returned with a bigger stick than Douglas's, with which, when he came up to his rival, he gave him so thorough a drubbing, that he made him heartily repent the introduction of weapons into their warfare. Many a warrior besides Douglas, by using weapons more than ordinarily destructive, has forced his enemy to make use of them too.

The next move made by Douglas was to persuade one of his school-fellows to join him, and to lie in wait for his opponent. This was done, and poor

In short, this warfare between the two rivals, to say nothing of the drubbings they endured, lessened their happiness, abridged their liberty, and crippled their means. How many nations in the world, at this present time, illustrate the position of Douglas and Davy!

Such was the posture of affairs when old Arnold, who knew how matters stood, tried once more to move Douglas to be peaceable. "Throw away your stick, Master Douglas," said he, "tell your comrades you shall not want them to fight for you any longer, save your pocket money, and walk abroad in peace."

"What!" replied Douglas, "do you think I will leave myself defenceless, while Davy goes out with a stick, and half a dozen comrades to help him?"

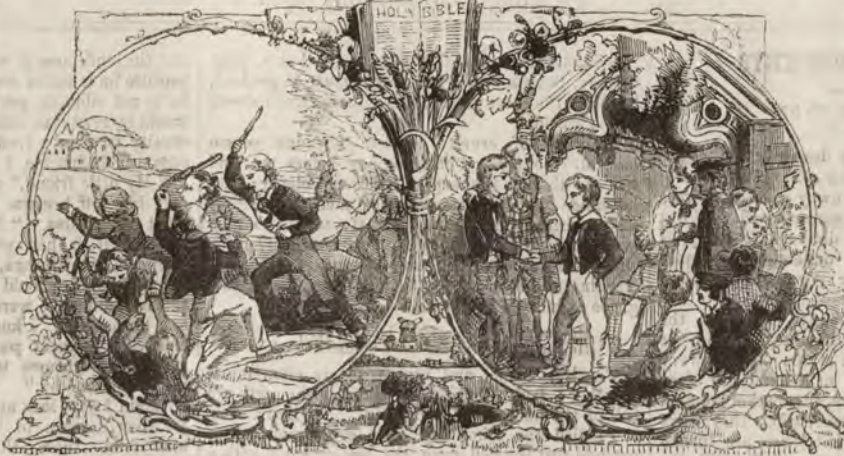
"Why no," said old Arnold, "I am not wanting you to take so unwise a step, though you well know it was yourself that led Davy to his present state of offence and defence. You are no stronger now with your stick and six comrades against Davy with his stick and six comrades, than you were when you had only to contend with Davy. All I want to know is, whether you will lay aside your stick and disband your followers, if Davy will do the same?"

Heartily sick of the troubles he had brought on himself, Douglas expressed his willingness in such a case to be at peace. The consequence was that old Arnold paid a visit to Davy. In a little time the two rivals met as friends, and took each other by the hand, very much approving of old Arnold's tactics, and very much doubting the wisdom of the remark,

"The best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war."

We think it scarcely probable that these remarks will find their way into the hands of the reigning monarchs of the earth; or be seen at the Horse Guards, or read either by the Commander-in-chief, the Secretary-at-war, or our gracious Queen herself, who has power to levy war, and to make peace; were it otherwise, we should try to persuade ourselves that they might all profit by perusal of them, and also, in spite of themselves, obtain a lesson of sound instruction from this simple narrative of "The Young Warriors." At all events, reader, if they cannot have this advantage, you can.

Be yours while here below to look above,  
And live with all around a life of love.  
A Bible reader should from discord cease,  
A Bible heeder must delight in peace.



Davy was very roughly handled; but he lost no time in following the example set him, and, with the aid of a staunch comrade of his, once more defeated the redoubtable Douglas. Driven to desperation, the latter enlisted more of his school-fellows, and Davy did the same; till things came to such a pass that neither Douglas nor Davy could stir abroad with safety without a body-guard or little standing army of five or six comrades to attend him. Such is the state of actual warfare. An additional force on one side is sure to produce an augmentation on the other.

But war is always attended with woe, as Douglas and Davy found to their cost. Their school-fellows, though not adverse to see them fight, would not subject themselves to be beaten without being paid for it; so that their leaders were obliged to spend all their pocket money to keep their adherents in good humour, besides putting up with their whims.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

## FIRST SERIES.

ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—SEPTEMBER.

43. 1 Kings iv. 21, 24, 25.
44. In the case of Elijah, who wrote to Jehoram, predicting his offences and punishment. 2 Chron. xxi. 12.
45. "His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow." Matt. xxviii. 3, 4.
46. Jehoram. Once before the battle of Ramoth-Gilead, in which Ahab was killed: compare 1 Kings xxii. 51, with 2 Kings i. 17, and 2 Kings iii. 1. Once upon his father's going to war against the Moabites; and again likewise on his father's death. 2 Chron. xxi. 5. 2 Kings viii. 17.
47. "As unknown, and yet well known: as dying, and behold we live: as chastened, yet not killed: as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing: as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." 2 Cor. viii. 2—10.
48. The 15th of 1st of Corinthians.

HENRY C. MURCH, Ottery St. Mary.  
GEORGE FULLER, Norwich.  
SUSANNAH GRIGSBY, Moulsham, Chelmsford.  
A. JACKSON, Great Bath Street, Clerkenwell.

## QUESTIONS—NOVEMBER.

55. Name a remarkable composition made before there was any king in Israel, where the dominion of the promised Saviour of the world, as a King, is predicted.
56. Which is the last open vision or appearance of the angel Jehovah named in the historical Scriptures?
57. Where does Moses, in addressing the Israelites, mention the division of the earth which took place after the confusion of tongues?
58. Where is Zechariah quoted as an inspired historian?
59. Give from the New Testament a sublime description of the bountiful and immutable nature of the blessed God.
60. Where are the mischiefs of an evil tongue admirably represented?

## PLEASE TO READ

THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS ATTENTIVELY.

First. Always to READ and ATTEND to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not written out in full.

Secondly. To use the COMMON SIZE LETTER PAPER. This month we had one letter about a yard long, and another three inches square.

Thirdly. To write AS DISTINCTLY as they can, and in no case to write across. We should advise many of our young friends to rule their paper, to leave a small space between each answer—not to write out the question, but only the number—after the number, let the reference follow.

Fourthly. In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWER THE QUESTION. We admire the judgment some of our young friends show in this respect.

Fifthly. NOT TO WRITE ABOUT ANY THING ELSE with the Bible Questions, but send any other communication separately. Also to write outside the letter, "Answers to Bible Questions."

## PRIZES AND CONDITIONS.

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26. Egypt: see the history of Joseph in the Book of Genesis.
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28. Elisha. 2 Kings iv. 42—44.
29. Jacob for Joseph. Gen. xxxvii. 34.
30. Lystra. Acts xiv. 11, 12—19.

EDWIN OLDROYD, Leeds.  
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## QUESTIONS—NOVEMBER.

37. Who was the first teacher of religion to whom the power of working miracles appears to have been granted?
38. Which is the first disease mentioned in Scripture?
39. Name three kings of Judah, who were not buried in the sepulchres of the kings.
40. How many nurses are mentioned in Scripture, and whose were they?
41. Quote a passage in which all the four watches of the night are mentioned.
42. Where is the first notice we have of Moriah in history?

It is requested that passages of Scripture be in full. The name and address not to be written on the same sheet with the answers, but a short verse from the Proverbs to be placed at the head, and the same verse written on a separate piece of paper with the date, name, address, age, and if a Sabbath school scholar, and sent with the answers.



## SMOKING; OR THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

To the Editor of the Band of Hope Review.

DEAR SIR,



Whilst you seek to train up the young in the love of Bible truths, and the practice of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, let me urge upon you to discourage the filthy, disgusting, and offensive habit of smoking. Pray endeavour to enlist the assistance of all Sunday school teachers in putting down this evil nuisance; as it is of a most ruinous tendency, frequently leading to drinking, stealing, and other vices. To show how important is *example* in the matter, I may name that a few Sundays ago, on speaking seriously to a half-clad lad belonging to our Ragged School, on the folly of this practice, he very quickly turned upon me, with, "Why some o' the teachers smoke!" I replied, "I should think not: what makes you think they do?" "Because I seed one on 'em, (at the same time describing him), one day, go into a cigar shop an' buy a cigar." "But very probably you were mistaken; for the other day I myself was in a public-house on business, and when I came out there stood at a little distance off, two of our lads, who if they saw me would probably think I had been drinking, which I had not; indeed I was so fearful lest they should think so, and be injured by my example, that I felt much inclined to go and tell them I had not been drinking." With an arch and confident look, he replied, "Oh, no, I warnt mistaken; for I stood and watched him, and seed him come out wi' it lighted in his mouth: an' I think he seed me too, for he turned his head another way, and looked shyish."—

GEO. BUDD.

## WICKED THOUGHTS.

A wicked thought! Call it a drop, if you please, so minute a portion is it of a man's history. But it has the fearful power of attracting to itself other drops, till all admonitions, human and divine, are swept away by the flood.

Call it a particle, as of the small dust of the balance; yet it can attract other particles, till an overwhelming mass shall bury the soul in perdition.

An indulged wicked thought, how long before it excites other wicked thoughts, and they set on fire the hateful passions of the soul? Each one of these thoughts is fuel to the flame.

We would stop the thief in his assault on the happiness of the community; we would stay disease as we saw it widening the sphere of its ravages; we would stop the flames we saw kindling upon a neighbour's roof; but how many elements of evil are wrapped up in a wicked thought! What havoc, unrestrained, it will make among all the forms of human happiness!—*The Appeal.*

## HOW TO FILL SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A poor ragged lad, about twelve years of age, found his way into one of the Sunday schools in this city, a few months ago. One of the teachers asked, "How is it that you are so ragged and cannot read?" "My father drinks, sir," was the comprehensive reply. The teacher visited the family the same evening, a tract was left, and an invitation given to attend the Temperance meetings in the Lecture Hall. On visiting the family a few months after, the teacher was surprised at the altered appearance of the family. The wife exclaimed, with joy beaming in her eyes, "Oh, sir, my husband hasn't tasted a drop for these sixteen weeks. He brings home now what he earns. We are getting all our things back from the pawn shop, and we shall soon get to a place of worship on the Sunday, and have all our five children fit for school."—*York Visitor.*

## HONOURING PARENTS.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right."—Ephesians, vi. 1.

My father and mother, how faithful and tender To me they have been, ever since I remember! I must hear their instructions, and heed what they say,

And all their commands I must strive to obey.

*Sunday School Advocate.*

## THE TEMPTATION;

OR THE

## EFFECTS OF "ONE GLASS."

On passing through one of the wards of — Prison, I accosted an elderly looking convict. He held down his head as though ashamed to look me in the face. On handing him a tract, he said, "I knew your voice as soon as I heard you, sir; I have heard you before to-day, sir."

After a few words of explanation I found that we had been at one time members of the same congregation, and sat under the same faithful ministry. I anxiously inquired how it was that he had fallen so low as to become an inmate of a prison.

"A glass of ale, sir, was my ruin," he replied.

How could that be? I inquired.

"I was at one period of my life, sir, very intemperate, but was happily led to give up drinking entirely, although I did not sign any pledge, which I now lament. I became a regular attendant at a place of worship, and joined the congregation. I went on very happily for some years, until one



evening I was returning from — when I met with some friends from Hull. They prevailed upon me to go to the public house to have but "one glass." Conscience reproved me, but having entered upon the enchanted ground I was readily induced to take more liquor, until I became overcome by it. The next morning I was ashamed to show myself, and left — for Leeds. My old appetite for drink had been re-kindled. I became reckless and joined a set of counterfeit coiners. We were discovered, convicted, and now I am to be transported. Oh! that I had never touched that ONE GLASS!" A RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHER.

## HOLY BIBLE.

Holy Bible, book divine!

Precious treasure, thou art mine;

Mine, to tell me whence I came;

Mine, to teach me what I am.

Mine, to chide me when I rove;

Mine, to show a Saviour's love;

Mine, art thou, to guide my feet;

Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine, to comfort in distress,

If the Holy Spirit bless;

Mine, to show by living faith,

Man can triumph over death!

Mine, to tell of joys to come,

And the rebel sinner's doom:

O, thou precious book divine,

Precious treasure thou art mine!

## WHICH PAYS BEST?

"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the LIFE THAT NOW IS as well as of that which is to come."

An eminent minister in Wales, hearing of a neighbour who followed his calling on the Lord's day, went and asked him, why he broke the Sabbath? The man replied, that he was driven to it in order to support his family. "Will you attend public worship," said Mr. P——, "if I pay you a week-day's wages?" "Yes, most gladly," said the poor man. He attended regularly and consequently received his pay. After some time Mr. P—— having forgotten to send the money, called upon the man, saying, "I am in your debt." "No, sir, you are not," he replied. "How so," said Mr. P—— "I have not paid you of late." "True," answered the man, "but I can now trust in God, for I have found that he can bless the work of six days for the support of my family, just the same as that of seven." Ever after that, he strictly kept the Sabbath, and found that in obeying God's commands, there is not only no loss, but great reward.

## SIX THINGS

### I DONT LIKE TO SEE IN SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

1st. I dont like to see Sunday Scholars loitering on the road to school, and remaining outside or round the doors of the building till the precious opportunity for joining in singing the hymn and uniting in prayer with their schoolmates and teachers, is past.

2nd. I dont like to see Sunday Scholars coming to school only in the afternoon, when by a little effort they might come twice on the Sabbath, and thus gladden the hearts of their teachers.

3rd. I dont like to see children, during the singing of the hymn, vacantly gazing about the school or out of the windows, and whilst prayer is being offered up on their behalf by the superintendent, lounging upon the forms and amusing themselves with the objects on the floor, rather than lifting their hearts to Heaven. Those children seem to have forgotten those beautiful lines in the Child's Own Book—

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4th. I dont like to see Sunday Scholars, when in their class, taking no heed to the instructions of their teachers, and calling off the attention of others who otherwise would be disposed to listen to the exposition of God's word.

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*Bridgewater, August 26th.*

F. G. D.

## TO THE

### CHILDREN OF MANCHESTER.

We suppose that you will remember the tenth of October, 1851, as long as you live. The visit of Queen Victoria will never be forgotten by you. How anxiously you looked forward to the joyous day! How busily you were preparing for it! We saw eighty thousand of you in Peel Park, and never expect to see a similar imposing sight until the Judgment day. We have now a question to ask you. Are you as earnestly preparing for the coming of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords?



## THE YOUNG WARRIORS.

In a certain village, more remarkable for its rural beauty and sequestered quietude than for the rank or number of its inhabitants, there were two schools of some respectability, where boys were boarded and educated on reasonable terms. One of these stood on the high ground, and was called Hill-top Academy; while the other, which occupied a spot in the valley below at a distance of half a mile, went by the name of Low-grove Establishment.

In the Hill-top Academy, a high-spirited boy of the name of Douglas was a leader among his companions. He was tall of his age, and much looked up to by his fellows. The leader of the Low-grove boys was one Davy, short and square made and very strong. Somehow or other a feud took place between Douglas and Davy. Perhaps the only reason for the quarrel was that Douglas belonged to the Hill-top school and Davy to the Low-grove. Greater people have fallen out about causes equally trifling.

It was not long before the chieftains came to blows, and very desperate was the encounter, for as one was the taller, and the other the stronger, each obtained some advantage over his opponent. While the battle raged, some of the surrounding spectators raised the cry, "A Douglas and a Davy!" and thus increased the rancour of the strife. Each party claimed the victory, Douglas retiring with a black eye, and Davy with a bloody nose. This is the usual course of battles; they begin without reasonable cause, and end with loss to all that engage in them.

Douglas, taught by experience that Davy was stronger than he, determined to be more than a match for his rival by setting up a stick. "What is that for, Master Douglas?" said old Arnold, a servant living up at the Hall; "better be at peace." "The way to preserve peace," said Douglas, looking very wise, very resolved, and very much like a hero, "is to be prepared for war."

"Some years ago, Master Douglas," said old Arnold, "when I was servant in a lunatic asylum, we used to be very careful in removing all hurtful things out of the patients' reach, lest in their outbreaks they should lay hands on them, and injure themselves and others. Now, it stands to reason, that if passionate people were surrounded with sticks, stones, flints, and glass bottles ready to their hands, they would do ten times more mischief than if they had a long way to go to look for them. Lay your stick aside, Master Douglas, lay your stick aside." Douglas was much too wise in his

own estimation to regard the advice of old Arnold.

The next time Douglas met Davy, having a stick in his hand, he felt strong, and spoke deridingly to him. If Davy had been a conscientious Bible reader and a Bible heeder, he might have remembered the text with profit, "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger," Prov. xv. 1. This not being the case, he replied with such bitterness that Douglas struck him with a stick. Davy, perceiving the advantage of his opponent, left the place for a season; but he soon returned with a bigger stick than Douglas's, with which, when he came up to his rival, he gave him so thorough a drubbing, that he made him heartily repent the introduction of weapons into their warfare. Many a warrior besides Douglas, by using weapons more than ordinarily destructive, has forced his enemy to make use of them too.

The next move made by Douglas was to persuade one of his school-fellows to join him, and to lie in wait for his opponent. This was done, and poor

In short, this warfare between the two rivals, to say nothing of the drubbings they endured, lessened their happiness, abridged their liberty, and crippled their means. How many nations in the world, at this present time, illustrate the position of Douglas and Davy!

Such was the posture of affairs when old Arnold, who knew how matters stood, tried once more to move Douglas to be peaceable. "Throw away your stick, Master Douglas," said he, "tell your comrades you shall not want them to fight for you any longer, save your pocket money, and walk abroad in peace."

"What!" replied Douglas, "do you think I will leave myself defenceless, while Davy goes out with a stick, and half a dozen comrades to help him?"

"Why no," said old Arnold, "I am not wanting you to take so unwise a step, though you well know it was yourself that led Davy to his present state of offence and defence. You are no stronger now with your stick and six comrades against Davy with his stick and six comrades, than you were when you had only to contend with Davy. All I want to know is, whether you will lay aside your stick and disband your followers, if Davy will do the same?"

Heartily sick of the troubles he had brought on himself, Douglas expressed his willingness in such a case to be at peace. The consequence was that old Arnold paid a visit to Davy. In a little time the two rivals met as friends, and took each other by the hand, very much approving of old Arnold's tactics, and very much doubting the wisdom of the remark,

"The best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war."

We think it scarcely probable that these remarks will find their way into the hands of the reigning monarchs of the earth; or be seen at the Horse Guards, or read either by the Commander-in-chief, the Secretary-at-war, or our gracious Queen herself, who has power to levy war, and to make peace; were it otherwise, we should try to persuade ourselves that they might all profit by perusal of them, and also, in spite of themselves, obtain a lesson of sound instruction from this simple narrative of "The Young Warriors." At all events, reader, if they cannot have this advantage, you can.

Be yours while here below to look above,  
And live with all around a life of love.  
A Bible reader should from discord cease,  
A Bible heeder must delight in peace.



Davy was very roughly handled; but he lost no time in following the example set him, and, with the aid of a staunch comrade of his, once more defeated the redoubtable Douglas. Driven to desperation, the latter enlisted more of his school-fellows, and Davy did the same; till things came to such a pass that neither Douglas nor Davy could stir abroad with safety without a body-guard or little standing army of five or six comrades to attend him. Such is the state of actual warfare. An additional force on one side is sure to produce an augmentation on the other.

But war is always attended with woe, as Douglas and Davy found to their cost. Their school-fellows, though not adverse to see them fight, would not subject themselves to be beaten without being paid for it; so that their leaders were obliged to spend all their pocket money to keep their adherents in good humour, besides putting up with their whims.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

## FIRST SERIES.

ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—SEPTEMBER.

43. 1 Kings iv. 21, 24, 25.
  44. In the case of Elijah, who wrote to Jehoram, predicting his offences and punishment. 2 Chron. xxi. 12.
  45. "His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow." Matt. xxviii. 3, 4.
  46. Jehoram. Once before the battle of Ramoth-Gilead, in which Ahab was killed: compare 1 Kings xxii. 51, with 2 Kings i. 17, and 2 Kings iii. 1. Once upon his father's going to war against the Moabites; and again likewise on his father's death. 2 Chron. xxi. 5. 2 Kings viii. 17.
  47. "As unknown, and yet well known: as dying, and behold we live: as chastened, and not killed: as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing: as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." 2 Cor. viii. 2—10.
  48. The 15th of 1st of Corinthians.
- HENRY C. MURCH, Ottery St. Mary.  
GEORGE FULLER, Norwich.  
SUSANNAH GRIGSBY, Moulsham, Chelmsford.  
A. JACKSON, Great Bath Street, Clerkenwell.

## QUESTIONS—NOVEMBER.

55. Name a remarkable composition made before there was any king in Israel, where the dominion of the promised Saviour of the world, as a King, is predicted.
56. Which is the last open vision or appearance of the angel Jehovah named in the historical Scriptures?
57. Where does Moses, in addressing the Israelites, mention the division of the earth which took place after the confusion of tongues?
58. Where is Zechariah quoted as an inspired historian?
59. Give from the New Testament a sublime description of the bountiful and immutable nature of the blessed God.
60. Where are the mischiefs of an evil tongue admirably represented?

## PLEASE TO READ

THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS ATTENTIVELY.

- First. Always to READ and ATTEND to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not written out in full.
- Secondly. To use the COMMON SIZE LETTER PAPER. This month we had one letter about a yard long, and another three inches square.
- Thirdly. To WRITE AS DISTINCTLY as they can, and in no case to write across. We should advise many of our young friends to rule their paper, to leave a small space between each answer—not to write out the question, but only the number—after the number, let the reference follow.
- Fourthly. In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWER THE QUESTION. We admit the judgment some of our young friends shew in this respect.
- Fifthly. NOT TO WRITE ABOUT ANY THING ELSE with the Bible Questions, but send any other communication separately. Also to write outside the letter, "Answers to Bible Questions."

## PRIZES AND CONDITIONS.

- FOUR PRIZES Monthly, of the value of 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d., for the First Series; and 1s. 6d., 1s., 6d., and 6d., for the Second; and at the close of the year, FOUR ANNUAL PRIZES will be given to those who obtain the largest amount of the monthly prizes, on the following conditions:—
1. Competitors to be under eighteen years of age for the First Series, and under eleven for the Second.
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*Bridgewater, August 26th.*

F. G. D.

## TO THE CHILDREN OF MANCHESTER.

We suppose that you will remember the tenth of October, 1851, as long as you live. The visit of Queen Victoria will never be forgotten by you. How anxiously you looked forward to the joyous day! How busily you were preparing for it! We saw eighty thousand of you in Peel Park, and never expect to see a similar imposing sight until the Judgment day. We have now a question to ask you. Are you as earnestly preparing for the coming of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords?



## RAGGED SCHOOL SHOE-BLACK SOCIETY.

Our readers will be gratified to learn that this novel and interesting Society has been crowned with pleasing success. In order to obtain authentic information, we addressed a note of inquiries to R. S. Snape, Esq., to whose untiring energies much of the success of the experiment is due, and have much pleasure in inserting his reply. It will be read with interest.

My dear Sir,

I have much pleasure in answering your letter. We have been able to give employment to upwards of fifty poor ragged boys in our Ragged School Shoe-Black Society. For three of them we have been able to obtain permanent situations, two of them as in-door servants: two or three will do this month for Australia, and some few others have been enabled to start themselves in a respectable way of living. We have at present thirty-six actively employed. All these boys have been induced to leave their former low lodgings, and get into the Model Lodging Houses. The Society provides the boys with a library of books, carefully selected from the "Tract" Depository; they have also obtained a quantity of bath tickets, which the boys readily buy, and are thus able to present a clean appearance on the Sunday; and by the prudent arrangements of the Society, the boys in its employ have a sum of £70 in the Savings Bank, belonging to them in various proportions. It is surprising to see the good effects of the strict discipline to which the boys are subjected. I do not mean to say that improvement is universal, because that would be contrary to our knowledge of the corruptions of human nature, and indeed one or two boys we have been obliged to discharge for misconduct; but we have cause to thank God, that generally a great improvement both in appearance and character has been the result of our efforts. I paid a visit to Field Lane Ragged School on Sunday last, and my eye could immediately detect the *Shoe-black*, by his neat appearance among the *dingy* boys of his class. As I am writing this for your little subscribers, who are anxious to add their mites in rescuing the poor ragged boys from want and wretchedness, I should like them to be made acquainted with an interesting account of one of our boys' conduct. A poor lad from the neighbourhood of Whitechapel was taken into our employ, at the strong recommendation of the superintendent of his School. He had been a seller of lucifer matches in the streets, earned a shilling by working at a gin palace on a Sunday, and was thus able to render some assistance to his mother, a very poor widow. The first thing he did, when he came to us, was to give up working on a Sunday; and by his good conduct in the streets he was able to earn a good deal of money, and unlike most boys he laid aside some against a time of need. His mother had been unable to pay her rent, and there was a considerable arrear due; and one morning the broker came in to sell off her furniture. Our little Shoe-black's money was now useful; he paid the rent, and redeemed the furniture, and has since supported his mother in comfort.

I conclude with expressing an earnest desire that by the means used, many of these poor boys may be brought to win Christ, and be found in Him at the great day of His appearing.

Very faithfully yours,

Dear Sir,

11, Serle Street, 17th Sept., 1851.

R. J. SNAPE.

## SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

ANSWER TO No. 5.

A wholesome tongue is a tree of life. Prov. xv. 4. 1. Genesis. 2. Elisha. 3. Simon (Magus). 4. Wise. 5. Louis. 6. Festus. 7. Fool. 8. Terah. Answers to the above have been forwarded by J. HEDGES, Aspley, Woburn, Beds.; THOS. COKE BEACH, of the Wesleyan Collegiate Institution, Taunton; and RICHARD SWEENEY, of London.

The Answers from EBENEZER BAILLIE, of Ipswich, and CHARLES LEWIS, of Pembroke, came too late for insertion in the September number.

ENIGMA.—No. 6.

BY RICHARD SWEENEY, LONDON.

A Female's name SIX letters spell  
When they are rightly placed.  
Go, search the Bible—it will tell,  
Before you go to rest.  
It front and backwards spells the same,  
And ha f ends like her husband's name.

ENIGMA.—No. 7.

BY X. Y. Z.

1. The wicked daughter of a wicked mother, and the corrupter of her husband's principles.
2. A king of Assyria, who was used by God as an instrument to punish a portion of His chosen nation.
3. A wicked, but afterwards converted, servant.
4. The grandfather of an eminent servant of God, which latter was peculiarly honoured by a title given to him.
5. A young and timid woman enabled by God to act with vigour.
6. A man lame from infancy in both his feet.
7. The mother of him who was greatest of those born before the Gospel age.
8. One who was prophetically called "A hind let loose."
9. A good woman who was the subject of a miracle.

WHOLE.—That without which no one can be saved—and which is to be found in CHRIST alone.



## THE SWEARER REPROVED.

An American planter had a favourite domestic negro, who was ordered to stand opposite to him, and to wait at table. His master was a profane person, and often took the name of God in vain. Whenever he did so, the negro made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did this, he replied, that he never heard this great name mentioned, but it filled his whole soul with reverence and awe. His master took the hint without offence, and was reclaimed from a very sinful and pernicious practice by his pious slave. The poorest Christians may thus be encouraged in the faithful discharge of duty. "A word fitly spoken, how good is it!"



## BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC.

We are preparing a neat "Band of Hope Almanac," to be ready for the December parcels. We wish to insert a List of all the Bands of Hope that have been formed, including Name—Date when formed—Number of Members, and Names of Officers. Early information, with suggestions, are requested.

The Second Edition of the "Band of Hope Pledge Book," is in the press, with Rules, Hints, &c.

## INTELLIGENCE.

**BULITH.**—A promising Temperance Movement has been commenced at this beautiful Welsh village. The clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Harrison, has given in his name; this, aided by the example of the Rev. Mr. Davies, and several influential ladies, has had a pleasing effect, particularly upon the juveniles of Bulith.

**BRIGG.**—On the 11th of August, the members of our interesting Band of Hope were treated with a trip to Brocksby, the seat of the Earl of Yarborough. It was a happy day. We have now 120 members. The weekly meetings are conducted by Mrs. Smith, whose efforts in this good cause are untiring. —G. Williamson.

**DERBY.**—Our Band of Hope has been established about six months, and numbers 150 members. —Robt. Norton.

**DORCHESTER.**—On the 28th June, (the anniversary of our beloved Queen's Coronation), an interesting tea meeting was held in a field near the town. We have 118 members. We are endeavouring to secure good singing, and have meetings for practising. —Jno. King.

**BRITONFERRY and RAGLAN.**—We have had a Tea Festival, which went off happily and pleasantly. Before we separated, twenty-three new juvenile members earnestly came forward and enrolled themselves on our Band of Hope List. —C. A. P.

**NEATH.**—The members of the Neath Band of Hope have had a treat to Kilvey Rock. Owing to a thunderstorm we were not able to have tea in the open air, but it was very comfortably furnished to us in the house. We had some nice singing, and the friends were very kind to us. On our return home in the railway carriage, we amused ourselves with questions in mental arithmetic. We tried to render the journey both pleasant and profitable. —T. I. Curtis.

**HALSTED.**—We have had a promising juvenile society here for some years, which has already supplied us with some useful standard bearers. We are rejoiced at the appearance of the "Band of Hope Review." We try to make it serviceable as a stimulus to our members to be punctual at our weekly meetings.

We are also trying to introduce it into every house where there is a family containing three or more persons. —B. Smith.

**YORK.**—On Thursday the 28th August, about 800 of the members of the Band of Hope, accompanied by the committee and friends, were conveyed by the Ebor Packet, to Naburn Lock. On landing they proceeded to a large field, kindly lent by Henry Preston, Esq. After amusing themselves in innocent recreations, they walked in procession through the pleasure grounds of Moreby Hall, and forming themselves into a circle in front of the lawn, the children sang several of their favourite melodies, and at the conclusion gave three hearty cheers to H. Preston, Esq., for his kindness in permitting them to perambulate his beautiful grounds. The children and friends returned in safety, highly delighted with their day's excursion. —R. H. Burdakin.

**EAST CRINSTEAD.**—We have engaged the public rooms for one evening every alternate week. On Friday, Sept. 12th, the first meeting was held. Short addresses were delivered by the Rev. S. T. Gibbs, Messrs. Payne and Bailey, and the Secretary. Three Band of Hope melodies were sung by the children, and the whole proceedings, which occupied about an hour, were highly satisfactory. Nine youths, (with the consent of their parents) signed the pledge. The prospects of our juvenile movement are quite cheering.

We hope shortly to report the establishment of a Penny Savings Bank, which is to be opened in this town on Saturday evenings to all persons without exception. —Thomas Cramp.

**BRISTOL.**—An interesting gathering of children took place yesterday afternoon on Brandon-hill, the occasion being the half-yearly aggregate meeting of the Bristol Band of Hope. It consisted of companies from about thirty different schools. Having assembled in their several localities, they wended their way to Queen Square, whence they marched in a procession of great length through the city to Brandon-hill. The children were decorated with bouquets of flowers, rosettes and medals; and the schools were headed by silk banners bearing the name of each; several other banners bore historical emblems, or mottoes, such as "Young, but in earnest," "Lead us not into temptation," &c. On reaching the hill, where hundreds of spectators had assembled, the children were arranged in a circle, and united in singing one of their favourite melodies, "We'll win the day." Then followed addresses by the president, Mr. Edw. Mathews, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Revell, and Mr. Hudson. Other melodies were sung, and the schools departed in marching order, to the various districts, tea being provided at Thirissell-street school, Bedminster British school, Counterslip British school, and Friend's school, Merchant street. After tea, meetings were held at each place, and appropriate speeches delivered and melodies sung. —Bristol Paper.

**KENDAL.**—The first fortnightly meeting of this Juvenile Society was held on the 16th Sept., in the Fell-Side Sunday School. The room was crowded with a young and attentive audience. Interesting addresses were delivered by Messrs. Earl, A. Low; C. Davies; and J. Naylor. Upwards of fifty names were enrolled. One little girl, about six years of age, on being told by her father not to join, burst into a flood of tears. She was, however, afterwards gratified with her parents' permission to enrol her name.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—M. Harris; W. Malthouse, F. F. Cotterell; S. S.; A. Gardner; J. A. Maule; A. Friend to Sabbath Schools; Ralph; Elizabeth; Thos. Snow; R. Day; T. Howard; L. M. Thornton; R. T. W.; R. H. G.; M. W. Sheridan; J. Helges; B. T. Gough; D. Reid.

Several notices of Sabbath breaking, accidents, &c. have been sent to us, but not being authenticated by the names of the authors, we are not able to make any use of them.

**W. WHITE.**—We are encouraged by finding that our little messenger is doing good in Birmingham. We shall be glad to have some details of your juvenile movements.

**E. GILPIN.**—Preparing for our next.

**W. LOGAN.**—We shall be glad to be informed if Mr. Rutter has found good resulting from the circulation of the "Review" amongst the class of readers to whom he refers. Can you oblige us with a list of the leading temperance friends in the places where you have travelled? We wish to get them interested in increasing our circulation.

**A. B.**—All such kind suggestions as yours relative to the Bible Questions, shall have our best consideration. We will endeavour to meet your objection in future. Would it be of service, if we were to supply small printed slips containing the monthly questions, for distribution amongst the scholars? This might be done at a low price.

**A. SWARD, JUN.**—We shall be glad to supply Circulars for enclosure in letters. Many of our friends can render us good service by thus bringing the Paper under the favourable notice of their correspondents.

**E. HARRIS, Carlisle.**—The length of your interesting letter has hitherto prevented its appearance. We hope to find a place for it before long.

**J. PERRY.**—Yours is the only letter we have received relative to the "Band of Hope Envelope." We cannot incur the cost of a good design and engraving, unless we have from 10,000 to 20,000 subscribed for. It is our desire to supply them at 10s. per thousand.

**MANCHESTER.**—We shall be glad to receive any interesting facts connected with the assembling of the children in Peel Park on the occasion of the Queen's visit.

**RICHARD SWEENEY.**—Will you kindly do what you can to promote the sale of the Paper in Bethnal Green and Whitechapel?

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

Josh. Eaton, Esq., Bristol	£5 0 0
E. Thomas, Esq., Bristol	5 0 0
Josh. Spence, Esq., York, (2nd don.)	1 0 0
C. Broad, Esq., Highgate	0 10 0

LONDON:—PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY, 34, Paternoster Row.  
DUBLIN:—J. Robertson.

EDINBURGH:—Olliphants. GLASGOW:—G. Gallie.

May be ordered through all Booksellers.  
All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.





"The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

Go offer your devotion  
To him, THE PRINCE OF PEACE,

## A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Whose kingdom in promotion  
For ever shall increase.

CHRISTMAS will soon be here. Already many school boys and girls are marking down the number of days to "breaking-up-time." Some can even tell you the number of hours that are to pass by, before the train or coach by which they hope to travel home will leave the station.

Very shortly, thousands of young voices will be heard exclaiming, "A merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!" Christmas parties will be held. Christmas carols will be sung. Christmas boxes will be given, and Christmas cakes will be eaten. What means, then, all this rejoicing at Christmas? We suppose all our readers are aware, that on Christmas day we commemorate the birth of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

On this glad day, a brighter scene  
Of glory was display'd  
By God, the Eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.

It is now eighteen hundred and fifty-one years since the angels appeared to the shepherds, and sung the sweet song of "Glory to God in the highest." The shepherds then went in haste to the stable in Bethlehem. There they found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. With what feelings of gratitude and wonder must they have gazed upon the infant Jesus! We desire that all our young readers should, on the forthcoming Christmas day, have the same spiritual enjoyment as the happy shepherds had. It is true that they cannot see Jesus with their bodily eyes; but they can by faith "behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world."

Those who have read the account in our February number, about the little boy and the house on fire, can easily understand our meaning. We do not wish to lessen the REAL JOY of any boy or girl who reads these pages; but we do desire that they will seek to spend the Christmas of 1851 to the glory of that Saviour, who was cradled in poverty, who led a suffering life, and who died a shameful death on the cross for us, poor sinners. It is indeed sad to think, that in England the sin of intemperance is greater during Christmas week, than, perhaps,

during any other week of the year. This is, to a great extent, caused by the Christmas drinking customs. Many children take their first step in the paths of intemperance through these customs. We recently saw a once fine and gifted young man, the son of pious parents, now a poor wretched drunkard. The first glass of intoxicating liquor he ever tasted was at his father's table. When we spoke to the poor outcast as to the commencement of his wicked course, he said, amongst other things, "My mother gave me the first glass of that which has been my ruin. Before I left home to become an apprentice, I had acquired a love for drink; and when I got from under my parents' control, I was readily led to a public house, and was soon ruined."

The children of the present day have much to be thankful for; and amongst other things, for the formation of our "Bands of Hope," which have

for their object, the training up of the young in the habit of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

Many persons who are advanced in years, would be glad to adopt total abstinence principles, but having been accustomed from early life to partake of intoxicating drinks, think that they cannot do without them. With such we do not interfere. Our business is with the young; and we affectionately plead with all parents to train up their children as abstainers. It will save many grey hairs from being brought with sorrow to the grave. The practice of giving liquor to servants and workmen cannot be too soon broken up. A Christmas never passes over in England without some lives being sacrificed through this injurious practice. If presents are to be given, let them be in money, or in good nutritious food.

It is not long ago since a waggoner had to call at the houses of two respectable inhabitants in B—.

In mistaken kindness, a glass of liquor was offered to him at each place. The drink was stronger than he expected, and he became quite intoxicated. He fell asleep on the shaft of the waggon, and falling down on the ground, the heavy wheels passed over him, and he immediately expired. We rejoice at the great change that has been made during the last few years, and hope that, before many years pass over, Christmas will be kept in this country without a single case of drunkenness. Let us then, during the approaching festivities, seek to fulfil our Lord's will, as made known in that expressive portion of Scripture, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do—do all to the glory of God."

Will our young friends reserve a small portion of their Christmas pocket money until after the appearance of our January number? We shall have a proposal to make to them for doing good to the homeless "Ragged ones" of this great metropolis.

A considerable number of thieves are applying weekly for admission into the Colonial Training Schools, Westminster, but have to be refused admission, from lack of funds.





## PARTING WORDS OF AN OLD FRIEND.

By G. B.

Perhaps you have stood beside the dying bed of some dear relative, or some bosom friend; or seen them for the last time previous to removal to some distant place of abode—it may be some far off country. Have you forgotten their parting words? No, no! those words you have not forgotten. Well, I, too, am about to leave you, and am wishful to have a few parting words with you, that may be worth your remembering.

My name is well known to you: many a time have you heard it, aye, and perhaps seen it, and written it too: and it will be remembered, and often mentioned by you, long after I am gone. I am the only living member of a very ancient family; and you will, perhaps, wonder when I tell you that, although I can trace back my ancestors through many generations, I cannot find a single instance of two of them living at the same time; for, strange as it may seem, it has always happened that the parent has heaved his last sigh at the very moment the child has drawn his first breath! And I, myself, now feel that I must soon go the way of all my forefathers: for the freshness of youthful spring-time has long since passed away, and my foliage locks have lost their verdant colour, and are fast falling from my aged brow.

As a general rule, it is not at all right to remind a person of any kindness we have done him. But, in my case, I have a notion it will be the best parting proof of true friendship that I can give you: for I may now tell you, that we will one day meet again. I shall have to appear as a witness in your case, at the great day of accounts, before the Judge of all the earth: and I am very wishful to be a witness *for* you, and *not* against you; and as this will entirely depend upon the use you make of my gifts, I would just remind you of a few, only a very few of them.

To some of you I have given more than forty weeks' schooling. How have you improved it? What books can you read now which you could not before? What rules in arithmetic did you understand the last week which you did not the first? How much better is your last copy written than the first? And what more do you now know of grammar, history, and geography, or other branches of useful knowledge? In a word, what account will you have to give of these more than forty weeks' schooling?

To all of you I have given seven weeks of Sabbath days, save one, in which to take thought for your souls' salvation, and to prepare for heaven. How have you used them? Have you, sincerely and earnestly, sought for salvation? Have you, in good earnest, set out in your journey heavenward? Or, what account will you have to give of these nearly fifty holy sabbaths?

I have given you a new illustrated paper, "The Band of Hope Review;" and as each successive month has come round, I have supplied you with a new number; every one of which was prepared on

purpose to make you wise, and good, and happy. Have you carefully read all the pretty pieces, and thought about them, and benefited by them? And have you shown it to your companions, and persuaded them to get it every month for themselves? In short, what account will you have to give of your twelve "Band of Hope Reviews?"

I will name but one other gift only—of all earthly gifts most valuable—Time, precious Time: so precious that it is given out in single moments; and a moment wasted is lost for ever: for misspent time can never, never be recalled. To you I have given more than eight thousand hours, yes, more than eight thousand precious hours! Now, how have you spent them? How many of them have you spent in playing? How many in sleeping? How many in working? How many in praying? How many in following the example of Him who "went about doing good?" To conclude, what account have you to give of the eight thousand and sixteen hours I have given you?

And now, ere seven hundred and fifty hours more have passed away, my life's journey will have ended, and I shall have exchanged time for eternity: and then you will never again, until the great resurrection morn, behold the face of your Old Friend.—

1851.



### THE BIBLE—A GOLD MINE.

Many of our young readers live in the mining districts, and have seen the iron, stone, lead, copper, coal, and other valuable minerals brought up from the deep pits, or mines. We once visited one of these districts, and found a number of desolate looking and deep pits, or shafts, (just like large well holes,) without any railings or wall to protect you from falling. There were no workmen busy around them, as we had seen at the mouths of other mines. On inquiry we found that they were old "worked out" pits. The miners had dug out all the precious metals that were to be found, and had abandoned the mines as worthless.

We regard the BIBLE AS THE GREAT GOLD MINE for all nations. It differs from all earthly mines in

this most important point. It is never "worked out." The more you search, the more you find. It is inexhaustible. Entertaining these views, we cannot but gratefully acknowledge the numerous expressions of pleasure which have reached us relative to the beneficial effects resulting from our monthly BIBLE QUESTIONS. We feel assured that they are raising up a host of little miners, who are daily searching the Scriptures, and gathering therefrom those riches which shall never fade away. Let a man, if it be possible, collect together all the gold of California; what will it profit him? In a few years he must die, and he cannot carry even a single grain of gold dust away with him. But the gold of the Bible Mine is a "treasure," that even in childhood we may be laying up in Heaven, where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

We select the following pleasing extracts in confirmation of what we have advanced.

FROM WM. HY. JEWELL, TRURO.

"If there are no objections on your part, I will gladly give the amount of my prize towards the gratuitous distribution of the "Band of Hope Review." I find, sir, that by answering these questions, I learn a great deal of Scripture, which I was never previously very partial to reading."

FROM MR. R. DAY, SUPERINTENDENT OF SUNDAY SCHOOL, COBK.

"I was greatly pleased on Saturday last, in meeting a fine little boy, aged thirteen years. He is not in our school, but became acquainted with the "Band of Hope Review" through me. He asked me for some information regarding the answers to the monthly Questions, which when I gave him, he said, "Oh, Sir! I love that paper and the questions so much, for when I search for the answers, I find out *twenty* other things that I had no idea of looking for, and I get much knowledge that I did not expect."

### A HAPPY CHRISTMAS FEAST.

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompence be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompence thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke, xiv., 12—14.

### LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Angry looks can do no good,  
And blows are dealt in blindness;  
Words are better understood,  
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,  
Although by childhood muttered,  
Than all the battles ever fought,  
Or oaths that men have uttered.

Friendship oft would longer last,  
And quarrels be prevented,  
If little words were let go past,  
Forgiven—not resented.  
Foolish things are frowns and sneers,  
For angry thoughts reveal them;  
Rather drown them all in tears,  
Than let another feel them.

Gems from the Spirit Mine.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

### PRIZES and CONDITIONS

FOUR PRIZES Monthly, of the value of 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d., for the First Series; and 1s. 6d., 1s., 9d., and 6d., for the Second; and at the close of the year, FOUR ANNUAL PRIZES will be given to those who obtain the largest amount of the monthly prizes, on the following conditions:—

1. Competitors to be under eighteen years of age for the First Series, and under eleven for the Second.
2. The answers to be given from the Bible, and not quoted from other books.
3. Each successful competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own.
4. Answers to be sent in by the last day of the month to the Band of Hope Office, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

It is requested that passages of Scripture be in full. The name and address *not* to be written on the same sheet with the answers, but a short verse from the Proverbs to be placed at the head, and the same verse written on a separate piece of paper with the date, name, address, age, and if a Sabbath school scholar, and sent with the answers.

We are obliged to our young friends who have attended to our suggestions of last month: we trust they will continue to do so. We hope all who answer our questions will pay particular attention to them.

All prizes awarded have been sent; if any are not received, will our young friends make inquiry about them?

### FIRST SERIES.

ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—OCTOBER.

49. Job, xxviii.
50. Ezekiel, i., 8—22, xli., 18—25. Although often mentioned in Scripture, they are not described before.
51. "Because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut."—Ezekiel, xiv., 2.
52. "While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain."—Eccles. xii., 2.
53. "To me, who am less than the least of all saints."
54. John. God, or the Eternal Word, made all things, "and without Him was not anything made that was made."—John, i.

ALFRED ELLIS, 6, Oval Road, Kennington.  
DAVID YELLOWLEES, Stirling.  
ELIZA HAZEL, Norwood.  
ROBERT BULL, Newport, Isle of Wight.

### QUESTIONS—DECEMBER.

61. Where are the twelve sons of Jacob spoken of as being buried at one place? and name it.
62. Name two distinguished men that were among the captives carried to Babylon after the surrender of Jehoiachin, and the second conquest of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.
63. Where is the prophet Habakkuk cited by the New Testament writers?
64. Refer to a period in the history of Judah and Israel, when idolatry was so prevalent, and the temple service so much neglected, that there was not a sufficient number of Priests to perform the temple service.
65. How was the night divided by the Hebrews, and in what distinct passages of Scripture are the divisions separately spoken of?
66. Name an illustrious prophet whose history is comprised in three words, and to whom was revealed the awful day of the world's dissolution.

### SECOND SERIES.

ANSWERS AND SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS—OCTOBER.

31. Jehu. 2 Kings, x., 29, 30.
32. The plague of darkness. Ps., cv., 26; Ixxviii., 49.
33. Hezekiah, 2 Chron., xxxii., 23. Job, xlii., 11.
34. Christ's commendation of the woman who cast two mites into the treasury.
35. Bulls, sheep, goats, turtle doves, and young pigeons.
36. As "the possessor of heaven and earth." Gen., xiv., 19.

MARY FERR BURN, Epson.  
HUGH LORD HUGHES, Clapham Road.  
ALICE REEVE, Hull.  
WILLIAM MILLER, Newlands, near Lybster, Caithness.

### QUESTIONS—NOVEMBER.

43. Name the only brute specified by name in the account of the creation.
44. How many persons were raised from the dead by our Lord, as recorded by the Evangelists?
45. Which of the Hebrew prophets, in the reign of Jeroboam II., was a missionary to the heathen?
46. Which of the apostles was also an Evangelist? and say by what names he was called.
47. Name a disciple and apostle, who was called one of the FIRST, but is generally, if not always, put after the rest, in the mentioning of them.
48. How many persons does the Bible mention by the name of SIMON? Distinguish them.

We must call the attention of those who answer this series to the conditions—some do not write out the passages, and others are above the age.



**THE EX-LORD MAYOR** of London (Sir J. Musgrove, Bart. Alderman) presided at the King Edward Ragged School Meeting, on the evening of the 5th of November, being the last public meeting attended by him during his mayoralty. In acknowledging the vote of thanks, he said, "I have attended many costly banquets and important meetings, during the year of my office; but I know of none that has given me more real pleasure, than this. There is not one that I would have selected to close my public duties, in preference to this Ragged School Meeting."

**FROM THE "TIMES,"** Nov. 12th, 1851. "The following pleasing letter, with the enclosure to which it refers, was received yesterday, by Mr. Yardley, at the Thames Police Office, who handed it to our reporter:—

"Please to devote to the use of the poor-box the enclosed 5s., the pay for work done on a Sunday, under compulsion, which please to acknowledge in the 'Times'—**SAUNDERS M'SAWNEY.**"

**A CLERGYMAN** called on a mother, and found her weeping aloud, in great distress. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Oh, my child!" she said, and wept again. "Oh, my child is just committed to prison, and I fear he will never return to his father's house. Oh, that theatre! He was a virtuous, kind young man, till the theatre proved his ruin!"

**Mr. Wm. LOGAN** visited the Central Police Office, on Sabbath, 29th Oct., 1848; and of fifty-six prisoners with whom he conversed, fifty-two frankly admitted that a desire for strong drink, together with public-house company, and attendance at theatres and low exhibitions, had been instrumental in leading them astray.

**IN GLASGOW** there are sixteen Juvenile Temperance Societies, holding twenty-three weekly meetings, and having upwards of fourteen thousand enrolled members. Three Penny Savings' Banks have also been established by them.

**SARAH MORRELL**, a little girl belonging to the York Band of Hope, recently died from fever. So deeply had the duty of thankfulness to God for all daily blessings been implanted by maternal training in her youthful heart, that when her medicine was brought, she clasped her little hands, and closing her eyes, asked a blessing upon the bitter draught.

**WILLIAM WALTER WINSPEAR**, of York, a sweet little fellow, aged five, suddenly died during the month of October. Although so young, he took great delight in an old Bible, which he kept near to his bed. Shortly before he died, he called for "My Bible," and desired to have a chapter read to him. We saw him just before he was put into the coffin; and as his weeping mother stood by, we felt that parents of such dear children have "not to sorrow as those without hope."

**MR. T. B. THOMPSON**, the agent of the British Association for the promotion of Temperance, is making pleasing progress in the formation of "Bands of Hope." Those who desire his valuable services should communicate with Mr. John Cunliffe, the secretary, Bolton, Lancashire.

**THE SHOE-BLACKS** cleaned 101,066 pairs of boots and shoes during the Exhibition, and realized the noble sum of £505 4s. 4d.

"Please, Aunt," said a little Band of Hope girl, on the Christmas day of 1847, "will you give me my pudding without any brandy sauce?" She was laughed at by her cousins, but they could not induce her to do what she thought would be inconsistent.

The sweetest revenge is to do good to our enemies.

It is often better to pray for those who are mistaken, than to dispute with them.

Force may subdue, but love gains.

## THE SABBATH KEEPERS AND SABBATH BREAKERS.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

I call Sunday scholars, Sabbath keepers; and Sunday idlers, Sabbath breakers. Look at the scholars yonder. There they go! That is just what I like to see. The clock will not strike for five minutes, and yet ten or a dozen of them are either at the door, or within a few yards of it. I hope they have all of them taken the words for their motto—

Rise early, and thankfully put up your prayer;  
Be at school in good time, and be diligent there.



THE SABBATH KEEPERS.

How Sunday Schools would prosper, if all scholars would be punctual, orderly, attentive, and diligent, never idling away time with their books before them, and never talking in the house of God, instead of attending to the solemn services of the day! Why, every Sunday school would then be what it ought to be, a company of kind hearted friends, a troop of young Christian soldiers, a "Band of Hope," marching onward in the way to Heaven.

Henry Taylor is in his white frock as usual, it seems as fresh and clean as if it was bought yesterday. He has just caught sight of me, and is turning half round to steal a glance at me, as he goes to the school-room door. I like Henry Taylor, he is so kind to his little brother.

When happy children live in love,  
They make us think of Heaven above.



THE SABBATH BREAKERS.

Some of the best and kindest people in the world suppose, that when they see young people idling, breaking the Sabbath, smoking, or drinking, that it is all over with them; that it is of no use trying to reclaim them, for that their case is hopeless. But old Walter Wynn is of a different opinion. The proverb says, "Were it not for hope, the heart would break," and so it would. We should certainly "hope on, hope ever, and hope to the end."

There are many thoughtless young people, idlers, Sabbath breakers, smokers, and drinkers, who have been led into their bad habits by bad companions; and shall we leave these to themselves, without a kindly word? Shall we let them go on to destruction, without so much as holding out a hand to save them? By no means. Let us do all we can, and hope against hope, rather than be hopeless in such a case.

Oh, that every poor wanderer from the paths of peace could see his mistake, and clearly understand—

"How bless'd are they who pass their days  
Industriously in wisdom's ways;  
How free from that consuming care,  
The wicked and unworthy share!"

There are worse boys in the parish than Blake, Gilbert, and Garraway, though they are a sad thoughtless set. A few Sabbaths ago they were out with their sticks in their hands, idling and larking, when one of the city missionaries who happened to be in the neighbourhood met them. It will do you no harm to hear what he said to them.

"Boys," said he, "I am sorry to observe that you are playing a losing game. You are wasting that time which might be turned to good account, and cheating yourselves out of very many comforts. Listen to me. You can tell well enough when you are winning or losing at trap and ball, peg-top, and ring-taw; surely then you can see that you are losing at your game of breaking the Sabbath.

"Look at your clothes! why your jackets appear as if you had been rolling on the ground in them; and then, would I tuck up my trousers half-way up my legs in that fashion on a Sunday? you don't see boys do so, that go to a Sunday school.

"What shall we say about your hands and your faces, for they surely have not been washed for a week! Why, if you once knew what it was, you would not readily part with the comforts of clean clothes and a clean skin.

"Those knobbed sticks of yours have an ugly appearance. I am afraid that if I had been a cat, or a dog, or a donkey, you would have made me feel the weight of them. I wish, when you next come abroad, you would leave them behind you. Cruelty is a sad crime, and we can't expect God to pass by it always. Have a care!

"Yours is a downward course, my poor boys, and such will it be found if you pursue it; for idleness, Sabbath breaking, drinking, want, theft, and a prison, follow one another so rapidly, that they may be said to tread on each other's heels.

"Be advised, boys, to give up a game at which you are great losers, and enter on a course where you may be great gainers. Get into a Sunday school as soon as you can, that you may be taught better things. Such as break the Sabbath, sin against themselves, but those who fear the Lord and keep his commandments shall prosper.

"Hope is their heritage where'er they roam;  
Peace is their portion; Heaven above their home."

Whether any of these Sabbath idlers made up their minds to follow the advice given them, I cannot say, but however this may be, when Blake tried, after the missionary was gone, to make his companions laugh at him, he did not succeed. He wanted them to go and have some fun with a poor donkey in the lane, that had a logger on his feet; but Gilbert hung back, and Garraway said flatly he wouldn't go. In half an hour after, both Garraway and Gilbert, having thrown away their sticks, were at their own homes, and Blake being thus left alone, finding the time hang heavily on his hands, slunk away, and in another half hour was at home too.

The Sabbath is a holy day:  
To him who breaks it, darkness fears are given;  
To him who keeps it, brighter hopes of Heaven.

Be very careful in your promises, and just in your performances, and remember it is better to do, and not promise, than promise, and not perform.

Those days are lost in which we do no good: those worse than lost in which we do evil.





### THE WISE MONKEY.

Mr. Pollard states that, in his drinking days, he was the companion of a man in Maryland, who had a monkey which he valued at above £100. He says, "We always took him out on our chestnut parties. He shook off all our chestnuts for us, and when he could not shake them off, he went to the very end of the limb and knocked them off with his fist. One day we stopped at a tavern, and drank freely. About half a glass of whiskey was left, and Jack took the glass and drank the liquor. Soon he was merry, skipped, hopped, and danced, and set us all into a roar of laughter.—Jack was drunk. We all agreed, six of us, that we would come to the tavern the next day, and get Jack drunk again, and have sport all the day. I called at my friend's house the next morning, and we went out for Jack. Instead of being as usual on his box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and he was crouched up in a corner. 'Come out,' said his master. Jack came out on three legs; his fore-paw being upon his head. Jack had the head-ache: I knew what was the matter with him. He felt just as I felt many a morning. Jack was sick, and could not go; so we waited three days. We then went; and while drinking, a glass was provided for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind the chairs. 'Come, Jack, and drink,' said his master, holding out the glass to him. Jack retreated, and as the door was opened he slipped out, and in a moment was on the top of the house. His master went out to call him down; but he would not come. He got a whip and shook it at him; but Jack sat on the ridge-pole, and refused to obey. His master got a gun, and pointed it at him. A monkey is much afraid of a gun. Jack slipped over the back-side of the house. His master then got two guns, and had one pointed from each side of the house; and the monkey,

seeing his predicament, at once jumped upon the chimney, and got down into one of the flues, holding on by his forepaws. Thus the master was beaten. He kept that monkey twelve years, but could never persuade him to taste another drop of whiskey."

What a lesson does this teach to all poor drunkards! We hope that this will be read by many of them this Christmas time, and lead to their abandoning the intoxicating cup.

### TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have now published our first YEARLY PART (price eightpence), containing seventy wood engravings, with illustrated stiff cover, and index, and we shall be glad if our readers will kindly promote the sale of it amongst their friends. It will form a neat Christmas present. We wish to have a copy placed in every Sunday school library. Who will help to carry out this desire?

We have much pleasure in stating that we have arranged with Mrs. BALFOUR, for the publication of one of her best works, entitled "The Two Christmas Days." It may now be had through our publishers, (price sixpence). It is embellished with engravings. It will do much towards breaking down our national drinking customs at Christmas, if it receives a wide circulation. We trust that it also will have a place in every Sunday school library, and that many parents will be able to present a copy to their children, as a reward for good conduct.

### SIGHTS IN A GIN SHOP.

To those who have at midnight seen inside some of the gilded Gin Shops in the lowest districts of London, our illustration will not present much novelty. We regret however to state, that the woes connected with the sale of drams are not confined to the metropolis. In almost every important town throughout our country we may now find costly buildings, (far surpassing in appearance that of any shop occupied by booksellers, bakers, grocers, or other really useful tradesmen,) filled with ragged and wretched customers. Could we write the history of every gin shop in the land, it would present an amount of misery, appalling to contemplate.

In one of our visits to Liverpool, we witnessed a spectacle which will never be forgotten. A FATHER had been drinking at one of these plague-spots of England, until reason seemed almost dethroned. His youthful and interesting wife and children had left their home in search of him, and were vainly endeavouring to drag him home. A drunken comrade was induced to lend his aid, but the task was no easy one. With some difficulty he was got into the street. We followed the group until they reached the church-yard railings in Church-street, when the wretched parent refused to go further, unless he had 'more drink.' The pointers of the clock shewed that it was nearly midnight, and the poor wife in vain pleaded that her children were crying to be in bed. "Give me another glass!" he cried, with fearful oaths. The wife at length reluctantly consented, and in a few minutes they entered another gin shop, near the end of Bold-street.

For a quarter of an hour we stood on the damp pavement, with the determination to speak a few words to the poor drunkard when he came out, but we waited in vain. Ah, how hard the heart that could still supply him with drink!

The clock commenced striking twelve, and we had to hasten to our lodgings, in Clayton Square. How long it was before the sad party reached their unhappy home, we therefore know not, but as we laid down to rest, we could not but think that the dying pillow of most dram shop keepers must be planted with many a thorn.



### A FEW WORDS TO THE CHILDREN OF SHEFFIELD.

You have no doubt heard of the sad death of poor little Arthur Brown, who was killed a few weeks ago by his companion Walter Standish. These two children were schoolfellows in Sheffield. Arthur Brown took an apple with him to the school, and when Walter saw it, he wanted to have it from Arthur. This was coveting what was not his own, and covetousness is a sin which the Bible speaks very much against, as it leads to many other sins. It did so in this case. When the teacher had left the school-room for a few moments, he tried to snatch the apple away. It would have been better for Arthur to have given him the apple than to have had a quarrel: he however held it fast, and because Walter could not get it out of Arthur's hand, he flew into a sad rage, and struck poor Arthur some hard blows, which made him turn very pale and sickly. When the teacher returned, she found him crying from pain. The doctor was sent for: he gave him medicine to cure him, but it was of no use, for in a very few hours poor little Arthur expired. Ah, how sad! You see how covetousness led to anger, anger to blows, and blows to DEATH. Oh, guard against the beginnings of evil!

We have frequently visited one of the large prisons in Yorkshire, and have been surprised to find so many prisoners there from SHEFFIELD. Men who have been guilty of murder, manslaughter, and other sad crimes. In most instances they had been drinking at public houses, and in a fit of rage, a blow or a stab had caused the death of one of the party.

We feel, therefore, very anxious to assist the parents and teachers of Sheffield, to implant early in the minds of their children a deep-rooted conviction of the duty of "loving one another," and of "overcoming evil with good." If Christ so loved us, we ought to love, and not to injure one another. We recommend that suitable passages of Scripture be given to the children to commit to memory, and then written or printed on cards, and hung on the bed-room wall, so as to be seen daily. If in addition to this, every mother would, once a month, read to her children the affecting narrative of "A kiss for a blow," from our September number, we believe that the Almighty's blessing would so follow the adoption of these and similar means, that in the course of a few years, death from quarrels would be unknown in SHEFFIELD.

The Band of Hope Sheet Almanack for 1852, illustrated with engravings, (price 1d.) may now be had through all Booksellers. We solicit for it a large sale, and hope that it may have a place in many families, schools, workshops, reading rooms, railway stations, &c.

A second and enlarged edition of the Band of Hope Pledge-Book, with suggestions to aid in the formation of Juvenile Societies.—Price 6d.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—J. PRICE; F. J. THOMPSON; R. SWERNY; H. V. DEAN; A. SARRATH SCHOOL TEACHER; JAS. LOGAN; F. WILLIAMS; JAS. NEWTON; J. C. BROWNE; J. J. BROADBRIDGE; C. J. WATTS; V. J. CORNELL; J. M. READ; G. BUDD; R. BAKER. A. G.—Passmore Edwards's New Magazine, "The Juvenile," is to be published weekly.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the loan of two good wood cuts, by John Henderson, Esq., of Glasgow. This is an efficient mode of rendering us assistance.

### GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND.

Mrs. F. G. Smith, Finchley . . . £1 1 0  
Master Jewell, Truro . . . 0 1 3







"The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

## ELIZABETH FRY; OR, HOW TO BRING ABOUT A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

I HAVE set me down with my pen in my hand to do two things; the one is to wish my young friends a Happy New Year, and the other, to help them in bringing it about, by setting before them a lovely character, a christian model, well worthy their best imitation.

Look at the picture. The figure on the right hand is that of Mrs. Fry. What an angel-like visit it must have been, when that kind-hearted christian lady, with the gospel of peace in her hand, and the words of love, mercy, and consolation on her lips, entered the dungeon cell of despair and chains! A lovely sight it is, to see a disciple of the Redeemer humbly treading in the pathway pointed out by the Saviour, and "going about doing good."

Old Walter Wynn knew Mrs. Fry, and highly honours her memory. Some forty years ago, he first took her by the hand. The last time they met, the good lady gave him a little bag, or reticule, every stitch of which had been made by her own hand. Old Walter sometimes looks at the bag and says to himself

The friend by whom the gift was given,  
With kindly, right good will,  
Is now a happy saint in heaven,  
But I a pilgrim still.

It was in the town of Norwich, in the year 1780, that Mrs. Fry was born. Graceful and engaging, she won the good opinion of those around her. Kindness, and a disposition to do good increased with her years. At an early age her "heart was touched" with divine things, and when about thirty years old, she was acknowledged as a minister among the Friends. A few years after this, she first visited Newgate prison with another lady. At that time about three hundred women with their children, tried and untried, innocent and guilty, petty thieves, and felons, were crowded together in four rooms, destitute of proper clothing, in rags and dirt, without bedding, and sleeping on the floor. Here they lived, cooked and washed, drinking at times spirits very freely, and giving way to the foulest language.

Blessed were the effects of this visit, for though at first little more was done than to supply with clothes the more destitute prisoners, at length improvements gradually took place of a more important kind. Old Walter Wynn can only slightly allude to them, though a volume might be written on the subject of an edifying kind.

It should be borne in mind that at the time when Mrs. Fry, assisted by kind friends, formed her benevolent plan of improving prisons, these places generally were in a sad state. What Howard had done was little thought of, and acts of parliament for the better regulation of places of confinement were almost a dead letter. "An old gatehouse, or the ancient feudal castle with its dangerous, damp, close, and narrow cells, with its windows overlooking the street, often formed the common prison of offenders of either sex, and of all grades of crime. The danger of escape was provided against by heavy

irons and fetters. Dirt and disease abounded." And then besides all this, the men and women were but imperfectly separated, and idleness, gambling, drinking, and vice prevailed.

In America they tried with great success to class their prisoners, and in England something was effected by a deputation appointed for the purpose of visiting prisons, but very little was done compared with what was to follow.

When Mrs. Fry paid her second visit to Newgate, she requested to be left alone among the prisoners. This was thought dangerous, but she persevered. She read to them the parable of the Lord of the

and eleven members of the society of Friends, and the object of it was to give clothing, instruction, employment, and a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures to the inmates of the prison. In this association Mrs. Fry was indefatigable, and great good was effected. She asked the prisoners, in the presence of the sheriffs, if they would obey the rules laid down for them, and they promised frankly that they would.

From this time the prison of Newgate ceased to be the den of ignorance and vice which it had been. There was a music in the voice of Mrs. Fry, and a mild persuasion in her addresses which, united to her unwearied assiduity, rendered her irresistible.

"She sought her way through all things vile and And made a prison a religious place: [base, Fighting her way—the way that angels fight With powers of darkness—to let in the light. \* She kept her steadfast eye On the dear cause, and brushed the baseness by."

Mrs. Fry visited the prisons of Nottingham, Lincoln, Wakefield, Doncaster, Sheffield, Leeds, York, Durham, Newcastle, Carlisle, Lancaster, Liverpool, and others. She passed over also to France, Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, on the same benevolent errand, and seemed to devote herself as a disciple of the Redeemer, to the one sole object of doing good, and extending his glory. Her fame spread through the world; she lived to be loved by thousands who knew her not, and her name will be a household word with generations yet unborn. When Hannah More sent to Mrs. Fry a present of her "Practical Piety," she wrote on the first page the following words.

"To Mrs. Fry. Presented by Hannah More, as a token of veneration of her heroic zeal, Christian charity, and persevering kindness to the most forlorn of human beings: they were naked and she clothed them; in a prison and she visited them; ignorant and she taught them; for His sake, in His name, and by His word, who went about doing good."

The way to be happy, my young friends, is to be good and to do good. You may not be able, like Mrs. Fry, to visit prisons, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to instruct the ignorant, and to play a high part on "the world's wide stage;" but, like the widow whose mite was accepted, and her who anointed our Saviour, you may do what you can.

In the first place, as youthful disciples of Jesus Christ, you may "fear God and keep his commandments." This will do more towards bringing about a Happy New Year, than all other things put together. Then you may love one another; this will lead you on to do a thousand little deeds of kindness. You can read the Bible to the aged and the blind, and you can say to those around you, "Let us listen to Old Walter Wynn, and help on the cause of temperance and Sabbath keeping, by our good example," putting up the fervent prayer, that in your thoughts, your words, and your deeds, you may set forth the Redeemer's glory. Do these things and then

You may smile at your troubles, and cast away fear, And look onward with joy to a Happy New Year.



vineyard, in the 20th chapter of Matthew—made remarks respecting the eleventh hour, and on the striking fact that Jesus Christ came to save sinners. Some of the prisoners asked her who Christ was? She addressed the mothers, and proposed a school for the half-clothed children, to preserve them from the immorality of the place. They chose a school mistress, and Mrs. Fry, with one Mary Saunderson, opened the school. There was a rush of half-naked women and girls for the front situations.

In the year 1817, an "Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate" was formed. It consisted of the wife of a clergyman,



## A STORY FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

It was a cold, wet, wintry evening, when a ragged forlorn child, about six years old, was wandering through the streets of the large town of E—. No shoes! no bonnet! nothing but a few rags protected her from the chilling night air. As she wandered on, she thought she heard the voices of children, and stopped at the door of a large comfortable room, where many were assembled and, divided into classes, were learning to read God's word. How snug they look, thought she, as she peeped in at the half-closed door; but they were all tidy, neat, clean children, and the little wanderer felt this was no place for her. Happily, however, she was seen before she passed on, and a gentle voice invited her in. Right glad was she to enter, and happy was she in listening to the story of the kind Saviour, who took little children in His arms and blessed them. She forgot how cold, and wet, and ragged she was, and listened with wonder to an account of the love of Jesus; a subject quite new to her. And another night she came, and yet another, till she learned to love the Saviour who first loved her.

But she did not attend her dear Sunday school very long; she became ill, too ill to move from the poor bed in the corner of the room where she lived. One Sabbath evening she was lying, quietly bearing her pain. Her father and mother were both with her, the former smoking and drinking, the latter patching her child's frock, when the voice of their little girl stopped them while engaged in a loud and angry talk. "Mother," said the little sufferer, "I'll never want that frock, the only other dress I shall wear, will be the robe of my Saviour's righteousness!" Then in a loud and joyful voice, she exclaimed, "Oh, it is such a happy thing to love the Saviour! oh, it is such a very happy thing to go to Heaven!" Then turning to her father, she said, "Father, wouldn't you like to go to Heaven?" repeating the question with great earnestness,



"Father, wouldn't you like to go to Heaven?" The man was startled, and replied sullenly, "To be sure I would." Looking at him earnestly, with deep feeling, she said, "It is a great matter to be sure of it," and repeated the second time, "It is a great matter to be sure of it." In a few days, the spirit of that redeemed and purified child was with the Saviour she loved. But her mission was accomplished—her last words remained in her father's heart—he could not forget them. And, dear children, that father, once a drunken wicked man, has sought for and obtained forgiveness of his many sins, and hopes through the merits of his Saviour to share his little daughter's happy home.

Can ragged children do nothing? They do much evil, they may do much good. Children, if you love Jesus, you may bring others to love Him too. You may be very poor, very sinful, very ignorant; but Jesus will receive you, He will wash away your sins, and teach you to lay up your treasure in Heaven. But you say, "We have no treasure." My dear children, you have one of greater value than many worlds: if you do not know this, perhaps you may lose it. Listen! I will tell you what it is. It is your soul! The Lord Jesus Christ died to save it. This treasure is in great danger while you love sin and care not about Jesus. But come to Him, poor children, He waits to be gracious, even to you. Say from your heart, often, very often, "Oh, Lord, may the blood of Jesus Christ, thy Son, cleanse me from all sin." He is willing to forgive you, He will receive you graciously and love you freely. Come to Jesus!

SINCERE FRIEND OF POOR CHILDREN.

HUBERT LEE;  
OR,  
HOW A BOY MAY DO GOOD.

HUBERT LEE was just about ten years of age, when his Sunday school teacher urged upon the class the importance of each trying to do some good every day. When Hubert got home, he told his mother what the teacher had been saying, and added, that he did not think that little boys like him could do good. His judicious mother, however, recommended him to pray to God for his Holy Spirit's teaching. She also pointed out to him, that if he was enabled to do one good action every day, that he would have three hundred and sixty-five to look back upon at the end of the year. "Where there's a will, there's a way," Hubert replied, "Then I will try, Mother." When he arose the next morning, he supplicated the Lord's blessing upon his good resolution, and after breakfast he found that he had just half an hour to school-time. He went out into the lane where poor old Sally Smith lived. He had often passed her door and laughed at her clumsy way of sweeping the snow from the door step, never thinking that he was able to help her. But now, whilst looking around with a desire to do good, old Sally came out with the old stump of a besom. She was cold, and trembled very much. Hubert ran up and, with a smile, asked her to let him sweep away the snow. Sally was so pleased and thankful, she scarcely knew what to say. Hubert set to work in good earnest, and very soon made a clean footpath. He then fetched an armful of wood from the barn for her, and said, "I will come and sweep every time it snows, and bring in your wood whenever you wish me." "God bless you, my dear little man," said the old woman. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and the needy, the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble." Let our readers endeavour to do at least one kind action every day they live.

[Extracted by permission, from "HUBERT LEE," published by B. L. Green. This little book is one of the best we have ever seen for teaching children how to do good, and make others happy.—ED.]

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

We shall not resume our usual Questions until our March number, that we may clear off those for last year; the yearly prizes for which will be awarded in the February number. Our young friends will have the

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS

in the  
**BAND of HOPE ALMANAC for 1852,**  
for which the

## PRIZES AND CONDITIONS

will be as follows:—

**Cobbin's Condensed Commentary,**  
Bound, and value Thirty-two Shillings.

Will be given for the best answer to the Questions in the Band of Hope Almanac for 1852, and

Prizes to the value of Twenty-five Shillings.

Will be divided between the five next best answers, according to their respective merits.

## CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. Competitors to be under eighteen years of age.
2. Each competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own, and also to give reference to a parent or teacher, in proof of the same.
3. Passages of Scripture to be in full. The name and address not to be written on the same sheet with the answers, but a short verse from the Proverbs to be placed at the head, and the same verse written on a separate piece of paper with the date, name, address, age, and if a Sabbath school scholar, and sent with the answers.
4. Answers to be sent in, on or before the last day in February, to the Office of the Band of Hope Review, 5, Kirby Street, Hutton Garden, London. All letters received on or after the 1st of March will not be entered on the list for competition, except from those residing two days' post from London, to such, an additional day will be allowed.

The award for the Bible Questions for November and December, with the yearly prizes, will be announced in the February number.

## PLEASE TO READ

THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS ATTENTIVELY.

*First.* Always to READ and ATTEND to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not written out in full.

*Secondly.* To use the COMMON SIZE LETTER PAPER, and TO WRITE AS DISTINCTLY as possible, and in no case to write across. We should advise many of our young friends to rule their paper, to leave a small space between each answer—not to write out the question, but only the number—after the number, let the reference follow.

*Thirdly.* In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWER THE QUESTION. We admire the judgment some of our young friends show in this respect.

*Fourthly.* NOT TO WRITE ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE with the Bible Questions, but send any other communication separately. Also to write outside the letter, "Answers to Bible Questions in Band of Hope Almanac."

**AN IDIOT.**—The following beautiful lines were scratched upon the wall of a cell, by an idiot, with a rusty nail:—

And were the earth of parchment made;  
Were every single stick a quill;  
And every man a scribe by trade;  
To write the love of God above,  
'Twould drain the ocean dry;  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.

The Editor of the "Band of Hope Review" is much interested in the case of ALFRED MARSDEN, aged five years, who is a candidate for the Election in April next, at the Asylum for Idiots. Poor Alfred was a fine, healthy, intelligent child until two years of age, when from a fall on his head, he became idiotic and dumb. The Editor will feel obliged by any proxies in his favour. Address, care of Messrs. Partridge and Oakley, 34, Paternoster Row, London.

## THE CHILD AND THE SCEPTIC.

[Suggested by an incident in the life of Wm. Hone.]



A little girl was sitting beside a cottage door, And, with the Bible on her knee, she conned its pages o'er, And, when there passed a traveller, that sultry summer day, And begged some water and a seat, to cheer him on his way.

"Come in, sir, pray, and rest awhile," the little maiden cried, "To house a weary traveller is mother's joy and pride." And while he drank the welcome draught, and chatted merrily, She sought again the cottage door, the Bible on her knee.

At length refreshed, the traveller—a sceptic he—uprose, "What, reading still the Bible, child! your lesson, I suppose?" "No lesson, sir," the girl replied, "I have no task to learn; But often to these stories here with joy and love I turn."

"And wherefore do you love that book, my little maid, I pray, And turn its pages o'er and o'er the livelong summer day?" "Why love the Bible, did you ask?—how angry, sir, you look! I thought that everybody loved this holy, precious book!"

The sceptic smiled, made no reply, and pondering travelled on, But in his mind her answer still rose ever and anon: "I thought all loved the holy book."—It was a strange reply. Why do not I, then, love it too? he whispered with a sigh.

He mused, resolved, examined, prayed; he looked within, above; He read, acknowledged it the truth, and worshipped Him with love:

A nobler life, from that same hour, the sceptic proud began, And lived and laboured many a year, a Bible-loving man. S. W. PARTRIDGE.

## THROWING STONES.

Two little boys in Dorsetshire, named Loder and Tomkins, aged seven and eleven years, had a trifling disagreement, on a Saturday afternoon in November, when the former in anger snatched up a stone and threw it at Tomkins. It struck him on the ear. The poor boy died the same night. A verdict of manslaughter was returned against Loder. If any of our readers are guilty of the bad habit of throwing stones, we trust that this will be a warning to them.



## CHRISTMAS BOXES, AND NEW YEARS' GIFTS.

In our last number we asked our young friends to reserve a portion of their pocket-money until the appearance of the present number. After reading the following, they will easily guess our object. During the cold Christmas time of 1849, two young men determined to have what is called a "treat." A—got several of his companions together on "Boxing night," and they had an expensive supper. They continued until a late hour drinking and smoking. The next morning they were so sick that they were not able to go to their work, and one of them nearly lost his employment. B—, who had been early taught by his mother that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," invited several widows and poor women to a good substantial tea. It was indeed a cheerful party. After tea, hymns were sung; portions of the Scriptures read; and several friends engaged in prayer. Some of the poor women were invited to tell of God's dealings with them during their varied lives. In simple, and yet touching language they spoke. At times every heart was softened, and all felt constrained to say, "God is good to all—his tender mercies are over all his works." On parting, a long brown paper parcel, containing several yards of nice warm flannel, was given to each. Oh, if you had seen the poor women as they passed through the doorway into the street, and heard the words of thankfulness which fell from their lips as they shook hands with their friends, you would have rejoiced. Just imagine that you see them trudging along the road, with the long rolls under their arms. Follow them to their homes and see them opening their parcels. How astonished they are! Carefully wrapped up in the middle of each parcel, they find a *small silver coin*.

We are told that tears of joy fell on more than one cottage floor, and that several prayers were sent up to Heaven that night, of "God bless the young man!"

Now, dear young readers, which was the *happiest* party?

The first one with its costly wines? or the latter where not a drop of intoxicating liquor of any kind was used? Which left the *happiest* reflections? Try if you cannot do some good with your pocket money this year. Do not forget the missionary box and the poor heathen children, or the poor who live near you. A few of you, by putting your pocket money into a little fund, may, by the help of your kind parents, give a "treat" similar to the one just described. We shall be glad to hear that you have done so.

## THREE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

The above noble sum is offered by the High Sheriff of Northumberland, (SIR HORACE ST. PAUL, of Ewart Park, Wooler,) to be given in three silver cups, for the three best Essays on Temperance. Full particulars, with conditions of competition, may be had by enclosing two postage stamps to the Rev. THOMAS SPENCER, National Temperance Society, 59, Fleet Street, London. We hope that many of our readers will contend for these prizes.

## SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

Correct Answers to No. 6, by ROBT. YELLOWLEES, Stirling; FREDK. W. CROUCHER, and EMMA MARSHALL, Highgate.

HAN-NAH; the Wife of ELKA-NAH.

1 Sam. 1 ch. 2 v.

ENIGMA No. 7. We wait for answers to this good Enigma before giving No. 8.

## THE HINDOO TWIN ORPHAN CHILDREN.

In the Mission School of Bellary in India, (belonging to the London Missionary Society) there are two little coloured orphan twin brothers, portraits of whom, through the kindness of Dr. Tidman, we are enabled to present to our readers.

During the raging of the cholera in India, these twins were found, when quite infants, by the roadside, with one of their parents dead, and the other just dying. A kind gentleman, Captain Montgomery, prevailed upon the missionary, Mr. Coles, to take the little ones under his care.

When these babies were found on the road-side, they were decorated with a number of valuable ornaments, and it is therefore supposed that they must be what is termed high-caste children. Had the parents lived, the little ones would doubtless have been brought up most rigidly in the



JOHN ANGELL JAMES AND GEORGE STORER MANSFIELD.

idolatry and sad superstitions of Hindooism. Mrs. Coles had no small trouble from such an increase to her little family, but she felt it her duty to do her utmost to train them up for the Lord. She has since been removed to heaven, but God has richly blessed the seeds of truth sown by her in the tender minds of these young immortals.

They were baptised as George Storer Mansfield, and John Angell James. They are now six years of age, and have made considerable progress in reading, both in the English and Canarese languages. We are told that they are always happy with each other, and as for a quarrel, *no one ever heard of such a thing between them*. They are obedient boys, and carefully avoid all they know would be displeasing to their kind teachers.

Let all our young readers learn a lesson from these two Hindoo children. Let them seek by prayer at the feet of Jesus to have loving and obedient minds.

At home, abroad, at play, or school,  
Kindness and love should be the rule;  
For LOVE will best our souls prepare  
For that bright land where angels are.

## PLAYING AT BAND OF HOPE MEETING.

I know a little boy, seven years old, whose name is George. He was invited the other day to a little party, consisting of eight or nine of his school-fellows. It was a birthday, and there they were, brothers and sisters, and cousins, and friends, all in high glee, and in good humour, trying to make each other happy. It was a pleasant sight. After amusing themselves in various ways, one said, "Come, let us play at Band of Hope Meeting." "Yes, do!" said another—so it was settled that George was to make a little speech, and his sister Janet was to repeat the melody—

There is a happy plan,  
Speeding its way,  
And even children can  
Help it to-day, &c.

All the children joined in singing the melody; and when that was over, George was to get on a box which represented a platform. Well, he began. This was his speech as near as I can remember, in his own words. "My dear friends—I am very glad that some of us are members of the Band of Hope; I think that before long all of us will be. It will save us from a great many bad habits. I have never tasted any intoxicating drinks since I was born, and I hope I never shall, or begin smoking either, as long as I live. Sometimes when I am going to school, I see men come out of the public house intoxicated—I feel pity for them, and I think that if they had belonged to the Band of Hope when they were young, they would not be drunkards now, and I think that perhaps they first began to like it when they had only a little drop out of the glass at dinner time. I have seen boys smoke. Now I think that is a very bad habit, it leads to drinking; so I hope all of you will join the Band of Hope, and let me put down your names."

When George finished, the children clapped their hands, and concluded the meeting by singing—

"We'll win the day."

E. M.

## "I'LL DO IT AGAIN."

The horse of a good man living in one of the States of North America happening to stray into the road, a neighbour of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and "if I catch him in the road again," said he, "I'll do it again." "Neighbour," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out, and shut them in your yard; and I'll do it again." Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

## THE BIBLE.

Blessed book of truth, and mercy,

Written by our God above;

May the Holy Spirit guide me,

All its sacred truths to love.

Precious treasure!

May I prize thee more and more.

It informs us drunkards never

Can ascend where Jesus is,

Oh, then, let us join together,

That the drunkard's soul may live,

And be happy

In the realms of endless bliss!—C. J. WATTS.



## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO PEEL PARK, AND THE VISIT OF DEATH.

The 10th October, 1851, can never be forgotten by any of the eighty thousand Sabbath scholars who assembled in Peel Park, to welcome with "song and shout both loud and long," our deservedly beloved Queen, VICTORIA. It was indeed a glorious sight.

An equally imposing spectacle we do not expect again to see, until "all nations" shall be gathered together on that great and eventful day of which the poet speaks—

Every eye shall then behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty!  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

When the carriage which contained our gracious Sovereign approached the platform, the whole assemblage commenced singing the National Anthem. The first verse was sung in Her Majesty's presence, with an effect most powerful and thrilling. Her Majesty could not but be deeply affected. Upon the commencement of the second verse, the enthusiasm of the children could not be restrained. Despite all the efforts of Mr. Banks, the musical conductor, and his numerous assistants with their

white wands, the children burst out into the most rapturous and long continued cheers. Such an expression of juvenile loyalty, we believe, no other sovereign than QUEEN VICTORIA ever witnessed.

If on this festive occasion, there was one heart that felt more joyous than another, it must have been that of Mr. Robert Needham, the indefatigable Secretary of the Manchester Sabbath School Union, through whose unwearied exertions this great gathering had been so successfully arranged.

Little did he or his friends then suppose that he was so soon to be called into the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

Could we then have slightly drawn aside the curtain of the future, we should have seen the sand of the hour glass nearly run out, and the grim visage of death with his hand uplifted to strike with his dart the fatal blow.

Overtaxed by the severe mental and physical exertions, which, in connexion with the Queen's visit, Mr. Needham had made, his health gave way. Medical advice was sought, and every hope was entertained of his recovery, but the Lord, who "seeth not as man seeth," removed him on the 20th December, 1851, from earth, to heaven.

The cause of Sabbath schools has sustained a severe loss by his death.

It is a pleasing fact that one of the last acts of his life was to plan an important Band of Hope movement.

The following testimony, kindly supplied to us by Mr. John C. Needham, (brother of the departed, will be read with deep interest by our numerous Sunday school friends:—

"He became a total abstainer about the year 1838. The cause of this step, I think, was that he had witnessed the injurious effects of intoxicating liquors upon the people. He deplored the misery, wretchedness, and crime, which arose from the use of these drinks. He therefore could not love that which was the cause of so much unhappiness to man, and which he saw must be so grievous to God. He also saw it to be his duty, for his own safety, to be a total abstainer. He looked around him and saw numbers (who once thought they were safe and sufficiently strong to resist all temptations to drink to excess,) living in a state of destitution, arising from the drinking habits they had acquired. As a Christian, he could not love that cup which was such a hindrance to the spread of the Gospel. He witnessed the labours of ministers, Sunday school teachers, and others, to promote peace and happiness on the earth, and he also witnessed that they encouraged, by their example, a custom which did almost more than anything else to cause those labours to be fruitless. He believed intoxicating drinks degraded man, and prevented his rising in the social scale of being as God intended—that they debased the mind, strengthened and brought out all evil passions in man, and blunted the finer sensibilities of man's nature. Here he took his stand, and was an energetic advocate of the temperance cause. His great hopes were in the young, and this led him to enter into the 'Band of Hope'



movement. He was in anxious anticipation of seeing such a society in connexion with every Sunday school, and often rejoiced in the thought that the time would arrive when there might be an assemblage of the various "Bands of Hope" equal to that in Peel Park, on the 10th of October last.

The last entry in his diary, made two days before he was taken ill, was in reference to the "Bands of Hope," and which is published in the "Sunday School Teacher's Magazine" for March last.

Extract from "A Biographical Sketch of Robert Needham, Esq.," in the "Sunday School Teacher's Magazine," of March, 1852.

"On the 29th of November last, we find him thus planning a new sphere of usefulness. It is the last entry in his diary:—

"I purpose attempting to enrol all children that can reach in the Temperance Society, and—

"1st.—Write a simple, plain letter to parents, requesting permission to enrol their children.

"2nd.—Map out the town-ship into canvassing districts.

"3rd.—Call a meeting of the 'Band of Hope' committee, and obtain their sanction, with canvassers and officers.

"4th.—Write a letter to 'Manchester Examiner' and 'Times,' pointing out to Sunday school teachers the best mode of conducting meetings, &c.

"5th.—Send copies to 'Teacher's' and 'Christian's' Penny Magazines.

"6th.—Prepare forms for use of societies."

We trust that the mantle of the departed will fall upon his successors, and that from the "last entry" in the diary of Robert Needham, will arise a lasting tribute to his memory, by the general adoption of his important suggestions in all the Manchester schools.

In Memory of  
**ROBERT NEEDHAM, ESQ.,**  
SECRETARY OF THE  
MANCHESTER SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,  
WHO DIED DECEMBER 20TH, 1851,  
AGED 33 YEARS.

### A WARNING TO SWEARERS.

In the latter part of the month of March, 1851, the sun rose with majestic splendour upon the town of Moulmein, and the river (at the edge of which the town is situated) upon whose breast, peacefully and majestically, rode vessels from all parts of the globe. Perhaps the largest of all that group was the old "Coromandel." Her crew were awakened at six o'clock to commence again the labours of another day; they all arose, refreshed and invigo-

rated by sleep, with light hearts, and joy beaming upon their countenances. Little did they think that before the setting of the sun, one of their number would be ushered into eternity, to appear before his God. The day passed away as usual in getting in timber, until 3 P. M. when one of the cross pieces, to which the logs were attached, went astray. Two of the midshipmen immediately got into a boat, and rowed after it, and having secured it, pulled for the ship, which they reached in safety, and made the boat fast. One of the sailors, W. P., got on to the companion ladder, and on taking hold of the piece of wood, swore at his comrade for letting the boat "sheer off." The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the weight of the piece of wood overbalanced him, and he fell into the river. Before his companion could call for assistance, the tide had carried him a considerable distance down the stream. The several boats went immediately after him, but although surrounded by friends and assistance, he sank to rise no more. Neither his body nor any portion of it could be found; it is supposed that he was devoured by the alligators, which abound in that river.

Dear children! Mark God's vengeance upon the swearer. He has said, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Islington.

T. HUBBARD





"What is your life."

### THE BURNING SHIP.

ON Friday, the 2nd of January, the beautiful "Amazon" steam packet left Southampton for the West Indies, with 161 persons on board. Thousands witnessed the departure of the vessel, and loudly cheered as she passed along. Little did they then anticipate her sad fate. The vessel passed the Scilly Islands about one hundred miles. It was midnight; between twelve and one o'clock on the sabbath morning. The passengers and many of the crew were in bed, when an alarm of "Fire! Fire!" was given. The flames spread so rapidly that in a few moments a large portion of the vessel was one sheet of fire. The captain vainly endeavoured to arrest the flames. The engines could not be stopped, and their speed becoming doubled by the heat of the flames, the poor vessel was dashed along at a fearful pace through the boisterous waves; thus fanning the flames. A rush was now made to the boats, but no sooner were some of them filled, than they were immediately upset, and all therein perished. By the bravery and skill of a Mr. Vincent, two boats' crews were saved; but out of the 161 human beings on board the vessel, upwards of one hundred perished, either by fire or water. Many are supposed to have died in their berths.

One of the survivors states, that the scene on deck baffles description. Persons with their night clothes on fire, were seen rushing from the saloon, and then falling down in a state of exhaustion, soon to become a prey to the approaching flames. When the last boat was leaving the side of the vessel, a mother rushed up the gangway, and holding out in her arms, her helpless baby, piteously shrieked, "Oh, save my child, my child." Some were seen kneeling on the deck, praying to God for mercy, whilst others were running about screaming with horror. In a short time the fire reached the gunpowder magazines. A fearful explosion took place; the ship was shattered into ten thousand pieces, and in a few moments not a trace of the noble "Amazon" was to be seen.

We desire our young readers to learn a solemn lesson from this distressing event,—namely, that life is uncertain, and that we should so LIVE as to be always ready for DEATH. Are you now prepared?

**LIVING AND DYING.**—The Rev. John Newton, when in company one day, mentioned the death of a lady. A young female who sat opposite, immediately inquired, "O sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question than that my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than how did she DIE?" "How did she LIVE?" was Mr. Newton's answer.

### "I WAS IN LIQUOR."

A most shocking murder was recently committed at Field House, near Belper. Mrs. Barnes, a benevolent and wealthy lady, fell a sad victim to the rage of a steward whom she had discharged, for being unfaithful. When the murderer was secured and brought before the magistrate, he said, "*I was in liquor, or I should not have done it.*" How many who have ended their days on the scaffold might now have been living, had they been trained up from childhood as abstainers from strong drinks.

### THOMAS, GERALD, AND THE STICK OF CANDY.

Thomas and Gerald lived in Rhode Island, and were brothers. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were out driving a hoop. Both boys were following and driving the same hoop. This is rather dangerous, as the boy who runs behind is in danger of throwing the other down. As they were driving their hoop down the street, running as fast as they could, Thomas, who was foremost, struck his foot against a stone, and fell headlong upon the frozen ground, coming down

with violence upon his bare hands and face. Gerald, being close behind, and running fast, could not stop, but came down with his whole weight on Thomas. This hurt Thomas still more, and he was angry with Gerald for falling on him. They both rose. Thomas began to scold and storm at his brother, and to beat him. What did Gerald do? Did he cry out, and strike in return? He did no such thing. He put his hand into his pocket hurriedly, fumbled about, and soon drew out a stick of candy, which he thrust into his brother's mouth, as he was scolding and beating him. Thomas instantly stopped scolding and beating Gerald, and he looked confused and ashamed. His brother urged him to take the candy. He took it and began to eat, evidently feeling very sorry that he had struck his generous brother.

Thus was his wrath disarmed, and his blows were stayed, by love and kindness. What boy or girl does not know that a stick of candy is a better weapon to fight with, and more likely to ensure victory, than a stick of wood, or a fist!

Extracted by permission, from Gilpin's ILLUSTRATED Edition of a "Kiss for a Blow."



THOMAS, GERALD, AND THE STICK OF CANDY.

### A WARNING TO SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

A few Sabbaths ago, a scholar belonging to one of the London Sunday schools was sent by his parents, as usual, to school. On his way he met with some of his acquaintances, who invited him to have a ride with them in a boat on the river. At first he felt unwilling to go, but he was laughed at, and instead of running off to school, out of the way of the temptation, he was at last prevailed upon to enter the boat. Within half an hour the boat was upset, and the Sunday scholar was drowned. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

severe cut on his left hand, and said, "That was done, sir, when I was a boy. I fell from an apple tree, into which I had climbed for the purpose of stealing an apple. *An apple was my first theft.*" Beware, young reader, of the first step in an evil course.

**GOOD TIDINGS.** "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." See John iii., 16.

"And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." See Hebrews x., 17.



## EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

A FACT.

One day in the month of November, 1850, a clergyman, on leaving one of the metropolitan churches, was accosted by the coachman of a friend, who, in a very excited state, told him that he had something upon his mind, which he particularly desired to communicate. When they had retired from the public thoroughfare, the man informed him that he had just seen the devil, who had told him the whole history of his past wicked life; of his swearing and drunkenness; and concluded by assuring him, that in four days he would be with him. "And I am persuaded," added the unhappy man, "it is true; in four days I shall be dead." The clergyman, after endeavouring to direct his mind to the Saviour, the stronger than the strong, who was more powerful than the devil, and who was "able and willing to save unto the uttermost, all that come unto God by Him," accompanied the man to his master's house, where he explained to his friend the circumstances, and they engaged together in earnest prayer. On exhorting him to seek for mercy and forgiveness through Christ, the man exclaimed, "Ah, it is of no use now!" "I have had the best of masters, who has always striven to make me give up my bad habits, and has frequently told me of the misery of hell, and of the danger of dying in impenitence, but I could not give up drinking. I have often listened to you, Sir," he said, addressing the clergyman, "with pleasure, and have gone straight from the church to the beer-house, where I have talked of your sermon over my drink! I am very thankful to you, for your good advice and prayers. But it is too late, too late! I am lost!" Both the clergyman and his friend had other conversations with the poor man after this, commending him to the Saviour of sinners, and exhorting him to seek for pardon and peace through the atoning blood of the Lamb; but their affectionate entreaties and exhortations were always met by the despairing answer, "It is too late! I am lost!" On the fifth day after the circumstance happened, the clergyman received a note from his friend, informing him of the coachman's death on the previous evening, from a violent attack of delirium tremens. He died from *excessive drinking*, and the few coherent words that he uttered immediately before his death were, for fresh draughts of the deadly liquor which had caused his destruction.

The circumstances detailed are strange and mysterious—by some they will be attributed to hallucination—by others to the nature of his disease—and others again will assign to them a different cause. But setting aside whatever is remarkable, the solemn truth remains,—the man died from *drinking*, and, it is feared, *without hope!* Drunkard! here is a warning for you. You who think there is no harm in what is called a "cheerful glass," here is a startling lesson for you. There is POISON in the cup! Know assuredly that "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

R. J. S.

\* The names of the parties have been handed to us by our influential correspondent. We have also communicated with the clergyman (whose praise is in all the churches,) and can vouch for the correctness of the above painful fact. Oh, that it may act as a warning beacon, to guard our young readers against that fatal rock, upon which so many of our fellow men are eternally wrecked!

## A NEWGATE PRISONER.

Wm. Smith, aged only twenty, now lays under sentence of death in Newgate prison, for the murder of an infant. The prisoner had been at a public house, and returned home intoxicated. His wife was out and the child was crying. Drink had so brutalized his feelings, that he was overheard to curse the child in most horrid language. Almost immediately afterwards, he dashed the poor innocent babe upon the floor. On the arrival of a policeman, the body was found covered with wounds and blood—quite dead. Oh, drink! drink! what lives does thou yearly sacrifice! Is it not an object worthy of a Howard, a Clarkson, a Wilberforce, or a Fry, to seek the emancipation of our countrymen from the iron grasp of intemperance? Oh, for some such noble labourers in this great field!

## TO BRICKMAKERS

Not many Sabbath mornings ago, a poor drunkard was found suffocated to death on the top of a hot pile, or clamp of bricks near — in Kent. His disfigured corpse was carried to the public-house, where but a few hours before he had been supplied with the drink which had robbed him of his senses and cost him his life. Children of working men! ask your fathers to bring their wages HOME, and *not* spend them at the public-house.

## A GOOD MAN FED BY A HEN.

In a town in Germany, about 300 years ago, there lived a minister called Brentius. He was a good man; but the emperor hated him. The principal fault brought against him was, that he taught people to read the Bible and take it as their guide, to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, confess their sins to God only, and pray to Him instead of saints and images. He therefore taught them just what God teaches us in the Bible. One night he was obliged to flee from his own house, for the emperor sent a number of soldiers, who would have killed him had he not gone away. They ransacked his house, and carried almost everything away. Poor Brentius was obliged to live in the woods for a time, to keep out of the way of the emperor and his men. One night, he went back to his house, took with him a loaf of bread, and, without speaking to any one, went into the upper town. Here he entered the first door he found open, and went unobserved upstairs to the top of the house, just under the roof. He then crept on his hands and his knees between the roof and a pile of faggots, and took up his lodging behind it. The next day the troopers came, determined to take him, dead or alive. They searched every house in the town. All the beds, chests, wood piles, stacks, and haylofts, were ransacked with their sabres and spears. The search occupied a fortnight. On the fourteenth day they came to the house where he was. Brentius was on



VERILY, THOU SHALT BE FED."

"THOU SHALT PRESERVE ME."

his knees in prayer. He heard the clatter of their sabres from room to room, until they came to his own loft. But what could he do now? Surely he must be taken! They thrust their spears through the very pile of wood that covered him, so that every moment he expected one into his heart. Once he would have been stabbed, had he not shrunk a little aside. But they are always safe whom God protects, and Brentius had put his trust in Him. Right glad was he, when he heard one of the troopers call out, "Leave—he is not here." They soon left, not only the loft, but also the town, so that the good man was once more able, for a little while, to go at liberty.

But as no one knew where he was, how could he get sufficient food during these fourteen days? It may be truly said, that *God fed him*, by means of a common hen. She came the very first day to a spot near his feet, laid an egg, and then quietly went away. He took it up very thankfully, and ate it with a piece of his bread. She came to the same spot every day, each time leaving a fresh egg, and which proved the means of saving the good man's life. The very day the soldiers left the town she did not come at all; no doubt because God knew that Brentius would get away, and the egg would not be any more wanted. How blessed are they who love and serve God! they have nothing to fear, for He has said, that "no evil shall befall them," "neither shall any one set upon them to hurt them."—*Ragged School Scholar's Magazine.*

## NOTICE TO READERS.

We hope that our young friends are keeping all the monthly numbers clean, so as to have them bound up at the end of this year. We purpose having a beautiful title page and index. All the back numbers have been reprinted, and may be had through any bookseller.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

We must encroach upon the kindness of our young friends with respect to the award of the Bible Questions until next month. Those who are successful we will apprise by letter, as soon as we have decided. In case any of our young friends should not have seen our Almanack, we have inserted below the Prize Questions, with conditions, &c., contained in it. We remind our young friends strictly to adhere to the conditions, and to read the suggestions.

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS

in the

BAND of HOPE ALMANACK for 1852.

for which the

PRIZES AND CONDITIONS

are as follows:—

Cobbins's Condensed Commentary,

Bound, and value Thirty-two Shillings,

Will be given for the best answer to the Questions in the Band of Hope Almanack for 1852, and

Prizes to the value of Twenty-five Shillings, Will be divided between the five next best answers, according to their respective merits.

## CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION

1. Competitors to be under eighteen years of age.
2. Each competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own, and also to give reference to a parent or teacher, in proof of the same.
3. Passages of Scripture to be in full. The names and address not to be written on the same sheet with the answers, but a short verse from the Proverbs to be placed at the head, and the same verse written on a separate piece of paper with the date, name, address, age, and if a Sabbath school scholar, and sent with the answers.
4. Answers to be sent in, on or before the last day in February, to the Office of the Band of Hope Review, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London. All letters received on or after the 1st of March will not be entered on the list for competition, except from those residing two days' post from London, to such an additional day will be allowed.

## PLEASE TO READ

THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS ATTENTIVELY.

- First. Always to READ and ATTEND to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not written out in full.
- Secondly. To use the COMMON SIZE LETTER PAPER, and TO WRITE AS DISTINCTLY as possible, and in no case to write across. We should advise many of our young friends to rule their paper, to leave a small space between each answer—not to write out the question, but only the number—after the number, let the reference follow.
- Thirdly. In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWERS THE QUESTION. We admire the judgment some of our young friends shew in this respect.
- Fourthly. NOT TO WRITE ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE: with the Bible Questions, but send any other communication separately. Also to write outside the letter, "Answers to Bible Questions in Band of Hope Almanack."

## Bible Questions in the Band of Hope Almanack.

1. What incommunicable prerogative of the King of KKings, and Lord of Hosts, is named by St. Paul in writing to Timothy?
2. Two Evangelists, Mark and Luke, state that our Saviour's miracle of expelling the "legion" was performed in the country of the Gadarenes; Matthew says it occurred in the country of the Gergesenes. How may this apparent discrepancy be easily reconciled?
3. Give a geographical quotation taken by a sacred writer from a work known to us only by name.
4. Which was the first instance of restoring the ruins of the fall, with respect to the body?
5. Name a family that went down into Egypt with Jacob, but was extinct when the people were numbered before entering Canaan.
6. Where do we read of an expedition in which two-thirds of the army claimed exemption from military service? and state how, in so doing, they complied with the proclamation of their general.
7. Refer to a singular usage on occasions of purchase, which before the days of David had become antiquated.
8. Name two institutions which had their origin before sin entered into the world.
9. Quote an inquiry made by a Patriarch, not as an individual, but as the anxious voice of the whole species.
10. Which of the sacred writers after Moses, most frequently refers to Eden, and what precious stones does he mention as having been there?
11. Give a parallel case to the mention of Cyrus by name, by the prophet Isaiah, long before his birth.
12. Name a kingdom, where among eight monarchs mentioned by name, we find not one who was the son of his predecessor.
13. Where are penitents returning to God represented as using a strange vow, the meaning of which is, that they would not seek the help of Egypt in time of danger?
14. On one occasion, and one only, send time and harvest came together: refer to the passage stating the fact.
15. Refer to an historical fact, which is replete with instruction to those who place too much stress upon the rites, forms, and externals of religion.
16. Quote words which convey the idea, that some portion of a sacred composition lay many years in an uncompleted manuscript.
17. When did time begin its flight?

We shall resume our usual Questions in the March number, that we may clear off those for last year.



## THE IRISH GOLD MINE.—A FEW WORDS TO ALL WHO LOVE RICHES; BUT SPECIALLY ADDRESSED TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF IRELAND.

Many of your uncles, aunts, cousins, and play-fellows have left you during the last year. They have emigrated to other countries. Some have gone to America, and others to Australia and California, in the hope that they will get rich by gathering up the gold dust. We are glad, however, to be able to tell you that there is a rich Gold Mine in your own "dear country," which is so full of treasure, that it can never be emptied. What is still more pleasing, is, that those who dig in this wonderful mine, can always keep their wealth. No! not even death, can rob them of it; you can carry it away with you when you die. You need not, therefore, leave Ireland in order to find true riches. Do you ask where is this mine? Is it in Galway, or Donegal, or Cork, or Wicklow? Is there anything to pay for working in this Gold Mine? Can children such as we are gather the gold? Oh, tell us, tell us, where it is, that we may go!

Be patient, little Paddies and Jennies, and you shall have answers to all your questions. In the first place then, you must know that this wonderful mine may be got at in every town and village in Ireland. Some of you will have a little difficulty in finding it at first, but if you persevere you will be sure to succeed.

For just ten copper pennies you may get access to all the "gold diggings," both of the old and new parts of this rich mine. If, however, you are very poor, there are many kind friends both in England and Ireland who will gladly pay the pence for you.

Can children work in this mine? Oh, yes! There are already some thousands of young miners busy at work, particularly in the West of Ireland. They are laying up treasures every day in that strong storehouse, where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." This Gold Mine, dear young Irish friends, is God's Sacred Scriptures—

### THE HOLY BIBLE.

This blessed Book is now printed in your own beloved language. Lose no time in getting a copy for yourselves, and you will find that it shews you not only how to be happy and useful in this life, but it tells you of a dear Saviour who died for you, and that by faith in Him, you may have the riches and joys of Heaven for ever.

We are much pleased to find that many of the children of Cork are eagerly trying to discover the answers to our monthly Bible Questions. We are told that they are beginning to LOVE the searching of the Scriptures. This looks hopeful. Let the sons and daughters of Ireland become Bible readers and Bible headers, and she shall yet become "a praise in the earth."

We are very anxious that not only you, but also the children of all lands, should feel thankful for the discovery of the art of PRINTING, by which copies of the sacred Volume are so cheaply produced. In ancient times, the Scriptures were written upon skins of parchment, or large leaves of trees, which when sewn together were rolled upon a stick. Just look to the picture, and you will see a Jewish mother, in her curious head dress, with the precious roll upon her knee. She is teaching her son the sacred truths, written in the crooked Hebrew letters, so that from a youth he may know the Scriptures. How very troublesome it must have been to turn from one part of the roll to another, and yet, even king David could say, "O, how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day." If the Jews loved

their Roll, how much more thankful we should be for our PRINTED BIBLES, in which we can, in a moment, turn to any chapter we desire.

As you look on the nice picture of the large Family Bible, do not forget that there was a time, when even in happy England, a printed copy of the Bible could not be found. Not a few good men shed their blood, or were burnt at the stake for endeavouring to procure for us this great blessing.

Standard in Cheapside, and there compelled to throw the precious pages into the fire. They were also heavily fined.

In the reign of Henry VIII., proclamations were issued against all who read the New Testament, and any person who possessed a copy was liable to the flames.

In 1535, the first translation of the whole Bible, ever printed in English, was issued by Myles Coverdale, who was born in Yorkshire, 1484. All honour to that great county for producing such a noble benefactor to his country and the world. John Rogers, a native of Lancashire, who edited the noted folio Bible, (printed in 1537) was the first martyr who suffered in Queen Mary's reign, being burnt in Smithfield, Feb. 4th, 1555.

In 1539, by Lord Cromwell's intercession with the king, permission was given to the people to have a Bible in their houses. In 1540 and 1541, a copy was ordered to be placed in every church, so that those who were disposed, might go and read for themselves. These were joyous years. Young and old might be seen grouped together, eagerly listening to the "great words," as they fell from the lips of those who were able to read.

Their joy, however, was of short continuance, for in 1543 an Act of Parliament was passed, declaring that "no women, (except noblewomen and gentlewomen, who might read to themselves alone, and not to others, any texts of the Bible, &c.) nor artificers, apprentices, journey-men, servingmen, husbandmen, nor labourers shall read the Bible."

Let us thank God that these days and laws have passed away. Kings and queens have found that the Bible is the BEST BOOK, both for them and the people. Whilst however we rejoice, let us do it with trembling, for with greater privileges we have greater responsibilities. Where much is given, much will be required. If at the day of judgment it be found that our cheap and nicely printed Bible has been unread, its precious truths unheeded, the Saviour that it unfolds, despised, great, great indeed, will be our condemnation.

A JEWISH MOTHER TEACHING HER SON.



THE WRITTEN BIBLE.

The art of printing was discovered about 1440. In 1526, Wm. Tyndal, a Welshman, printed (at Antwerp), the first English edition of the New Testament. Copies of this were sent over to Eng-

land, but those who brought and sold them were placed on horseback, and condemned to ride with their faces towards the horses' tails, and with the Testaments and portions of Scripture they had dispersed, tied about them, were driven to the



THE PRINTED BIBLE.

### THE BIBLE.

BY REV. W. TYLER.

It was on a very fine summer's evening, when travelling upon an old fashioned stage coach, drawn by four light horses, in the east of England, that I entered into conversation with a fellow traveller upon the excellency of the word of God, and the remarkable cheapness at which it was sold. I also noticed, that the low price at which it could be obtained, required that every person should be possessed of a copy, adding,—

'Tis all in vain for me to boast,  
How small a sum my Bible cost:  
The day of judgment will make clear  
'Twas very cheap or very dear.

To my great delight I found that my companion loved the precious treasure, as he sweetly quoted in reply, those lines of the poet Montgomery: "Behold the Book whose leaves display Jesus; the life, the truth, the way. Read it with carefulness; with prayer; Search it, and you will find Him there."

The youthful readers of "THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW," by committing the above verses to memory, will be adding to their store of knowledge, materials, which will bring before them, pleasantly and profitably, the Bible, the judgment day, eternity, and the ever-blessed Jesus; and by God's blessing may be the means of giving to them "life, health, and peace."



## BRIGHT AND BLACK SPOTS

IN THE  
CITY OF BATH.

There is, perhaps, no place of equal size in England, that presents so many beautiful "bright spots" as the far famed city of Bath. The traveller, who for the first time walks its streets during a fine summer or autumn eve, cannot but be struck with the lovely prospects that meet him at every turn. The beautiful mansions with their well cultivated gardens, the cleanliness of the dwellings, and the superior appearance of the inhabitants generally, would lead a casual observer to say, "This must be a happy spot!" Sad however to say, there are some "black spots," some wretched homes, some heart-broken families, even in the highly favoured city of Bath. The Bath Herald of Dec. 20th, 1851, gives an affecting account of the death from starvation of a poor helpless infant named Charles Hughes. From the inquest, it appeared that both the parents were very intemperate; so much so that a neighbour deposed to the jury, "I was called into the room on the 4th inst., and saw Mrs. Hughes, who was very drunk. She was squeezing the child so tightly as to make it moan most piteously. The husband was lying on the floor, dead drunk. Presently the mother fell out of bed with the child in her arms, and lay beside him." Another witness said, "When sober they seemed very fond of the child, but they were often very drunk, sometimes for a week together. On Wednesday night they were both drunk. On Thursday morning, I saw the child laid dead in his father's arms."

The delusive effects of liquor are here powerfully depicted. These parents, when sober, were said to be fond of the child, and yet (we almost blush to write it) men and women, with their luring temptations at almost every corner, were hard-hearted enough to dole out to them the poisonous "fire-water" which quenched every spark of paternal feeling, and caused this youthful victim to be added to the thousands who are yearly sacrificed to the Moloch of Intemperance in this christian land.

Children of Bath! we ask you to join heart and hand, and in the spirit of prayerful dependence upon the help of God, seek to turn every beer and gin-shop keeper in Bath into a provision seller, baker, or dealer in some article useful, and not destructive to the people. I America, many gin-shop keepers and distillers have abandoned their business, feeling that it would not bear the reflections of the DEATH BED, or the searchings of a JUDGMENT DAY. Let us see the same progress of truth in this country, and then shall we have more "bright spots," and far fewer "black spots," not only in Bath, but in every city, town, and hamlet, throughout our land.

## AN OBEDIENT SON.

A boy was tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he will not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true, my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."

Was not this an excellent reason?

## WHAT FILLS WORKHOUSES.

Two Guardians were lately walking through one of the wards of the large workhouse at Edmonton, when one of them remarked,

"I am disposed to think that nine out of every ten have come here through drink."

"Well," said the other, "if we could sift every case, I think we should find that even nineteen out of every twenty have come here, either through their own intemperance, or that of others."

What a motive does this furnish for training up the young as abstainers from strong drink Communicated by one of the Guardians.

## A NOBLE REPLY.

Not long ago a little boy was on his way from school, when some idle lads met him and struck him. As soon as he could get from them he ran away, crying. On telling some one what was the matter, he was told that he should have struck in return. "No," said the brave boy, wiping the tears from his eyes with his sleeve, "that would not be doing what father teaches me—he says that I am to love my enemies—so I cannot strike them."

## DON'T BE A CAT'S PAW.

There is a story told of a monkey and a cat, that ought to be very instructive to children. The monkey saw some chestnuts roasting on the fire; desiring to taste them, he borrowed the cat's paw to poke them off the coals. The cat, as our readers will suppose, was dreadfully burned, and when it was too late, sent up piteous yells of distress, instead of helping the monkey to eat his chestnuts. Thus it is that wicked persons, when about to engage in mischief of any kind, like to make a cat's paw of some one.



How often little boys are led into sin by the influence of those who are older! Those older boys are practised in doing wrong, and they try to profit by the simplicity of any whom they can persuade to share their evil deeds. But when punishment comes, it often falls hardest on those who least deserve it. Drunkards, gamblers, and thieves, and almost all wicked people have their cat's paws, and many of those whom they push into mischief might think themselves well off if they only got their fingers burned. But alas! by contact with sin their consciences become seared as with a hot iron, and their souls are prepared to dwell with the devouring fire, and everlasting burnings.

We say to our readers, then, Beware! Whenever you are tempted by any one to do wrong, remember the picture of the cat's paw.—S. School Advocate.

## DOINGS OF STRONG DRINK.

We desire to make a collection of the DOINGS OF STRONG DRINK during 1852, and to publish the same at the end of the year in a cheap form. To do this efficiently, we solicit the aid of some friend or friends in every town where a newspaper is published. Send us up monthly all notices, cut from your newspaper, of deaths, accidents, quarrels, &c. resulting from drinking. It is important that we have, in every case, the name and date of the newspaper. We wish our young readers to bring this request under the notice of their parents, and hope that they will efficiently help us in this "Chronicle of Sorrow." We believe that, if properly done, its publication will produce a national protest against our DRINKING CUSTOMS, such as we have not yet known. Address to the Editor, 5, Kirby-street, Hatton Garden, London.

## INTELLIGENCE.

**PRESTON.** This birth-place of the Temperance Movement contains a promising Band of Hope. Monthly meetings are held. At the last one, 1500 persons were present. SAM'L JESPER.

**GREAT AYTON.** The first Anniversary Meeting of our Juvenile Society was held on Christmas Day. It was a joyous occasion. Our collectors are indefatigable. We are hoping to make great progress through 1852. JNO. FEATHERSTONE.

**YORK.** The fourth Annual Fruit Soirée took place on Christmas Day. The Lecture Hall, which was beautifully decorated, was filled by about 900 juveniles. Messrs. T. Monkhouse, (Chairman) Holroyd, R. H. Burdekin, Pickwell, and Petty delivered excellent addresses. Several good melodies were sung. As the children left the Hall, each of them received a paper bag filled with fruit and biscuits, the funds for providing which had been privately subscribed.

**BRADFORD, Yorkshire.** The "Band" formed in the General Baptist Sunday School, in May last, has prospered beyond our best hopes. 90 girls and 70 boys are enrolled as members. CHAS. ORDISH.

**BATH.** The 70 members of the Lyncombe and Wildcombe Band of Hope had a joyous festival on the 2nd January. After a bountiful supply of cake and tea, several pleasing melodies were sung. The magic lantern was then shewn. The happy party broke up with an earnest desire to render 1852 "a happy New Year." JOS. THEOBALD.

**DUNSTABLE.** Our first Festival was held on New Year's Day. After tea we had some good singing, and speeches by Messrs. R. Gutteridge, senior and junior, Stevenson, Mayles, W. Willis, jun., Burgess, and the Editor of the "Band of Hope Review" from London. J. Gutteridge, Esq., presided.

**WRAWBY.** A sermon was preached to our juveniles, by Mr. Tipper, in the Temperance Hall, on the first Sabbath in the New Year, from Genesis xlviii. 10. Many parents attended. G. WILLIAMSON.

## GRAND BAND OF HOPE MEETING.

A great gathering of all the London Bands of Hope, and their friends, is to take place in Exeter Hall, at five o'clock, on Monday afternoon, the 16th of February, doors to be opened at half-past four o'clock. We trust that we shall see a joyous assemblage, and listen to the sweet melodies of not less than five or six thousand of our youthful abstainers. The Committee of the London Temperance League have originated this important meeting, and we doubt not the arrangements will be such as to render it instrumental of great good, not only in the metropolis, but throughout the country. The Earl of Shaftesbury is to be invited to preside. An address to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is to be read by J. S. Buckingham, Esq. Mr. Sinclair, of Edinburgh, and other warm friends of the young are to speak, and several beautiful hymns are to be sung by the whole assemblage of infant voices. The Words and Music may now be had at the offices of the committee, 337, Strand, so that schools and families may at once be practising them. Let all teachers of the young give their pupils a half-holiday on this joyous occasion. A meeting for adults is to be held after an interval of half an hour. The chair will be taken at half-past seven o'clock.

## SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

ANSWER TO NO. 7.

1. Athaliah.
  2. Tiglath-pileser.
  3. Onesimus.
  4. Nahor, Grandfather of Abraham.
  5. Esther.
  6. Mephiboseth.
  7. Elizabeth.
  8. Naphtali.
  9. Tabitha. The initials spell ATONEMENT.
- Answered by ANN SLADE, aged 11, Wesleyan Sabbath School, Castle Cary. HENRY DUCKWORTH, Liverpool. WILLIAM STARKEY, Wesleyan Sunday Scholar, Cork. PHEBE E. K. WELCH, Doughton, near Salisbury. A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER, Luton. GALE BARNARD, London. J. HEDGES, Aspley. ROBERT BULL, Newport, Isle of Wight.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—G. Bousfield; A Young Abstainer; W. Bins, Sunderland; S. A. Gregory, Sharpam Park; F. Williams, Salisbury; J. T. Maule, Darlington; H. T. P.; C. J. Watts; Hy. Duckworth; M. A. Paul; R. Day; T. Cramp.

F. H. BETTS.—We are obliged for the Scripture Questions some of which have already appeared in our pages.

WORKING-MAN'S CHARTER.—We are particularly in want of a copy of No. 2, January 8th, 1849. If any of our readers can spare us a copy, we shall be much obliged.

P. G. DOWTY, Bridgewater.—Your sketch is good. Any designs suitable for our pages will always be acceptable.

MRS. B.—The best way to get the "Review" regularly, is to order half a dozen copies monthly from your Bookseller.

A. GLENDINING.—Shall appear in an early number.

JOHN S. NOWELL.—The "Directions" in the "Band of Hope Pocket Pledge Book" will instruct you how to form Juvenile Societies.

EXCELSIOR.—Wait until you see the Answers to the Prize Bible Questions. Some young "Bible searchers" have already given very clear answers, particularly to No. 17.

J. WELLINGTON.—We do not appear to have had any Answers to Enigmas from you.

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

The following contributions are acknowledged with thanks. We regret that we are unable to supply the new applications from Ragged Schools. Our funds will not allow it. Subscriptions towards the gratuitous distribution of copies in IRELAND will, we believe, do good.

Miss Elizabeth Gilpin, Kendal	0 10 0
Mr. W. Dickson, Hull	0 10 0
Mrs. Marshall	0 6 0
Mr. F. Dickson, Hestington	0 5 0
C. E. Lamplough, Esq., Barnsbury Park	0 5 0
A Friend, Highgate	0 5 0
Mrs. Campbell, Islington	0 2 6
David Yellowlees, (Prize money)	0 1 6

Contributions will be received by C. Gilpin, Esq., 5, Bishopsgate Street, Within; Messrs. Partridge and Oakley, 34, Paternoster Row; or the Editor, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

## NOW READY.

May be ordered through any bookseller.

FIRST YEARLY PART OF THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW. Dedicated to Samuel Gurney, Esq. With Seventy Illustrations. Price 8d.; gilt edges and enamelled wrapper, 1s. This forms a nice present for young people.

BAND OF HOPE SHEET ALMANAC for 1852. With Twelve Illustrations. Price 1d.

The design of this Almanac is to promote a daily searching of the Sacred Scriptures.

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THE TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS. With Illustrations. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Price 6d.

This little book is designed to strike a heavy blow at our Christmas drinking customs.

Preparing for publication. THE LEATHER ALMANAC; or, How to Save Money. By a member of the Society of Friends.

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34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.





"Was lost and is found."

### OUR RAGGED SCHOOLS. ARE THEY DOING ANY GOOD?

WE have visited a large number of Ragged Schools with the view of ascertaining the nature of the instruction that is afforded in them, and also how far the inquiry, "Are they doing any good?" can be satisfactorily answered. We have entered them both early in the morning, and late at night; on the week day, as well as on the Sabbath. We have generally given no intimation of our intended visit, being desirous to know the *real state* of the schools. We must express our gratitude to God for what our eyes have seen, and our ears have heard. In every school we have found the HOLY BIBLE in its right place, that is, the *chief place*. We have been at times unable to refrain from weeping tears of joy, as we have stood near a group of poor "ragged ones," gathered round their devoted christian teacher. They have listened with earnestness, in some cases for the very first time in their lives, to the narrative of a Saviour's love; and with amazement on being assured that, although their parents may have forsaken them, yet that they have a kind and loving Father in Heaven, who will never leave them, if they will put their trust in him. In some of the schools there are monthly meetings of the teachers for prayer. At these meetings many of the scholars will solicit to be present, and so far as human knowledge can penetrate, we have every reason to believe that some of them have embraced Christ as their Saviour, and although still poor in this world, are yet laying up treasure in Heaven.

In the week day evenings we have found "industrial training" efficiently carried on in some of the schools. We trust that before long this valuable addition to the Sabbath training will be adopted

in every ragged school. We have seen the expertness of many of the poor lads in the repairing of each others boots and shoes. It is true that the "old professional" has frequently to correct the blunders, and order the rough stitchings and patchings of his non-apprenticed little journeyman to be altered, yet on the whole it is a matter of surprise that the work is so well done. We have seen some *new boots* made by ragged lads, which would not disgrace any master cobbler in the land. Tailoring, basket-making, netting, wood-cutting, &c., are also taught. In some of the provincial schools where meals are provided, the senior scholars take their turns in the cooking and domestic labours. We have rejoiced to see their readiness, and have known several of them subsequently procure situations as servants in respectable families, and by their good conduct secure respect and confidence.

We might extend our remarks to a considerable length, and detail numerous cases of interest, but we conclude by stating as the result of all our visits, a deep conviction that RAGGED SCHOOLS ARE DOING GREAT GOOD.

To render Ragged Schools still more efficient, we consider that DORMITORIES should be attached to every one of them. In many cases the poor children, on leaving the London schools, having no beds on which to rest, crowd together under some dark, damp arch, or other wretched place of shelter, and there pass their miserable nights. We trust that many of our little readers who have nice warm beds on which to rest, will feel for their poor destitute fellow country children, and help to build some Dormitories or sleeping places for them.

"And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee; then thou shalt relieve him: yea, though he be a stranger, or a sojourner; that he may live with thee. Leviticus xxv. 35.

### THE SHERIFF OF LONDON; OR, THE YOUTH WHO WOULD NOT BEG.

About thirty years ago a poor half starved looking youth entered a large shop in ——— Street, not many yards from the Bank of England, and asked for employment. The master of the shop was not a hard-hearted man, but had some sympathy for the sufferings of others. He inquired of the youth if he could refer to any one for a character. The poor fellow could not do this. He had wandered up to the great metropolis, with but a few shillings in his pocket, hoping to get employment, and he did not know a single person. He was friendless and forlorn. He had, therefore, to leave the shop with an aching heart on being told that a *character* must be given. The sharp pangs of hunger, and the inability to pay for proper lodgings, well nigh drove him to despair. He, however, would not beg. "I'll starve before I'll beg," he many times said to himself. All hope was now nearly gone. He, however, resolved to make another trial. He called again upon the same shop-keeper. There was something in the anxious inquiry of the youth which, providentially, induced the master to give him a trial. Oh! the joy he felt when he was told to be at No. ——— at a certain time. He conducted himself in his humble post so well that he gained the confidence of his employer. He sought the guidance of God in all that he did, and his way was made prosperous. His diligence, honesty, and respectful behaviour raised him step by step in the house, until at length he became a partner. A few years more saw him the sole proprietor of the concern, and in the year 18— he was made

THE SHERIFF OF LONDON





## A WORD TO SAILOR BOYS.

It was a stormy tempestuous night,—the vessel was rocked to and fro by the violence of the waves, and all on board looked anxious, as if danger was near. At this moment it was necessary for some one to ascend the highest mast, and the captain called a little cabin boy and desired him to perform the duty. "Will you send him up, on such a fearful night?" asked a gentleman who stood by. "It must be done," returned the captain, "and it would be certain death for any of the men to venture, the lad only can do it safely." The cabin boy received his orders without showing any signs of fear, but before obeying he descended into the cabin. After the lapse of a few moments he returned, and ascended the swinging rope ladders of the rocking mast. He accomplished his mission and returned to the deck in safety. The gentleman, who admired the boy's courage, called him and said, "Why did you go to the cabin, my lad, before you went up the mast?" "Because, sir, I thought it might be the last opportunity I should have to pray to God, and I wanted to have my Bible with me in case I should be blown overboard!" Sailor boys, do you pray to God in



time of danger? do you love His word, and like to feel your Saviour near you? If so, you may hear His voice in the whirlwind, and in the storm, not in tones of anger, but of love and mercy! If your peace is made with God through Jesus Christ, who died for your sins, then you need not fear. You have the listening ear of Him "who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand," and who can at any time make the "storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still," and even should the ocean be the grave of your body, your soul will live with God in Heaven for ever! E. G.

**"THAT'S TRUE!"**  
OR, ALL HAVE INFLUENCE.

That there is a sphere of influence possessed by every one, not even excepting the child, was affectingly illustrated in the following incident.

"Some years ago," says Mr. Rotch, "I was addressing a public meeting in the neighbourhood of Aylesbury, and in the course of my remarks, I endeavoured to enforce individual duty, and the right exercise of individual influence. There sat on the front form, a fine looking but weather beaten railway 'navvie,' who paid very earnest attention to me. He had, sitting on his knee, a little girl, about five years old. By way of refuting the common excuse for indolence, 'I have no influence,' I remarked that the little girl sitting on the working man's knee, in front of me, even she, had influence. The man, as if acting under some magic spell, jumped on his legs, put the child on the floor, and then striking his hand against his thighs, exclaimed, 'That's true.' This singular interruption somewhat disconcerted the speaker. The man, evidently embarrassed at what he had done, took his seat, reinstated his little girl on his knee, and again drank in the truths delivered to the meeting. 'As I was leaving the room,' says Mr. Rotch, 'this man was waiting at the door. I said to him, 'Now, my good man, tell me, what induced you to conduct yourself in the way you did?' 'Some time ago,' said he, 'I was employed on the railway, and was in the habit of going every night to a beer-shop, from which I seldom returned sober. I had,' said he, (with the big tear glistening

in his eye) 'at that time, a daughter nineteen years of age; she was a dutiful child, with a warm and affectionate heart. She used to come after me to the beer-shop, but she would never go inside, though I sometimes pressed her to do so. She would wait outside the door, in the cold and wet, until I came out, that she might conduct me home. She was afraid, if left to myself, I might fall into some pit, or down some precipice, and lose my life. By this conduct, poor thing, she caught a severe cold. It turned to consumption, and she died. I felt her death very much, though I still went to the beer-shop; but somehow or other, I never, after her death, liked to go that way alone, especially in the night; and for the sake of company, I used to take with me the little girl whom you saw sitting on my knee to-night. But one night,' he continued, 'I was walking along with the little girl, she holding by my coat tail, and when we got very near the beer-shop, there was a great noise within, and my little girl shrank back and said, 'Father, don't go.' Vexed with her, I took her up in my arms and proceeded, but just as I was entering the beer-house door, I felt a scalding hot tear fall from her eyes. It went to my heart. I turned my back upon the public-house. It is now twelve months ago, and I have never tasted drink since. I could not help getting up and doing as I did; but I hope, sir, you will forgive me.'—*Diary of a Factory Boy.*



## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

## First Series.

## ANSWERS AND AWARD—NOVEMBER.

55. The Song of Hannah, 1 Sam. ii. 10. (see also the marginal references.)  
56. That which was granted to Manoah and his wife. Judges xiii. "Afterwards God revealed himself to Samuel by a voice." 1 Sam. iii. 10.  
57. Deuteronomy xxiii. 7, 8.  
58. Matthew xxi. 4, 5.  
59. James i. 17. "Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, or shadow of turning."  
60. James iii.  
CHARLOTTE DURHAM, West Green, Tottenham.  
ROBERT BULL, Newport, Isle of Wight.  
JOSEPH CHANNON, Ottery St. Mary.  
ROBERT WYLLIE, Croy Place, Glasgow.

## ANSWERS AND AWARD—DECEMBER.

61. In the address of Stephen (Acts vii. 15, 16) they are said to be buried at Shechem.  
62. The prophet Ezekiel and Esther's uncle Mordecai. Ezra ii. 2. Esther ii. 6. 1 Chron. xxiv. 16. *Jehzekel*, or Ezekiel. Ezek. i. 3.  
63. Heb. x. 37, 38. Rom. i. 17. Gal. iii. 2. Acts xiii. 41. with Hab. i. 5.  
64. In the time when Hezekiah attempted his great reformation. 2 Chron. xxix. 34. 2 Chron. xxx. 3.  
65. Into four parts. The first is called "the beginning of watches," Sam. ii. 19. The second, "the middle watch," Judges vii. 9. The third, "the third watch," Luke xii. 38. The fourth, "the morning watch," Ex. xiv. 24.  
66. Enoch "walked with God." See Gen. v. 24, and Jude xiv. 15.  
ALFRED SPALDING HARVEY, High Street, Colchester.  
WILLIAM FULLER, Calvert Street, Norwich.  
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## QUESTIONS—MARCH.

67. Name one whose origin and residence are unknown, but whose character is given in three words.  
68. Repeat a passage to prove, that before wisdom was transmitted by writing and printing, long life gave the advantage in knowledge.  
69. Under what tree did a leader of Israel deposit the ratification of the covenant made by his countrymen?  
70. What king, in his final career, enjoined that kindness should be shown to a certain family, and even that they should be made members of the royal household?  
71. Where is the term "Apostle" applied to Christ?  
72. Quote the severe rebuke of a prophet, drawn from the characteristic attachment of some animals to their masters.

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3. Answers to be sent by the last day in the month, to the Band of Hope Office, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.  
DIRECTIONS.

First. Always to READ and ATTEND to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not rewritten out in full.

Secondly. The name and address not to be written on the answers, but a short verse placed at the head of the answers, and the same written upon a separate piece of paper, with the name, age, address, and if a Sabbath school scholar.

Thirdly. TO WRITE AS DISTINCTLY as possible, and in no case to write across. To use the COMMON SIZE LETTER PAPER. We should advise many of our young friends to rule their paper, to leave a small space between each answer—not to write out the question, but only the number—after the number, let the reference follow.

Fourthly. In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWER THE QUESTION. We admire the judgment some of our young friends show in this respect.

Fifthly. NOT TO WRITE ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE with the Bible Questions, but send any other communication separately. Also, to write outside the letter, "Answers to Bible Questions."

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## Second Series.

## ANSWERS AND AWARD—NOVEMBER.

37. Moses.  
38. The Leprosy.  
39. Manasseh and Amon, his son, were buried in a sepulchre in the Gardens of Uzza. 2 Kings xxi. 18—26. And Josiah, in his new sepulchre. 2 Kings xxiii. 30.  
40. We find but three: viz. Rebekah's, Mephibosheth's, and she who nursed Joash, King of Judah. Gen. xxiv. 59. 2 Sam. iv. 4. 2 Kings xi. 2. The mother of Moses cannot strictly be called a nurse.  
41. Mark xlii. 35. "At even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrow, or in the morning."  
42. Gen. xxii. 2. When God commanded Abraham to sacrifice his son upon it.

JAMES JOHN PHILLIPS, Nile Street, Cork, Ireland.  
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ROBERT YELLOWLEES, Bridge Street, Stirling, Scotland.  
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## ANSWERS AND AWARD—DECEMBER.

43. The whale.  
44. Three; Jairus's daughter, Widow of Nain's son, and Lazarus.  
45. Jonah, to the Ninevites.  
46. Matthew, called Levi. Mark ii. 14. Luke v. 27. Matt. ix. 27.  
47. Andrew. John i. 39. Luke vi. 12—20. Mark, iii.  
48. At least seven. 1. Simon the Cyrenean. 2. Simon the Canaanite, or Simon Zelotes. 3. Simon the Pharisee. 4. Simon the leper. 5. Simon the tanner. 6. Niger, or the Black Simon. 7. Simon Magus, or the sorcerer.

SARAH WILLIAMS, Rood Lane, London.  
FREDERICK WILLIAM CROUCHER, Mall, Preston.  
ALICE REEVES, Suffolk Street, Hull.  
SARAH PROSSER, Marshull.

## QUESTIONS—MARCH.

49. Refer to an occasion when one man was taken from a city, and the city was taken out of the world.  
50. Name things mentioned as Egyptian luxuries, for the enjoyment of which the Israelites longed in their journey through the desert.  
51. What was the name of Rebekah's grandmother?  
52. Give the first mention the Scriptures make of the Chaldeans.  
53. Where does the first mention of lead occur?  
54. Give from the description of the creation, the three grand classes under which plants are comprehended.



## THE INDUSTRIOUS SHOE-BLACKS AND BROOMERS.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

An hour ago, after paying my respects—I was about to say to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, but no, that would be a bowshot above me—it was to the statue of the Duke, sitting on his charger at the front of the Royal Exchange, that I paid my respects. Though not much accustomed to come into contact with hostile heroes, I would willingly go twenty miles on foot to do the aged warrior a good turn if I had it in my power, especially if he would do something for Ragged Schools. But perhaps he has done something for them already; many a noble lord lends a helping hand to the cause of humanity, without saying a word about it to other people, and I believe the Duke is one among them.

Well, after paying my respects, as I call it, to the statue of his Grace, by walking round it and looking at it for full five minutes, I stepped up to the two lively-looking shoe-blacks who were there in their caps, badges, and red blouses, that they might polish my boots for me.

You must not suppose that the figure in the print, with the "Band of Hope Review" in his hand, and the umbrella under his arm, is the figure of Old Walter Wynn, for it is not. Old Walter is an older man, a thinner man, wearing a hat somewhat lower in the crown, and a coat a trifle longer in the skirts. The figure in the print looks like a lover of beef and pudding, but for all that, the man whom it represents may have a kind heart beating in his bosom.

It pleased me much to see the alacrity with which the two juvenile shoe-blacks pursued their useful calling, for they seemed to work with their souls as well as their bodies. No sooner was my foot on one of the boxes, or blocks of wood, standing there for the purpose, than one of them quickly turned up the leg of my trowsers, and set to work like a

Briton, brushing, blacking, and polishing my boot in a true workman-like manner. Had he served an apprenticeship to his trade, hardly could he have practised it more adroitly.

You may be sure that I carried on a conversation with my red-coated young friends. Their little history was soon told me, and I failed not to weave into my remarks a few homely and practical sayings easy to be remembered, such as "Industry is an estate," and "Content is a mine of gold." "An honest penny is better than a dishonest pound," and "Fear God and you have nothing else to fear." My heart warmed towards the industrious young shoe-blacks while I talked with them, and their thanks and the touch of their caps as I dropped them a penny did me good.

If it had not already been done much better than I could do it, I would have given the whole account of the Ragged School Shoe-blacks and Broomers of London, but the little book of John Mac Gregor, Esq., M.A., called "Shoe-blacks and Broomers," is so excellent, that I cannot help recommending you to get a peep at it. Had the author written an epic poem, he would not so much have raised himself in my opinion, as by that little book. By all means contrive to get a sight of it.

But though I say but little on the subject, some information shall be given you. In France and other countries they have Shoe-blacks who follow their calling in the public streets, cleaning the shoes of the passers-by, and very useful they are found. The Ragged School Committee resolved, therefore, to employ a number of their most orderly boys, during the Great Exhibition, as out-door Shoe-blacks. Sixty-three of these were sent out, provided with the necessary materials, dressed in

"Shoeblacks and Broomers," an interesting pamphlet, published by Seeleys, Fleet Street.

a red uniform, and wearing badges. Bad conduct, death, emigration, and other causes lessened them, so that the average number employed during the season, was only twenty-two. These blacked one hundred and two thousand pairs of boots and shoes, thereby earning the sum of £505 12s. 10d.

You may, perhaps, wonder how there came to be an odd halfpenny in the account, but it happened that a man with one leg had his boot or shoe cleaned, and having but half the usual work done for him, he paid but half the usual price. You will think this rather a sharp calculation on the part of our unknown one-legged friend, but you cannot say it was an unfair one.

After all expences were paid, the Ragged School Union had a clear balance in their favour of £80 1s. 5d., and the young Shoe-blacks had £74 in the Bank, their very own money. There are now Ragged School boys employed with their brooms, sweeping the pavements in front of shops; they are called Broomers. Let us hope that they will be as industrious, and behave as well as the Shoe-blacks, and then we will say,—

As busy, working bees deserve their honey,

Shoe-blacks and Broomers, welcome to our money!

If a Committee had not been formed to arrange plans, to guide and protect these industrious little fellows, they never could have succeeded by themselves. The countenance and support of the Committee gives them courage. It is like a big boy saying to a little one learning to swim, "Bill, my boy! don't be afraid, strike out boldly, for I'll hold up your chin and keep your head above water." Old Walter Wynn will close his present remarks by saying, that he cannot look on the industrious Shoe-blacks and Broomers without wishing, very heartily, success to the Ragged Schools, and to all who support them!

## THE REWARD OF DILIGENCE.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business?" says Solomon; "he shall stand before kings." We have a striking illustration of this aphorism in the life of Dr. Franklin, who, quoting the sentence himself, adds, "This is true: I have stood in the presence of five kings, and once had the honor of dining with one." All in consequence of his having been "diligent in business" from his earliest years. What a lesson is this for our youth, and for us all!

## THE ENTRANCE OF SIN.

Most sins begin at the eyes; by them, commonly, Satan creeps into the heart: that man can never be in safety that hath not covenanted with his eyes.

## SHOE-BLACK.

## BROOMER.



## THANK GOD FOR YOUR REASON.

An individual, as he was passing along the streets of London, was accosted by a stranger with the question, "Did you ever thank God for the use of your reason?" "No," was the reply, "I never thought of doing it." "Well, do it quickly," rejoined the stranger, "for I have lost mine." For years after reading the account of the above occurrence, we have no recollection of ever kneeling in prayer without rendering distinct and express thanks to the Father of mercies for the continued possession of this inestimable blessing.

DR. FRANKLIN, in summing up the domestic evils of drunkenness, says, "Houses without windows, gardens without fences, children without clothing, principles, morals or manners."

## HOPE FOR POOR BOYS.

LINNEUS, founder of science, was apprenticed to a shoemaker.

BEN JONSON, the poet, worked some time as a bricklayer.

The father of HAYDN, the great musical composer, was a wheelwright.

JOHN HUNTER, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, was in youth engaged with a carpenter, and made chairs and tables.

CLAUDE LORRAINE, whose paintings are to be found in the most valuable cabinets in Europe, was formerly a pastrycook.

METASTASIO, the celebrated Italian poet, used, when a boy, to sing his verses about the streets for a morsel of bread.

Diligence, industry, and perseverance, with prayer for God's blessing, will do wonders. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—Proverbs, xxii.

Hope on, Boys! and hope always.

G. B.

## PLACE of WORSHIP for RAGGED POOR.

The neighbourhood of Spitalfields, in London, where so many of the poor weavers live, is one of the most deplorable that can be met with. Thousands of families there are who never enter a place of worship. When asked the reason, they answer, "We have no clothes fit to go in." Encouraged by the success of the Ragged School in this locality, several friends are exerting themselves to erect a place of worship near the school, specially for the RAGGED POOR, in which the simple truths of the Gospel shall be proclaimed, free from sectarian peculiarities. It is intended that the fittings be movable, so that the building can be used as an Adult School during the week day evenings. The Duke of Grafton has commenced the subscription with £50. The object is so much in accordance with our feelings, that we purpose furnishing a 'few bricks' for the building. Any of our readers who have similar feelings will please communicate with Mr. Wm. Mitchell, 37, King Edward-street, Mile End, New Town, London, who will be glad to receive any contributions towards this good object.

## A CLEVER CAT.

A policeman was passing down College Street, Camden Town, London, a few nights ago, when he heard a cat making a curious noise against the door of a cellar kitchen. Thinking that some one was ill-treating the cat, the policeman knelt down upon the grating to listen. He was surprised, however, to hear the cracking and falling of timber. He soon perceived that the back part of the house was on fire. The engines were quickly on the spot, and the flames were extinguished; but had it not been for poor pussy's timely warning, the house in all probability would have been burned to the ground.

Let none of our little readers ever be cruel to a cat.

## PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

"If there were more ragged schools, there would be less necessity for our painful, and so often, fruitless labours, as governors and chaplains of gaols."—REV J. KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Model Prison, Pentonville.



## HOW TO DO GOOD.

Is any little girl who reads this wondering how a child can do good? I can tell you one way, which I learned from the story of one of the sweetest little girls I ever knew. A minister told me that when he was preaching to a new congregation, he was struck by the attention of a child, whose eye was fixed upon his lips, except now and then when she looked under her mother's bonnet with a smile, as if something pleased her. The next sabbath he found her in the same spot, ready to catch every word of his sermon; and he was so delighted with her apparent desire "to hear of heaven and learn the way," that he waited at the close of service to tell her mother how it gratified him to have such an interested listener. From the mother he learned that this little girl had no pleasure equal to going to church and treasuring up the sermon, for an old infirm grandmother, to whom every sabbath she carried so much instruction, that the poor woman would say it was almost as good as going to church herself.

Was not this a very pleasant and a very easy way of "doing good?" Is there any child who cannot do as much good, if she will? Have not each of you some sick friend, some infirm friend, or some old friend deprived of the privilege of going to the house of God, to whom you might carry the sermon you hear, if you would only take the pains to remember it? Will you not try next sabbath, and see how much you can remember? If you will hear all the minister says, you will find, as that good little girl did, a great deal to do the young good, as well as an old grandmother. You will not only be in the way of doing good, but you will be getting good. You will not only be making others happy, but increasing your own happiness; for the way to be happy is to be good; and then you will be kept from the great sin of wasting in idle thoughts the precious hours you spend in the worship of God. Oh, my dear child, how you would shudder, did you realize your wickedness in thinking so much more of everything else, when you are in God's house, than you do of Him! It is because you are thoughtless, that you lose so many opportunities of growing wiser and better, and of knowing "how to do good." Only think for yourself, and you will soon possess the secret of "doing good."

Christian Treasury.

"BLESSED are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Thus our blessed Saviour opened his sermon on the mount; and from his example we may be assured, that humility is the richest garb that the soul can wear. By this is to be understood, not an abject poorness of spirit, that would stoop to do a mean thing; but such an humble sense of human nature, as sets the heart and affections right towards God, and gives us every temper that is tender and affectionate towards our fellow creatures. This is the soil of all virtues, where everything that is good and lovely grows and flourishes.

VIEW the groves in autumn, and observe the constant succession of falling leaves: in like manner the generations of men silently drop from the stage of life, and are blended with the dust.



## THE BIBLE ANECDOTE.

On a Saturday night, a few years ago, a poor man went into a bookseller's shop in London. "I am come," said he, "to ask what may seem very unreasonable; I am very poor, cannot buy a Bible, nor can I leave the value of one, will you trust my honesty, and lend me one till Monday morning? I will return it faithfully."

The bookseller consented; and at the appointed time it was returned, with many expressions of gratitude. He afterward came regularly for it; and as regularly returned it. A person who heard of the circumstance, desired the bookseller to give him a Bible, and place it to his account. When he returned to ask a usual indulgence and found that he had a Bible of his own, the poor man was in a transport of joy. He implored many blessings upon the head of his unknown benefactor, declaring that it was a treasure he never expected to possess.

Reader, how large a blessing a small pittance may communicate. In this world only can the Christian believer benefit a fellow-creature.

"In heaven there are no sons of need;  
There all these duties are no more."



Little girl telling her lame grandmother about the sermon.

## THE ANGELS.

WHEN Christ was born the angels sang  
Glory to God on high,  
Thousands of hallelujahs rang  
That evening through the sky.

Down from the shining courts above  
By night the angels came,  
To praise the Saviour whom they love,  
And spread abroad His name.

And though we see them not, they still  
Encamp around his saints;  
To see who works their master's will,  
And strengthen him that faints.

They love to think what Christ has done  
For sinners, by His death,  
And great the joy in heaven when one  
Takes hold of Him by faith.

I cannot see them now, but when  
The Saviour comes again,  
I shall behold the angels then  
Descending in his train.

F. P.

## PITY AND FORGIVE.

Not long ago as two school boys, about nine years of age, were enjoying themselves in a house, which was under repair, one of them very wantonly threw upon the other a quantity of lime and dust, which, falling into his eyes, nearly deprived him of sight for some time. On the poor boy going home he was met by his father, who, exasperated at what had been done, vowed that the next time he caught the mischievous boy that way, he would throw him into the canal, which ran hard by. The child listened to the oaths of his father, and then calmly looking up to him, though still suffering excruciating pain from the effects of the lime, said, "Father, don't do that, let's pity him for not having more sense." The expression was sincere; the father felt it to be so, and the threat was never executed. If the reader of this be a school-boy, I would say to him, "Go and do thou likewise," and when any one willfully or accidentally injures you, revenge not, but pity him and pray for him, that he may "get wisdom and understanding." Oh! what a different world will this be, when every little scholar is a pitying and a praying scholar.

HOPE.

YOUNG persons should, above all things, beware of beginnings, and by no means parley with temptations; their greatest security is in flight, and in the study to avoid all occasions of evil; for the cockatrice, which may be easily crushed in the egg, if suffered to hatch and grow up, will prove a deadly serpent, hard to be destroyed.

ONE advantage gained by calamities is, to know how to sympathize with others in the like troubles.

THE life of a christian is a life of labour. "Son go work." It is necessary work, and excellent work, and pleasant work, and profitable work, and it is good to be at it when young.

CHERISH the tender buds of pity, and they will bloom with benevolence.

WHAT are the pomp and majesty of an earthly court, and the magnificence of palaces, to one who has in view the glories of heaven, the triumphs of the saints, and the ineffable delights of the angelic world? What are feasts, sports, plays, and all the vanities of sensual pleasures and delights, to him who steadfastly fixes his eye on celestial bliss and everlasting transports of joy?

THERE is nothing which, in seasons of affliction, or at the painful evening of life, can afford so much comfort to the soul as a steady belief of its future existence in a happier state: it alleviates the keenest of human woes, and illumines the dark "valley of the shadow of death."





"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

### THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER.

EUNICE, Amy, and Otis, two sisters and a brother, lived in Boston. The sisters were passionate, and selfish, and often quarrelled. Otis was an affectionate, generous-hearted boy, and loved his sisters dearly. They were both older than he was and warmly attached to him. The sisters often quarrelled with each other, but never with him, for he never would quarrel with them.

One day I called to see them. We were together in the dining-room, chatting and laughing pleasantly. Otis had two of Peter Parley's books. He stood by me, showing me the pictures in one of them. Eunice and Amy sat at a little distance from us, and were looking at the other book. I soon heard Amy, in a fretful manner, say:—

"I want to take it."

"You shall not touch it," said Eunice.

"I say I will," said Amy.

"Get along!" said Eunice, "you shall not touch it till I have done looking at it."

"I say I will," said Amy.

"You have looked at it all through before."

"I don't care if I have," said Eunice; "that is none of your business. You shall not have it."

"Give it up!" screamed Amy, and she flew at Eunice, to snatch it away from her.

"Stand off!" cried Eunice; and at the same time struck her sister on the head with the book.

Amy was full of anger, and struck Eunice in the face. All sisterly affection and gentleness were now forgotten. They seemed full of hatred, and beat each other like deadly enemies.

Otis was grieved to see his sisters angry and fighting, and he tried to divert my attention, so that I should not notice it. But when they came to blows, I could not avoid seeing it.

What did Otis now do? Did he take sides with either of his sisters, and urge them to fight? No; the kind little brother rushed in between them, regardless of himself, and cried out:—

"O, sisters! do stop this fighting, and love each other."

"Let Eunice give up the book, then," said Amy, struggling.

"I will not," screamed Eunice, in great anger, and at the same time pushed down Otis, who had hold of her arm, to keep her from striking Amy.

Otis sprang up, and again tried to separate them, and said:—

"Dear sisters, do stop fighting, and love each other, and you may have both the books."

At last they stopped fighting, and stood apart, regarding each other with a most angry, unsisterly scowl of defiance. I wish all children would view themselves in a looking-glass, when their faces become distorted with anger, just to see what hor-

rible faces they make. I am sure it would help to cure their anger.

Otis came back to me, covered his face with his hands, and wept.

"I wish my dear sisters would not get angry, and fight," said the gentle boy, his heart ready to burst with grief.

"Do not cry about it, Otis," said I. "Perhaps they will not do so any more."

"I would give them everything I have, if they would only love each other, and not quarrel," said he.

"Can we not do something to reconcile them," I asked, "and make them cheerful

affection, and fighting! You look most unhappy. Eunice would not let me see the book," said she.

"What of that?" said I. "That does not excuse your anger and fighting. It surely does not make you feel any happier to fight. Do you think it does, Eunice?"

Eunice was standing in one corner of the room, looking very miserable. She did not reply.

"Do come here, dear Eunice," said I, "and tell me, do you think it is a pleasant sight to see two sisters fighting?"

She hesitated. Otis, in his generous love, went to her, took her by the hand, and said:—

"Do come, sister, and stand close to Amy, and let us talk."

Otis drew her along till she came near.

"She struck me and hurt me," said Eunice, by way of excuse.

"I do not care," said Amy; "she would not let me see the book."

"O, dear sisters," exclaimed Otis, "do not speak and look so cross at each other. Do love each other."

There stood the little peacemaker between his sisters, with an arm round each, entreating them to be reconciled!

"Well," said I, "who ever saw two sisters, who eat and play together, and sleep together in each other's arms, look as you do now? Do, Eunice, put your arms round Amy, and kiss her, and be reconciled."

She would not do it.

"Do kiss Amy," said Otis.

Eunice was stubborn.

"Amy, will you not kiss your sister?" I asked.

She looked at her, but hesitated.

"Do kiss her, sister," said Otis, and the generous boy most passionately urged his request. "Do kiss Eunice, sister: do it once." She refused.

"Well, Otis, my dear boy," said I, "you will kiss Amy."

He threw his arms about her neck. She struggled to get away, but he would not be repulsed.

"Do be kind and loving to Eunice and to me," said he. "You may have both my books, if you will."

Poor Amy! she could not resist any longer the persevering affection of her brother. Her heart was ready to break, and she clasped her brother to her bosom, exclaiming:—

"I will, dear brother; I will love her, and you too, and never fight any more."

Eunice could retain her anger no longer. She put her arms round them both, and there they all were, weeping for joy in each other's arms.

"Now you know," said I, as I drew the reconciled group to my bosom, mingling my tears with theirs,—"how much happier we are when we are loving and kind to one another!—Extracted from *Gilpin's Illustrated Edition of a "Kiss for a Blow."*



and happy in each other's love?"

"Do try to get them to love each other," said the noble boy. "See how cross they look at each other, and how unhappy they are. Do try to bring them together."

"Amy," I asked, "will you not come to me?"

She stood, and looked sullen and wretched.

"Dear Amy," I said, "do come to me. I want to speak with you."

After a while she came and stood beside me; and as she did so, Otis put his arm round her, and drew her close to him.

"My dear little girl," said I, "how sad and sorrowful it looks to see two sisters losing all sisterly



## THE OVERWHELMING FLOOD.

The night of Wednesday, the 4th of February, 1852, will probably never be forgotten by the inhabitants of the beautiful valley of Holme, in Yorkshire. At midnight, when most of the inhabitants had retired to rest, the large Bilberry reservoir (containing nearly twenty acres of water) high in the hills, at the top of the valley, burst its banks. The fearful mass of water thus let loose rushed down the vale, carrying desolation and death in its course. Four large mills, ten dwelling-houses, ten drying stoves, twenty-seven cottages, fourteen houses, seven bridges, ten warehouses, eighteen barns and stables, were totally destroyed. The following also were partially destroyed,—five dwelling-houses, seventeen mills, three drying stoves, one hundred and thirty-nine cottages, fifty-one houses and shops, eleven taverns, three places of worship, six bridges, fourteen warehouses, thirteen barns, and two iron foundries.



The worst, however, remains to be told. About one hundred human beings, men, women, and children, were either drowned or dashed to pieces. Parents might be seen grasping their little ones, vainly endeavouring for a moment to combat with the rushing waters, and then carried headlong down the stream, sinking to rise no more. It is supposed that not fewer than 10,000 people have been thrown out of work by this disastrous calamity.

It affords a striking proof of the uncertainty of earthly possessions. One lady, who when she went to rest that night had property valued at £30,000, found herself in a few hours penniless. Her mills, machinery, stock, and furniture, were all swept away, with scarcely any trace of them remaining. It also teaches a solemn lesson to both young and old, "BE YE ALSO READY." We know not when, or how we may be called to die, and therefore it behoves us to be *always* ready. Dear reader, are you ready? Have you made your peace with God? Have you come as a poor sinner to Jesus? Do you feel that he is now your Saviour? If you cannot answer "Yes," may you never rest until you have found peace with Christ!

## ECHO.

Little George had no idea what an echo was. One day he took it into his head to shout Ho! ho! along the fields, and immediately he heard proceeding from a neighbouring grove, the same words "Ho! ho!" The little boy, very much astonished, called out, Who are you? when a mysterious voice answered directly, "Who are you?" Said George, You must be some silly boy! "Silly boy!" returned the voice from the depth of the grove. Upon this, George threw himself into a passion, giving utterance to language more and more irritating; echo faithfully imitating everything. Then he hunted about the wood for the boy, who he supposed was answering him, that he might be revenged on him, but could not find anybody. After this fruitless search, George ran home, and complained to his mother, that some naughty boy had hid himself in the wood, on purpose to mock him. Ah! my dear child, you have betrayed and accused yourself. You have only heard your own words, for in the same manner as you have often seen your face reflected in the water, so you heard only your own voice in the forest. If you had spoken in an obliging manner, you would have received a similar answer. So it is with us here below, the conduct of others towards us is generally an echo of our own. If we are polite to them, they will be so to us; but if we are unkind and rude to them, they will be the same. We cannot indeed expect anything else.—Translated from the French.

## THE MAY MEETINGS COMING.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

If the "Band of Hope Review" never travelled beyond the suburbs of London, it would hardly be worth while to give in it any account of the May Meetings, as most London people know all about them, but as it spreads itself widely throughout England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, so it finds its way into the hands of thousands who know but little of the "Great City," and still less of the May Meetings that are held therein.

The charities of London are very many, and though it would take up too much room in the "Band of Hope Review" to give an account of all of them, some of the most important among them will be noticed, for the information of the reader. The annual meetings of these charities are called May Meetings, because the greater part of them take place in the month of May. They are mostly held in Exeter Hall, and in the great room of the London Tavern. Thousands of town and country people, young, middle aged, and old, crowd together to these places—

And listen, when the speakers rise,  
With beating hearts and sparkling eyes.

The London Tavern is in Bishopsgate Street, and Exeter Hall stands in the Strand. This last place is like a nest of industrious ants, a hive of working bees, for it contains a large cluster of offices belonging to different benevolent societies. It is, indeed, the strong hold of London charities.

That you may be better enabled to form an opinion of the great extent of London charities, and christian-hearted institutions, they will be here summed up in a short and simple way. The list is a far brighter page in England's history, than that of her mightiest battles, and most famous victories.

There are in London thirty-five Bible and missionary societies; twelve medical hospitals; thirty-five general dispensaries; a hundred and three hospital and almshouse societies, for the aged; thirty-one orphan, and poor children societies; eleven deaf, dumb, and blind asylums; eighteen societies for restoring the fallen; which with the institutions for promoting education, schools, temperance, assisting industry, resisting cruelty, preserving life, relieving distress, and others, amount to no less than four hundred and ninety one; and they spend in benevolent objects much more than a million and a half of money every year.

Though, London, thou hast many faults,  
No city ranks above thee,  
And when with fond, admiring eyes  
We look upon thy charities,  
We cannot choose but love thee.

The May Meetings are coming, but there is a world of business to be done yet before they arrive. At the very moment you are reading these lines, the secretaries of the different societies, surrounded by a wilderness of papers, are reading letters, casting up figures, and making out their reports as fast as their pens can scribble. Health and peace to them all! for theirs is no light labour; but if their hearts are in it, then it will be a labour of love.

In order that every one wishing to attend the May Meetings may know how to proceed, cards are printed, and given away freely; containing a list of the different societies, with an account of the place and time at which each meeting will be held, and the name of the nobleman or gentleman who will take the chair. May weather does something, but the May Meetings do a great deal more towards making London alive. Here is an old gentleman, dressed in black, with a roll of papers sticking out of his pocket, walking as fast as he can get along; there are young ladies hurrying off in a cab, and yonder are two or three mammas with their children, crowding into an omnibus, with lozenges twisted up in paper, and buns and biscuits in paper bags. Where are they all going to? Where? Why, to the May Meetings, to be sure, and if they do not make the most of their time, all the best seats will be taken.

These London meetings are important things, and their influence is felt all over the world. As "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," Prov. xxvii. 17. A good man makes another good man better, and multitudes who go to Exeter Hall have their hearts so softened and warmed by what they hear and see, that they come away ashamed of the little they have ever done for christian charities, and determined, if they can, for the future to do ten times more.

Old Walter Wynn's watchword for christian charities is this, "A prayer and a penny," and he wishes it were adopted by thousands, for he well knows that he who gives a penny willingly, will never when he can afford it begrudge a pound.

Make this watchword yours, and spread it among your companions. The "Band of Hope Review" will make it known to you.

In my next paper I shall say more about the May Meetings. But if, reader, you are as a friend the Sabbath, to temperance, to Sunday and ragged schools; if you desire peace, and industry, and would do away with cruelty; if you have any sympathy for the deaf and dumb, the blind, and the lame; if you feel pity for the poor, the destitute, the fatherless, and the widow; and if you have any love in your heart for Bibles and missionaries—give these charities a penny when you can, and all times let them have your prayers. It matters not if you are English, Welsh, Scotch, or Irish, my advice will suit you just the same.

Whether living in London,  
Glasgow, or Kilkenny,  
Pray for them, and love them,  
And give them a penny.



## MAN BURN'T TO DEATH.

The pretty little town of Conway, in NW Wales, was a few days ago, the scene of a sad event. A man named Owen Williams, who lived in a small hut or cabin, under the old town wall, returned home in a state of intoxication. His bad feelings were excited by drink, that he attempted to strangle his poor wife. She succeeded in effecting his escape, and fled from the place. He then attacked his sister who was in the house. She also escaped (leaving two children behind) and joined her wife. On turning round, what was their horror to find the cabin in flames! The unhappy drunkard had frequently threatened to "fire" the house, but now he had carried his threat into execution. Providentially his two children were saved, but the flames fastened on him. Before help could be obtained the burning timbers fell around him, and sad to relate, his body was burnt almost to a cinder. Let drunkards beware! "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," Prov. v. xxix. 1. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness," Prov. xiv. 32.

## "SAID" AND "DONE."

"I remember," says Bishop Hall, "our countryman, Broomeard, tells us of one, who, meeting his neighbour coming out of the church, asked him 'What! is the sermon done?' 'Done!' 'I' said the other, 'no, it is said, it is ended, but it is not soon done.' And surely so it is with us; we have a good store of sermons said, but we have only a few that are done; and one sermon done is worth a thousand said and heard, for not the hearers of the law, but the doers of it are justified; and if you know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them. Glory, honor, and peace to every man that at worketh good!"—Sunday School Teachers' Mag.

## OUR JUNE NUMBER.

Whilst we wish our young friends to abstain from some things, we wish them to take a deeper interest and be very active in others. To excite sympathy and stimulate to effort for the many benevolent societies whose anniversaries are held in May, we purpose publishing a double number in June, having special reference to them. We trust that at this will meet with the approval of our friends.—The price will be one penny.

We are glad to find that our Supplement at with the March No. has given such general satisfaction.



## WHO WILL BEGIN?

It having recently become known, that certain publicans, in the city of London, were in the habit of supplying some of the boys of the Blue Coat School with ardent spirits, and fearful evils being likely to result from this baneful practice, the matter was brought before Alderman Kelly, who promptly consulted his brother Aldermen, and it was at once ordered that every publican in the ward should be immediately informed, that by Act of Parliament, (2. and 3. Vic., cap. 94, sec. 27), "Every person licensed to deal in exciseable liquors, who shall knowingly supply any sort of distilled exciseable liquors to any boy or girl, apparently under the age of sixteen years, to be drunk upon the premises, shall be liable to a penalty not more than forty shillings, and upon conviction of a third offence, shall be liable to a penalty not more than five pounds." And at the same time assuring them, that the penalties would be enforced; and also, that any complaints would be particularly attended to on licensing day, with the view of more severe punishment than the law provided for its violation.

We fear that the Blue Coat boys are not the only pupils who learn, while at school, to become drinkers. One sad proof of this came under our observation some time ago. There were assembled in the private bar of a small respectable public house, in the North of England, a number of fine interesting youths, making merry over their cups, and tempting each other to drink. They were pupils belonging to the "Collegiate School." From the play-ground at the back of the school, across one or two little green meadows, there was easy access to the public house referred to; and it was no very unusual thing for those boy-drinkers to repair thither to indulge in their glasses. Ah! how little did their far-off mothers suspect that their darling boys, upon whom they had bestowed so much affectionate care, on whose behalf they had offered so many fervent prayers, and over whom they were watching with such anxious solicitude, were thus disregarding their parental injunctions, and entering upon a course almost certain to undermine their virtue, blast their fair reputation, and overcast with gloom their brightest prospects. Could we trace the history of those tyro-tippers, we doubt not, but it would exhibit, from the habit then acquired, results of a most lamentable kind.

To the boys of the Blue Coat and Collegiate Schools, and to the pupils of all other schools we say, Which of you is willing to become a young philanthropist, a true patriot? Here is a field of usefulness open before you. Boldly, respectfully, and firmly avow yourself a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks. Heed not the silly laugh of those who have not sufficient courage to be singular. Procure a pledge-book. Put down your own name, and invite your school-fellows to join you. Form a "Band of Hope." Thus shall you, with God's blessing, throw around yourself and others, a protection against many evils, and in future years, if spared, will have the great joy of hearing many of your present school-fellows rise up and call you blessed. Who will be the first to begin? G. B.

## LOST IN SMOKE.

Last year, above eight millions of pounds sterling were spent by the people of this kingdom in tobacco! A large sum to end in smoke. If the tobacco had been made into "pigtail," it would have formed a line 99,470 miles long—long enough to go nearly five times round the world. What a large sum of money to be wasted! This would have been enough to have bought a Bible for every poor family in the kingdom. *Never learn to smoke!* And those who do smoke, try and give it up.—*Teacher's Mag.*

## WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

By MRS. M. L. CHILD.

To-whit-to-whet!  
Will you listen to me?



Who stole five eggs I hid,  
And the nice nest I made!



Not I, said the cow, Moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do,  
I gave you a wisp of hay,  
But didn't take your nest away;



Not I, said the cow, Moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do.

Bob-a-link! bob-a-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From a plum tree to-day?



Not I, said the dog, bow wow!  
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow,  
I gave hairs the nest to make,  
But the nest I did not take.  
Not I, said the dog, bow wow!  
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.

Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!  
Let me speak a word too,  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From the little yellow breast!



Not I, said the sheep, O no!  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so,  
I gave the wool to line,  
But the nest was none of mine.  
Baa! baa! said the sheep, O no!  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

Caw! caw! cried the crow,  
I should like to know,  
What thief stole away  
A bird's nest to-day!



Cack! cack! said the hen,  
Don't ask me again.  
Why, I haven't a chick  
Would do such a trick!

We all gave her a feather,  
And she wove them together!  
I'd scorn to intrude  
On her and her brood.  
Cack! cack! said the hen,  
Don't ask me again.

Chir-a-whirr! chir-a-whirr!  
We will make a great stir,  
And find out his name,  
And all cry for shame!



I would not rob a bird,  
Said little Mary Green;  
I think I never heard  
Of anything so mean.

'Tis very cruel too,  
Said little Alice Neal;  
I wonder if he knew,  
How sad the bird would feel?



A little boy hung down his head,  
And went and hid behind the bed;  
For he stole that pretty nest,  
From the poor little yellow breast;  
And he felt so full of shame,  
He didn't like to tell his name.

## HOW TO INCREASE OUR CIRCULATION

A bookseller at Selby suggests, that if some benevolent individual, or a committee, would guarantee to take a certain number of copies of the "Review" monthly, in case they are not sold by the booksellers to other parties, many, like himself, would then gladly order a quantity regularly, and endeavour to promote an extensive circulation. Will our friends kindly bear this suggestion in mind? It is an important one.

## WORTHY OF IMITATION.

We have been much gratified by the receipt of the following letter from Forton. If the example of our Hampshire friends be adopted in every county, our circulation will be more than doubled. Who will try?

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,  
Accept our heartfelt thanks for your valuable paper. We sincerely wish you success, and hope that your heart might be cheered by its extensive circulation and increased usefulness. The Forton "Band of Hope" have adopted the following method to extend its circulation.—A number of juveniles have voluntarily engaged to become agents or distributors, to go from house to house, and solicit the names of their neighbours and companions as subscribers, and the result of their efforts since the commencement of the present year, has been an increased circulation, from two up to twelve dozen per month. Would not this plan, if adopted by all other "Bands," open a wide field of usefulness to our young friends? If the conductors of Bands of Hope, and the superintendents of Sunday schools would take up the matter, and engage to furnish a supply of copies as may be required, thousands of families might be supplied with a good and useful publication, which with God's blessing may promote, not only their present, but their eternal welfare. Yours truly, C. L.

February 20th, 1852.

## THE SHOE-BLACK DORMITORY.

On the 11th February, this Dormitory was opened in No. 1, Off Alley, Strand, (opposite Agar Street), and may now be inspected by the friends of Ragged schools.

The Earl of Shaftesbury gave an excellent address on this occasion, and awarded "Good Conduct Badges" to six of the best lads.

## LINES BY AN IDIOT.

By an oversight, the first line of the following verse was omitted in our January number.

Could we with ink the ocean fill;  
Were the whole earth of parchment made;  
Were every single stick a quill;  
And every man a scribe by trade,—  
To write the love of God, above,  
'Twould drain the ocean dry;  
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.

We take this opportunity of repeating, that any proxies for the Idiot Asylum, in favor of poor little ALFRED MARSDEN, will be thankfully received by us. Will some of our kind friends take an interest in this deserving case?

ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL.—We are also much interested in the case of WM. HENRY LEWIS, who is a candidate for admission into this valuable institution, and shall be obliged by the receipt of a few votes for him. Address to the Editor, care of Partridge and Oakley, 34, Paternoster Row, London.

RAGGED POOR.—We are gratified to find, that the notice in our last of the proposed erection of a Place of Worship for the Ragged Poor of Spitalfields, has been attended with benefit. We are requested by the Treasurer to acknowledge the receipt of £1 10s., collected by Miss Elizabeth Newman of Leominster. Mr. Charles Mitchell of 47, King Edward Street, Mile End, New Town, London, will be glad to receive any further contributions.



## BEGINNING AND ENDING; OR THE HISTORY OF THOUSANDS.

I have heard my dear mother say, that when I was a little baby, she thought me her *finest* child. I was the pet of the family—I was caressed and pampered by my fond, but too indulgent parents. Before I could well walk, I was treated with the



"sweet" from the bottom of my father's glass. When I was a little older, I was fond of sitting on his knee, and he would frequently give me a little of the liquor from his glass, in a spoon. My dear mother would gently chide him with "Don't, John, it will do him harm." To this he would smilingly reply, "This little sup won't hurt him—bless him!" When I became a school-boy, I was at times unwell, and my affectionate mother would pour for me a glass of wine from the decanter. At first I did not like it, but as I was told that it would make me "strong," I got to like it. When I left school and home, to go out as an apprentice, my pious mother wept over me, and amongst other good advice, urged me "never to go to the public house, or theatre." For a long time I could not be prevailed upon to act contrary to her wishes, but, alas, the love for liquor had been implanted within me! Some of my shopmates at length overcame my scruples, and I crossed the fatal threshold. I reasoned thus, "My parents taught me that these drinks were good—I cannot get them here except at the public house—surely it cannot be wrong then to go and purchase them." From the public house to the theatre was an early passage. Step by step I fell. Little did my fond mother think, when she rocked me in my little cot, that her child would find a home in a prison cell. Little did my indulgent father dream, when he placed the first drop of sweetened poison to my childish lips, that he was sowing the seeds of my ruin! My days are now nearly ended—my wicked career is nearly closed—I have grown up to manhood—but by a course of intemperance, have added sin to sin. Hope for the future I have not—I shall soon die—  
A POOR DRUNKARD!



## YOU HAVE STOPPED THE SUPPLIES.

"You have stopped the supplies," said a working man whom we met in the street. "How?" said I. "Why! you have got my wife, my daughter, and my son, to become abstainers, and I have no one to go for either pipe, tobacco, or dram." "I am glad to hear that," said I; "but what are you going to do?" "Why! I have thrown the pipe into the fire, and I am now an abstainer myself also."

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

### MONTHLY PRIZES. TO BE GIVEN IN BOOKS.

#### First Series.

For Competitors under  
18 Years of Age.

2s. 1s. 6d. 1s. 6d.

#### Second Series.

For Competitors under  
11 Years of Age.

1s. 6d. 1s. 9d. 6d.

#### CONDITIONS.

1. Answers to be given from the Bible only, and the passages to be written out in full.
2. Successful competitors to give proof, if required, that the answers are their own.
3. Answers to be sent by the last day in the month, to the Band of Hope Office, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

#### DIRECTIONS.

*First.* Always to READ and ATTEND to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not written out in full.

*Secondly.* The name and address not to be written on the answers, but a short verse placed at the head of the answers, and the same written upon a separate piece of paper, with the name, age, address, and if a Sabbath school scholar.

*Thirdly.* TO WRITE AS DISTINCTLY as possible, and in no case to write across. To use the COMMON SIZE LETTER PAPER. We should advise many of our young friends to rule their paper, to leave a small space between each answer—not to write out the question, but only the number—after the number, let the reference follow.

*Fourthly.* In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWER THE QUESTION. We admire the judgment some of our young friends shew in this respect.

*Fifthly.* NOT TO WRITE ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE with the Bible Questions, but send any other communication separately. Also, to write outside the letter, "Answers to Bible Questions."

*Sixthly.* When the award is given, successful competitors should write immediately to the Band of Hope Review Office, stating the book they wish, and how it is to be conveyed to them.

#### First Series.

#### QUESTIONS—APRIL.

1. Name two remarkable inventories of precious stones.
2. At the second enumeration of the tribes, taken in obedience to God's command, which in point of numbers was the strongest, and which the weakest?
3. What river is everywhere set as one of the great borders of the land of promise?
4. According to what patterns were the Mosaic tabernacle and the Solomonian temple erected?
5. Give a passage from the Prophets, in which the character of a good Shepherd is delineated with great force and beauty.
6. Which of the apostles marks with disapprobation, extravagant finery, and undue attention to dress and appearance?
7. Quote an inscription, which afforded to an apostle a happy occasion of proclaiming the gospel.
8. Quote two proverbs taken from a common, and noticeable animal with the Hebrews.
9. What chapter in sacred history relates events which befell nations we never hear of again, until we hear that they have ceased to exist as nations?
10. Who first disfigured Solomon's molten sea, and what eventually became of it?

#### Easy Series.

#### QUESTIONS—APRIL.

55. Give two beautiful instances of respect for age, found in the book of Job.
56. Name the first person among the Jews, that extended trade to other countries.
57. Give a very simple definition of faith.
58. Which of the prophets alludes to the mode in which oil was extracted?
59. By whom is the wisdom of Daniel referred to?
60. Which of the kings of Judah reigned longer than any other?

If our correspondent C. A. calls at the Band of Hope Office, he may have the information required.

## THE POWER OF PENCE

BY REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

A Manchester calico-printer was, on his wedding day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced under the bargain; for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard; and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public-house while the factory was closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but, as she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted, and even selfish, allowance for housekeeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts: and neither interfered with the other, except at odd times, when she succeeded by dint of one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions. They had been married a year; and on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed, "Mary, we'd had no holiday sin' we were wed: and only that I have'n't a

penny i' th' world, we'd take a jaunt to th' willage to see thee mother!" "Would'st like to go, John?" asked she, softly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak kindly as in old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat." "Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer! "hast got a fortun, wench?" "Nay," said she, "but I'n gotton the pint o'ale." "Gotton what?" said he. "The pint o'ale!" was the reply. John still didn't understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 365 threepences (i. e. £4 11s 3d.) put it into his hand, exclaiming, "Thee shall have the holiday, John." John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten, charmed. He would'n't touch't. "Has'n't thee had thy share? then I'll ha' no more," he said. They kept their wedding day with the old dame; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of investments that ultimately swelled into shop, factory, warehouse, country seat, and a carriage.



#### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Edward Charlton; or, Life Behind the Counter.* By F. Ross. LBA, Warwick Lane.

This is a most extraordinary book. Parents who are sending out their sons as apprentices, particularly to London Drapery Establishments, will

do well to purchase it. The evils of the late hour system are ably exposed.

*Ipswich Temperance Tracts*, vols. 1 and 2. SIMPKIN AND CO.

Good temperance books, for Sunday school libraries, have been much inquired for. We strongly recommend these. R. D. Alexander, Esq. is conferring a boon on the nation by their publication.

*The Class of a Thousand-and-One; a Sunday School Memorial.* PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY. No Sunday school library is complete without this excellent little book.

*The Crystal Fount.* TWENDIE, 337, Strand. An excellent collection of Hymns and Melodies for Juvenile Temperance Meetings. It is the best we have yet seen.

*Review of Charles Dickens's "Whole Hoggs."* TWENDIE. Charles Dickens is undoubtedly a master-mind, but we think that he will have the candour to admit that the author of this pamphlet has the safest side of the argument.

## THE PENNY BANK.

BY A LADY.

We sing the Savings' Bank, for there  
Our pennies we may pay,  
And all the coppers—we have heard  
Will turn to gold, some day!

But if we keep them as they are,  
Or spend them as we go;  
'Tis ten to one they'll all be gone,  
And nothing left to shew!

'Tis pleasant when the winter comes,  
And clothes are thin and old,  
To buy a coat, or good stout shoes,  
To travel through the cold.

Then, if dear father should be ill,  
Or mother cannot sew,  
To have a trifle in the bank  
Will comfort us, you know.

The times may change, the harvest fail,  
And food be very dear,  
Then, money in the Savings' Bank  
Will help us through the year.

'Tis not the thought of being rich,—  
For that we should not care—  
But, having money we can spend,  
And also some to spare!

London.





"Take fast hold of instruction."

### THE MAY MEETINGS AT HAND.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

LONG looked for May has come at last. Here is hawthorn-blooming, sweep-dancing, merry-making May Day among us. Old Father Winter lingered so long with us this year, that his light-hearted daughter Spring, in her haste to scatter flowers in every place, trod, without intending it, on the heels of her retiring parent; no doubt he has forgiven her.

May is a pleasant month in the country, the birds are happy, and the people are happy. Why should not we be happy in the city? Let us try. There is a secret in happiness,—it is this, we must make others happy if we mean to be happy ourselves. Again I say, let us try,—

And do good when we can  
To child, woman, and man,  
And help them along on their way;  
And go to the meetings  
With smiles and glad greetings,  
And all be as merry as May.

The month of May is a London Jubilee, and people appear at it in their best clothes, and their best temper. Many a Band of Hope, many a throng of grateful hearts, and many a multitude of rejoicing spirits assemble to make merry, some enjoying all the pleasure they can, and some doing all the good they can. Be alive, my young friends, be alive!

As I cannot tell which of the meetings you will attend, I will not dwell in my remarks on any one of them, but just drop a hint or two, which you may take with you, go where you will. Most people who go to Exeter Hall provide themselves with a few biscuits, and whether you do so, or not, I trust you will take my short remarks with you, in the biscuit bag of your memory.

If you should go to the meeting of the Bible Society, remember that we can now buy a bound Bible for tenpence. Some time ago a gentleman, being in Rome, wanted to purchase a copy of the Holy Scriptures in Italian, but the only one he could find, at any bookseller's, was in five or six unbound volumes, the price of which was not less than four pounds. You see, then, how reasonable it is that we should thank God with grateful hearts for our tenpenny Bibles.

The Religious Tract Society has published so many books, that it is known in every city, town, and village in the country. I you should go to the meeting at Exeter Hall, remember that the

society gives away in grants of books, much more than it receives in money from the public. Some of you may wonder how it can be, but the truth is that it does this by its diligence in business, in selling books suitable for the young and the old, the richest man that ever rode in a carriage, and the poorest lad that attends the ragged school.

The Missionary Meetings are usually well attended. This is a good sign, for we can hardly be in earnest about getting to heaven, without being

pranks, the ruined families, the fearful accidents, the cruelties, the crimes, and suicides that drunkenness has occasioned, and then consider that so long as you practice temperance, from all these you are delivered.

Thousands, misled by pleasure, suffer pain,  
But tens of thousands has intemperance slain.

If you go to the meeting of the Peace Society, go in a good spirit. Though I hate war, I love my country, and rejoice in her welfare. Peace and

prosperity to old England! Whether I am right in other things or not, I can hardly be wrong in the advice I now give you, which is this,—Love peace, pray for peace, pursue peace, and practice peace.

Think as you go to the meeting of the Sunday School Union, what the society has done, and then your eyes will brighten, and your hearts beat in its favour. The institution of Sunday schools is like a rolling river that deepens and widens as it goes, making the country beautiful and fertile on the right hand and on the left.

There are really so many benevolent meetings in May, that I seem to lose myself among them. Attend as many of them as you can, support the observance of the Sabbath, exclaim against slavery, and cruelty to animals, pity distressed widows and destitute seamen, rejoice in the conversion of Jews, hold up both your hands in support of ragged schools, and be sure that you put up a prayer that the chairmen of the different meetings may act wisely, that the speakers may address those before them effectually, and that the hearers may go away, their hearts brim full and running over with christian benevolence, disposed more than ever to do all they can for the good of mankind, and the Redeemer's glory.

Remember all these things, or as many of them as you can, and on no account forget the watchword that old Walter Wynn gave you for christian charities, "A Prayer

and a Penny." I will now close my remarks with the verse which I gave you before.

Do good when you can,  
To child, woman, and man,  
And help them along on their way;  
And go to the meetings  
With smiles and glad greetings,  
And all be as merry as May.

"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute."—Proverbs xii. 24.



THE WHIPPER WHIPPED; OR, THE VALUE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

(See next page.)

anxious that others should get there too. Forget not, if you go to a missionary meeting, to think of Brainerd, Swartz, Martyn, and Morrison.

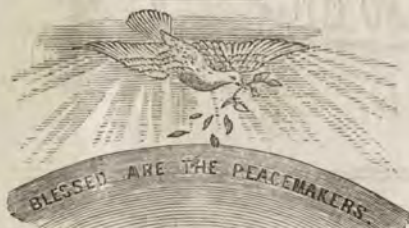
I will be bound for it, if you read the "Band of Hope Review," it will not be your fault if you do not go to the Temperance Meeting. There is one good way of calculating what temperance does for any one, it is this. To say nothing of the bitter words that have been spoken, and the dreadful oaths which have been sworn by the tongue of intemperance, look for one moment on the mad headed



## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

We find it impossible to make our award of Bible Questions this month the number of replies being much larger than we have yet received. The answers to the Almanac Questions are in progress, but we find it no light task carefully to examine upwards of three hundred letters. We hope to clear both off in our next number.

We request those who have not yet sent in their applications for prizes awarded, to do so immediately. We have had several inquiries as to whether it is necessary to answer all the Questions. Those who do not are not likely to obtain a prize, as nearly all our competitors attempt the whole of them.



## OLIVE LEAF MOVEMENT.

*Harry.* Please, Mamma, dear, now you have finished your letter, will you tell me why you have that nice little picture on your note paper, and envelopes? Why is that pretty little dove, with a branch in its mouth, flying over the world?

*Mamma.* Yes, my dear Harry, you were so quiet whilst I was occupied, that I shall be very pleased to explain this beautiful design to you. You know that both a dove and an olive branch are emblems of peace: if you notice, the leaves are falling from this branch as the dove flies over the world; which is to convey the idea that it is scattering peace, as it wings its way over the nations of the earth. Between the dove and the world you see the words, "Blessed are the peacemakers," inscribed, which blessing you recollect was pronounced by our dear Redeemer when he was personally upon the earth. Can you tell me on what occasion he uttered these words, and what he added to them?

*Harry.* Yes, dear Mamma, they are a part of the sermon on the mount; Jesus then said, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

*Mamma.* I am glad, my dear boy, that you remember them so well, and I hope you will always shew that you believe them, by being very kind and peaceable towards your playfellows, whilst a child; and when you become a man that you will endeavour to promote peace amongst your fellow-men, as far as lies in your power. You know I belong to a society, which is called an "Olive Leaf Circle," and that I attend a meeting of our members every month. If you would be interested, I shall be happy to tell you after each meeting, such information as I hear about the progress of our cause.

*Harry.* Oh, you are so kind, Mamma, it will be so delightful! But will you now tell me what you do at our meetings?

*Mamma.* The object of our societies (for there are 134 Olive Leaf Circles in Great Britain) is to publish the principles of peace, both on the Continent of Europe, and amongst the inhabitants of our own dear England, in connection with the League of Universal Brotherhood, of which your dear papa is a member. We have already been so far successful, that the editors of papers in the following places, viz.—Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Leipsic, Augsburg, Cologne, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Bremen, Copenhagen, Madrid, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Brussels, and Barcelona, have undertaken to insert various articles advocating and explaining the beautiful and christian principles of peace, and shewing the folly and inhumanity of war. These articles are supplied by Elihu Burritt, who was the originator of our "Circles." In addition to this, which we call the "Foreign Mission of the Dove," we endeavour to spread brotherly and peaceable views at home, by distributing tracts upon the subject, and by inserting articles in the various magazines. At our meetings we tell each other what we have done in this way, during the past month; and read parts of the Bond of Brotherhood, and other useful works, which breathe a spirit of lovingkindness, and then we frequently have several letters to read, which our members have received from other sister circles, which we find very interesting, especially when they happen to come from a foreign circle; for there are two or three of the societies on the Continent, and several in America. But now, dear Harry, I must leave off, for you see it is eleven o'clock, and Mrs. R—and I are going to call upon some ladies to-day, to endeavour to interest them in this our sweet little mission.

## THE WHIPPER WHIPPED;

OR  
THE VALUE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The following delightful fact has been forwarded to us by our valued friend, Mr. S. Wilson, of Glasgow. It will gladden the hearts of our Sabbath school friends.

A boy attending one of these schools was brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and began to pray in his father's house. His father, being a wicked man, was quite enraged, when he heard of his little boy praying. He took a whip and lashed him severely. The poor boy, not daring to continue this practice in the house, resorted to an adjoining plantation. There he knelt among the trees, and prayed to his Father who seeth in secret. The father, hearing of this new haunt, took his whip one night and followed him. When he came within reach of the sound of the little boy's voice, he thought that before he whipped him, he would listen to hear what he was saying. The boy at this moment was earnestly praying on behalf of his wicked father. The father's conscience smote him. He wept. The boy, having concluded his supplications, rose from his knees, and turning round, saw his father weeping. The trembling father, addressing his astonished son, said, "I came out to whip you, but you have whipped me."

A short time after, they both made application to a Baptist church, to be admitted as members, and when, according to the custom, the father was publicly called upon to give an account of his views of divine truth, and to state his experience of its power, he shrank backward, and said, "No, no, let him (pointing to his son) do it first, for he is my spiritual father."



## "MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

BY MISS DAVIS.

'Twas when the sea's tempestuous roar  
A little bark assail'd;  
And pallid fear, with awful power,  
O'er each on board prevail'd—  
Save one, the captain's darling child,  
Who fearless view'd the storm;  
And playful, with composure smil'd  
On danger's threat'ning form.

"Why sportive thus," a seaman cried,  
"Whilst sorrows overwhelm?"  
"Why yield to grief," the boy replied,  
"My father's at the helm."  
Despairing soul, from thence be taught,  
How groundless is thy fear;  
Think on what wonders Christ has wrought,  
And He is always near.

Safe in His hands, whom seas obey,  
When swelling billows rise;  
Who turns the darkest night to day,  
And brightens low'ring skies.  
Then upwards look, how'er distress'd,  
For He will guide thee home,  
To that blest port of endless rest,  
Where storms can never come.

In the current of life beware of the gulf of intemperance.



## "THE HORSE HAD THREE FITS, SIR!"

Those who injure their horses rob themselves.

There is an independent old gentleman in Hull, (Mr. Vallance) who takes a deep interest in the prevention of cruelty to animals. He has had many parties before the magistrates, and his presence is said to have a magic influence upon the hard hearted drivers. None of them will dare to be cruel when he is in sight. We wish there was a Mr. Vallance in every town in the land. But, perhaps, our readers will already be wondering what this kind friend of dumb animals has to do with the odd title at the head of our chapter. We will now explain it. We are told by a friend, that not long ago, Mr. Vallance had a poor dog that was in the distemper, and had fits, of which it died. The servant boy stood by. He had never seen a dog in fits before.

Not long after this, Mr. Vallance was looking at every vehicle that passed, when he espied a poor half-starved horse, vainly endeavouring to drag along the heavy cart-load to which it was attached. The driver was remonstrated with, but he said, that the horse was "done for," it would soon die. The man was very willing to sell the horse for five pounds, it was four years old, and fifteen hands high; and in the hope of lengthening out its days a little, and of preventing its being any longer forced by the whip lash to drag its weighty burden, Mr. Vallance bought it. The horse was speedily unharnessed, and was led away to its new owner's premises. Poor thing! it was so weak that it could only walk very slowly, and when it got to the stable, it fell down, it had not strength to stand any longer. Mr. Vallance ordered some corn to be brought, to give to the poor horse, but the groom said, "it was no use, it would be dead in five minutes." Mr. Vallance replied, "Never mind, bring some." Some corn was now brought in a shallow basket, and if you had seen it put its mouth into the basket, as it lay, being unable to hold up its head, you would have said, "Oh, how thankful it seems!" The corn was now placed a few inches out of its reach, in order to tempt the horse to stand up. Poor thing! it could not do this. It tried several times to rise, but it always fell down again. Some men came to help, and they lifted the horse up and kept it from falling. Some oatmeal and water was given to it, and whenever it was patted on the neck, it looked up and seemed to say, "Thank you." In a few days the horse was able to move about in the stable, and very soon he did not look like the same creature. If his old owner, who had half-starved him, had passed by, he would not have known him. He now began to prick his ears, and look cheerful when his master came near him. It was not long before Mr. Vallance sent his servant lad to turn the horse out into a field. He was not accustomed to horses, but he was very attentive to his master's wishes. When turned loose into the field, the horse seemed to be reminded of its younger days. No sooner was it free from the halter than off it ran—down it went—up rose its legs—now rolling on its right side, then on its left. It was so pleased, that it did this three times. It was telling, as well as it could, its joys. The lad stood alarmed. He remembered the poor dog, and away he went as fast as he could, and exclaimed to his master, "The horse had three fits, sir!"

The "fits" happily continue—the horse daily improves, and has been pronounced by a competent judge, as likely to be in the ensuing Spring worth not less than THIRTY POUNDS. Do not those who ill-treat and starve their horses rob themselves?





## TRY! TRY AGAIN!

Charles. It is no use trying any longer, Father, I cannot find out where the curious text from the "Band of Hope Almanac" for to-day (11th April) is to be found.

Emily. (Looking very thoughtfully.) Wherever can it be? I do think that we saw it, Charles, when we were searching for one of the texts last week.

Little Willie. Father! when I am old enough to read, Mother says that I am to help Charley and Emily to find the texts. That will be nice.

Father. You told me not long ago, Charles, that by searching for the Almanac texts, you found out twenty other good things in the Bible that you did not know before. Do not be discouraged, my boy. Try! try again! The Bible is a great gold mine, and I wish you to search it for "everlasting riches" every day of your life.



## THE PRISON CELL.

A young man who had committed the awful crime of murder, whilst under the influence of liquor, was visited in the prison cell by a minister of the gospel. He listened with earnest attention whilst a portion of the Scriptures was read, and when asked what had led him so deeply into sin, he replied "Sir, three short sentences tell the cause of my ruin:—

1. Disobedience to Parents.
2. Sabbath Breaking.
3. Drinking and Gambling."

Let all our little readers, when tempted to disobey their parents, remember "THE PRISON CELL."

## WHIT WEEK.

This is an important and dangerous week to many,—to SERVANTS especially so. A female servant, who lived with a religious family, where the interests of her soul were cared for, was tempted by the desire for *higher wages* to engage with an irreligious family. She was now never called to "family prayer." The house of God was gradually neglected. She fell step by step into sin. A friend once found her bathed in tears, mourning over her past ways. When asked the cause of her fall, she replied, "My hiring into an ungodly family."

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

A boy, ten years old, drowned himself, in Derby, on Wednesday the 14th of April, from mortification at his mother having discovered that he had stolen sixpence. How sad are the effects of sin! When one wrong step is taken, how soon it leads to a worse!

## HOW TO RAISE FUNDS. THE MAY MEETINGS. WHAT ENGLAND MIGHT DO.

Those who have attended the May Meetings, during the last few years, must have felt deeply on hearing the oft-repeated complaints, "We want more funds"—"Much more might have been done, but we have not the funds"—"New doors of usefulness are opened, but we cannot enter them from the want of funds."

Whilst listening to such painful appeals as these, the important inquiry has again and again been forced upon our mind—Has christian England the power of doing more than she has yet done for the evangelization of the world? Has the spirit of self-denial so leavened the highly favoured inhabitants of Great Britain that there is a willingness to make a sacrifice for the welfare of the heathen world? Let us see. We find from "Lowe's Charities of London" that the various Missionary Societies annually raise an average about as follows:—

- 1 Church Missionary Society.....
- 2 Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.....
- 3 Wesleyan Missionary Society.....
- 4 London Missionary Society.....

"HONOUR THE LORD WITH ALL THY SUBSTANCE, AND THE FIRST FRUITS OF ALL THINE INCREASE."

### THE LORD'S BOX

FOR WEEKLY

OFFERINGS.

A dear and valued young tradesman with whom we were intimately acquainted, has recently been removed to a better world. After his death, on examining his private papers and cash book, the pleasing fact was unfolded that he had resolved to devote not less than one-tenth of his profits, weekly, as a thankoffering to the Lord. The first entry in the cash book every Monday morning was, "THE LORD'S BOX" £ : s : d. From this box the poor were frequently relieved, subscriptions were paid for various benevolent purposes, and large purchases of religious, temperance, and peace tracts, etc., made for distribution. We have had the pleasure of seeing both the box and the book. We hope that our readers, young and old, will not forget "The Lord's Box." We should like every one of them to have a similar little treasury.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."  
G. WATSON, Printer, 8, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden.

1	£110,000
2	79,000
3	111,000
4	70,000
5	26,000
6	12,000
7	26,000
Total £434,000	

These societies employ about 1,524 missionaries, exclusive of teachers, &c.

On passing along our streets, we are every moment met by men and boys with pipes and cigars in their mouths. We have often inquired, "Could not this growing habit of the English people be abandoned with advantage, and the money thrown into 'The Lord's Box?'"

We find by calculation, that if the above named £434,000 will maintain 1,524 missionaries and their assistants, the sum yearly "lost in smoke," in Great Britain and Ireland, would enable these noble societies to send out not fewer than

### 28,275 ADDITIONAL MISSIONARIES.

We trust that our young readers will never begin the practice of smoking, so that they may have more to give to the cause of missions. If any of them have, unhappily, commenced this bad habit, we earnestly beg of them to at once abandon it.

We feel deeply interested in the glorious efforts of the British and Foreign Bible Society. We find, however, that if it continues its operations on the same scale as during the last two years, it will take upwards of

### SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN YEARS

to supply the sacred Scriptures to the whole of the heathen world.

Contrast this fact with the following:—The sum annually spent in spirits, wine, and malt liquors, in the United Kingdom, would purchase a two shilling copy of the Bible for each of the seven hundred millions of poor benighted heathens, within the brief space of

### THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS.

If in connection with these facts an figures, we bear in mind that the highest medical authorities have declared, that tobacco and stimulating beverages are injurious in health, and seldom needful in sickness, we are driven to the conclusion, that England can do more—that England ought to do more.

We trust that the May Meetings of 1852 will send out to the country a powerful remonstrance against our smoking and drinking customs, such as shall everywhere induce the resolve, "We will do more." If we are spared to the May Meetings of 1853, we hope to hear the happy fact proclaimed,—

ENGLAND HAS DONE MORE!

### TAKE ONE



correspondent of the "Revivalist" many years ago, stated that he was in the habit of circulating several hundreds of religious tracts and handbills every Sabbath in the suburbs of London, in the following simple mode:—A board six or eight inches square was provided, on the top of which was printed "TAKE ONE" 200 or 300 bills were secured to the corner, by a string being through and then fastened to a nail in the centre of the board. Thus prepared, the board was hung upon the palisades in front of the house. Few passed without taking one. In this way about 10,000 tracts were disposed of in the course of the year. Who can estimate the results? Eternity alone can unfold them.

Give your tongue more holidays than your eyes and ears.



### THE MANIAC;

OR,

### THE SABBATH BREAKING MERCHANT.

A respectably dressed lunatic attracted my attention in the Asylum. He took no notice of the questions put to him, and yet he was talking all the time we stood near him. He was busy calculating "profit and loss" upon various transactions, and giving instructions to his clerks, as though he was still in his counting-house. It was the once successful merchant. On my mentioning his name amongst a few friends who had known him in the days of his prosperity, one of them remarked, "Ah, poor fellow, he used to boast that his most successful speculations had been planned on the SABBATH. 'The better day, the better deed,' he would say. He never gave his mind any rest. I believe that if he had honoured the Sabbath, he would not have lost his reason." C.



## GOLDEN DROPS

FOR

## THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF IRELAND.

By the kindness of Mr. Bagster, of Paternoster Row, we are enabled to give the following to our little Irish readers, in their own beloved language.

Óir ír ma ro do zínádhz Dja an domhan, zo dtuz ré a éinzein tleic reiu, ionur zib bé éiredear an, nac nacab ré a maza, adz zo mbeic an beata jioirde aize.

Joná bfeil an fúarzlá dzuñ tme na fñl, [eadoy] maicmdear na breacab :

Ar a nacbaroin deunam maille ré doécar zo harpéacáoir na nhar, cum tuidcaine do ziodúab, 7 zinár dfaçal dññ cum fupacáda a nam njacádañr.

(Translation.)

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in HIM should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John, iii, 16.

In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.—Colossians, i, 14.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.—Hebrews, iv, 16.

We have already forwarded upwards of 20,000 copies of our paper for gratuitous circulation in Ireland, and have been much gratified by various letters from that country, speaking in pleasing terms of the influence which it is likely to exert in promoting the searching of the Scriptures. We extract the following:—

From an Irish Lady.

"I know no paper better calculated to awaken in their minds a desire for the Word of God than your valuable publication."

Superintendent of a Sunday School, Cork.

"Your Bible Questions are doing extensive good. One boy got off all the 'Almanac' Questions by heart, and then commenced reading the Bible through in order to find the answers."

## SOWING AND REAPING.

Let no christian missionary or ragged school teacher despair of success. Several years ago, that valued and laborious servant of Christ, the Rev. John West, was sent out by the Church Missionary Society to labour amongst the Indians of North America. In his little log-house, at Red River, he secured the attendance of two rough, unpromising-looking Red Indian boys. He endeavoured to teach them to read, and to know the true God. Unbelief probably said, "It is no use trying." Faith said, "Try." Mr. West did try. It was no easy task, but he succeeded. He prayed with, and for them. God crowned his efforts with success. They were graciously brought under the Holy Spirit's influence, and made the subjects of a saving change.

On the 2nd of February, 1851, an interesting coloured clergyman stood up amongst a group of the Indian tribe, called the "Crees," and in their own language delivered a powerful sermon, from "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord,"

## THE BROKEN SHIP.

We told our young readers of the sad loss of the "Amazon" steam ship, by fire. On the same day as that vessel left Southampton, another beautiful steamer, called the "Birkenhead," left Portsmouth for Africa, with upwards of 500 soldiers on board. On the 25th of February, when within two miles of the African coast, the ship struck on the rocks. The water then rushed inside the ship. The soldiers calmly obeyed the orders of their officers, and worked hard at the pumps. It however was of no use; in twenty minutes the vessel broke into three pieces and sunk, carrying hundreds with her to rise no more, and leaving hundreds to struggle for life amidst the rocks, the masses of wreck, and the ferocious sharks. The women and children were saved in the boats, and some of the men who could swim, but not fewer than 438 poor fellows found a watery grave. How uncertain is life, and how needful to be *always prepared for death!*



## SELF-DENIAL.

A daughter of religious parents, who attended one of the "Children's Missionary Meetings," was much affected by what she heard. She felt a desire to do something for the poor heathen. When she reached home she bent over her missionary map, and wept, as she looked at the many black places where Christ is not known. Next morning at breakfast she said, "Please, mother, if I do without butter to my bread, may I have the money that is saved to give to the Missions?" The judicious mother was glad to encourage this act of self-denial in her daughter, and agreed to her request. At the end of the year, a nice little sum was thrown into the collecting box. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."



## GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUNUND.

The Treasurer has received the following sums ms since our last.

## For Ireland.

— Esq. . . . . £2 22 0 0

## For Sailors.

Mr. F. Dickson, *Healington* . . . . . £0 20 5 0

Mrs. Langton . . . . . 0 0 10 0

## General Distribution.

Mrs. Eliza Barclay, *Durham* . . . . . £2 22 0 0

Mrs. Stephenson, *Kingston-on-Thames* . . . . . 0 0 10 0

A. B. *Doncaster* . . . . . 0 0 5 0

Rev. Wm. Holderness . . . . . 0 0 5 0

Children of Marr Sunday School, near

Doncaster . . . . . 0 0 1 8

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Jacob Post, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &amp;c.

In consequence of a painful family bereavement, we are compelled to postpone many notices until our next ext.

The Treasurer of the "Spitalfields Ragged Church" has received Contributions from Mrs. Doury and Miss Brown, which are thankfully acknowledged.

## CHEERING TOKENS.

The communications continually coming to hand from all parts encourage us to persevere in our work. The following extracts will, we doubt not, be read with interest by many of our friends.

From Rev. J. Kingsmill, Chaplain, Government Prison, Pentonville.

"The true way to keep bad literature out of the hands of the people, is to furnish them with a cheap and better work. 'The Band of Hope Review' is an able move in that direction. I know of nothing so cheap for the money, and withal so good."

Rev. J. Clay, Chaplain of the Preston House of Correction.

"Well suited to children. The appearance is attractive, the illustrations are certainly of a superior kind, and the matter in itself and in its variety seems well calculated to train young dispositions in the right direction. I have introduced the little periodical into our prison."

T. A. Fieldwick, Esq., Secretary of the Br British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

"I beg to convey to you the thanks of the Directors for the order for 500 'Band of Hope Reviews' you have kindly sent me this morning, and we shall be most happy to circulate them amongst seamen, especially the lads on board and ship, by means of our missionaries."

2 Cor., iv. 5. Who was this preacher, think you? Not other than the tallest of these two poor Indian lads, now the Rev. Henry ry Budd. James Hope, the onnce little dull scholar, has also been employed to instruct the Indians at Fort Pitt. It.

Labour on, ye missionaries of the Cross! In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

## NOTES.

In order to afford us space to give brief notices of the principal May Meetings, our June number will be a DOUBLE ONE, price One Penny. It will be copiously illustrated. We ask for it a large circulation.

We have to return on our best thanks to Messrs. Grissell, and to the Church Missionary Society, for the loan of woodcuts. This is an efficient way of helping us.

An improved edition of the Yearly Part, with illuminated cover, and gilt edges, has been issued, price One Shilling. This forms a very handsome present. The ordinary edition, Eightpence.

On the 1st of June our Third Half-Yearly Part will be issued, including supplements, &c., with index, and wrapper, price Sixpence.

The Two Christmas Days. By Mrs. Balfour. Price Sixpence, may be had through all book-sellers.





"Preach the Gospel to every creature."

### TO OUR READERS.

How rapidly time rolls along! It seems but a short time since we had to inform our young friends of the opening of the Great Exhibition, on the 1st of May, 1851. An eventful YEAR however has flown away. The great Palace of Glass is now being taken a to pieces, and the green grass will soon be waving over the spot where the noble building stood. We now propose to give our readers some account of a greater exhibition than even that which was witnessed in Hyde Park. It is what we regard as

#### ENGLAND'S CHIEF GLORY.

We are not going to speak of England's conquering army; or, to tell of her generals who have gained great victories on the field of battle. Many regard these as the glory of Old England. We think otherwise.—We look upon the various

#### RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS

as forming her brightest ornaments. They are the fruits of the gracious influence of the love of God shed abroad in the heart, and are intended to bring "Glorify to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill to men."

We desire that the young should take a deep interest in the prosperity and operations of these Institutions, and we have pleasure in drawing their attention to our reports of the MAY MEETINGS.

As some of our adult readers may desire to subscribe to the funds of these valuable Societies, we have added the address of the office in each case, for their convenience of correspondence.

### THE CANNIBAL CAVE.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall rejoice."

Prior to the introduction of the light of Christianity into New Zealand, the inhabitants of that country were cannibals. They roasted the bodies of human beings, and then fed upon them. The words of Scripture were realized, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

But the glorious truths of the gospel, carried by British missionaries, have been blessed to the conversion of large numbers of the natives. Not a few of the old chiefs, with their tattooed faces, may now be seen joining in the praises of God. The blood thirsty savages have become the meek and humble followers of Jesus. By the kindness of Major Hector Straith, of the Church Mission House, we are enabled to present our readers with the sketch of an interesting prayer meeting, which was held not long ago, by the Rev. R. Taylor, in a noted New Zealand "Cannibal Cave." In this cave, fires have many times been lighted to roast the bodies of the poor victims upon whom the natives were about to feast; many a savage yell, many a shriek of horror have been uttered there.

Blessed change! the walls of this very spot resound with the songs of praise and thanksgiving. The age-stricken chief, as he clasps his wrinkled hands, and contrasts this with former scenes in which he has joined in this cave, sheds tears of gratitude that he has been spared to hear of mercy through a Saviour's love. Mr. Taylor and his happy congregation could truly say,—

"Lo, God is here! let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place."

### MAY MEETINGS.

#### BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY,

10, EARL ST., BLACKFRIARS, (ESTABLISHED 1804.)

This noble Society, the boast of Old England, continues its gigantic operations with renewed zeal. At the annual meeting just held in Exeter Hall, it was stated that the receipts during the past year amounted to £108,449 0s. 10d. The number of Bibles and Testaments issued, 1,154,642. Since the formation of this Society, 25,402,309 copies of the Sacred Scriptures, in 143 various languages, have been scattered by it over the face of the globe. We hope that all our readers will be subscribers to the Bible Society. Give something every year, even if it be but a penny.

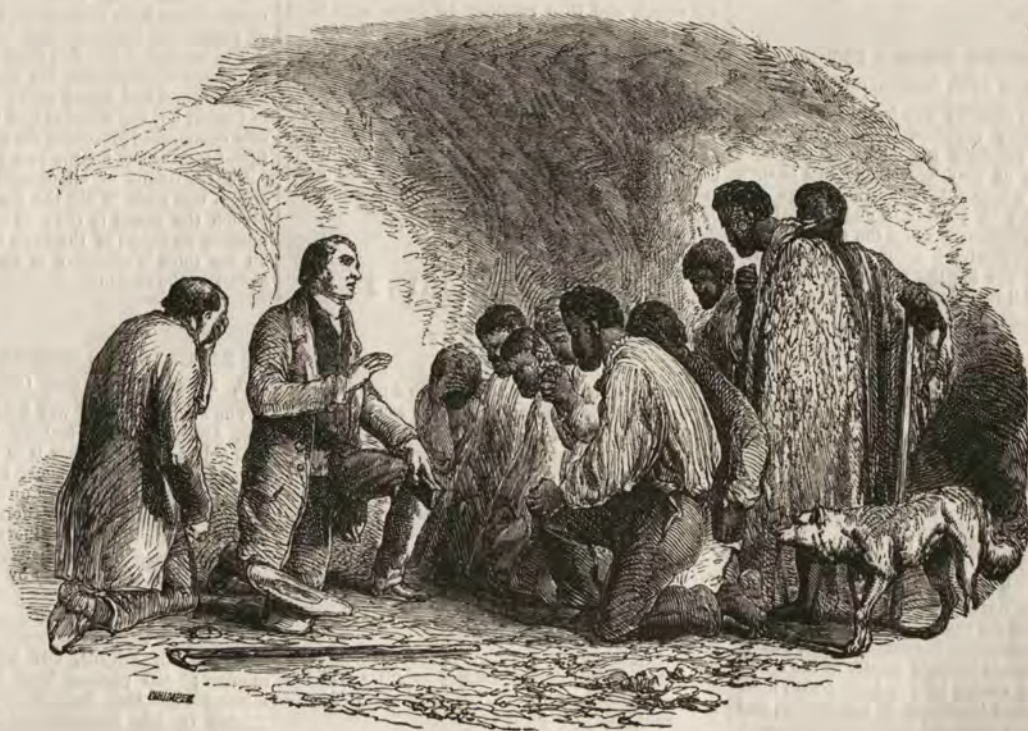
#### CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE,

169, FLEET STREET, (ESTABLISHED 1843.)

The chief objects of this Society are the establishment of Sunday schools in connection with the Church of England, and the instruction of teachers. Lectures have been delivered during the past year, and conversational meetings of teachers held for the interchange of experience. A circulating library of theological and general literature has been established, and numerous Sunday schools have been supplied. Admiral Vernon Harcourt presided at the annual meeting in St. Martin's Hall. Income, £1,442 9s. 11d. Expenditure, £1,405 19s. 10d.

I was not born as thousands are,  
Where God was never known;  
Where God was never known;  
And taught to pray a useless prayer  
To blocks of wood and stone.

I thank the goodness and the grace,  
Which on my birth have smiled;  
Which on my birth have smiled;  
And made me in these Christian days,  
A happy English child.



I was not born a little slave,  
To labour in the sun;  
And wish I were but in my grave,  
And all my labour done.

My God, I thank thee, who hast planned  
Some better lot for me;  
And placed me in this happy land,  
Where I may hear of Thee.  
JANE TAYLOR.



## MAY MEETINGS.

**FEMALE SERVANTS' HOME SOCIETY,**  
21, NUTFORD PLACE, EDGEWARE ROAD, AND 110,  
BATTON GARDEN, (ESTABLISHED 1836.)

This truly valuable Society is for the encouragement of faithful female servants, and their protection when out of place, by establishing "HOMES" in different parts of the metropolis and its immediate neighbourhood, where servants of good character are lodged at one shilling per week, being provided with a separate bed, coals, candles, house linen, a well furnished kitchen, and wash-house, but boarded at their own expense.

We had the pleasure of attending the recent annual meeting in Exeter Hall, presided over by C. Bevan, Esq. The report stated that out of 100,000 female servants in London, one-tenth are always out of employ. The value of the "Homes" was shown by the fact, that 4,200 inmates had been received, and that of 23,200 placed on the registry, the greater number had obtained situations. Income for the past year, £374 6s. 5d. Expenditure, £363 9s. 3d. Rewards were given to several servants for faithful service.

**NAVAL AND MILITARY BIBLE SOCIETY,**  
32, SACKVILLE STREET, (ESTABLISHED 1780.)

The Report read at the annual meeting in Willis's Rooms stated, that during the year twenty-seven of Her Majesty's ships had been furnished with 1,278 Bibles and Testaments, including the five vessels going out under Sir Edward Belcher, in search of Sir John Franklin and his associates. These volumes had in every case been thankfully received. In the barracks of the Royal Marines, 310 copies have been placed; in the schools, 124; in the garrison hospitals, 243. To canal boatmen, barge-men, sailors, and schools for boatmen's children, 5,818 copies have been given. Total number issued during the year, 20,238, making a total of 555,446 copies since the formation of the Society. Income, £2,278 5s. 7d.

## BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

33, MOORGATE STREET, (ESTABLISHED 1792.)

At the recent anniversary of this Society, S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P., presided. Addresses were delivered by Rev. W. Arthur, M.A.; Rev. C. Stanford, Devises; Rev. Dr. Tidman; Rev. S. Leechman; Rev. John Clarke, Jamaica; Rev. G. Gould, Norwich; Rev. Henry Duckley, Salford; Rev. John Rattenbury, and G. W. Alexander, Esq. Considerable interest was occasioned by the presence of Miss Harris, of Hayti. The Report stated that although a considerable amount of sickness had prevailed at the mission stations, the Society had not sustained the loss of a single missionary during the year. Income, £19,146 11s. 9d. Amount due to the treasurers, £4,723 5s. 8d.

## AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY,

60, PATERNOSTER ROW, (ESTABLISHED 1807.)

The anniversary meeting was held in the London Tavern, on Monday evening, April 25th. This Society confers comforts on many of the aged servants of God, as they travel onwards to their Father's home, where all their wanderings and sufferings will issue in boundless and eternal joy. The number of pensioners upon the fund is large, and many of those receiving relief would be utterly destitute, were it not for the bounty of this benevolent Society. All the pensioners are above three-score years of age.

## THE IRISH SOCIETY,

32, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY.

The annual meeting of this Institution, formed for promoting the education and religious instruction of the native Irish, through the medium of their own language, was held on Thursday, May 6th, at Hanover Square Rooms.

This Society was formed in 1818, and since 1821 has widely distributed the Bible, printed in the native character. Twenty-eight clerical missionaries and 220 lay agents, schoolmasters, &c., are employed. Income for the year, £11,789 13s.

The Rev. Dr. Armstrong, incumbent of St. Paul's, Bermondsey, has made himself master of the native Irish language, to enable him to labour with more effect among the poor Catholics of his district, and his efforts have been attended with marked success.

## AN ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC.

Composed for the use of Schools.

BY JOHN FRY.

A ll mortal men that live must surely die,  
B ut how, or when, is hid from human eye;  
C onsider then thy few uncertain days,  
D elay no longer to amend thy ways;  
E ngage thy heart to serve the Lord in love,  
F or all his ways the way of comfort prove.  
G rant to thyself no time for vain delight,  
H ate all that's wrong, and love to do the right;  
I n all thou ever dost, act in God's fear,  
K eep still the thoughts of death and judgment near;  
L earn to avoid what thou believ'st is sin,  
M ind what reproves or justifies within;  
N o act is good which doth disturb thy peace,  
O r can be bad that makes true joy increase.  
P revent the loss of time, be timely wise;  
Q uench not the Spirit, all his teachings prize;  
R ely alone upon that power, that can  
S ubdue the pride and haughty looks of man;  
T his heavenly power is that which sanctifies  
U nto the Lord the heart that's truly wise.  
W ait for it then, in it such wisdom is,  
X enophon's wisdom, folly was to this;  
Y ea, this, if 'tis obeyed, will give the youth  
Z eal for the Lord, and lead unto all truth.

From Armistead's "Select Miscellanies."

THE  
NOVEL MISSIONARY COLLECTOR.

In a village in Yorkshire, where much interest is taken in the missionary cause, there is a little dog, belonging to a poor woman. This dog is in the habit of gathering up all the bones he can find in the street, and then running off home with them to his mistress's cottage.

The bones thus procured are carefully preserved by the poor woman, and last year between two and three shillings were obtained for the Society by their sale!

We want our readers to think of the little dog, and to try whether they cannot, by their ingenuity, contrive some fresh means of helping this good cause. — *From the Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.*

## DAILY SEARCHING

OF THE  
SCRIPTURES.

A friend of children recently gave a copy of the "Band of Hope Almanac" to each scholar in the St. George's Place, Holloway (London) Sunday School, with the promise that a reward should be given to the scholars who should find out the daily Texts for a month in the Bible, and bring them, neatly and correctly written out, stating the chapter and verse in each case.

At the close of the month, thirteen of the scholars were found to be successful competitors. Copies of the YEARLY PART of the "Band of Hope Review" were given for the three best answers, and other illustrated books for the remainder.

The prizes were no doubt gladly received, and we trust that these thirteen Sunday scholars will be, not only BIBLE READERS, but what is much more important, BIBLE HEADERS."

## MAY MEETINGS.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,**  
60, PATERNOSTER ROW.

At the annual meeting of this great Society, Exeter Hall was crowded to excess. The Mayor of Plymouth (a Sunday school teacher) presided. Excellent addresses were delivered by the Rev. D. Katterns, Rev. Luke Wiseman, Rev. Dr. Dyer of Philadelphia, Rev. George Rose, Rev. W. Brock, and Thomas Thompson, Esq. of Poundsford Park.

The committee concluded the Report by expressing the hope that at the approaching jubilee of the Society, on the 13th of July, 1853, the Christian liberality of the friends of Sunday schools will have enabled them to erect a building as a memorial of past mercies, and a means of future usefulness.

We think that every Sunday scholar in the land should have "a brick" or "a nail" in this proposed building. Let it be one worthy of the cause. A PENNY subscription amongst the scholars and teachers would raise upwards of £10,000. The income of the Society for the past year was £1,751 12s. 8d. Expenditure, £1,868 16s. 1½d.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY,

2, JEFFREY'S SQUARE, ST. MARY AXE.

(ESTABLISHED 1818.)

The annual meeting was held on Tuesday, May 4th. The Society employs in the port of London five missionaries, who daily visit the English and Foreign ships lying in the Thames and various docks. They also gain access, when possible, to the lodging-houses frequented by seamen. During the past year they have distributed 2,600 Bibles and Testaments, and nearly 60,000 tracts, printed in various languages. Religious services, attended by many thousands of sailors, have been held beneath the bethel flag during the year. Income, £2,287, being less than the expenses, £37. When it is borne in mind that England has upwards of 25,000 sailing vessels and 1,200 steam vessels, employing about 300,000 seamen, and that these weather-beaten "Jack Tars" are the peculiar objects of the labour of this invaluable Society, we feel that instead of an income of £2,000, it should be at the least £20,000. Who will try to make it such?

BRITISH SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF  
THE GOSPEL AMONG THE JEWS,

1, CRESCENT PLACE, BLACKFRIARS, (ESTABLISHED 1841.)

The ninth annual meeting was held in Freemason's Hall. The object of this Society is to proclaim the message of salvation through the atoning blood and justifying righteousness of Christ to the poor, benighted, outcast Jew. The state of the mission generally is in a prosperous condition, and presents many cheering prospects. A larger number have been received into the visible Church of Christ by baptism, than in any former year.

The brother of Mr. Ben Oziel has been converted, at the age of nineteen. He had been educated for a Rabbi, and had defied every attempt to win him to Christ; but the Word of God triumphed. He has now commenced preaching the gospel in Hebrew and Spanish. Income for the past year, £4,620 4s. 2d.

To Christians of all denominations an earnest appeal was made to aid the Society in its efforts to preach the gospel to the sons of Israel. A prayer meeting on behalf of the Jews is held at the office, on the third Wednesday of each month, at seven o'clock in the evening.

## BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

33, MOORGATE STREET, (ESTABLISHED 1797.)

The annual meeting was held on Monday evening, April 25th, in Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields. The object of this Society is to more widely diffuse the gospel of Christ amongst the populous and neglected districts of our own beloved country. The total number of missionaries and gantees assisted during the year is ninety-one, who are aided in village preaching, the distribution of tracts, and similar modes of usefulness by about 200 "fellow-helpers to the truth." The gospel is preached by them every week in 270 different places, to upwards of 20,000 of our countrymen. There are ninety-four Sabbath schools, 867 teachers, and 6,406 scholars; 405 persons have been added to the Mission churches during the year. Receipts, £3,865 7s. 3d. Expenditure, £4,269 7s. 7d.



## ANSWERS AND AWARD OF PRIZES FOR BIBLE QUESTIONS IN THE BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC, 1852.

1. "Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." 1 Tim. vi. 16.  
2. These two little countries were in the immediate neighbourhood of each other, therefore it is no wonder that in the relation of the miracle this variation should be found. They were territories of Perea; Gadara, the metropolis, gave name to one portion, & Gergesa, another city, to the other part.  
3. "And in the brooks of Arnon, and at the stream of the brooks that goeth down to the dwelling of Ar," from "The book of the wars of the Lord." Num. xxi. 14.  
4. The translation of Enoch.—5. The family of Ohad, of the tribe of Simeon. See Gen. xlii. 10; Num. xxvii. 12, 13, 14.

6. Judges vii. 8. Gideon's expedition against the Midianites, in which, out of 32,000 only 10,000 remained. "The fearful and faint hearted returned."  
7. Ruth iv. 7, 8. The transference of alienated property had in earlier times been confirmed by the proprietor plucking off his shoe, and handing it over to the new owner.  
8. Marriage and the Sabbath. Gen. ii. 3, 24.  
9. "Man dieth, and giveth up the ghost; and where is he?"  
10. The prophet Ezekiel, xxviii. 13. "The sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle."

11. 1 Kings xiii. 2. Josiah. And Agag, in Num. xxiv. 7 seems to be another.  
12. Edom. Gen. xxxvi. 31—9.  
13. Hosea xiv. 3. *We will not ride upon horses.*  
14. Genesis ii. 11, 12.  
15. 11 Chron. xxx. 17—20. Hezekiah admitted to the passover those who were not legally sanctified.  
16. See Proverbs xxv. 1. From the days of Solomon to the time of Isaiah. "The men of Hezekiah copied out."  
17. At eventide, Gen. i. 5. "The evening and the morning were the first day," not the morning and the evening. Darkness preceded light.

### COMPETITORS FOR PRIZES IN THE BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC.

The names of those whose answers arrived too late, are not inserted.

The first column of figures signifies the number of answers that are right; the second column, the number that are partly right.

Allan, James, Rendlesham ..	0 1
Allen, George, Chichester ..	12 1
Anderson, M. A., Caistor ..	2
Arnott, William, Beverley ..	1
Ashton, Thomas, Barnham ..	10 1
Aves, Jas., Hatfield Peverel ..	0 2
Balshaw, W. D., Fleetwood ..	11 0
Bardsley, John, Manchester ..	6 2
Barnett, Agnes, London ..	7 1
Barnett, Anna, London ..	8 1
Bathurst, J., Fulfield Berkeley ..	8 1
Bayley, Mary, Rye ..	9 1
Beale, William, Royston ..	6 1
Beasley, Henry, Uxbridge ..	11 1
Beechill, Joseph, Belfast ..	5 2
Bell, T., Newcastle-on-Tyne ..	11
Berdee, William, Finchley ..	2 3
Blair, Constance, Bath ..	1
Blair, Mary, Bath ..	1
Brian, Samuel, Newport ..	8
Brock, John, Glasgow ..	10 2
Bull, Robert, Newport ..	9 2
Burnett, D., Camden Town ..	9
Chambers, Michael, Durham ..	9
Channon, J., Ottery St. Mary ..	10 1
Chartier, Ellen, London ..	10 2
Clark, Joseph, Bicester ..	9 1
Clark, John, London ..	6 1
Clear, Walter, Shepreth ..	10
Cocher, Thomas, Cork ..	9 1
Clarkson, John, Bedford ..	8 3
Cooke, Anne, Cork ..	6 1
Cook, Walter, Colchester ..	6 1
Copper, Samuel, Gillingham ..	6 1
Craig, James, Blackwood ..	0 2
Cross, William, Stonehouse ..	4 3
Cross, John, Stonehouse ..	2 2
Cullum, John, Blandford ..	11 1
Cunningham, Mar., Glasgow ..	13
Cundagart, Eliza, Cork ..	3 2
Cuthbertson, John, Jedburgh ..	2 4
Daglish, Jos., Newc.-on-Tyne ..	4
Davies, Eliezer, Wheatley ..	12
Davies, John, Oswestry ..	4 1
Day, William, Peckham ..	9 1
Deinocour, Ann, Canterbury ..	9 1
Dewar, Robert, Hill-street ..	2 1
Domoney, George, Blandford ..	7 1
Duckworth, Henry, Liverpool ..	5 2
Durley, James, Aylesbury ..	9 2
Durley, Thos., Aylesbury ..	9 2
Edwards, Emily, Hastings ..	11
Edworthy, L., Weston-super-Mare ..	5 1
Emanuel, Thomas, London ..	6 1
Ferne, John, Farnham ..	9 2
Fisher, James, Norwich ..	8 1
Forster, Anne, Darlington ..	8
Forwood, Emily, Ramsgate ..	6 2
Forwalk, Eliza, Ramsgate ..	4 1
French, William, London ..	2
Fuller, Thomas, Norwich ..	12 1
Fuller, George, Norwich ..	12
Gammel, W., Camden Town ..	3 1
Garland, Sophia, Banbury ..	4 2
Garland, Ada, Banbury ..	5
Gibbs, William, London ..	2
Gould, Mary, London ..	7 2
Griffiths, David ..	9 1
Griffiths, C., New Bond-st. ..	6 1
Griffiths, Edward, Newtown ..	7 2
Griffiths, Edw., Hampstead ..	8
Habens, William, Brighton ..	8 2
Halliwel, James, Oldham ..	3 1
Harris, Eliz., Stalbridge ..	9 2
Harrison, Sarah, Derby ..	9 1
Harvey, Alfred, Colchester ..	5 2
Hewlett, Miriam, Maidstone ..	7
Hill, T., Blandford ..	10 1
Hill, Woodman, Fordington ..	10 1
Hill, William, Aylesford ..	6 2
Hillier, Sam., Southampton ..	7 1
Hitchcock, Chas., Ball's Pond ..	4 2
Hodgetts, Chas., Cradley ..	9 2
Hodgson, Sarah, Manchester ..	3
Holten, Mary, Drumcondra ..	9 2
Holloway, Lois, Leicester-sq. ..	3
Hurst, Mary, Aylesbury ..	5 3
Iles, Jeffrey, New Cross ..	6 3
Jaques, Robert, York ..	9 1
Jarvis, Maris ..	1 1
Jarvis, Harriet, Pembury ..	4 1
Jarvis, George, Pembury ..	1 1
Johnston, Emily, London ..	9 1
Jones, William, Colford ..	10
Judd, Anna, Tottenham ..	4 1
Kaines, Joseph, Ball's Pond ..	5

### FIRST PRIZE. COBBIN'S COMMENTARY.

SUSANNAH GRIGSBY, Moulsham, near Chelmsford.

#### SIX PRIZES OF 4s. 6d. EACH.

EMMA FITZGERALD, Cork.  
THOMAS STRICKLAND, Blandford.  
THOMAS MCOWEN, Cork.

ROBERT WALKER, Cork.  
JANET RUSSELL, Glasgow.  
T. W. WRIGHT, Limerick.

### MONTHLY QUESTIONS.

For the four best answers, four prizes are given monthly, on the following

#### CONDITIONS.

1. Answers to be given from the Bible only, and the passages to be written out in full.
2. Successful competitors to give proof, if required, that the answers are their own.
3. Answers to be sent by the last day in the month, to the Band of Hope Review Office, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

#### First Series.

COMPETITORS to be under eighteen years of age.

PRIZES:—First, 2s.—Second, 1s. 6d.—Third, 1s.—Fourth, 6d.

#### ANSWERS AND AWARD—MARCH.

67. Apelles. "Approved in Christ." Romans xvi. 10.
68. "With the ancient is wisdom," &c. Job xii. 12.
69. An oak or terebinth. Joshua xxiv. 25—28.
70. David, when speaking to Solomon of Barzillai. 1 Kings ii. 7.
71. Hebrews iii. 1, and with great propriety, as in the character of Messiah, he is emphatically the *son of God*.
72. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Isaiah i. 3.

The Prizes are awarded to

THOMAS HENRY, Marazion, Cornwall.  
HENRY DUCKWORTH, Canning Street, Liverpool.  
ELIZA HAZELL, Dulwich, Surrey.

We are unable to select a competitor for the fourth prize, the above only being quite correct.

#### QUESTIONS—JUNE.

83. Which of the kings of Judah is in one passage called "the king of Israel?"
84. Explain the fact that the oldest man died before his father.
85. Where is it recorded of four sons, who had not a numerous progeny, that they were *therefore* reckoned as only one family?
86. What were the *three-tenths* that every Israelite had to pay during the time of the kings?
87. Where is the word "*day*" used to denote the period of the Hebrews' pilgrimage in the wilderness?
88. What peculiar name is given by one of the prophets, to the rooms in which Egyptian idolatry was practised in Jerusalem?

#### Second Series.

COMPETITORS to be under eleven years of age.

PRIZES:—First, 1s. 6d.—Second, 1s.—Third, 9d.—Fourth, 6d.

#### ANSWERS AND AWARD—MARCH.

49. Genesis xix. 29. Lot and Sodom.
50. Numbers xi. 5. "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick."
51. Milcah. Genesis xxiv. 22.
52. Genesis xi. 28. In Ur of the Chaldees.
53. Exodus xv. 10. "They sank as lead in the mighty waters."
54. Genesis i. 12. "And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind."

The Prizes are awarded to

JAMES MOULTON, St. George's Terrace, Ipswich.  
WILLIAM CLARK, Portland Place, Devonport.  
SUSANNAH THOMPSON, Bridge Street, Cork.  
SUSAN ROBINSON, Framlingham, Suffolk.

The above are entitled to the award on account of age. The answers from the following were also correct:—ELIZABETH SLADE—EPHRAIM BRADLEY—ANNA IDGAS—WILLIAM CROSS—CATHERINE NEWTON—CHARLES IVORY—JOSHUA ROOT—ELIZABETH STEWARD—CHARLOTTE BRADY—ANN BUR, or BEER—JOHN MAKIN—ALICE REEVE—EMILY WHITE—FLORENCE LING.

#### QUESTIONS—JUNE.

61. Which of the tribes is omitted in the blessing of Moses?
62. Name a *good* man who could not be tempted with the sinful examples of a whole world, yet began the example of a new sin of his own.
63. Who proposed the first Scripture riddle?
64. How many arks are mentioned in Scripture, and of what materials were they formed?
65. Name the first person who in Scripture is called a Hebrew.
66. What is the foundation of all wisdom?

#### DIRECTIONS.

*First.* Always to read and attend to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not written out in full.  
*Secondly.* The name and address not to be written on the answers, but a short verse placed at the head of the answers, and the same written upon a separate piece of paper, with the name, age, address, and if a Sabbath school scholar.

*Thirdly.* TO WRITE AS DISTINCTLY AS possible, and in no case to write across. To use the common size letter paper. We should advise many of our young friends to rule their paper, to leave a small space between each answer—not to write out the question, but only the number—after the number, let the reference follow.

*Fourthly.* In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWER THE QUESTION. We admire the judgment some of our young friends shew in this respect.

*Fifthly.* NOT TO WRITE ABOUT ANY THING ELSE with the Bible Questions, but send any other communication separately. Also, to write outside the letter, "*Answers to Bible Questions.*"

*Sixthly.* When the award is given, successful competitors should write immediately to the Band of Hope Review Office, stating the book they wish, and how it is to be conveyed to them.

### LIST OF COMPETITORS CONTINUED.

Kennedy, W., Newc.-on-Tyne ..	2 1
Kent, Edwin, Blandford ..	11
Knight, Thomas, Taunton ..	10 1
Law, Elizabeth, Dublin ..	9
Lawes, W. G., Newbury ..	9
Le Bert, George, Pentonville ..	9
Ledgard, George, Miffield ..	2 2
Lewis, Ann, Ross ..	3 3
Ling, Flora, Weston-super-Mare ..	5 1
Linklater, Robert, Shadwell ..	5 2
Lord A., Hershham ..	0 0
Lysle, Robert, Ewart Lodge ..	3 2
McGregor, Hy., Drumcondra ..	6 3
McLean, James, Glasgow ..	11 1
McLean, Catherine, Glasgow ..	11 2
McMillan, Jas., Kirkintilloch ..	1
McMillan, Mary, Kirkintilloch ..	2
McPherson, Hugh, Glasgow ..	8 2
Major, Eben, Stroud ..	0 0
Makin, Robert, Huddersfield ..	6 2
Mayne, Thomas, Belfast ..	9 2
Merrick, John, Douglas ..	12
Miller, John, Caithness ..	9 2
Miller, Amelia, Cork ..	8
Mitchell, Ellen, Leicester ..	4 2
Mosley, Lydia, Cork ..	9
Mortimer, J. H., Not's Square ..	10 2
Munro, Jane, Caithness ..	10 1
Morgan, Joseph, Clapham ..	6 7
Mureh, E., Ottery St. Mary ..	8
Nagle, John, London ..	9 1
Newton, William, Frome ..	9
Nichols, Mary, Ramsgate ..	4 2
Nott, Wm., Malvern Link ..	1 1
Nurse, J., London ..	7 1
Pearce, Jane, Cambernoe ..	0 5
Pearless, W., East Grinstead ..	11
Pearless, J., East Grinstead ..	6 1
Feeling, Ada, Ipswich ..	12
Pegles, Esau, Stroud ..	1 1
Perry, Lucy, London ..	8 2
Phillips, James, Cork ..	14
Piper, Edmund, Bocking End ..	4 3
Powell, Edward, Blandford ..	11
Purkiss, Henry, Braintree ..	6 2
Radcliffe, Stephen, Isle of Man ..	12
Ramage, Jamina, Glasgow ..	12 1
Richardson, William, East ..	12
Grinstead ..	12
Richardson, Wm., Coleford ..	10
Rider, Mary Ann, London ..	7 1
Ring, Rebecca, Cork ..	10 1
Rison, Charles, Trowse Eye ..	8 2
Roberts, John, London ..	12 1
Roberts, J. H., Stratford ..	8 1
Roberts, Sarah, Stratford ..	6 2
Robson, Edward, Claypath ..	11
Ross, Wm., Newlands ..	13
Shakey, John, Cork ..	12
Snead, Samuel, Miffield ..	9 2
She-russ, Wm., Sheerness ..	7 1
Sheffield, Alfred, Steepney ..	6 1
Sims, Fanny, Clapham ..	3 2
Slade, Ann, Castle Cary ..	6 1
Slepp, Emma, Devonport ..	8 1
Sloan, Wm., Newton-breda ..	4 1
Smart, Henry, Yutton ..	8 1
Smith, Frank, Blandford ..	12 1
Smith, Jane, Glasgow ..	11 1
Smith, John, Baldoek ..	5 1
Smith, M. A., Stratford Mills ..	8 2
Smith, James, Bicester ..	12
Smith, Amelia, Grantham ..	10 1
Spicer, Louis, Brixton ..	4 2
Squibb, Joseph, Blandford ..	10 1
Sucey, M. A., Castle Cary ..	6 1
Stransow, Sarah, Uxbridge ..	2 1
Sturkey, William, Cork ..	12 2
Stottford, John, Cork ..	12 2
Sweeney, R., Bethnal Green ..	11 1
Tate, William, York ..	1 3
Tamblin, Eliza, Ramsgate ..	6 2
Thomas, Henry, Marazion ..	10 1
Truscott, M. Maria, Launceston ..	9 2
Vickers, James, Skibbereen ..	13
Wagner, James, Cork ..	8
Walls, John, Laxton ..	9
Walker, Francis, Sheffield ..	12 2
Warwick, H., Newton-breda ..	8 1
Wetherell, John, Reading ..	6 3
Whitby, Harriet, Ipswich ..	12
White, Emily, Cermarthen ..	5 1
White, Mar. ann, Cork ..	6 1
White, Mary Ann, Pembury ..	3
Whitehead, Mark, Cryuden ..	5 1
Wiggins, Marg., Stockwell ..	5 2
Williams, Francis, Salisbury ..	7
Wilson, Robert, Stirling ..	5 2
Wood, John, Dalninghoo ..	7 1
Woodman, Mary, London ..	10 2
Woods, Wm., Liverpool ..	7 1
Wray, J., Darlington ..	7 1
Yellowfies, Marg., Stirling ..	9 2
Yellowfies, Robert, Stirling ..	8 2
Yellowfies, David, Edinburgh ..	10 1





### WILLIE AND THE THUNDER CLOUD.

Willie had now been two days at his cousin's cottage, when grandfather Gregory promised him, that next morning he should go into the hay-field, if fine. Well, the morning came, and Willie arose very early; but think how he was disappointed, when he saw the whole sky covered with thick black clouds. "Ah!" said Willie, "no hay-making for me to-day;" but this was not the worst, for the storm increased—the lightning flashed; and when the clouds had passed away, Willie heard with grief, that a boy and two sheep had been killed with the lightning.

On the third day after this, when the face of the sky seemed bright and smiling, old Gregory said to his grandson, "I am going to the old mill yonder, and will Willie go with me?" This was good news, the little boy's eyes sparkled with joy: he seized his cap, and in less than twenty minutes he was standing gazing at the wheel of the mill, which a large stream of water was turning rapidly round. This was a happy hour for Willie. The miller's boys took him into every part of the building, and a fine game they had among the many sacks of flour there, as Willie's jacket clearly proved. Play was over. Grandfather Gregory had ended his business with the miller, and with Willie by his side, was looking very anxiously at a heavy thunder cloud which had gathered unobserved, and was now threatening to burst with a tremendous crash over their heads. Willie turned pale: his heart beat, his trembling hand was soon slipped into his grandfather's; and the recollection of the boy and sheep that were killed with the lightning came powerfully over his mind. Old Gregory looked thoughtful, and then repeated in a low voice these lines,—

"Not a single shaft can hit,  
Unless the God of love see fit."

"A black cloud that," said the miller; "you had better stop and see whether it blows over."

"Thank you," said Gregory, "I think we had better;" and so saying, he turned back with the miller to have a little more talk with him, while Willie sat quietly with his companions, wondering whether the cloud would pass away or not. Another hour was thus spent, when, to Willie's great joy, the thick black cloud was so entirely scattered, that not a part of it was left to cover the clear blue sky, which smiled peacefully over the fresh mown grass, and the waving fields of corn.

"Come, Willie," said the grandfather, "let us be gone," and after a hasty exchange of good morning and good bye, old Gregory and his grandson were tracing their way home.

"What made you afraid of the thunder cloud?" inquired Gregory.

"Because of the lightning it contained, and the danger there is at such times," said Willie.

"Can you tell me, in what verse in the 44th chapter of Isaiah, sin is compared to such a cloud?"

"No," was the reply, "but I remember a text I learned the other morning, which was this, 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins.'"

"Well," continued the old man, "children, you know, sin: sometimes they do not speak the truth; or they are disobedient, or they are passionate, or they break the sabbath, or are trifling in God's house; or forget to pray; or have no love for the kind Jesus, who bled on the cross for miserable sinners. Now such sins as these go to make up that black cloud which hangs over many a little child; and every time they commit the least sin, they make that cloud so much the thicker."

"But it was not the cloud," interrupted Willie, "that made me afraid. I trembled at the lightning it contained."

"Just so," said the grandfather, "that is the very thing I wish you to understand. It is sin which makes the thick cloud, and then God's displeasure, like the lightning, is ready every moment to burst from this cloud of iniquity, and destroy both body and soul in hell. But, Willie, why were you not afraid of this cloud while you were playing with the miller's boys?"

"Because, grandfather, I did not see it,—I did not know it was there then."

"It is thus, my boy, with many children's souls. A heavy thunder cloud of sin is over their heads: but they are not afraid of it, because they do not see it; and they do not see it, because they are so amused with their pleasures and games. But when God's good Spirit shows any little boy the danger his soul is in, then, Willie, like you he will tremble, and his heart will beat, and he will turn pale with fear. Oh!" continued old Gregory, "but what a mercy, when God scatters our sins, as he scattered that cloud just now. Lift up your eyes, see how blue the sky is; no cloud there now, Willie. It was God who did this. I could not have done it; nor, if I tried, could I bring the cloud back again. Thus, my boy, shall it be with you. If you see your sins, if you are sorry for them, and if you beg God to take them away, then, Willie, will the kind God blot out, as a thick cloud, your transgressions, so that your sins shall never be found again; and he will bless you, and lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and cause his face to shine; and you shall have a bright sky above you."

And now, dear little reader, I cannot tell you more about Gregory and Willie at this time; but let me ask you, Is there a thick black cloud over your soul? Are you making this cloud thicker every day by wilful sin? Do you see your danger, from the lightning of God's wrath? Or, are you one of those happy children who can say, "Thou hast blotted out, as a thick cloud, my transgressions, and as a cloud my sins?"



### GREAT GEORGE & LITTLE GEORGE.

The good principles of peace were, probably, never more pleasingly brought before royalty than during the reign of King George III. Mary Knowles, the quakeress, (wife of Dr. Knowles), was a favourite at the Palace on account of her skill in needlework. On one occasion she took her little George, five years old, with her, and presented him to the King, who inquired his name. On being answered, "George," His Majesty pleasantly bowed.

Before leaving, the mother proposed, that with the permission of the King and Queen, little George should recite some verses she had composed for him. He then repeated the following stanzas, at which the King, Queen, and royal family laughed most heartily.—

Here, Royal pair, your little quaker stands,  
Obscurely longing to salute your hands;  
Young as he is, he ventures to intrude,  
And lisps a parent's love and gratitude.

Though with no awful services I'm come,  
Forbidden to follow Mars' dire thund'ring drum;  
My faith no warlike liberty hath given,  
Since 'peace on earth' sweet angels sung in heaven.

Yet I will serve my prince as years increase,  
And cultivate the finest arts of PEACE.  
As royal subjects, then, great George, by thee,  
Let genuine quakers still be protected be.

Though on me, as a nursling, mother doats,  
I must, I will, shake off my petticoats;  
I must, I will, assume the man this day,  
I've seen the King and Queen! Huzza! huzza!

From Select Miscellanies.



### "NAY," JOHN!

"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's what you must say, John,  
Whenever you are ask'd to drink, or you'll be led astray, John.

Say that tho' you are not old,  
Nor yet so very wise, John,  
Yet what is right, and good, and true,  
You're old enough to prize, John.  
Let the people drink who will,  
But when they come to you, John,  
Boldly say, "I've sign'd the pledge,  
And mean to keep it too," John.

CHORUS.—"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's, &c.

Think, John! Think, John! What a thing is drink, John!

From bad to worse, it mostly leads to death and ruin's brink, John!

You know your uncle Robert had  
As nice a house as mine, John;  
But, years ago, you know as well  
He swallowed it in wine, John.  
His trade is dead, his shop is shut,  
'Twas drink that made him fail, John;  
He started with a single glass,  
And now he's in the jail, John.

CHORUS.—"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's, &c.

Use,\* John! Use, John! winks at this abuse, John!  
And when you recommend the pledge, will patch up some excuse, John!

Many drink because they're cold,  
And some because they're hot, John;  
Many drink because they're old,  
And some because they're not, John;  
Many drink because they're thin,  
And some because they're stout, John;  
Many drink because they're in,  
And some because they're out, John.

CHORUS.—"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's, &c.

"Nay," John! "Nay," John! whatever they may say, John,

Never touch, and never taste, but always answer, "Nay," John!

If they ask you only just  
To taste a little drop, John,  
Say you would, if you knew where  
The "little drop" would stop, John.  
Tell them that by gin and rum,  
By wine, and malt, and hops, John,  
That life and health, and peace and fame,  
Are drown'd in "little drops," John.

CHORUS.—"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's, &c.

O, John! O, John! I'll tell you what I know, John;  
A drunken man, in all the world, has most of grief and woe, John!

Then on the land, or on the sea,  
In seasons hot or cold, John,  
Keep the pledge when you are young,  
And keep it when you're old, John.  
Let the people drink who will,  
But when they come to you, John,  
Boldly say, "I've signed the pledge  
And mean to keep it too," John!

CHORUS.—"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's what you must say, John,

Whenever you are ask'd to drink, or you'll be led astray, John.

Hull, May, 1852.

JOHNSON BARKER.

\* Custom or habit.





"Let the oppressed go free."

**THE REASON WHY.**  
BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I SAW a little girl  
With half uncovered form,  
And wondered why she wandered thus  
Amid the winter storm;  
They said her mother drank of that  
Which took her sense away,  
And so she let her children go  
Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man  
To prison for his crime,  
Where solitude and punishment,  
And toil divide the time;  
And as they forced him through its gate,  
Unwillingly along,  
They told me 'twas intemperance  
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep,  
As if her heart would break;  
They said her husband drank too much  
Of what he should not take.  
I saw an unfrequented mound,  
Where weeds and brambles wave,  
They said no tear had fallen there,  
It was a drunkard's grave.

They said these were not all  
The risks th' intemperate run;  
For there was danger lest the soul  
Be evermore undone.  
Since WATER then is pure and sweet,  
And beautiful to see,  
And since it cannot do us harm,  
It is the drink for me.

**LYING.**  
BY A VICAR.

Little children must not lie;  
God can every thought espy;  
You are present to his view,  
And he sees whate'er you do.

In your Bible you have read  
How he struck the liars dead;  
O! how snocking, if he do  
Just the very same to you!

With a lie no fault conceal,  
But the simple truth reveal;  
Then your friends and parents may  
Trust to every word you say.

Pray to God to pardon this,  
And what else you've done amiss;  
Pray that you may lie no more,  
But his heavenly name adore.  
*From The Children's Friend.*

Abstinence strengthens the memory,  
clears the apprehension, and gives reason  
its full scope.

A cheerful countenance is generally the  
index of a good heart.

A child is the beginning of what he will  
be; an old man the remains of what he  
has been.

**GREAT JUVENILE GATHERING**  
IN  
**EXETER HALL.**

Exeter Hall has been the scene of many an important and overflowing meeting, but it was probably never so crowded within, and besieged without, as on the 16th of February, 1852. The various "Bands of Hope" having been invited by the committee of the London Temperance League to form an aggregate meeting on this afternoon, the various streets leading to the Hall, presented, even before four o'clock, a most animating sight. Long processions of neatly attired children, headed by handsome banners, bearing the titles of their various "Bands," or "schools," kept pouring into the spacious passages of the building. By a quarter past four the large Hall was "Full." The committee felt somewhat embarrassed by such an unexpected attendance, and immediately applied for the use of the Lower Hall. This was



filled in a few moments. The rush now became somewhat fearful. The staircases and passages were still full. Exeter Street was crowded with young and old, all clamorous to be admitted. In the Strand, nearly one thousand children, who had been brought in vans from Poplar, Stratford, Stepney, Chelsea, and other places in the suburbs, had the mortification of hearing the drivers ordered to "drive back—there is no room."

By dint of perseverance we succeeded in gaining admission, and a seat on the platform. The sight was indeed exciting. Six thousand young immortals, tightly packed together, filled the spacious area. Joy beamed in every eye. To feel that so many of the London youth were being trained up as abstainers from intoxicants and tobacco, could not but inspire a feeling of hope for the future.  
*(For continuation, see next page.)*

**THE IDLE DROP.**  
BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

As the little rain-drop clung  
To the bosom of the cloud,  
Very sadly thus it spake,  
While it well nigh wept aloud:—

"Such a tiny drop as I,  
Pray thee, do not let me go;  
My humble work were nothing  
On the large round earth below.

"If the tender blades are parched,  
Or the corn is very dry,  
There is nothing I can do,  
Such a tiny drop as I.

"I cannot swell a river,  
Or fill a lily's bell,  
And I surely should be lost  
In the forest or the dell.

"I pray thee, let me tarry  
In the blue and sunny sky,  
A sporting mid the sunbeams,  
Such a tiny drop as I."

"I know you are a little drop,"  
The cloud it whispered low,  
"And yet how sad a thing 'twould be  
If every drop said so!

"You cannot clothe the meadows wide  
In fresh and living green,  
Each has its bit of work to do,  
The little blades between.

"You cannot form the smallest rill,  
Or swell the foaming tide—  
But as you flow on, drop by drop,  
Together, side by side."

In the great and glorious works  
The mighty Lord has done,  
'Tis the patient, slow endeavour  
Of every little one.

Each has its humble sphere to fill,  
\* Each has its lot assigned,—  
Each can its little burden bear  
With firm and willing mind.

**AN EASY LESSON IN CHEMISTRY.**

Some Water and Oil  
One day had a broil,  
As down in a glass they were dropping;  
And would not unite,  
But continued to fight,  
Without any prospect of stopping.

Some Pearlash o'erheard,  
And quick as a word,  
He jumped in the midst of the clashing;  
When all three agreed,  
And united with speed,  
And SOAP was created for washing.

A detractor has the look of a rogue, and  
yet he is a greater rogue than he appears  
to be.



Prior to the commencement of the meeting, the numerous banners were unfolded. This gave quite a gay appearance to the scene. Some of them were remarkably tasteful, reflecting credit upon both designer and gilder. Those which seemed to attract the most attention belonged to the "Fitzroy," "Marylebone and Paddington," "Westminster," "Kensington," "Hammersmith," "Hawkstone Hall," "Phoenix," "Enon Chapel," "St. Pancras," "Dauntless," "Star," &c Bands of Hope. Others bore the mottoes, "Our Hope is in the Young," "Train up a child in the way, &c." "The young shall be saved from the destroyer, drink," &c.

The chair was taken at about a quarter to five by J. S. Buckingham, Esq., whose venerable appearance was the signal for a loud and long burst of applause, such as none but juveniles can give.

The chairman called upon the Rev. W. Robinson, M.A., (Incumbent of Christ's Church, Chelsea, and Chaplain to the Earl of Plymouth) to engage in prayer. We believe that many hearts responded to the petitions which on this occasion were presented to the throne of grace.

A delightful temperance melody was now sung. The effect produced by the union of six thousand youthful voices was electrical. Those outside the doors could no longer be restrained, and the back part of the Hall became so densely crowded, that many of the poor children were placed in

eminent peril. It is much to be regretted that the committee did not arrange to admit by ticket, or close the outer doors in time, so as to prevent the crowding on the staircases. They, however, had no expectation that the Band of Hope movement had taken such deep root in the metropolis. For a future occasion they will be better prepared.

The quiet of the meeting, thus unfortunately broken, was never fully regained, so that the addresses were very imperfectly heard.

The speakers were Mr. P. Sinclair, of Edinburgh; Dr. Burns, the Rev. W. Robinson, M.A., and the Rev. C. H. Bateman, Editor of the Bible Class Magazine, and Mr. T. B. Smithies.

Mr. Sinclair gave a short account of the great juvenile movement in Edinburgh, which has been carried on under the auspices of John Hope, Esq., who, we understand has expended, during the last twelve months, the munificent sum of £2,000 in the promotion of temperance in Scotland.

Mr. Sinclair related several very pleasing instances of the reformation of poor drunkards, instrumentally, by the efforts of the young. He also narrated some deeply interesting cases of the resistance of young abstainers to temptations to vice, and urged upon Parents and Sunday school teachers the importance of early training.

The Rev. C. H. Bateman read the Address which had been prepared for presentation to his Royal

Highness the Prince of Wales.—See page 3.

Many and sincere were the expressions of hope, that, should the youthful Prince ever become King of England, he may reign over a sober and happy people, and, like the present King of Sweden, place his own name at the head of the Temperance Roll.

The address to the Prince of Wales was proposed, seconded, and carried with applause. It was beautifully written by Mr. E. Griffiths on vellum, and is to be presented to the Prince, with a copy of Reid's "Temperance Cyclopædia," elegantly bound in morocco and gilt, with a suitable inscription inside the cover.

The heated atmosphere of the room rendered it desirable to close the meeting early. At a quarter past six, therefore, the National Anthem was enthusiastically sung by the crowded audience, and the Rev. W. Robinson having pronounced the benediction, the various "Bands," one by one, slowly retired from the Hall.

The meeting in the Lower Hall was presided over by J. Guest, Esq., of Rotherham. The same melodies were sung, and the address to the Prince of Wales was read and adopted, as in the large Hall. Excellent addresses were delivered by Mr. W. Horsell, Mr. Passmore Edwards, Mr. J. H. Esterbrooke, and Mr. H. Cole.

In consequence of the extraordinary pressure on this interesting occasion, and the difficulty in preventing the children of the various schools from



BAND OF HOPE MEETING IN EXETER HALL.

being mixed together, it was feared that some would be injured, or lost. We, however, are glad to state, that so far as we have been able to learn, no serious accident befel any one of the thousands of joyful juvenile abstainers, who had to be conducted through the busy thoroughfares of London, to their respective homes.

To the thousands who were unable to gain admission, we would say that there is to be another and much greater meeting, and that all of them may secure admission to it, if they will. We urge them to make immediate application. Do not delay a single day. The beauty of the place will be such as you never before beheld. The singing such as you never before heard. The joy such as you never before felt. To the six thousand who gained admission to Exeter Hall, we wish to say,—

#### LINES BY THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,  
I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung;  
And proud of health, of freedom vain,  
Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain;  
Concluding in those hours of glee,  
That all the world was made for me.

But when the day of trial came;  
When sickness shook this trembling frame;

Do not suppose that because you were more fortunate than your schoolfellows outside, that therefore you will be admitted to this greatest of all meetings. You may be very faithful to your temperance principles, but this will not secure you admission. Oh, no! There must be something more than this; your names must be written in a greater and better Book than the temperance roll, or you will be no better. You must have on new clothes and a beautiful robe, or you will not be allowed to enter. The robe is so valuable, that even

#### TEN THOUSAND POUNDS

will not purchase it. Perhaps you say, "Oh, I am very poor, I have not any money, I cannot go to the meeting." Yes, you may! Is not this joyful news? Dear young readers, there is not only a

When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,  
And I could dance and sing no more;  
It then occurred, how sad 't would be,  
Were this world only made for me.

A divided family can no more stand than a divided commonwealth.

Affairs must suffer when recreation is preferred to business.

The generality of what the world calls friends, are but attending shadows, which accompany us while the sun shines; but quit us when it goes down.

robe, but a crown ready prepared for you. A kind and loving Friend of children has purchased them for you. You may have them on certain conditions, without paying a farthing.

Do you want to know where this great meeting is to be held? What book it is in which your names are to be entered? What kind of a robe this is? Who the kind friend is who has purchased it for you? And the conditions on which it can be obtained?

Take then your Bibles. Turn to the 22nd chapter of the Revelations; 3rd chapter of 2nd Epistle of Peter; 1st chapter of 1st Epistle of James; 61st chapter of Isaiah; 2nd chapter of Hebrews; and 3rd chapter of John. Read these chapters carefully and prayerfully over, and the above questions, and many others, will be delightfully answered.

#### BE CIVIL, BOYS.

A gentleman travelling, on a hot summer's day, requested a boy to draw a bucket of water for his horse, as it was difficult for him to dismount. The lad promptly seized the bucket, and soon brought a supply of water. The traveller was pleased with the cheerful temper and courteous manner of the youth, and inquired his name. Some time after, having occasion for a clerk, he sent for him, and gave him a profitable and responsible place, from which he rose to the chief magistracy of —.



### WE SHALL PLUCK THE ROSES, AND EAT THE FRUIT.

A blacksmith, in one of our villages, had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was at one time fond of the social glass, but was led to join the temperance society. About three months after, he observed his wife one morning busily employed planting rose bushes and fruit trees.

"Mary," said he, "I have owned this cot for five years, and yet I have never known you before care to improve and ornament it in this manner."

"Indeed," replied the smiling wife, "I had no heart to do it until you joined the Temperance Society—I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that, should I do it, some strangers would pluck the roses, and eat the fruit. Now I know, that, with the blessing of Providence, this cot will be ours, and that we and our children may expect to enjoy its produce. We shall pluck the roses, and eat the fruit."

E. G. U.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."



JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

Chairman of the First Band of Hope Meeting held in Exeter Hall.

### THE SHEEP'S VOICE.

RECOGNITION OF VOICE BETWEEN THE EWE AND THE LAMB.—The acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. An ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand, all bleating at the same time. Besides, the distinction of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and the lamb, who amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things that have ever amused me more than a sheep shearing. We put the whole flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then set out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice, it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but, instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma, which it left an hour, or a few hours ago, it meets a poor, naked, shivering— a most deplorable looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight—it returns—flies, and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times before the reconciliation is fairly made up.

The Ettrick Shepherd.

## ADDRESS TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

(AS ADOPTED AT THE BAND OF HOPE MEETING HELD IN EXETER HALL, FEBRUARY 16TH, 1852.)

### MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS—



We who now take the liberty of addressing your Royal Highness, are part of a very large body of Juveniles, sections of which, amounting together to many thousands, are formed in almost every part of the United Kingdom, under the title of "BANDS OF HOPE."

We have been called together in Exeter Hall, London, this sixteenth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, by the Committee of the London Temperance League, that we may receive encouragement in the practice we have adopted—namely, entire abstinence from every kind of intoxicating drinks.

We have been induced to adopt this principle for reasons which we now humbly submit to your Royal Highness:—

Our parents and friends, to whom we look up for instruction and advice, have assured us, that many thousands of children are without wholesome food, decent clothing, education, and moral training, in consequence of the drunken habits of their parents;—that thousands of parents are brought every year to untimely graves because of their use of intoxicating drinks, leaving their children unprotected orphans;—that the use of strong drinks is the chief source of the disease, poverty, crime, and misery, which prevail to so great an extent in this country, causing hospitals, lunatic asylums, poor-houses, prisons, and penitentiaries to be filled to a considerable extent, with the unhappy victims of intemperance—and that the enormous sum of upwards of seventy-five millions sterling is annually spent in the United Kingdom, upon various intoxicating drinks, besides the great cost incurred by accidents, fires, and losses by sea and land, occasioned by the use of those drinks.

We have been assured, further, by our parents and instructors, that there is no certain security against the vice of intoxication short of *total and entire abstinence* from the drinks which cause it. We dread the idea of becoming drunkards, and as we have been assured that strong drinks are *not at all necessary*, but on the contrary, injurious, we have, by the kind advice and permission of our parents, formed the solemn determination, in dependence upon Divine assistance, henceforth to abstain from every kind of intoxicating liquor. And your Royal Highness will be doubtless pleased to hear, that our numbers are continually increasing. We thus hope to grow up sober, industrious, and happy; a comfort to our parents and friends; useful members of society; and loyal and devoted subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. We believe that the righteousness which exalteth a nation can never prevail while the desolating influences of strong drinks are felt.

It is our earnest hope that the life of your Royal Highness may long be spared, and that the example of your Royal Highness may be a standing rebuke, not only to intemperance, but to every practice by which evil is inflicted on our beloved country. We pray also, most earnestly, that Divine Providence will be pleased to grant long life and prosperity to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria; to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and to all the members of your Royal Highness's illustrious family.

Should Providence permit us to live to become the men and women of future years, it will be among the most pleasing recollections of our youthful days that your Royal Highness has graciously received this our humble address; and thus encouraged us in the course on which we have entered.

Signed on behalf of six thousand children and young persons, total abstainers from intoxicating drinks, present this day in Exeter Hall, London.

JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, Chairman.

### WHO SLEW HIM?

### OR DEATH BY THE ROAD SIDE.

We are no enemies, we trust, to those daily tokens of kindness and regard, which when shewn by man to his fellow creatures, tend to cheer the heart, and lessen many of the sorrows of life. There are, however, some modes of giving expression to the *kind intentions* of the heart, which are very injurious. Few are more hurtful in their effects, than the prevalent custom of offering liquor.

A fine, healthy looking, and trustworthy waggoner was sent by his master with a valuable load of goods to —. He had instructions to purchase various groceries and other goods, and bring them back with him. At one place where he had to call, the bottle and glass were soon placed on the counter, and he was invited to help himself. The waggoner, however, declined taking anything, saying he wanted to be home quickly.



KILLED BY MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

"Come, come," said the shopman, "take a little, the night is sharp, a little will do you good, it will keep out the cold." "I'd rather not, thank you, sir," replied the man. "Oh, yes you must, I'm sure you need something, the night is frosty." As he said this, he poured out some of the contents into the glass, and handing it to the man, he added, with an air of politeness, "There now, drink it off, it will keep you nicely warm." The goods were placed in the waggon, the driver took his place, and the horses were soon in motion. Before going a couple of miles, the man became so affected by the liquor, that he fell fast asleep. The waggon knocking against the root of a tree, caused the poor fellow to be thrown out. He was unable to help himself, and in a moment the heavy wheels passed over him. When lifted up, poor fellow, he was found to be DEAD!



## THE PIE AND PORTER SHOPS.\*

"Mamma," said little Margaret King, one evening as soon as she got home from the Juvenile Temperance meeting, "Mamma, what harm can there be in going to a pie shop?" Father is so sorry to-night, because Richard Thoughtless was in one, getting pies and ginger beer. "Is it breaking the pledge, mamma?" "Well, Margaret," replied her mother, "I am sorry for Richard too, he may not have broken his pledge, but it was wrong for him to go in and sit where intoxicating drink is sold. You remember what you read last night in Proverbs iv., 14, 'Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.' Do you think Richard could have kneeled down by himself in the pie shop, and prayed, 'Lead me not into temptation?' But here comes Mr. Jones with Father, he will tell you something about them." Mr. Jones was an universal favorite with children, for he seldom spoke unkindly to them; he was so regular too, in his attendance at the Juvenile Temperance meetings, and told such nice little stories, that many of the boys and girls loved to call him by the endearing name of "Father Jones." No wonder then, that Margaret King was glad to see him come in with her father, or that she placed her little stool at his feet, and seated herself beside him.

The conversation soon turned upon Richard Thoughtless and his companions, who had lost the friendship of many, and the good opinion of all, by going to pie shops with boys who smoke tobacco and drink intoxicating liquor. Little Margaret was not unheeded during the conversation, for "Father Jones" took her on his knee and told her the following story.

"When I left school many years ago, I went almost every evening in summer time, to have a game at cricket on Glasgow Green. I lived



near the Green then, and the boys in that part of the city were so fond of this game, that I remember quite well assembling to play as early as three o'clock in the morning. On Saturday afternoons we had plenty of time, and were often tired by eight or nine o'clock, but as we did not go home till ten o'clock, some of the boys agreed one night to go to the porter shop for pies, after play was over. They went, and as bad habits are easily formed, they soon went a second time. Being an abstainer, I refused to go, but I always heard how the rest spent their time; after having gone two or three times, they commenced getting a little porter with their pies, and one night the eldest boy, John Dick, bought a glass of whisky, and drank it before the rest. Alas! it was his second stage on the road to ruin. It would take too much time to tell you just now, how soon he learned to love strong drink, and how often he treated his companions to pies and porter, and took them to the cheap theatres, called the 'shows'; but the result was, that the pocket money which his father allowed him was soon spent, and he stole goods from his employer. He was detected by a shopkeeper to whom he offered some of them for sale, and was sent to the police office, tried before a magistrate, and sentenced to imprisonment for thirty days." Mr. Jones could proceed no further, thoughts of the miseries that strong drink has caused, came crowding upon his mind, and the tears trickled down his cheeks. Little Margaret King looked up at him anxiously, and asked if it was the pie and porter shop that led to John Dick's ruin? "Yes," said he, "I believe that if it had not been for the pie and porter shop, John might still have been sober, honest, and industrious."

\* In Scotland, licences to sell intoxicating liquors are granted even to pastry bakers and confectioners. No wonder that the young are led astray, and that whisky drinking is so prevalent in that country.



## THE OLIVE LEAF MOVEMENT.

## Dialogue No. 2.

BY COUSIN KATE.

Harry. "I think, dear mamma, that you went to your Olive Leaf Meeting last night, so will you tell me what you heard?"

Mamma. "Yes, my dear boy, I did attend our meeting last evening, and was highly gratified with the information then received, for our Dove is now in Italy! Arrangements have been completed with the Editor of one of the leading journals in Turin, which you know is the capital of Sardinia, for the monthly insertion of our Olive Leaves. Thus we shall be able to whisper words of love and peace to some of the benighted inhabitants of sunny Italy."

Harry. "Oh I am so glad, mamma, for you have frequently told me how much you pitied the Italians, because they were so ignorant."

Mamma. "Indeed, my love, they are much to be pitied. The generality of them never read the Bible for themselves. Let us hope that our 'seed thoughts of peace and brotherhood' may be made a blessing to them. And now I must tell you that Elihu Burritt has formed four new circles, viz., Cardiff, Chester, Salisbury, and Winchester; the three last are cathedral towns, therefore, we hope they will be very important ones. All of us, my dear Harry, who are longing for that blissful time when the loving spirit of our Saviour shall pervade every land, do indeed feel that this month's success is a cause of great encouragement, and of thankfulness to our Heavenly Father; for although we may endeavour to advance his kingdom, it is He alone who can give the increase to our labours."

## SCHOOLS.

We have received a letter from that valuable Sabbath school labourer, E. Ridley, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, from which we extract the following—

"You will be glad to hear that the circulation of your 'Band of Hope Review' goes on favourably in the North. We have had some special Juvenile Temperance Meetings, at which about 1000 copies were circulated. On visiting schools, I take a few copies and publicly recommend the work to teachers and children. One school is taking twelve copies, another twenty, and a third forty, &c."

If some of our readers in every town and village will adopt Mr. Ridley's excellent plan, and visit the various Sunday and day schools in their respective localities, our sphere of usefulness will soon be much enlarged.

## OUR JACK TARS.



Several contributions have been sent to us for the gratuitous distribution of the 'Review' amongst sailors and emigrants. We trust that when the ships are far away from our shores, the perusal of these papers will lead to thoughts of the 'better land' above. We could advantageously give away many thousands of copies monthly, particularly amongst the emigrants, if we had funds for doing so.

We have received several letters on this subject, from which we select the following:—

Rev. W. Holderness, Chaplain of the Thames Church Mission.

"I am much obliged for the 500 copies of the 'Band of Hope Review.' In my visit to the shipping this afternoon, they were received by men and boys with much gratitude."

## GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND.

FOR SAILORS, EMIGRANT SHIPS, ETC.

W. H. Warton, Esq., Highgate ..... £1 0 0  
Miss E. B. Pridmore, Modbury ..... 0 5 0

FOR IRELAND.

Mrs. Tenny, Hull ..... 0 10 0  
Mrs. W. Dickson, Hull ..... 0 10 0  
Miss Smithies, Hull ..... 0 5 0

Contributions are requested to be forwarded to JACON POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London, who has kindly consented to act as Treasurer to the Gratuitous Distribution Fund.

## GOLD! GOLD! GOLDDDD!

"It is not all gold that glitters."

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Matthew xvi. 26.



How eagerly are the newspapers looked for just now in all parts of the country! The poor newsman can scarcely travel fast enough for those who want the "news" about the "Gold Diggings." We fear that many who are leaving their good situations, and emigrating, in the hope of gathering a fortune in Australia, will ere long wish themselves back in "Old England." Have a care, dear reader, that in all your changes in life, you are in the path of Providence. Take the sixth verse of the third chapter of Proverbs for your guidance, and you will not go far wrong.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in HEAVEN where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."—Matthew vi. 20



## THE PLUCKED FLOWER.

A gentleman's gardener had a darling; a child, in whom his affections seemed to be centred. The Lord laid his hands upon the babe—it sickened and died. The father was disconsolate, and murmured at the dealings of Providence.

The gardener had in one of his flowerer-beds a favourite rose. It was the fairest flowerer he had ever seen on the tree, and he daily marked its growing beauty, intending, when full blown, to send it to his master's mansion. One morning it was gone—some one had plucked it. Mournful as what he thought was the improper conduct of one of the servants, he endeavoured to find out the culprit. He was, however, much surprised to find that his master, on walking through the garden, had been attracted by the beauty of the rose, and, plucking it, had carried it to one of the beautiful rooms in the Hall. The gardener's anger was changed into pleasure. He felt reconciled when he heard that his master had thought the flowerer worthy of such special notice.

"Ah, Richard!" said the gentleman, "you can gladly give up the rose, because I thought it worthy of a place in my house. And I will you repine because your Heavenly Father has as though to remove your child from a world of sin, to be with himself in Heaven?"

Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.





"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

## THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

### THE EMIGRANT BOY.

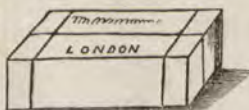
We heartily approve of the "Emigration plan," which is now being adopted in the various Ragged Schools. To send out boys and girls whose conduct for months has gained them a *good character*, is not only a great kindness to the children, but also to the colonists.

In this country it is difficult to find parties willing to receive these poor children into their employ, even, on *trial*; in the colonies it is very different; "THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY'S BOYS AND GIRLS" (as they are called) are in great request, and generally secure immediate engagements, at good wages. Not a few of these are doing well, and the reports from their employers are on the whole truly gratifying.

It is amongst our most pleasing recollections of "Ragged School Visits," having witnessed in the Field Lane School several of these once "Ragged Ones," neatly clad in strong sailors' clothes, receiving from their devoted and much beloved superintendent, Mr. Mountstephen, his "Farewell Address." The "last and best gift"—THE BIBLE, presented with the affectionate entreaty that it be made a daily companion, not only on the shipboard, but in distant lands, was received with emotions which led us to say, "Those lads will never forget the Ragged School."

A group of these lads were sent out to Australia

several months ago. As they stood on the deck, they cast their anxious looks upon the white cliffs of "Old England." One of these poor lads had more reasons than one, for so doing. He was leaving a father in London very poor. He, however, had his Bible to console him, and he thought that if ever he was able to help his poor father, he should be so glad to do it.



A few days ago a ship arrived in the London Docks. It had on board many thousands of pounds' worth of gold, brought from Australia. Among the boxes taken out of the hold was a small one, carefully packed. It contained gold dust, valued at £24. A very affectionate letter accompanied it, which stated that this gold was the "savings," or "first fruits," from the writer's wages in Australia.

We are sure that many of our readers will be gladdened on our informing them, that this letter was written by none other than the abovenamed "ragged lad," and that this valuable box was for

**HIS POOR FATHER!!**

"Honour thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land."

### THE EMIGRANT GIRL.

It is pleasing to find that the Emigrant Boys and Girls do not forget the kind friends who cared for them before they left England. A letter has been received from a girl who was sent out to Australia (whither a brother had been sent by the Earl of Shaftesbury a few years ago.) It is addressed to Mr. J. H. Esterbrooke, who has kindly allowed us to make the following extracts:—

BRISBANE, MORETON BAY, S. WALES,  
AUSTRALIA, August 11th, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I often thought of you when on the wide ocean, and your kindness to my poor, dear mother, when I was in London. It does not lay in my power to pay you but there is one above who pays all kinds of debts, and He will repay you. Dear Sir, I hope you have all your "Band of Hope" with you, give my kind love to them, and to all the ladies and gentlemen of the "Refuge" and Pear-street schools. During the voyage I waited on the captain and his lady, and I received many presents from my mistress and the ladies on board. Dear Sir, I gave the temperance medal to my brother which you sent him, and he was so pleased with it, to think that it came from you. He sends his love to you, and desires to be remembered to Mr. and Mrs. Poultenay, and all the boys of the "Refuge." Dear Sir, I am so happy with my dear brother, you cannot think how happy I am. My brother is getting £14 a year, with board, washing, and lodging; I am receiving £12 a year, with board, washing, and lodging, and have a good master and mistress. There is plenty of gold about thirty miles from us which has made the people very pleased. Dear Sir, we shall be so much obliged if you would write us a few lines So no more at present, from Your humble servant,

M—A—W—





## THE TOUCHING REPROOF.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Here, Jane," said a father to his little girl not over eleven years of age, "go over to the shop and buy me a pint of brandy." At the same time he handed her some money.

The little girl took the money and the bottle, and as she did so, looked her father in the face with an earnest, sad expression. But he did not seem to observe it, although he perceived it, and felt it; for he understood its meaning. The little girl lingered, as if reluctant for some reason to go on her errand.

"Did you hear what I said?" the father asked angrily, and with a frowning face, as he observed this.

Jane glided from the room and went over to the shop, hiding as she passed through the street, the bottle under her apron. There she obtained the liquor, and returned with it in a few minutes. As she gave the bottle to her father, she looked at him again with the same sad earnest look, which he observed. It annoyed and angered him.

"What do you mean by looking at me in that way, ha?" he said, in a loud angry tone.

Jane shrunk away, and passed into the next room, where her mother laid sick. She had been sick for some time, and as they were poor, and her husband given to drink, she had sorrows and privations added to her bodily sufferings. As her little girl came in she went up to the side of her bed, and bending over it leaned her head upon her hand. She did not make any remark, nor did her mother speak to her, until she observed the tears trickling through her fingers.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she then asked tenderly.

The little girl raised her head, endeavouring to dry up her tears as she did so.

"I feel so bad, mother," she replied.

"And why do you feel bad, my child?"

"Oh, I always feel so bad when father sends me over to the shop for brandy—and I had to go just now. I wanted to ask him to buy you some grapes and oranges with the quarter of a dollar—they would taste so good to you; but he seemed to know what I was going to say, and looked at me so cross that I was afraid to speak. I wish he would not drink any more brandy. It makes him so cross, and then how many nice things he might buy with the money it takes for brandy!"

When her father came home to dinner, he looked crosser than he did in the morning. He set down to the table and eat his dinner in moody silence, and then rose to depart, without so much as asking after his sick wife, or going into her chamber. As he moved towards the door, his hat already on his head, Jane went up to him, and looking timidly in his face, said in a hesitating voice—

"Mother wants an orange so bad. Won't you give me some money to buy her one?"

"No, I will not! Your mother had better be thinking about something else than wasting money for oranges!" was the angry reply, as the father passed out, and shut the door hard after him.

Jane stood for a moment, frightened at the angry vehemence of her father, and then burst into tears. She said nothing to her mother of what had passed, but after the agitation of her mind had somewhat subsided, began to cast about in her thoughts for some plan by which she might obtain an orange. At last it occurred to her, that at a shop close by, they bought rags and old iron.

"How much do you give a pound for rags?" she asked in a minute or two after the idea had occurred to her, standing at the counter of the shop.

"Three halfpence a pound," was the reply.

"How much for old iron?"

"A halfpenny a pound."

"What's the price of those large oranges?"

"Twopence a piece."

With this information, Jane hurried back. After she had cleared away the dinner table, she went down into the cellar, and looked up all the bits of old iron that she could find. Then she searched the yard, and found some eight or ten old rusty nails, an old bolt, and a broken hinge. These she laid away in a little nook in the cellar. Afterwards she gathered together all the old rags that she could find about the house and in the cellar, and laid them with her old iron. But she saw plainly enough that her iron would not weigh over two pounds, nor her rags over a quarter of a pound. If time would have permitted, she would have gone into the streets to look for old iron, but this she could not do, and disappointed at not being able to get the orange for her mother, she went about her work in the afternoon with sad and desponding thoughts and feelings.

It was summer time, and her father came home from his work before it was dark.

"Go and get me a pint of brandy," he said to Jane, in a tone that sounded harsh and angry to the child, handing her at the time the money. Since the day before, he had taken a pint of brandy, and none but the best would suit him.

She took the money and the bottle and went over to the shop. Wishfully she looked at the tempting oranges in the window, as she gave the money for the liquor, and thought how glad her mother would be to have one.

As she was hurrying back, she saw a thick iron ring lying in the street—she picked it up and kept on her way. It felt heavy, and her heart bounded with the thought that now she could buy the orange for her mother. The piece of old iron was dropped in the yard as she passed through. After her father had taken a dram, he sat down to his supper. While he was eating it, Jane went into the cellar and brought into the yard her little treasure of scrap iron. As she passed backwards and forwards before the door facing which her father sat, he observed her, and felt a sudden curiosity to know what she was doing. He went softly to the window, and as he did so he saw her gathering the iron, which she had placed in a little pile, into her apron. Then she rose up quickly and passed out of the yard gate into the street.

The father went back to his supper, but his appetite was gone. There was that in the act of his child, simple as it was, that moved his feelings in spite of himself. All at once he thought of the orange she had asked for her mother; and he felt a conviction that it was to buy an orange that Jane was now going to sell the iron she had evidently been collecting since dinner time.

"How selfish and wicked I am!" he said to himself almost involuntarily.



In a few minutes Jane returned, and with her hand under her apron, passed through the room where he sat, into her mother's chamber. An impulse, almost irresistible, caused him to follow her in a few moments after.

"It is so grateful!" he heard his wife say as he opened the door.

On entering the chamber, he found her sitting up in bed, eating the orange, while little Jane stood by looking into her face with an air of subdued, yet heartfelt gratification. All this he saw at a glance, yet did not seem to see; for he pretended to be searching for something, which apparently obtained, he left the room and the house, with feelings of acute pain and self-upbraidings.

"Come, let us go and see these cold water men," said a companion whom he met a few steps from his own door, "they are carrying the whole world before them."

"Very well, come along."

And the two men bent their steps towards the Temperance Hall.

When little Jane's father turned from the door of that place, his name was signed to the pledge, and his heart fixed to abide by it. On his way home he saw some grapes in a window. He bought some of them, and a couple of oranges and lemons. When he came home he went into his wife's chamber, and opening the paper that contained the first fruits of his sincere repentance, laid them before her, and said with tenderness, while the moisture dimmed his eyes—

"I thought these would taste good to you, Mary, and so I bought them."

"Oh, William!" and the poor wife started, and looked up into her husband's face with an expression of surprise and trembling hope.

"Mary," and he took her hand tenderly, "I have signed the pledge to-night, and I will by God's help keep it until I die!"

The sick wife raised herself up quickly, and bent over towards her husband, eagerly extending her hands. Then, as he drew his arm around her, she let her head fall upon his bosom, and with an emotion of delight, such as had not moved over the surface of her stricken heart for years.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

For the four best answers, four prizes are given monthly on the following

## CONDITIONS.

1. Answers to be given from the Bible only, and the passages to be written out in full.
2. Successful competitors to give proof, if required, that the answers are their own.
3. Answers to be sent by the last day in the month, to the Band of Hope Review Office, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

## First Series.

COMPETITORS to be under eighteen years of age.  
PRIZES:—First, 2s.—Second, 1s. 6d.—Third, 1s.—Fourth, 6d.

## ANSWERS AND AWARD—APRIL.

1. Exodus xxxix. 10—13, and Ezekiel xxviii. 13.
2. After the plague of Baal-peor, Eleazar the son of Aaron, numbered the tribes. Joseph was the strongest, having 85,200 men above twenty years of age; Judah had 76,000; Simeon had only 22,200. Numbers xxi.
3. The Euphrates—Genesis xv. 18; Deut. i. 7; Josh. i. 4.
4. The former after a pattern which was shewn to Moses in the mount; Exodus xxv. 40; xxvi. 30, and the latter after another given by David to Solomon, where it is expressly stated he had by the Spirit, and which Jehovah made him understand in writing, by his hand upon him, so that both these holy places were erected after a pattern divinely furnished. 1 Chronicles xxviii. 12—19.
5. Ezekiel xxiv. 11—16. "For thus saith the Lord God, behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out, as a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered: so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day."
6. St. Peter, when he says, "whose adornings," &c., 1 Peter iii. 3, at the same time instructing us in the necessity of attending more to the dispositions of the mind, than the adorning of the body.
7. "To the unknown God," on the altar at Athens, Acts xviii. 28.
8. Matthew xix. 24. "It is easier for a camel," &c., and "Ye blind guides, who strain out the gnat, and swallow a camel."
9. Genesis xiv.; see also Deut. ii. 10, 11, 19—21; iii. 1—11.
11. Ahaz removed it from the brazen oxen, and set it on a pavement of stones, 2 Kings xvi. 17, afterwards it was broken to pieces.

The Prizes are awarded to the following

T. B. KNIGHT, Taunton.  
GEORGE FULLER, Norwich.  
ARAUNAH BALLARD, Patcham, Brighton.  
R. W. TAYLOR, Lower Broughton, Manchester.

## QUESTIONS—AUGUST.

89. Who are those that shall never see death, and yet are dead?
90. Give the inventory of a christian's possessions, and say what powerful enemy is numbered among them?
91. Refer to an affecting scene in which three monarchs were in the humble attitude of suppliants, before a lowly husbandman?
92. Prove that wild beasts are led by Providence, by referring to instances where God employed them to guard one prophet, and destroy another.
93. What gentle woman was honoured in being ancestress to one who wore the diadem of Israel, and also to him who assumed our nature to redeem a guilty world?
94. Shew from infallible testimony that the habitual sinner is a slave to the worst of tyrants, however he may boast of fancied liberty?

## Second Series.

COMPETITORS to be under eleven years of age.  
PRIZES:—First, 1s. 6d.—Second, 1s.—Third, 9d.—Fourth, 6d.

## ANSWERS AND AWARD—APRIL.

55. The modesty of Elihu, and the deference which Job said was paid to him in his prosperity.
  56. Solomon, who sent caravans to Egypt for linen, yarn, horses and chariots, and ships to Ophir for gold, and other articles of luxury. 1 Kings ix. 28; x. 22.
  57. It is "the belief of the truth." Its figurative language is as easy—"setting to our seal that God is true."
  58. Micah vi. 15. By treading "Thou shalt tread the olive, but thou shalt not anoint thee with oil."
  59. Ezekiel xxviii. 3.
  60. Manasseh, fifty-five years. 2 Kings xxi. 1.
- The Prizes are awarded to the following
- JAMES J. PHILLIPS, Cork, Ireland.  
T. C. HALL, Bridgewater.  
M. E. BURN, Epsom, Surrey.  
EPHRAIM BRADLEY, Mott Street, Birmingham.

## QUESTIONS—AUGUST.

67. Where are light and gladness regarded as seeds sown for the righteous?
68. Quote the striking commendation passed on a most heavily afflicted servant of God, in reference to his behaviour under pains and losses?
69. When did two vast armies owe their preservation to the presence of one good man?
70. Give a most appalling picture of human depravity, drawn by God himself, who sees things precisely as they are.
71. In what words does our saviour prescribe a sovereign remedy for trouble of heart, and what is that remedy?
72. What encouraging application did our Lord give to disciples in his parting instructions?

For Directions see the June Number.



## I CANT HELP CRYING!

A little girl who was in the habit of attending a Sunday school, was the daughter of a notorious drunkard. She came home from school one day, crying bitterly, when it happened that her father was rather in a better humour than usual. He asked her what was the matter. She said, "I don't like to tell you father." "Oh yes," said he, "I will know. She then said, 'The girls run after me, and call me a drunkard's daughter, and I can't help crying.' It was too much for the father. He accompanied her to the next temperance meeting, signed the pledge, and got drunk no more. He now goes to work with a light heart, and clear head, and when Saturday night comes, he brings home his wages to his family, instead of spending them at a public house, and on the Sabbath he is to be seen in the sanctuary, and is, I trust, a sincere inquirer for the way of salvation. J. W.

## SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

What! Slavery in England? Oh yes, although of a different kind to that in Africa and America, we have thousands of slaves in England,—slaves to every kind of sin; but especially to that of intemperance. There are tens of thousands of poor heart-broken English mothers and children, who are subject to cruelties not exceeded by those inflicted by the slave-owning planters.

During the great missionary month of May, 1852, a London blacksmith, residing in the highly favored parish of Islington, was charged at the Marylebone police court, with nearly killing his own little girl, only two and a half years of age. This man (although a kind father when sober), had got tipsy at the public house; the ale and other drinks that he had taken, made him lose all his kind feelings, and because his little girl cried, he got into so sad a passion, that he seized the poor creature by her legs, and carried her with her little head hanging down and dragging along the ground. No wonder that she still cried. Sad! sad to tell, he then took and dashed her head, with a hard blow, against the iron pullings of a house that he was passing. He then violently threw her down on the hard ground. Poor innocent child! It was a wonder that she was not killed upon the spot. The drunken father was secured by the police and locked up for several days in prison.

Many very similar cases of cruelty by drunken fathers and mothers are taking place every day, not only in London, but in many other places in England. We desire to put a stop to such cruel acts, and if all the CHILDREN will help in this good work, it can soon be done. Little reader, will you help? Look out then for the August number, and we will tell you how you can do this.

## THE LOAF OF BREAD.

During the famine in —, a rich gentleman had the children of the poorest people in the town brought to his house. "You see," said he, "this basket full of loaves; there is one for each of you; and you shall have as much every day until it please the Almighty to send us better times." The children rushed to the basket, and quarrelled with each other who should have the best loaf. At last they went away, without even thanking their benefactor. Fanny alone, a little girl who, though very poorly clothed, was very neat, remained behind, and took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket. She then curtsied to the rich gentleman, and went quietly away. The next day the children behaved no better, and poor Fanny had a loaf which was only half as large as the others. When she got home, her mother, who was ill, cut the bread, and, lo! a quantity of bright silver coins fell out. The mother was half stupefied. "Carry back this money to its owner immediately," said she to the child, "for doubtless it got into the bread by mistake." Fanny obeyed, but the good gentleman refused to take it. "It is not by mistake that this has happened," said he, "I had this money put into the smallest loaf on purpose to reward you. Be always as gentle and as easily contented, my dear child. She who likes better to take the smallest loaf, rather than to dispute for the largest, always brings a blessing to her house."

**DISTANCE FROM THE SUN.**—Imagine a railway hence to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us.—

Household Words.

## NEGRO MARTYR.

The love of Jesus when shed abroad in our hearts, can make us bear even cruel treatment with patience.

A Negro slave went to hear the preaching of one of the missionaries, and became a convert to the Christian religion. His master (a great enemy to missions) hearing of it, commanded him never to go again, and declared he would have him whipped to death if he did. The poor negro was very sad. He could scarcely refrain from going, yet knew that he was sure to be cruelly whipped if he did. In his trouble he prayed to God, and after having done this, he felt that it was his duty still to attend, but to be careful that this should never interfere with his master's business; and for the rest to leave himself in the hands of God. He therefore went, and on his return, was summoned into his master's presence. After much harsh language, he was tied up to a post, and received five-and-twenty lashes. Then in a tone of blasphemous ridicule, his master exclaimed, "What can Jesus Christ do for you now?" "He enables me to bear it patiently," said the poor slave. "Give him five-and-twenty lashes more!" exclaimed the cruel wretch. He was obeyed, "And what can Jesus Christ do for you now?" asked the unfeeling monster. "He helps me to look forward to a future reward," replied the sufferer.



"Give him five-and-twenty lashes more," cried the inhuman tyrant in a transport of rage—they complied; and while he listened with savage delight to the groans of his dying victim he again demanded, "What can Jesus Christ do for you now?" The patient martyr with the last effort of expiring nature, meekly answered, "He enables me to pray for you, Massie," and instantly breathed his last!!

Poor coloured Negro! O! what eye  
Can read thy tale, and still be dry!  
Thy pangs were great, but now thou'rt blest,  
Reposed in peace on Jesu's breast.

## A MOTHER'S HAND.

"When I was a little child," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head.

When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure, as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice that must be obeyed—'Oh! do not this great wickedness, my son, nor sin against God.'—Mrs. Sigourney.

## ARTHUR CAMPBELL;

OR,

DENY YOURSELF.

"Arthur," said Mrs. Campbell one Saturday afternoon to her son, a boy of nine years old; "could you deny yourself a gratification in order to give another pleasure?"

"I don't know, mother, but at all events I could try. What is it you mean?" said Arthur, who was buttoning his boots.

"Why you know little Susan Grey wishes to go to Sunday school, Arthur, and you also know she cannot go in her old clothes, and that I am making her a frock, and tippet, and bonnet in order that she may go. I shall have to work till late this evening to get them done, and your father has just sent in a long account to cast up before tea, which would take me at least an hour. What is to be done, Arthur? Is Susan to go without her clothes for another week?"

Arthur hesitated a moment, then ran up stairs to his own bed room and burst into tears. "What should he do? he only came home from school on Saturdays and went back Mondays; if he gave up flying his kite this afternoon, he would have to wait a whole week before he would be able to fly it, it was a new kite too, and such a beautiful breezy day for it, and so many of his schoolfellows were going on the downs with their kites, and he wanted to show them his; and yet poor little Susan would be so disappointed, and she had looked forward to going to the school to-morrow." And this last thought quite decided him, he put away his kite, and returning to his mother, he told her that "rather than little Susan should be disappointed, he would stay at home and attend to the accounts." He felt he had done right when he met his mother's approving smile.

Next day at church, Arthur looked towards the Sunday school children, and there in the second row sat little Susan in her new clothes, looking as pleased and happy as could be. The sight quite rewarded him, and the knowledge too that he had done a good action.

He thought he never spent such a happy day before, and when he was first going to sleep at night, his dear mother came and told him how pleased she was with his conduct, and added, "I am sure, my dear Arthur, you were rewarded to-day, when you saw little Susan among the school children." "Oh yes, dear mother, that I was fully." "Good actions bring their own rewards, my dear boy, and may you go on as you have begun, and never be afraid in future to deny yourself."

F. E. N.

## LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A little girl, with a happy look,  
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,  
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,  
And its weight was more than the child could hold  
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,  
And every day she prized it more,  
For it said, and she looked at her smiling mother,  
It said—"Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,  
And the lesson home to her heart she took;  
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,  
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,  
Which said, just as plain as words could say,  
"The Holy Bible I must obey;  
So, Mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,  
For 'Little children must love each other.'"

"I am sorry he's naughty, and will not play,  
But I'll love him still, for I think the way  
To make him gentle and kind to me,  
Will be better shown, if I let him see  
I strive to do what I think is right,  
And thus, when we kneel in prayer to-night,  
I will clasp my arms around my brother,  
And say, 'Little children love one another.'"

The little girl did as her Bible taught,  
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought.  
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,  
To meet the light of her loving eyes;  
His heart was full—he could not speak,  
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek—  
And God looked down on the happy mother,  
Whose little children, loved each other.

From Eliza Burritt's Bond of Brotherhood.





**BASIL LEE;  
OR,  
THE GLORIOUS REVENGE.**

"I will never forgive him, that I wont," exclaimed Basil Lee, bursting into the room where his eldest sister was seated quietly at her work. "I will never forgive him."

"Never forgive who, Basil? My dear boy, how excited and angry you look! Who has offended you?"

"Why, Charles West, Alice," replied Basil, as he put his school books away in their place.

"And what has Charles done to offend you? Come and sit by me—there, now tell me all about it."

"Well," said Basil, "Mr. Raymond, who is a friend of Mr. Matthews, and is staying with him, came into the school-room to-day; he is a very nice kind gentleman, and so he offered half-a-crown to the boy who first did a sum he should set us. Five boys besides me took up their slates, he set us all the same sum, and then we all set to work. Charles West came and sat next to me, and I saw him copy down every figure as fast as I did it. When I had only one figure to do, Mr. Matthews left the room, I looked to see who went out, and when I turned to my slate again, every figure was rubbed out. I know Charles did it, because he coloured so. In a minute, he had finished his sum and carried it up, it was first done, and correct, so he had the half-a-crown. I was so angry, the bell rung to go home, and I ran off directly; but I am determined to have a glorious revenge on him. Was it not provoking, Alice?"

"Yes, dear, very, and what is your revenge to be?"

"Oh, I know, I will tell you, he just deserves it. Mr. Matthews has said he will turn away any boy out of the school, who uses the key to the Grammar Exercises. Well, I saw Charles using one yesterday, and I will tell of him, I am determined."

"Listen to me a moment, Basil. Charles is only at school for one more year, at the end of that time a gentleman has promised, if he behaves well, to place him in a situation, where in a few years he will be able to support his widowed mother. Do you think the gentleman will give him the situation if he is turned in disgrace from his school? And what would be the disappointment of his aged mother, to think that her son, whom she hoped would support and comfort her latter days, had disgraced himself! Surely he would bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"Oh, Alice!" exclaimed Basil, with tears in his eyes, "I never thought of all that, no, I would not ruin poor Charley for the world."

"That would be your glorious revenge, my dear boy," said Alice, quietly.

"Oh no, no! dear Alice, I never, never could be so wicked as that, though Charles did make me very angry at the time; but you know I should like to punish him a little for it."

"Well, Basil, I know a way to punish him, and to have a really glorious revenge."

"Alice, dear, pray tell me," said Basil.

"Well, do you remember the text, 'Be not overcome of evil,—what comes next?'"

"Why, 'But overcome evil with good,' to be sure, Alice. I know what you mean now."

"Well, then, think over what a glorious revenge you can have by obeying the command in that text, my dear," and Alice left the room.

Basil did not sit thinking long, before he decided on what he would do. With Alice's permission, on the following day he invited Charles West to tea; he was much surprised on receiving the invitation, but accepted it. They had a very pleasant evening together. Their principal amusement consisted in sailing Basil's ships on a pond in the garden. For

the finest, Charles expressed great admiration, but the time for Charles's return to school came. Basil took him up to his play-room. "Charley," said he, "you admired the 'Hero' most of all my vessels, so I will make you a present of it."

"Oh no," cried Charles, stepping back, "I could not think of such a thing."

"Oh, but, Charley, you must have it. Alice lets me do what I like with my ships, and I can make myself another just like it; and papa says, if Mr. Matthews will allow you, can you come up on Saturday and sail it with mine, and I will teach you how to make ships too."

Charles turned his head away to hide his tears.

"Basil," he exclaimed, as they bid each other good bye, "I will never try to injure you again, like I did yesterday,—no, I never will. Good night, dear Basil."

From that day Charles and Basil were firm friends. Charles was easily persuaded never to use the key to the Exercises again, he always after tried to imitate his friend's example, and he gained the esteem of his master, and the love of his school-fellows. My young readers, was not Basil Lee's a glorious revenge? F. E. NICKLEN.

Lines read in concluding a Speech at the Anniversary Meeting of the Ragged School Union in Exeter Hall, on the 10th of May.—The Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury, president, in the chair.

"Joshua said unto the people, Shout."—Josh. vi. 16.

"To shout: to cry in triumph or exultation."—Johnson's Dict.

Shout for the Ragged School Movement, shout!

The pride of our Christian land:—  
Its scholars are scatter'd the earth about,  
In many a joyful band!

Once they were found in the stifling court,  
Where the stagnant waters lay;  
They could not engage in a healthful sport,  
So they gambled the hours away!

But now they are walking on sunny plains,  
And breathing the balmy air;  
And cheerfully singing, in grateful strains,  
The praise of their Maker there.

Shout for the Ragged School Union, shout!

The blessing of Heaven descends;  
Its enemies march to the right about,  
And victory crowns its friends!

Shout for the Ragged School Leader, shout!

The noble in heart and name:  
Who oft, in the time of dismay and doubt,  
With strength to the rescue came.

And when he has finish'd his warfare here,  
And rests from his mortal strife,  
May the coronet worn as an earthly peer,  
Be chang'd for the crown of life!

Shout for the Ragged School Teachers, shout!

The zealous, the tried, the true;  
May their heads be clear, and their hearts be stout,  
And their prayers not faint or few!

And oh! may their rich reward be this,  
When the heavenly land they win,  
To see in the realms of eternal bliss  
The children they snatch'd from sin.

Then shout for the Ragged School Movement, shout!

Let cheers be denied by none:—  
May the fire of its energy ne'er go out  
Till the work of its heart is done!

Temple, May 10th, 1852.

J. P.

**"RAISING THOUSANDS."**

BY THE LATE  
BISHOP OF NORWICH.

"It is on Temperance Societies that the fulcrum might be rested to raise the British nation to what it ought to be. Few, indeed, can bear more impartial testimony to their merits than myself, inasmuch as that, for a considerable length of time, I was opposed to them, on the supposition that they were visionary and impracticable. I have, however, long since been a convert, from a conviction, founded on experience and observation, that they are most instrumental in raising thousands and tens of thousands from degraded profligacy to virtuous and industrious habits, and converting sinners from the ways of vice to those of religion. I need scarcely add, that I think every CLERGYMAN who has the welfare of his parishoners at heart, and is zealous in the cause of his profession, ought to give them his support."



**THE MASON'S LIBRARY;  
OR,  
A WORD TO BOOKSELLERS.**

A hard-working stone mason stood up in a temperance meeting not long ago, and amongst other good things, he said, "When I signed the pledge, I put by every day the sum that I had previously spent in drink. The greater portion of this I laid out at the bookseller's, being very fond of reading. I have now a nice little library, for which I have paid SEVENTEEN POUNDS."

We mention this pleasing fact in consequence of numerous complaints from various parts, of the difficulty experienced by our friends in procuring the "Review" through their booksellers. We are aware that there is probably more trouble than profit over the sale of a halfpenny periodical, but we wish to impress upon the minds of the trade, that we are labouring to produce a *love for good reading*, which we doubt not will be pleasingly evinced before long in the sale of many useful and well priced BOOKS.

We feel assured that, if we have the hearty co-operation of booksellers, in seeking to increase, and not impede our sale, we shall foster a love for good literature, which in many cases will take the place of the present thirst for public house enjoyments. We shall be glad to be favoured with the addresses of all booksellers who keep the "Review" for sale.

**"I'VE HAD NO SUNDAYS, SIR!"**



At a recent meeting held in the St. James's School Room, Holloway, on behalf of the poor Omnibus drivers and conductors, the Rev. W. Mackenzie narrated an affecting case of a driver whom he was called to visit. He found him near his final change. On speaking to him as to his preparation for a future world, Mr. Mackenzie said, "He looked up in my face, and with an affecting glance, such as I shall not soon forget, he faintly exclaimed, 'I'VE HAD NO SUNDAYS, SIR!'"

Spirituous liquors destroy more lives than the sword.—DR. RUSH.

Tobacco is one of the most virulent poisons in nature.—DR. PROUT.

The properties of Tobacco are highly poisonous.—DR. CLAY.

The population at the last census, was 27,041,031. The Government returns for 1847, shew that 651,147,409 gallons of intoxicating liquors were consumed in that year, (exclusive of smuggled liquors) being at the rate of twenty-four gallons for each man, woman, and child, in the nation.





"Let your moderation be known unto all men."

### TO OUR READERS.

WE cannot any longer refrain from thanking our friends for the numerous congratulatory letters which they have forwarded to us.

To counteract the fearful influence of the low-priced immoral prints upon the young; to stem the torrent of intemperance; to promote the better observance of the Lord's day; to inculcate kindness to animals; to foster a love for peace, brotherly love, and obedience to parents; and to incite to a daily and diligent searching of the Holy Scriptures, are objects dear to our heart.

To some extent, the Almighty has been graciously pleased to grant success to our labours. We have been informed of an infidel, who has long forbidden his wife or children ever entering a place of worship, or reading the Bible, who, strange to tell, visits the bookseller's shop, and eagerly purchases the "Review" monthly, for his little ones.

Two cases of reformation amongst drunkards, by the distribution of the paper amongst their children, have been communicated to us.

Of the influence, which our pages have exerted upon the conduct of other children in the FAMILY CIRCLE, we have had pleasing illustrations.

Within the last few months, we have sent upwards of 50,000 copies for gratuitous circulation in Ireland; also, on board emigrant ships and canal boats; amongst railway men, &c., &c. The following testimonies cannot but afford pleasure to many.

#### From Mr. Bradford, Superintendent of the Mariner's Friend Society

"I believe the 'Band of Hope Review,' distributed amongst seamen (men as well as boys) would do more good than any other publication, for its very attractive appearance, and the pleasing manner in which it advocates the greatest principles, must ensure it a favourable reception where the same truths are rejected when expressed in a less cheerful manner."

#### From a Correspondent at a Seaport.

"I have found your little periodical great in its influence. We have here what may be termed a lounge for seamen, who are on the look-out for employment in any way upon the waters. In this room I have placed your monthly numbers; and if nothing else is read by these careless wicked men, the 'Band of Hope Review' is."

We regret, that we have not been able to supply all the applications for grants, owing to our

"Gratuitous Distribution Fund" being exhausted. Further contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington.

We, again invite assistance in extending the circulation. There are thousands of families, by whom the "Band of Hope Review" has never yet been seen.

### BRUCE CASTLE.

The name of Rowland Hill, is known and honoured through the wide world. The benefits already conferred by him upon the human family, no tongue can tell. When he has added another link to the great chain, which is to bind nation to nation, by establishing an "Ocean Penny Postage," with what

In the course of the evening, the "Baden" Band, played in front of the drawing room, and Mr. Aldiss's "Band of Hope," sung several of their pretty melodies. As Mr. Hill and his family, looked around on their numerous visitors, they expressed their pleasure at meeting them, and received in reply, the hearty thanks of the assembled thousands. All the arrangements were under the generalship of Mr. Balfour.

Many who were present, will be interested in knowing, that Bruce Castle was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, on the site of an ancient castellated edifice, erected in the reign of Henry VIII., and was visited by that monarch in 1516, when he came to meet his sister, Margaret, Queen of Scots. In 1578, it was also honoured with the presence of Queen Elizabeth. The original Castle was the residence of Robert De-Bruce, father of Robert, King of Scotland.

The occupant of "Bruce Castle" in olden times, was a great man, but the present occupant has given to the world, a son, who has done far more for the benefit of mankind, than the greatest warrior ever born.

### READING! FIGHTING! STRIKING!

The following recent and important fact has been communicated to us by a valued friend of the young. We trust that it will catch the eye of many parents as well as children.

A little boy who had been striking a servant, and grieving his friends by his naughty conduct, was found at night sobbing piteously. He confessed that he had been very naughty,

and said that he knew now what had made him so. "It is because I read so many bad books." His parents were astonished, and asked what books he meant. "Oh, those books about war and soldiers," said the little penitent. "Whenever I read about FIGHTING, it always makes me feel as if I must fight too."

How important that parents and guardians of youth, should be judicious in the selection of reading, lest they cause these "little ones to offend!"

**LORD BYRON'S CONFESSION.**—Lord Byron makes the following admission: "The effect of wine upon me, is to make me gloomy—gloomy at the very moment it is taken; but it never makes me gay."



FESTIVAL AT BRUCE CASTLE.

pleasure will his memory be cherished, particularly by the tens of thousands who are now leaving their "fatherland" for Australia.

Few visits have ever afforded us more pleasure, than the one we paid to the beautiful grounds of Bruce Castle, on their kindly being thrown open by Arthur Hill, Esq., (father of Mr. Rowland Hill), for the Festival of the Tottenham Temperance Society, on the 19th July. About 3000 persons assembled on this joyous occasion. Large tents were erected for tea and refreshments, and in the centre of the park, a large waggon formed a platform for the speakers. The Committee were invited to take tea in the "Castle." The courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and several of the young gentlemen, will long be remembered.





### "I MUS'NT HIT LITTLE HARRY."

Now, dear children, come and let us have a little chat. I want to talk to you about love, and about loving one another. You all know what *love* means; for the very least of you can tell how nice it is to be loved, and how uncomfortable you feel when any one is angry with you. Now, I want you to remember that you should love one another. I want to tell you a little story.

I was looking out one fine evening in May, when the trees were just coming out, and looking so bright and green, and I was listening to the birds singing their evening hymn; and I thought how beautiful this earth of ours is, and how beautiful all things are upon it. Don't you love May, with its green fields and trees, and its sweet singing birds, the cuckoos, and the blackbirds, and the nightingales, and its pretty flowers, the cowslips and the lilies of the valley, and the May blossom?

As I was standing, and looking and thinking, I saw three little boys at play, and I listened to hear what they were saying. Two of them were brothers, and the other was a little neighbour, and they seemed to be playing at knocking each other with sticks. I don't think that a very pretty game, do you? Now, George, the elder of the brothers, was patting his little brother very gently, so that it did not hurt him, when their little playfellow said, "Hit him hard, George, like that," at the same time striking hard on a post.

"No," said George, "I mus'nt hit little Harry!"

I dare say his mother had told him not to hurt his dear little brother, and, like a good boy, he did as he was bid; besides, I expect he loved him too much to do anything that would hurt him.

I should like you to think of this little story, when you feel inclined to be angry with your little brothers and sisters, and schoolfellows; for it is a sad thing to see little children fighting. And when you grow up to be men and women—and great and good I hope many of you will some day be—I trust you will still remember that you "mus'nt hit little Harry."

You have been told, no doubt, that our blessed Saviour, when he was on the earth, was very meek and gentle, and we ought to endeavour to be like Him. He said, we were to "love our enemies," to be good and kind to others, even if they were not kind to us.

Now all the people who live on the earth are of one great family. The English and the French—the Russians and the Turks—the Italians and the inhabitants of Africa, who are black, and some of whom naughty men have made slaves, are all brothers and sisters. Is it not, then, a sad thing to see these fighting, and to hear of nations going to war, as they call it, when we know that all the men who do so are acting contrary to the commands of their Saviour?

I hope you will all try to do as He has told you, and then you will never fight whilst you are boys, and never be at all likely to become soldiers to fight when you are men.

I think if all mothers had always taught their little children that they must not fight—that they "mus'nt hit little Harry," there would not have been so much suffering in this beautiful world, but a great deal more happiness in it.—*From Leaflets.*

(Published in packets, by C. GILPIN, London.)

These little tracts deserve to be scattered by millions.—Ed.

**THE HARVEST.**—Verses of sacred Scripture to be thought of, when our readers are looking upon the beautiful corn, which is now being cut down, and will soon be thrashed and winnowed by the farmer, ground into flour by the miller, and made into bread by the housewife.

"He will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff will burn up with unquenchable fire."—Matt. iii. 12.

The harvest is the end of the world. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world."—Matt. xiii. 39, 40.

### "THE WORST OF IT."

"Do you want to buy any berries, to-day?" said a poor little boy to me, one afternoon. I looked at the little fellow, and he was very shabbily clothed—gray pantaloons very much patched, an old cotton shirt, and a miserable felt hat, made up the whole of his dress. His feet were bare and travel-stained. In both hands he held up a tin pailful of ripe and dewy raspberries, which were prettily peeping out from amid the bright green leaves that lay lightly over them.

I told him I would like some; and taking the pail from him, I stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind, whistling to my canaries, as they hung in their cage in the porch. He seemed so engrossed with my pretty pets, and the berries seemed forgotten.

"Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?" said I. "How do you know but what I may cheat you, and take more than the three quarts I have agreed upon?" The boy looked up archly at me and smiled. "I am not afraid," said he, "for you would get the worst of it, ma'am."

"Get the worst of it," I said, "what do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing. Don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

What a lesson for us, dear children! This poor little boy, so tired and warm, from picking berries all day in the sun, trudging miles with his heavy pailful of fruit, felt, if he had lost them all, he would not have been so badly off as the one who would cheat him! Little children, will you just think of this, when you are tempted in any way to defraud a playmate? Just think, you get the worst of it, not the loser, by the fraud. How often do we hear persons express great pity when any one has had property stolen from him! But he does not get the worst of it. Though a man lose all he has and retain his integrity and honesty, he is rich, compared with the man who has robbed him. Yes, little children, if you disobey your parents, if you abuse your schoolmates, if you are guilty of lying or stealing, you get the worst of it; far more than those whom you may deceive, or injure, or disobey. The suffering may be theirs; but the sin is yours. God marks the sin; and though the sinner may go awhile unpunished, still there is a great day of account, when all these little sins will appear in fearful array against you. Just think of this, little boy, when you are tempted to deceive. He seemed to have no fear of being cheated; he only felt it would be great injustice; and though he might be the loser, he would not exchange situations with one who might deceive him. I have often thought of this boy since, and when he comes with berries, I always buy them and pay him well, knowing that he must be an honest, faithful child.—*Well Spring.*

We think that many of our friends cannot have seen the lengthened "Notices to Correspondents" in the MARCH Supplement. They are worthy the attention of all our readers.

### BEER MONEY; on, THE NEW PAIR OF BOOTS.

"I wish that you would give up drinking beer, it only tempts you to go to the public house for more," said a lady to her servant boy, about six months ago, in the beautiful village of —.



After some further conversation, it was agreed that a penny a day should be allowed in lieu of beer.

A box was provided, into which the pennies were daily dropped.

At the end of ninety-six days, the youth opened his box, and wending his way to the shoemaker's, bought a nice pair of new boots, for which he cheerfully laid down his eight shillings—or ninety-six pennies.

We lately saw the wearer of these boots. He stated that they had afforded him more pleasure than he ever derived from his pots of beer.

His mistress bore testimony to his general improvement, and added, that he now reads his Bible on the Sabbath afternoon, instead of slipping off to the public house.



### THE HOUSE FULL OF WINE.

BY JOHNSON BARKER.

Adapted to a Popular Air.

A gay little fly on a bright summer's morn  
Went buzzing about 'mid the clover and corn,  
Till buzzed out of breath he sat down on a flower,  
And thought he would just take a nap for an hour.  
A spider who'd built up a dwelling close by—  
Just wanting a morsel to make up a pie,—  
Looking out of his window, delightedly sees  
This fat little fly coolly taking his ease.  
So he let himself down with his pulley and thread  
Till he came to a leaf that was over his head,  
And speaking as kindly as ever he could,  
Began to persuade him he'd come for his good.

"My dear little fly," said the spider above,  
"I've a house full of wine, and a heart full of love,  
"You're welcome to both, and I've just come to say,  
"How glad I shall be of a visit to-day.  
"I fear you'll take cold from the damp of this flower,  
"There's room in my house, and I dine in an hour—  
"Take hold of my arm—you have nothing to fear—  
"I'll give you the best, both of welcome and cheer."  
So the poor little fly, with a nod of his head,  
Bowed, smiled, and consented to do as he said,  
And smacking his lips at the thought of the wine,  
Went up with the spider to rest and to dine.

Up a street and an alley of lilies and grass,  
Bees, butterflies, crickets, start up as they pass,  
And a small lady-bird ran to hide in a rose,  
For fear the great spider should tread on her toes.  
To his mansion he came, it was knitted with thread,  
And built upon briars with leaves overhead,  
Without ringing the bell, or tapping the door,  
They enter at once on the back parlour floor.  
And the fly seizing hold of a king-cup\* of wine,  
When he'd swallowed it up really thought it so fine,  
That a blue-bottle† full by his side on the floor,  
He drained at a breath and then asked for some more.

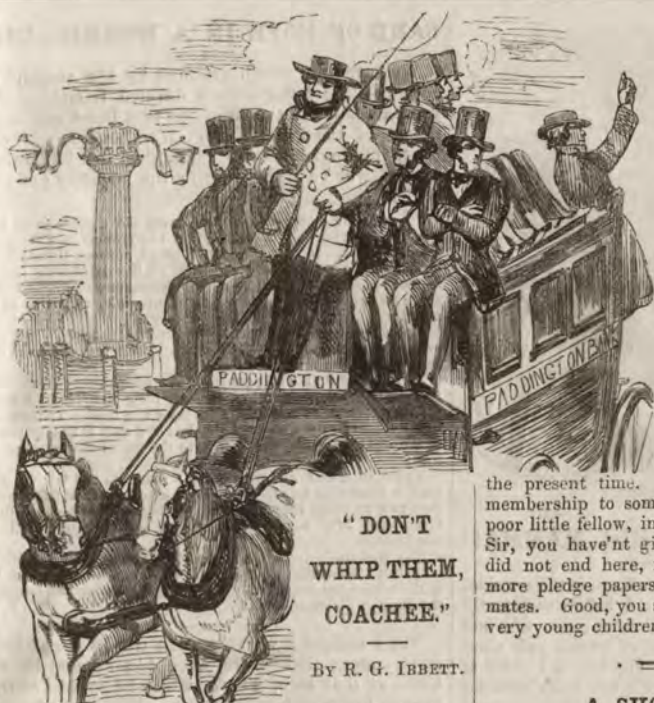
He drank the drink 'till he suddenly found  
That spider and king-cups were all turning round,  
And alarmed, he'd at once have been off like a shot,  
But he found that his feet were enchained to the spot.  
"Oh! good Mr. Spider, unfasten my feet,"  
Said the fly, "for at one, I've a lady to meet;  
"Oh! don't look so fierce—I'm dizzy and queer,  
"Pray, pray let me go—I've been long enough here."  
'Twas all of no use, for the poor little fly  
Was killed by the spider to make up his pie,—  
A bee who was passing at twelve heard his groans;  
And a cricket at night saw the ants at his bones.

There are men, like the spider, who "make up their pies"  
By luring their fellows, and blinding their eyes;  
They tempt them with drink till they come to disgrace,  
And fasten their feet, like the flies, to the place.  
They build up their webs, both in country and town,  
To catch high and low, from the lord to the clown;  
There are inns for the rich, and shops for the poor,  
Full of wine, gin, and rum, to attract and allure.  
They'll perhaps talk to you of their "house full o' wine,"  
And tempt you with that to come in and to dine,  
But beware and take care by the fate of the fly,  
For be sure they but want you to make up their pie."

\* King-cup is another name for butter-cup.

† Blue-bottle is another well-known name for the blue-bell which in its infant state is shaped like a decanter.





**"DON'T  
WHIP THEM,  
COACHEE."**

By R. G. IBBETT.

"Don't whip them, Coachee!" but be kind,  
Persuasion you will ever find  
To serve your purpose best;  
Yes, yes, e'en brutes, as well as men,  
Will use their best exertions when  
They feel themselves caress'd.

Poor creatures—see, they turn their ears,  
And listen to the voice that cheers,  
While glad they speed their way;  
They seem to say, "Do spare the thong,  
And we, caress'd will trot along,  
Until you bid us stay."

Though dumb, we know and feel withal,  
And God that marks the sparrow fall,  
Will not our wrongs despise;  
And wist ye not that life is such,  
A worm when crushed, will feel as much  
As when a giant dies."

### SABBATH BATHERS.

On a Sabbath evening in July, three boys, named Thomas Trott, Uriah and Jeremiah Frost, went to bathe in the river, at Wisbeach. The two latter wishing to have, what they thought, a little "fun," dragged Thomas Trott out of his depth, and there left him. The poor lad cried for help, but before it could be given, he had sunk, to rise no more alive.

Thomas was an orphan, but he had a brother a sailor, who had gone far away on the sea. Sad to tell, within half an hour of the above event, this sailor brother arrived at his home. Instead of clasping his dear brother in his arms, he had to weep over his lifeless corpse.

The two Frosts have been sent to prison.

Young reader! when you are invited to bathe on the Sabbath, think of Thomas Trott, and the two Frosts.

On the evening of Sunday, July 7th, a boy named Roberts, aged eleven, went with several others to bathe in a pit, near Stanley Dock, Liverpool. Roberts got out of his depth. A young man, named John Lloyd, who witnessed the boy sinking, jumped into the water, and attempted to rescue him. The drowning boy, in his fright, grasped his deliverer so tightly by the neck, that both were drowned.

Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."  
"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

**CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.**—Not long ago, a person in Manchester, in the retail drapery trade, wanted an assistant. A friend named a young man to him whose business talents were undeniable—who had just left a first-rate firm in St. Ann's Square. Thither the principal consequently repaired, to inquire respecting the character of the person. What was the answer? Young men, who value your characters, your situations, and yourselves, listen! "Why, Sir, he is an excellent salesman, and I would not have parted with him for any money, had he not been a drunkard."

### THE YOUNG MAY HELP.

The following pleasing fact has been communicated to us, by an old and valued Sabbath school teacher, at Sheffield.

"One of our scholars, a little fellow, about eight years old, met me in the street some time ago, and said, 'please Mr. F—, father has been drinking for the last fortnight, and my mother is now crying because my father will do so;' he immediately added, 'If you'll give me a pledge paper, I'll try to get him to sign it.' Very well, I replied. I then gave him one, and he brought it back to my office within half-an-hour, signed. The father has kept it up to the present time. I was lately giving cards of membership to some of the other boys, when the poor little fellow, in his innocent way, said, 'please Sir, you have't given me one for my father.' It did not end here, for he afterwards came for two more pledge papers, for two of his father's shop-mates. Good, you see, may be thus done, even by very young children."

### A SHORT ADDRESS

TO THE

BOYS AND GIRLS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

By J. JACKSON, Bilston, Staffordshire.

"Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."—Luke xxiii., 43.

Some of you are no doubt aware by whom, and on what occasion these words were spoken; but as I am afraid all of you do not know, I will tell you.

They were spoken by our Saviour when he was dying upon the cross to save sinners such as you. The person to whom He addressed them was one of the two thieves between whom He was crucified. The words spoken by our Lord to the "penitent thief" (for such he is generally called) ought to be a very great encouragement to you. His offences were of such a nature that he was sentenced to die. And yet, notwithstanding his crimes, when he prayed "Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom," our Lord heard and answered his prayer, saying "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Why did our Lord attend to the prayer of the dying thief? Because it was a faithful one; he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore he was saved. And do you not think boys and girls that this ought to be an encouragement to you? Assuredly it ought. Some of you have led lives very similar to that of the thief upon the cross, and yet you see that he was saved.

Faith, it was, in his case that led the way to paradise, and faith must be your conductor thitherward. Oh then repent of your past lives, and "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isaiah i. 18., "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."—1 Timothy i. 15.

**LONDON INTemperance.**—The Rev. John Harris says, that London is plied and fed with three millions worth of spirituous liquors annually. Twenty-three thousands are annually found helplessly drunk in the streets; above one hundred and fifty thousand are habitual gin drinkers; and almost the same number of both sexes have abandoned themselves to systematic debauchery and profligacy.

### TOO LATE.

Every Sabbath scholar should be at school in good time. How pleasant to the Superintendent and Teachers to see all the classes well filled a few minutes before the time for commencing the delightful duty of praise and prayer. Many plans have been tried to prevent late scholars. Not long ago, we entered a large Sabbath school; against the door was hung a board with the words "too late," printed in large letters. Every late scholar had to pass by this silent monitor. This simple expedient has done much towards filling the schools in "good time."



Several friends having kindly enquired as to the financial condition of the "Band of Hope Review." We may state, that after bestowing no small pains to render the paper self-supporting, we find that we are still a considerable sum out of pocket. We respectfully solicit our readers to help us, by seeking to double our monthly circulation. This will enable us to labour on with a lighter heart.

To be truly wise is to be really happy; to be really happy, we must unite the love of God and man.

To endure injuries with fortitude, is to half overcome them.

THE

### OLD MAN WHO WAS FED BY BIRDS.

Many years ago an old man who feared God lived in —. The king of the country was very wicked. The good old man spoke to the king about his wicked ways. This made the king hate him, and he was told run away lest the king should kill him. He hid himself in a desert. He sat down on the bank of a brook of water. He had no food with him. Whilst he was seated, he saw two black birds flying in the air. They came close to him and let something fall from their beaks. It was meat and bread. The birds came in this way every morning and every evening for a long time. The old man eat what the birds brought, and had something very sweet and good to drink. It was the best liquor ever known. One day the king found out the old man, but God would not let him be hurt.

Do you know the name of this good old man?  
Where did he live?  
What was the name of this wicked king?  
What kind of birds brought the old man his meals?  
Who sent the birds?  
What did the good old man drink?  
What was the name of the brook?





## INTELLIGENCE.

**PEMBROKE DOCK.**—On the 28th of June, being the anniversary of the Queen's coronation, we held a very successful demonstration of the several "Bands of Hope," in this town, consisting of a procession numbering 600 children, attended by the band of Her Majesty's Royal Dock Yard, with appropriate flags and banners, &c. A public meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, when a crowded audience were interested by several advocates of this good cause. WM. THOMAS.

**MANCHESTER.**—A "Band of Hope" has been established in connexion with Rusholme Road Sabbath School, consisting solely of the scholars, which numbers 223 members. Monthly meetings are held, at which suitable addresses are delivered. About 130 copies of the Review are circulated among the teachers and scholars. CHAS. HAGUE, Sec.

**DEAL.**—The first festival of this Society, was held in a meadow, at Middle Deal, on the 24th of June, when between eighty and ninety persons sat down to tea. In the afternoon, the members of the Society walked through the town in procession, with banners. In the evening, a meeting was held, and temperance melodies were sung during the intervals of the speeches. A. S. RAMELL, Sec.

**STONEHOUSE.**—We have just formed a "Band," which bids fair to be very flourishing. It is managed by a Committee of young persons. Through the subscriptions of several kind friends, we have been enabled to hold a tea meeting, which gave great delight to all present. The "Review" is received with pleasure. J. WILLOUGHBY, Sec.

**LONDON.**—A great gathering of the London Bands of Hope, took place on the 5th of August, in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in connexion with the Bazaar of the London Temperance League. In the evening eleven thousand persons were assembled, whose cheerful countenances proclaimed that strong drink is not necessary to give zest to a holiday treat. A magnificent display of fire works closed the proceedings of the day. We congratulate the Committee on the result of Mr. SINGLAIN'S labours amongst the youth of London.

**IPSWICH.**—The first festival of this Band of Hope, was held on the 5th of July, when two hundred and fifty juveniles, (all members of the society) marched in procession with banners, etc., along the principal streets to the beautiful grounds of the Arboretum, where several melodies were sung. They then adjourned to the Temperance Hall to partake of tea, provided gratuitously through the kindness of a few friends, after which the remainder of the evening was spent in healthful amusements. ROBT. SEAGER.

**YORK.**—On the 3rd inst., the members and friends of this Juvenile Temperance Society held their gala, the girls and boys (about 1,500) assembled at one o'clock in St. George's Fields, where they formed in rank, with neat banners and flags, bearing Temperance mottoes. The procession passed through the principal streets, and then proceeded to the grounds of R. Varrill, Esq., on the Mount, where the use of two large fields had been kindly granted for the occasion. On reaching the ground, a band of music struck up its lively strains. The children were then regaled with tea and buns. In the midst of the tea the rain began to fall, and continued with little intermission during the evening; consequently the children were dismissed as early as possible, much to their disappointment and that of their friends. A number of the friends remained and partook of tea and refreshments. Temperance addresses were delivered by Mr. T. B. Thompson, Agent to the British Temperance Association, and Mr. Holroyd. At nine o'clock the National Anthem was sung, which closed the proceedings of the day. R. H. BURDEKIN.

**WESTMINSTER.**—Thursday afternoon, 2nd of July, presented a scene of extraordinary excitement along the principal avenues off this ancient city, from the groups of well dressed children wending their happy way to Vincent Square. At six o'clock the juvenile Sax Horn Band (the Morley family) struck up, which was the signal for the unfurling of banners, and in a few minutes nearly five hundred children adorned with rosettes, medals, &c., moved onwards towards St. James's Park. Many a mother wept at the sight, and earnestly solicited that her children might be permitted to join. Not a few blessings were invoked upon the Band of Hope movement. After the children had entered the beautiful Park, the Juvenile Band played some lively airs. At eight, a densely crowded meeting, presided over by the Rev. Dawson Burns terminated this happy day. JOHN H. ESTERBROOKE, Sec.

**MERE.**—Towards the close of last summer, a small Band of Hope was formed, and we have now about seventy-four members. It was arranged that a halfpenny per fortnight should be subscribed, with the understanding that when sixpence each was thus contributed, a tea meeting should be provided with the money. This accordingly, took place in the Independent Chapel School-room, on the 17th of May, and a very pleasant evening was thus spent. On Tuesday the children were accompanied to a cave, near a neighbouring village, and were thus kept from the fair which was held on both these days. We trust they were thus shown that it is possible for people to be happy and enjoy themselves, without intoxicating drinks. JOHN TOY.

**UXBRIDGE.**—This society was formed in January last, and weekly meetings are held. Between seventy and eighty partook of tea, (kindly given by the Adult Temperance Society) and spent a very pleasant evening, on Friday, the 11th of June. Nearly two hundred of that interesting periodical, the "Band of Hope Review" are purchased monthly. M. A. HOPPER, Sec.

**UXBRIDGE.**—We have a Band of Hope here, which has been established only a few months. We number about sixty members. We hold a meeting once a fortnight; and they are generally satisfactory and encouraging. EDWIN FARDON.

**MASHAM.**—On Monday, the 21st June, we had a public procession through the streets, with flags. After which, the members, together with several friends of the Temperance movement, were regaled with a good tea. Our numbers steadily increase. This is highly gratifying, and shows that may be done by perseverance. R. STOCKDALE.

**CHEERTSEY.**—The first anniversary of "The Children's Friend Society," was held in the beautiful grounds of J. J. Briscoe, Esq., at Fox Hills. Tables having been erected on the lawn, about 1700 children sat down to an ample supply of cake and tea, which was kindly supplied and presided over by Mrs. Briscoe. The children were then allowed to ramble in the park, after which, they were assembled on a "grassy bank," and addressed by J. Maitland, Esq.; Rev. G. R. Birch; S. C. Haall, Esq.; and the Editor of the Band of Hope Review. At the close of the meeting, Mrs. Briscoe distributed medals to her delighted little visitors.



## "GIVE ME ONE FOR HIM, MAMMA!"

Let all those who travel, or who go to the sea side, to get good, strive to do good. A lady was recently seen at the pleasant watering place of —. She had provided herself with a stock of tracts, and other suitable papers. When walking out, a bundle of these were always taken, and it was truly pleasing to see the zeal with which her children entered into the work of distribution. Not a sailor or fisherman came near, but "Mamma" was sure to be asked for "one for him." This was quickly followed by the gift being kindly received, with "Thank you, Miss," or "Thank you, my little Master."

When we bear in mind, how much good has resulted from tract distribution, we cannot be too earnest in this delightful labour of love. It is a field of usefulness, in which, even the little ones may be extensively employed.

**DEATH FROM INTEMPERANCE.**—Not many nights ago, the attention of the police was called to a house in Milton Street, Glasgow, from a report that a young man, named Mutrie, had suddenly expired there. On going to the place, the body of the young man was found stretched in the bed, seemingly in the position in which he had lain down, the clothes still unremoved. On the floor, a few feet distant, lay his Mother, in all the torpid insensibility of helpless intoxication. It appears that both mother and son had, for the previous three weeks, been drinking to excess, and that they had wound up with a carousal on the afternoon of the day that the young man expired.



## THE LETTER BOX.

We want a kind friend in every parish in the land to aid us in an effort to increase our circulation by dropping for us into "The Post Office Letter Box" the following information, addressed to "The Editor of the Band of Hope Review, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London."

1. A list of all the Sunday Schools in the neighbourhood, state name or denomination, number of scholars in each, in what street situate, &c.
2. A list of the Day Schools, (public and private) with address of master.

We shall be much gratified by having these lists plainly written, and on one side of the letter paper only, so that we can paste the sheets into a large scrap book without covering up any of the writing.

## BAND OF HOPE IN A WORKHOUSE.

We have been much gratified by the receipt of an interesting letter from a devoted friend of the young, relative to the formation of a Band off Hope in one of the large Union Workhouses, in the North of England. We think that the following extract will be interesting to the majority of our readers.

"A meeting was recently held with the children of our workhouse, who had previously been interested in the temperance cause. It was thought, that as most of these poor forlorn ones were brought there through the drinking habits of their parents, it would be well to endeavour to send them home from their parish, abstainers in principle, as well as in practice."

Many anecdotes were related during the meeting, and the breathless attention, deep sighs, and starting tear proved the sympathy of the youthful listeners.

At last the Roll was produced, the agreement was read, and the children were asked to sign their names. A short silence followed, no one liking to take the lead. There are many leaders in the ways of sin, but if a step is to be taken in the right direction, how few have the moral courage to be first!

At length, a little girl rose, came forward to the table, and with a trembling hand, wrote her name; another followed, then two or three rose up together, then several boys, until more than fifty names were enrolled, and a Band of Hope was formed.

May God smile upon it, and grant that these dear children may tread hopefully in the paths of temperance, and by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ obtain a far better treasure—the hope of life everlasting!" F. G.

The master of a workhouse in the East of London states, that there were 145 cases in the house at that time, 111 of which he could clearly trace to habits of intemperance and spirit drinking. —Parliamentary Evidence.

**THE DISTILLERY.**—An inquest was held in July, upon the body of John Lord, aged 37, a labourer at Messrs. Smith's large Distillery in Whitechapel. His death was occasioned by falling into a vat of boiling wort on the Sabbath. John Adlow was the chief witness. He stated that he went between six and seven o'clock on the Sunday morning, to relieve deceased, (who had been at work all night) but that he found him in the vat, quite dead, with his arm clung round a rod.

It is not generally known, that the manufacture of spirituous liquors, and the process of mashing, cause a lamentable amount of Sabbath breaking. Upwards of thirty thousand men are supposed to be engaged every Sabbath during the mashing season in the various malt kilns of the three kingdoms.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.



FRIENDS who write, asking for information, should enclose stamped and directed envelopes for reply. We have, in some instances, paid several shillings per week for the postage of such letters. As we cheerfully sacrifice considerable time and substance to this work, we feel assured, that none will desire that we should be thus burdened.

F. F. DILLON.—Our Gratuitous Fund is much over-drawn, owing to the numerous applications for grants. When our resources are replenished, we shall be glad to consider your application. We have, already, given away nearly 40,000 copies in Ireland.

We have been requested to state, that contributions towards the Bazaar stall, from Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Naisb, were duly received by the Committee of the London Temperance League.

THE letters now laid on our table, are so numerous, that we are quite unable to acknowledge them this month.

GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND.  
RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.

FOR EMIGRANT SHIPS.	
From P. H., Bromley .. ..	£2 0 0
W. Patrick, Esq., Highgate .. ..	1 0 0
GENERAL DISTRIBUTION.	
F. B., by R. Gutteridge, Esq. . . .	£0 10 0
A Friend, by J. C. . . . .	0 10 0

Just Published. Price One Penny.

## THE LEATHER ALMANAC,

OR,  
HOW WORKING MEN MAY SAVE MONEY.  
With Illustrations.

We think that this interesting narrative will be the means of saving many of the working classes from the attractions of the public house. We trust it will have a wide circulation.

Price One Penny.

THE BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC,  
1853.

With Illustrations, including the "British Juggernaut," specially designed by AN ELAY.

We hope to have this Pictorial Sheet Almanac, ready by the 1st of October, and solicit the hearty co-operation of all our readers in securing an extensive circulation.

ALL THE BACK NUMBERS have been reprinted and may be ordered through any bookseller.





"Redeeming the time."

### THE DAYS ARE SHORTENING.

"How short the days are getting!" "How soon it is dark!" "Winter nights will soon be here!" are expressions that may now be heard all over the country, from both old and young.

Let all the readers of the "Band of Hope Review" carefully and prayerfully read over that beautiful chapter in the Bible, the last in Ecclesiastes, and they will see that a lesson may be learned from the "short days." If they do not understand the meaning of the "windows being darkened," and the "broken pitcher," let them ask their parents and teachers for an explanation.

Whether we think of it or not, our days are shortening. Let us then improve every hour that God is pleased to lend us, for our life will soon be ended, and eternity begun.

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase;  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round and steals away,  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.

### TO IDLERS & LATE RISERS.

LOST!!!

Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, Two Golden Hours, each set with sixty Diamond Minutes! No reward will be offered, as they are for ever lost!

### OUR FIRST VOLUME.

We hope that our readers are keeping all the back numbers nice and clean, so as to be bound up into a volume at the end of this year. We intend giving a neat titlepage and index for the two years, in the ensuing December number. All the back numbers (including the *Supplement for March*), may now be procured through any bookseller.

### JOHN MACGREGOR, ESQ.

We beg to express our most cordial thanks to this well-known and esteemed labourer in the cause of Ragged Schools and Protestantism, for the interest he evinces in our success. Writing recently from Dublin, he says,—

"I found a large crowd of gentlemen's children on the grass-plot here, listening to the band, and I took out some copies of the 'Band of Hope Review,' with which I always go armed. It was quite interesting to see the rush made to my exposition of pictures, and I dispersed a large number of copies. This is a sort of opportunity which I think ought to be improved."

If 100 other friends will adopt Mr. MacGregor's example, our circulation will soon be materially augmented.

The Christian has when alone, his thoughts to watch; in the family, his temper; in company, his tongue.—MRS. H. MOORE.

### THE STEPPER'S APPEAL.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

While charities on every hand abound,  
And Ragged Schools and scholars rise around,—

While red jacketed shoeblacks brush their way into our good opinion, and broomers sweep themselves a path into public favour, surely the poor stepper will not be allowed to stand still for want of a helping hand. If noble lords are forward in aiding poor boys, noble ladies will not be backward in assisting poor girls.

To them the lowly stepper humbly pleads,  
For gentle hearts delight in gentle deeds.

and assist each other. Were they to speak for themselves this would be their appeal:—

"Ladies listen to us, and do a deed of mercy Do you hate idleness? We will not be idle. Do you love industry? We will be diligent. Let us find favour in your sight; turn us not away from your doors,

'Call us not lazy backs, beggars, and bold enough,  
Here we are ready to knit, or to sew:  
Now will we labour, and when we are old enough,  
More will we do for the aid you bestow.'

If you have delight in befriending the orphan, in strengthening the weak and raising the lowly, by employing us you will gain your ends. If you have pleasure in a clean entrance to your houses,

by assisting us you will be serving yourselves. Ladies! Let us find favour in your sight; turn us not away from your doors."

Where is the heart beating with humanity, that will refuse this simple appeal! It is always an advantage to do a great good at a little sacrifice, but still more so to do it at no sacrifice at all. Householders! bring a blessing on your habitations, by an act of benevolence. Ladies! be yourselves, and let your kindly natures have full play. Add another to the number of your gentle deeds.

### "MY MOTHER CAN PROP IT UP."

A young female, the daughter of pious parents, and formerly a scholar in one of the Wesleyan Sabbath Schools in York, died lately, leaving behind her a satisfactory testimony, that He whom she had chosen as the guide of her youth, had taken her to Himself.

During her long illness, which was borne with patience and resignation, she exhibited much love for her BIBLE.

On one occasion, not long before her death, she called for "my Bible," and on being told that it was too heavy for her, she quickly replied, "MY MOTHER CAN PROP IT UP!" She had evidently learnt that—

"Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die"—

and that this religion was taught by that blessed book.

Oh, that all Sunday scholars would value the Bible as this young female did. It would not only help them to live well, but what is better still, to die well. J. L.

Once yielding to the temptation of reading a bad book may be your ruin, or, if it be not, it will take you a long time to recover from the mischief.—TODD.

The world is flooded with bad books; they are permitted to be in our pathway, as a part of our moral discipline.—TODD.



THE STEPPERS.

The poor stepper goes forth from her asylum\* in the morning in her straw bonnet and check apron, dark blue duffle jacket, and a linen petticoat of the same colour, carrying her bucket and brush, her scouring cloth and stone to clean the steps of those who are kind enough to employ her. She begs not for charity, but for work; she asks for no favour but civility.

Intent to gain no mean, unworthy spoil,  
An honest penny by her hardy toil.

The poor steppers work in pairs and thus protect

\* Refuge for Orphans and Girls from Ragged Schools, 5, Dorchester Place, Blandford Place.





## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*A Place for Repentance.* By Rev. S. Martin.—NISBET & Co.

This cheap little book is one of Mr. Martin's best. The history which it gives of the "London Colonial Training Institution and Ragged Dormitory" is of the most thrilling interest. It should be read by every lover of his country.

*The Bible, the Great Exhibition for all Nations.* By Rev. Alex. Fletcher, D.D.—PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY.

From the pen of the "Prince of Preachers to Children." It is a good text-book for superintendents of Sabbath schools.

*The Scarlet Line; or, Salvation by Christ.*—WERTHEIM & Co.

All parents and teachers who have "Dr. Watts's Hymns for Children," should have a copy of this.

*The Desolated Valley.* By J. G. Miall.—HOULSTON & Co.

A narrative of the fearful Holmfirth flood is here turned to spiritual account.

*The New Year's Gift.* By T. S. Arthur.—PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY.

A little book that both young and old will be glad to read.

*Memoir of Dr. Gordon.* By Rev. Newman Hall, B.A.—PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY.

We thank the author for this cheap edition of the "Christian Philosopher." It will doubtless have, as it deserves, a very large circulation.

*My Father's House.* By Mrs. Ferram.—DARTON & Co.

This delightful little book for children, in nice large type, is worthy of a place in every nursery in the land. We trust that Mr. Darton will bring out many more books from the same valuable pen.

*Early Seeds.*—DARTON & Co.

This is a useful little book for the nursery. By the author of "Chick-seed without Chick-weed."

*Serpents in Hedges.* By Rev. Saml. Martin.—WARD & Co.

A powerful plea for moderation in the hours employed in business. We should like every master and mistress in the land to give this little plea their serious perusal. We think that they would thereby avoid many a sting from "serpents in hedges."

*The True Briton.*—PARTRIDGE AND OAKLEY.

This penny weekly was commenced with the view of affording to the working classes "A Home Friend and Evening Companion." It is edited by a philanthropic lady. We recommend our working friends to order a single copy, through a bookseller, so that they may judge for themselves as to its merits.

*Ragged School Union Magazine.* Vol. for 1851.

We earnestly recommend this interesting volume to all who seek the welfare of what are called the "dangerous classes." It contains facts most appalling, and yet, facts most cheering. We trust that in every Magistrate's library, at all events, the "Ragged School Union Magazine" will have a place.

## BOOKS, &amp;c. received.

*The Peace Reading Book.*—C. GILPIN.

*Little Willie and the Apple Tree.*—WERTHEIM & Co.

*Sabbath Souvenir.*—B. L. GREEN.

*Uncle's Visit at the Villa.*—C. GILPIN.

*Summary of the Principles and Doctrines of the Christian Religion.*—C. GILPIN.

*Peace Lyrics.* By H. G. Adams.—C. GILPIN.

*Strength and Glory of the British Empire.* (Tract.)—TWEEDIE.

*Memoir of F. J. Post.*—RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

*Glover's Six Temperance Tracts.*—TWEEDIE.

*Rhymes for the People.*—ARITHOPE.

*What Must I Do?* (Tract.)—SEELEY.

*The Root of the Matter.* (Tract.)—SEELEY.

## GREAT EXETER HALL MEETING.

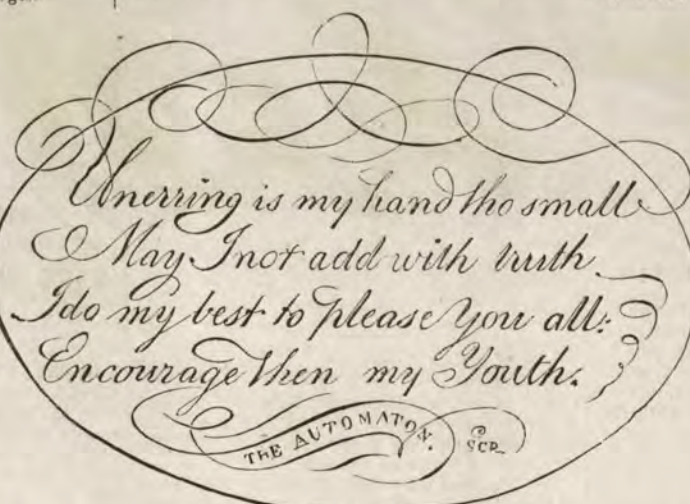
We regret to find that many of our readers have been unable to procure copies of the *March Supplement*, containing the beautiful engravings of this great Band of Hope Meeting. A supply is now lying at our publishers, and if our friends will be particular in ordering the "*MARCH SUPPLEMENT*," they will not have any further disappointment.

Parties sending eighteen postage stamps to the printer, G. Watson, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, may have a packet containing three dozen copies, *post free*, sent by return.

## THE AUTOMATON LETTER WRITER.

Some years ago, there was to be seen in London an ingenious piece of mechanism—an Automaton Letter Writer. It was visited by many persons, and amongst others, by a dear and valued young friend (F. J. Post, of Islington) who having preserved a specimen of its penmanship, we are enabled to present our readers with an exact copy, a *fac-simile*, of the automaton's hand writing. Our talented young friend, to whom we have alluded, died at the age of sixteen, and had been accustomed from a very early age to keep a private diary, wherein he recorded whatever he saw, or heard, or read, and his thoughts too, such as he considered to be worth remembering. When not much above nine years of age, he made the following entry in his diary—a book which he kept remarkably private to himself, and was not seen, even by his parents, until after his happy spirit had taken its flight to his God and Saviour in heaven. The diary is a remarkable instance of industry and deep reflection for so juvenile a mind; it contains a large collection of essays on biblical subjects, on history, on biography, on mechanics, on chymistry, and on several branches of the arts and sciences, in all of which his piety is very conspicuous.

Extract.—"1st mo. 7, 1829.—Went with father to see an automaton, or mechanical image in the dress and likeness of a very little boy. Being told that he was a scholar, we requested a specimen of his hand writing: upon which he wrote with a pen on a piece of paper the following lines, which I brought away with me as a curiosity. "They were written slowly, very accurately, and the writing good, and finished with a flourish in an ellipse. In this way clever answers were given to questions put by the company present, on subjects of science, or in the learned languages." Then follows a copy of the lines in the author's manuscript book: they are here given, facsimile, as produced from the pen of the automaton or androids.



We hope that none of our youthful readers will allow a wooden boy, without blood or bones, a piece of mere machinery, to excel them in writing. We wish all our young friends to take pains with their writing; many letters that we receive are carelessly written. A boy who writes a fair hand, and has a good character, need never be in want of a situation; such boys are always employed the first, whilst others are often obliged to wait, and experience many privations and much suffering.

## HALF YEARLY PART, No. 3.

This is now ready. Price Sixpence. With index, &c., and fifty-two illustrations. Let us be cheered by a large circulation.



## PENNY PUFFS; OR, THE £90.

I once visited a travelling tinker, who had become lame, and was unable to follow his daily labour. He was in distress and required help. The pipe on the hob shewed that he was a smoker. On my making some allusion to the pipe, he said, "Both me and wife have smoked, Sir, ever since we were wed. We have never had, more nor less, than 'a pen'oth of bacca' every day." Having ascertained the length of time they had been married, I took out my pencil, and made a calculation as to the amount spent by them in these "pennies." Judge of the tinker's surprise, when I thus addressed him, "My friend, if you had placed the money in the SAVINGS' BANK, (where you would have had interest allowed for your money), instead of wasting it in smoke, you might to-day have felt independent of others, for your PENNIES would have amounted in your bank-book to the noble sum of

NINETY POUNDS!"

S.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. SPENCELEY. Not correct rhyme. You had better submit your composition to some judicious teacher. We know no one better than Mr. Mosley.

L. W., Gloucester. Shall appear. We like to know the names of our correspondents. Do what you can to increase the circulation.

M. R. PINBURY, Modbury. Shall appear. Do not write on both sides of the paper.

J. CROSS, Stonehouse. In reviewing books, the Stamp office will not allow us to quote the prices. If you enclose a postage stamp to W. Tweedie, 337, Strand, London, he will send you his catalogue of temperance books; or show the January number to any bookseller, and he will give the information you desire.

W. L. Communicate fully. Many pious christians are not AWARE that the manufacture of malt entails Sabbath labour upon so many. Have you any death-bed testimonies from the poor men you refer to?

P. H. PROCKOVER, Wisbech. Shall appear. Make the "Review" well known.

PETER MURDOCK, Glasgow. We shall keep to the present price, if possible. The new post-office regulation will aid us.

W. RIDER, London. Will you favour us with a sight of "Anecdotes of Intemperance?"

E. NALLAM. We shall do all we can to prevent the young from attending village "wakes" and "dances."

Many communications and notices of meetings are omitted for want of room.

X. Y. Z. Such facts should be accompanied with the writer's name.

P. J. DIXON, Carlisle. Communications like yours are valuable.

G. BUDD, London. We wish that we had sufficient space to insert all your interesting communications. If our readers generally would follow your example in seeking to extend the circulation and usefulness of our little paper, it would soon bud and blossom into a "great fact."

RECEIVED WITH THANKS. Anonymous; T. Anderton, Sheffield; R. Anderson, York; M. A. Paull; Charles Burwell, Leeds; John W. Houghton, Colchester; T. Cramp; R. W. Houghton; W. H. Boase, Pembroke Docks; T. S.; R. Y., Stirling; G. Duckworth, Chester.

## GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the following Contributions,—

FOR SAILORS, EMIGRANT SHIPS, &c.  
Robert Farrer, Esq., York ..... £1 0 0  
John Farrer, Esq., Marton Lordship.. 1 0 0

FOR IRELAND.

J. H., York ..... 0 5 0

\* The £2 for Ireland inserted in our last number is an error.—Read, "A Friend," 2s.





"Swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks."

### A CHALLENGE.

A Friend, who is anxious that the Gratuitous Distribution Fund of the "Band of Hope Review" should be materially augmented, has made the following liberal offer:—

"Whatever amount is subscribed in sums of £1 each, during the months of November and December, 1852, I undertake (if living in January, 1853) to give an amount equal to the total, of such subscriptions."

As many urgent applications have been made for grants for Emigrant Ships, Irish Schools, Ragged Schools, Sailors, &c., &c., it is hoped that this offer will be the means of replenishing the Gratuitous Circulation Fund, which is now exhausted.

The administration of this fund is entrusted to a Committee, consisting of the following Gentlemen:—

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.  
REV. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall, and 22, Albion Grove, Islington.  
Mr. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park.  
JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, (Treasurer.)

### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

	£	s.	d.
R. D. Alexander, Esq., Ipswich	1	0	0
Mrs. R. D. Alexander	1	0	0
W. Lamplough, Esq., Barnsbury Villas	1	0	0
Capt. Baker, Bath	1	0	0
H. F. Barclay, Esq., Leptonstone	1	0	0
Mrs. H. F. Barclay, Do.	1	0	0
Edith Richenda Barclay, Ditto	1	0	0
Hugh G. Barclay, Do.	1	0	0
Mrs. Carlisle, Dublin	1	0	0
H. E. Gurney, Esq., West Ham	1	0	0
E. L. Gurney, Ditto	1	0	0
H. Gurney, Ditto	1	0	0
M. I. Gurney, Ditto	1	0	0
Samuel Statham, Esq., 7, Cloudestey Street	1	0	0
Rev. W. Tyler, Pine House, Holloway	1	0	0
Sir James Tyler, Pine House, Holloway	1	0	0
Jacob Post, Esq. Church Street	1	0	0
Miss Post, Ditto	1	0	0
Mrs. Dickson, Hull	1	0	0
Mr. T. B. Smithies	1	0	0
Mr. G. Watson, Dulwich	1	0	0
Mrs. F. G. Smith, Finchley	1	0	0

Further Contributions (either by post office orders or postage stamps) will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, or by any member of the Committee.

Post office orders should be made payable to "Jacob Post," Islington post office.

### THE SWORD AND THE SICKLE.

"Have you heard the news?"

"No, whatever is the matter?"

"Why, the soldiers have been called out. Such a scene was never witnessed before, no, not by the oldest general in the army—thousands were cut down—the field of action was covered with heaps upon heaps, lying in all directions!"

"You don't mean in England, surely?"

"Oh yes, in West Sussex. I rejoice to tell of it, because not a single life, or limb, was lost, or even a single drop of blood shed."

"How can this be, if thousands were cut down?"

"I will tell you. Mr. Wyatt and Mr. Holloway, 'two jolly farmers,' at Bosham, could not procure labourers to cut down their corn this harvest, so many men having gone off to the 'gold diggings.' After puzzling their heads what to do, they thought that, perhaps, they could get the help of some of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who were stationed near. This was a capital thought. The commanding officer was applied to, and on his being assured

and tied into sheaves, much to the joy of the farmers, who were loud in their praises of their merry workmen. Never did British Soldiers return from an 'engagement' with such happy hearts. They had been helping to preserve, and not to destroy life."

Let us pray that God would hasten the time when "nations will learn war no more;" when "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks." Let all the little readers of the "Band of Hope Review," seek to promote "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth PEACE and good will towards men."

### EFFECTS OF BAD COMPANY.

If we would see depravity in its results, we must sometimes turn into the police court and the prison. A few days since we paid a visit to the Worship-street police court. The case then before the magistrate was that of a boy not twelve years old. His accuser was his own mother; whose evidence disclosed the following facts:—

The father had been dead about four months, and since that time the mother had been endeavouring to obtain a living for herself and children by taking in washing. The prisoner had repeatedly robbed his mother, sometimes carrying away clothes sent her to be washed, when she not only had to recompense the owners, but in many cases lost their employment. This rendered the poor woman scarcely able to pay her rent.

She had, however, one day placed sufficient for the purpose under a cup on the mantle-shelf, and returning home, after a short absence, she found that he had secretly entered the room, stolen the money, and taken all the food she had out of the cupboard; and everything else he could easily carry off. He absconded, and she saw nothing of him for some days, when he was brought home by a neighbour. The poor woman being quite at a loss to know what to do with him, gave him into custody. In giving her evidence she was painfully



that this would not prevent the employment of the ordinary labourers, he cheerfully gave his consent. The Soldiers were soon on 'marching orders,' and it would have gladdened you to see with what joy they laid down their warlike trappings, threw off their jackets, seized their sickles, and scampered off to the waving corn. Their happy faces seemed to say

"Hurrah! hurrah! for the sickle,  
'Tis better by far than the sword."

"Although some of these sons of Mars were a little blundering at first, yet they soon got to work in gallant style. The waving corn was quickly cut,

affected and sobbed violently.

Bad company was the cause of this poor boy's ruin, and I hope, dear readers, that you will be warned by his case, and be very careful in the choice of your companions.

H. O.

### THE SILVER CUP

(Continued from page 94.)

Poor Phebe ran about in great trouble, asking the cook and every one else, if they had seen Emma's silver cup, but they all said they had not

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

From the British Ladies' Female Emigrant Society.

"Our Committee will be most grateful for any number of the 'Band of Hope Review' that you may be able to supply them with. The proportion of children on board emigrant ships is very great. There is no doubt 500 copies might be advantageously distributed weekly by our Visiting Committee at the port of London alone."

From the Rev. EDWARD ELLIS, Secretary to the Society for Irish Church Missions.

"I have to thank you for the donations of the 'Band of Hope Review,' which we are circulating through our missionary agents. I think them calculated to do good. I can use any number which our friends are kind enough to bestow."





"HE'S GOT IT! HE'S GOT IT!"

seen it since she was rubbing it on the bench. Phebe then began to cry. "Oh dear," she said, "Mrs. Herbert will blame me, and think I have taken it."

As soon as Emma heard this she was very sorry that she had not told the truth at once, but now she did not like to say she had told a lie, so she kept silent.

You see, my young readers, how one wrong act brings on another. Emma knew she was doing wrong in taking the cup without permission; so to save herself from being blamed, she told a lie, and then was willing to let the blame fall upon another, rather than confess how naughty she had been.

Mrs. Herbert felt very sad when she heard that the cup was lost, not only because it was very valuable in itself, and a gift from Emma's grandmother, but because she was sorry that there was any one about her house who would do so wicked a thing as to steal. She felt certain that Betty, (the cook, who had lived with her a great many years), would not take so much as a pin or needle that was not her own; and no one else had been about except Emma and Emma. The cook said, that Emma had declared she had not touched the cup, and her mother had never known Emma to tell a falsehood. Besides, she thought Emma would have no object in taking her pretty cup, of which she thought so much, and hiding it. So she said no one could have taken it but Phebe.

Then, too, she said, she remembered hearing Emma and Phebe talking about the cup together, and Emma said, "This is a beautiful cup: is it not Phebe?" And Phebe said, "I guess it is a beautiful cup. It is worth a great deal of money. Won't you give it to me? I should like such a cup very much." All this made it appear, as if Phebe had taken a fancy to the cup and hid it, until she could have an opportunity of selling it.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert talked the matter over, and concluded that it was best to send Phebe away. They said, they thought it would not be right to keep her any longer, as she would set such a bad example to Emma, and they would be likely to suspect her if any thing was taken. So it was determined that Phebe should go.

Mrs. Herbert called her, and talked to her a long time, and gave her a great deal of good advice; but told her that she could not keep a person about her, whom she suspected of doing such things. She begged her to tell her before she left, what she had done with the cup. But Phebe only cried, and said, "she knew nothing of it, from the time she left it on the bench and went to get a little more of the chalk, with which she was cleaning the silver."

Emma, who was playing about, knew nothing of all this, till missing Phebe, she went to her room, and found the door locked. She called several times, but there was no answer. At length she heard some one sobbing, and she called again, "Phebe! Phebe! Won't you please to let me come in. I want to see you very much!" Then the door was unlocked and opened, and there was poor Phebe, with her apron at her eyes, crying as if her heart would break.

Her little trunk was standing open on the floor, and the clothes were all scattered around, and there she sat down on the floor among them, and began to cry, laying her head on her knees, and rocking to and fro, till little Emma began to cry too. "What is the matter, Phebe?" at length she asked. "Oh my poor mother," sobbed Phebe. "Is your mother dead, Phebe?" asked Emma. "Oh no! but she will wish she was dead, before she had seen a child of her's turned away from a good place, for stealing!" said Phebe. "The last thing she said to me, was, 'Phebe, never say a word that is not true; and never take a pin that is not your own.' Oh my poor mother! what will she say?"

"But, Phebe, are you going away? You must not go away, Phebe," said Emma.

"Yes, I must. Your mother has turned me off. She thinks I have stolen your silver cup; and as I am a living creature, I know no more than you yourself do about it."

"Oh, then, Phebe, I know more than you do about it," exclaimed Emma. "Don't cry any more, dear Phebe. I will go straight to mother, to tell her the truth. I had rather be whipped ever so hard, than have you cry so, Phebe, or go away from here." So saying, Emma darted off to her mother's room, and throwing herself into her lap, and putting her arms around her neck, she said, "Oh, dear mother, don't send Phebe away. I took my silver cup, to get a drink, and dropped it in the well; and then did not dare to tell you of it!"

Emma's mother, looked very much displeased, and said, "I should have been glad, Emma, if you had come of your own accord, and made this confession, before you were driven to it by seeing Phebe's distress. This whole affair has given me a great deal of pain; but this is the most painful part of it—to think that my own little daughter has done such a wicked thing, and that poor Phebe has been so unjustly suspected. But come, we must go to Phebe, and tell her who has done all the mischief."

"Oh, dear mother, I have told a lie, and am very, very sorry."

"And, Emma, I shall require you to tell your father and brothers the whole story, and they shall determine what your punishment shall be," said the mother.

This was a sore trial to Emma; but she knew that her mother was in earnest, that she never said what she did not intend to do, and she felt that she was right, and that there was nothing for her to do, but to submit.

Phebe, you may be sure, was very happy to find that she was no longer thought guilty, and that she was not going to be sent away; but she felt very sorry for Emma, and very much shocked to find that she had committed so great a sin.

In the mean time, Emma's brothers had heard all about what had happened, and had secretly applied to their father, to have the lost treasure recovered, and one day, when Phebe was out, a man was seen to descend the well with a ladder and a hook, and in a few moments he came up with something bright in his hand, and Emma's brothers shouted and clapped their hands for glee. "He's got it, father! he's got it!" they screamed.

Yes he had brought up the cup, but the boys' faces lengthened, when they saw how dreadfully bruised and battered it was, by bounding against the sides of the well as it went down to the bottom.

(To be concluded in our next.)



### A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

And can it be that I,  
A young and thoughtless child,  
So full of mirth and play—  
So often rude and wild—

That I a soul possess,  
Which must for ever live;  
That Jesus died upon the cross,  
This deathless soul to save!

The Bible tells me this is so—  
A book which cannot lie:  
Then 'tis a fearful thing to live,  
More fearful still to die.

Lord, guide me in the way of life,  
To me let grace be given,  
To cleanse my thoughts from all that's wrong,  
And fit my soul for heaven.

Then while I tread the narrow way,  
And fix my hopes above,  
I'll urge poor sinners day by day,  
To seek a Saviour's love.

The Child's Paper.



### THE DYING MISSIONARY

On the day of his death, in his 80th year, Elliott, the "Apostle of the Indians," was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. "Why not rest from your labours now?" said a friend, "Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to render me useful in my sphere, He has heard my prayer; for now that I can no longer preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

The questions for the present month are on the subject of SLAVERY, and consist of but one series, open to all under eighteen years of age.

For the best answers, four prizes, will be given on the following

#### CONDITIONS.

1. Answers to be given from the Bible only, and the passages to be written out in full.
2. Successful competitors to give proof, if required, that the answers are their own.
3. Answers to be sent by the last day in the month, addressed to the "Editor of Bible Questions," Band of Hope Review Office, Kirby Street, Hutton Garden, London.

#### DIRECTIONS.

First. Always to READ and ATTEND to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not written out in full.

Secondly. The name and address not to be written on the answers, but a short verse placed at the head of the answers, and the same written on a separate piece of paper, with the name, age, address, and if a Sabbath school scholar.

Thirdly. TO WRITE AS DISTINCTLY as possible, and in no case to write across. To use the COMMON SIZE LETTER PAPER. We should advise many of our young friends to rule their paper—to leave a small space between each answer—not to write out the question, but only the number—after the number let the reference follow.

Fourthly. In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWER THE QUESTION. We admire the judgment some of our young friends shew in this respect.

Fifthly. NOT TO WRITE ABOUT ANY THING ELSE with the Bible Questions, but send any other communication separately. Also, to write outside the letter, "Answers to Bible Questions."

Sixthly. When the award is given, successful competitors should write immediately to the Band of Hope Review Office, stating the book they wish, and how it is to be conveyed to them.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Give Scripture proofs of the utter incompatibility of modern slavery with even the moral law, and much less with Christianity.
2. From two striking facts of Scripture history, and the awful punishment of the oppressor, shew the aspect in which God regards slavery; and quote a passage which every slaveholder ("verily guilty") would do well to ponder.
3. Quote a verse which states the heinous crime of slavery in its three-fold form, and say what was the penalty God enjoined for either.
4. Quote a prophetic denunciation of the utter contempt which after his death, should be poured on a man of high rank who had been guilty of oppression in its varied forms as described in the same passage.
5. Name a master, who at the expence of his life went in pursuit of two runaway slaves.
6. By what merciful provision on behalf of an escaped slave does the divine law at once and for ever condemn the modern "Fugitive Slave Law?"
7. Name a Scripture character who probably had more servants (slaves) than either of the patriarchs, and quote a passage from which may be gathered in what light he regarded them, and how he treated them.
8. Shew from Scripture that the slave-buyer is a man stealer.
9. What law given to the Israelites seems designed to guard against all slavery, and slave-trading on their part?
10. Show from the person who received the purchase money in the case of an Israelite becoming servant or slave to a stranger a manifest contrast to modern slave trading.
11. Where have we the Divine testimony that Abraham's conduct towards his slaves was in direct contrast with that of slave-holders in the present day, who use their neighbour's service without wages, and give him not for his work?
12. Shew from the testimony of an inspired apostle that the poor black Negro and the white Englishman belong to the same family, and descend from the same parents.



**"MY BIBLE BEST."**—A friend was one day visiting a little girl who was very ill, and on asking her what she liked to read best, (she was fond of reading especially good books,) she cast a glance, as if to reprove him for asking such a question, and in a simple yet very earnest manner said, "I like to read my Bible best."

Do you, my dear young friends love your Bibles best, or do you prefer some other book? King David said "I love Thy law above my chief joy." Love your Bible, and should God spare your lives it will do much towards making you grow up to be useful men and women.—W. H. CAMPBELL.

**"I WISH I WAS DEAD."**—"Oh, mother," said a little girl, sighing, "I wish I was dead." "Why do you wish you were dead, my dear," said the kind mother. "Well, because you cry so when father comes home tipsy, and that makes me cry."

[The above touching fact occurred in H—, a few weeks ago. Should this meet the eye of the little girl, we hope that she will read "The Whipper Whipped" in our number for last May, and the "Touching Reproof" in the August number. We think that she will then say, "I'll PRAY for father, instead of wishing myself dead."—ED. B. H. R.]

### THE TONGUE.

"If thou wishest to be wise,  
Keep this truth before thine eyes;  
What thou speak'st, and how, beware;  
Of whom, to whom, when, and where."

**GLASGOW.**—In this city and suburbs there are 520 Sabbath Schools; 1627 Male and 1386 Female Teachers; 38,704 Scholars; average attendance, 31,300; Volumes in Libraries, 5,408. What a vast machinery for doing good! There are however, more spirit-shops than Sabbath Schools in Glasgow: and these we fear are to a great extent neutralizing the labours of the Teachers. We trust that a combined effort will be made for the training up of the young on abstinence principles. It is easy for a child to abstain; but let moderate drinking once be begun; let the Glasgow children but once handle the whiskey glass, and who shall tell what will be the end thereof?

**PLAYING AT CHURCH.**—A few weeks ago, a Sabbath Scholar was killed in Shore-ditch Church, by falling over the balusters upon which he was sliding. He had previously been reprov'd for his naughty conduct on entering God's House, but he rebelled against the advice of his Teachers. His disobedience cost him his life. Let none of the Sabbath Scholars who read this ever trifle in God's House.

**"I NEVER WAS SICK."**—The following discussion took place in an American steamboat, the *Nantucket*. One of the passengers enquired of Capt. Phinney whether he did not use ardent spirit, to which he replied, "I never drank a tea-spoon full of rum, brandy, gin, or any other ardent spirit, nor of wine, cider, or beer; I never smoked or took snuff, and I never drank either tea or coffee." "But," says a passenger, "what do you drink with your breakfast?" "Cold water," was the answer. "And what with your dinner?" "Cold water!" "And what with your supper?" "Cold water!" "Well," says he, "but what do you take when you are sick?" "I never was sick in my life," was the ready and instructive reply.

**VOICES from the pulpit, from the hospital, from the hulks, from the workhouse, from the lunatic asylum, from the grave, and from the bottomless pit—all unite in saying "The companions of fools shall be destroyed."—J. A. JAMES.**

**EFFECTS OF PASSION.**—A short time ago, Jno. W. Fisher, aged twelve years, the son of a lithographic printer, residing in Union Place, Borough, London, in a fit of violent anger on being chastised by his mother for attempting to strike his younger brother with a poker, jumped out of the bedroom window, ran towards the Surrey Canal, into which he jumped and was drowned.

### CHARLIE ON THE BRIDGE.

"Now," said Charlie Piper's mother to him, as he went out of the door to go to school, "don't you harbour that THIEF to-day: remember!" "No, mother, I will not," answered Charlie Piper, deliberately and emphatically.

What! a boy of Charlie Piper's age harbour a thief? One would think he could have nothing to do with thieves. Yes, one would suppose so, and yet there was one thief so sly that he used to insinuate himself into Charlie's good graces, and Charlie used to go with him; and although he well knew that it grieved his mother, and certainly hurt his character, yet it was some time before he had firmness enough to take a manly stand against him.

As he pushes off to school, his mother bids him "remember!"

On he goes until he gets almost over the bridge, when he stops a minute to watch the little fishes darting about in the water below. He almost wished he was a fish, that he had no grammar to learn, or copy to write; he was sure fishes must be very happy, with nothing to do the live-long day but play in the water.

Charlie well knew he had not a moment to spare on the bridge; he knew that precisely five minutes after nine the master fastened the door for prayers, and no tardy boy could get in; he knew it was too bad thus to lose a whole half-day's school, but for all that he kept stopping and delaying. In fact, his old companion, the thief, was by his side, ready to steal his precious moments, so the boy kept stopping and stopping, thinking about the fishes, and saying, "Oh, it is too pleasant to be cooped up in that old school-room," until all at once, his mother's word "REMEMBER," rushed into his mind. It seemed as if she spoke again in his ear.

He started up from his lounging attitude, threw back his arms, as much as to say, "Hands off, Mr. Thief!" and took to his heels in direction of the school-room. Charlie ran with all his might. He arrived just the moment the master was about locking the door, and happily got in.



"Good!" said Charlie, looking as glad as he could be—"Good! I have made my escape this time—I have! Good-bye, Mr. Thief; you and I have, I hope, done having any more dealings together."

Charlie was as good as his word; and from this time, instead of being a boy always delaying, always behind-hand, he became the very soul of promptness.

Hereafter, "procrastination," which the proverb calls the "thief of time," kept at a distance, and at last ceased to trouble him altogether.

Now, do our young readers know what a bad thing this procrastination is? Procrastination is the spirit of delaying, of being behind-hand in all our undertakings, and engagements, and duties. It is aptly called a thief, for it robs us of one of our best treasures—time.

Did you notice how it was trying to steal Charlie's time on the bridge? Avoid this thief, say, "Hands off!" whenever he tempts you to dally in your duties; and do resolutely and promptly whatever you have to do, or, as the Bible expresses it, "Whatever you do, do it heartily as to the Lord." Such a course will certainly rid you of the troublesome and dangerous presence of this thief for ever.—TRY IT.—From the *Child's Paper*.

### THE SABBATH DAY.

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,  
And health for the toils of to-morrow;  
But a Sabbath profaned, whatsoever may be gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

**CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.**—It is a matter for sorrow that during the period in which we commemorate the birth of our blessed Redeemer, our country is more intemperate than at any other period of the year. We are anxious that all our readers, young and old, should seek to render the ensuing Christmas a sober Christmas.

Sunday School Teachers, especially, will be encouraged to attempt this good work by perusing an excellent little sixpenny book, called "The Two Christmas Days," by Mrs. Balfour.

The sorrows inflicted upon a family by the drinking customs, and the subsequent joy of a "sober Christmas," are strikingly contrasted in this interesting narrative in Mrs. Balfour's own peculiar style.

We shall be glad if a copy is placed in every Sunday school library.

### WHICH WAS THE GREATEST FOOL?

There was a certain Lord who kept a fool in his house, as many great men did in those days, for their pleasure, to whom the Lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself; and if he should meet with such a one, to deliver it over to him.

Not many years after, his Lord fell sick; and indeed was sick unto death. His fool came to see him, and was told by his sick Lord that he must now shortly leave him. "And whither wilt thou go?" said the fool. "Into another world," said the Lord. "And when wilt thou come again? within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When then?" "Never." "Never! and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?" "None at all." "No," said the fool, "none at all? Here, take thy staff, then. Art thou going away for ever, and hast taken no order whence thou shalt never return? take my staff, for I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

### CONSTANTINE THE GREAT AND THE MISER.

—The emperor took a lance, and marked out a space of ground of the size of the human body, and said to the miser, "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world,—in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have."

**LEARN TO STOOP.**—Dr. Franklin in one of his communications to Dr. Mather, relates the following occurrence.

"The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he shewed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning towards him, he said hastily, 'Stoop, stoop!' I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never missed an occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me 'You are young, and have the world before you, stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' This advice thus beaten into my head has frequently been of use to me, and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by thus carrying their heads too high."

A few Sabbath evenings ago, a man and two boys were breaking the Sabbath in Rose and Crown Court, Finsbury, London, by making fireworks. The man locked the door and told the boys that they should not go until they had got all the work finished. This would have taken them up to midnight. About eight o'clock a spark caught the gunpowder, and a fearful explosion took place. One of the boys was killed on the spot; the other jumped out of the window, and has since died at the hospital. The man escaped being much hurt, but is now in prison. Last year a similar explosion took place on the Sabbath evening in Clerkenwell.

"The wicked shall not be unpunished."

Sin and punishment are like the shadow and the body, never apart.



### WHAT ARE BANDS OF HOPE?

Our Bands of Hope, are simply Juvenile Temperance Societies, formed for the purpose of promoting the *early training* of the young, in the practice of abstinence from all intoxicating beverages and tobacco.

### HOW TO FORM BANDS OF HOPE.

Sunday School Teachers, and those interested in the tuition of children, can readily organize these little hopeful bands.

Invite a number of children to meet you, either in the school-room, or at your dwelling-house.

Read the first chapter of Daniel, or some other suitable portion of Scripture. After supplicating the Divine blessing upon your labours, sing a good temperance hymn or melody.

Then explain in a very clear and simple manner, some of the various forms of misery, inflicted upon our country through drinking.

Exhibit Cruikshank's plates of the "Bottle," and the "Drunkard's Children." Accompanying the same with explanations adapted to the capacities of children. Explain that it is difficult to reclaim drunkards, but easy to *prevent* persons from becoming such, if they will *never taste* anything that can intoxicate.

Relate cases of good resulting from children adopting temperance principles.

If no such facts have come under your notice, you may find several in numbers eighteen and twenty-one of the "Ipswich Juvenile Books." When you send the children home, ask them to *think* about what you have said, and invite them to meet you the following week. At this second meeting, enter the names of such as are disposed to adopt the Declaration, (*and have obtained the consent of their parents*) upon the PLEDGE ROLL.

Supply them well with tracts and declaration papers, so that they may secure new members for next meeting.

If possible, hold meetings at least once a month. Begin and end *early*, so that the children may be home in good time. The good cause will be injured, if this wise rule is not attended to.

At each meeting let all new names be added to the roll. As the roll gets longer and longer, the interest of the children will be found to increase.

Let some of the members occasionally recite *well selected* pieces. This should be done with great judgment, so as not to foster feelings of self-conceit in the youthful mind.

### OFFICERS.

It is desirable to have a small Committee of Management.

A **PRESIDENT**—To plan and direct operations, and to take the chair at meetings.

A **TREASURER**—To take care of the funds, and devise means for replenishing the treasury.

A **CHORISTER**—To select, teach, and lead the singing.

A **SECRETARY**—To register the names of members; to supply the members' tickets; to record the minutes of meetings; to make an annual report; to supply temperance papers to the members monthly, &c.

The President, Treasurer, Chorister, and majority of the Committee should be adults, so that the young may have the guidance of those who are experienced. If a suitable Secretary can be selected from amongst the members it is desirable.



### GOLD DIGGINGS.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon EARTH, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in HEAVEN, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

Matt. vi. 19, 20.

### AMERICAN SLAVERY.

From "American Scenes," by the Rev. Ebenezer Davies, Minister of Caledonian Chapel, Islington.

The next "lot" was a family consisting of the husband, a man slightly coloured, about thirty years of age, the wife about twenty-five, quite black, a little girl about four years of age, and a child in arms. They were told to mount the platform. As they obeyed, I was attracted by a little incident, which had well nigh caused my feelings to betray me. Never shall I forget it. Parents of England, let me tell it you, and enlist your sympathies on behalf of oppressed and outraged humanity. It was that of a father helping up, by the hand, *his own little girl to be exposed for sale!* "Now who bids for this family! Title good—guaranteed free from the vices and maladies provided against by law. The man is an excellent shoemaker—can turn his hand to anything—and his wife a good house-servant. Who bids for the lot? 500 dollars bid for them—600 dollars—only 600 dollars—700 dollars offered for them." But the bid ultimately mounted up to 1,125 dollars.—"Going for 1,125 dollars—once—twice—gone for 1,125 dollars."

We shall be glad to be furnished with the lists of schools as named in our September number. We have only received about fifty lists.

### WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

We are much gratified by the receipt of the following interesting fact, from an esteemed correspondent at Gloucester.

Not long since, when attending a temperance meeting in the city of Gloucester, I was forcibly struck with an anecdote related by one of the speakers, which, in the hope that it may encourage some of your readers, I am induced to relate here. A month or two before, the lecturer had been visiting a school in the village of — and asked the schoolmaster if he had many total abstainers in the school, to which he replied he believed most of the boys were such. The gentleman referred to, was both pleased and interested in the account he heard, and eagerly enquired for further particulars as to the cause of so uncommon a case. He was told it was mainly attributable to the instrumentality of the *Band of Hope Review*. The following were the particulars as related by the master:—During school one afternoon, the boys had short essays to write on subjects of their own choosing. One boy chose the subject of Temperance, and the arguments he brought forward were so clear and forcible that the master expressed his approbation in high terms. He much wished the boy to read it aloud to his companions, which he was unwilling to do, and his master, therefore, read it for him; when it was finished, he turned to the boy and said "Now I think you should try to improve such opportunities as these, and make them useful to others. Suppose you ask the boys to sign the pledge, don't you think that would be a good thing if you could make *them* all abstainers?" The boys were accordingly asked if they would not join, and immediately they came forward, and each, in his turn, affixed his name to the pledge card. But more yet remains to be told. The arguments used by the boys brought the subject before the master in so strong a light, that he was fully convinced, and his name headed the list. Dear children, you who read this story, will not you go on do likewise? Perhaps, not in reality, in the same way; for your opportunities of doing good may not be the same, but each of you may find something to do, something which will assist the glorious cause of temperance. And now you will say, perhaps—But what had the *Band of Hope Review* to do with this? Listen a moment and I will tell you. This little boy took in this valuable paper every month, and from reading it he had become a convert to the principles of total abstinence. It was in this he found those arguments which he had used, and which had, under Divine blessing, become the instruments of so much good. We know not how many of his young companions he may have saved from a drunkard's grave, by thus inducing them to join the ranks of those who have denied themselves for the sake of the drunkards who are perishing around them—for the sake of their miserable wives and unhappy children. May you, then, dear children, follow his noble example, and embrace every opportunity of doing good, remembering that "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin," M. B. G.

### GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND

Received since our last, (see also page 97.)

C. Broad, Esq., Highgate.....	0 10 0
Henry Cave, Esq., York.....	0 6 0
Mr. Richard Taylor, 119, High Street, Borough ..	0 5 0
Mrs. G. C. Stawell, Queenstown ..	0 5 0
Robert Morrell, Esq., Selby ..	0 5 0
Miss Anna Mary Southall, Birmingham ..	0 5 0
Mr. Scrivener.....	0 1 0
Mr. Gill, Sen. ....	0 1 0

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our spare time from business has been so much occupied in getting up the "Band of Hope Almanac," for 1853, (which we hope all our Correspondents will strive to get posted up on the walls of workshops, schools, hair dressers' shops, coffee rooms, railway stations, &c., &c.) that we are unable this month to notice the numerous letters which have come to hand. We must beg the indulgence of our friends.

Volume I.—All the back numbers are being reprinted for this, and it will be embellished with an illustrated wrapper, index, &c. so as to form a nice Christmas present, or New Year's Gift.

67—The December number will contain the titlepage and index, so that those who have preserved the numbers can have them bound up by their bookbinder.

Our friends must forgive the unusual rolling out of our scroll this month; the works it contains are such as we wish most extensively circulated, which must be our apology.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Just Published by PARTRIDGE AND OAKLEY, Price 2d.

"LET EVERY MAN MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS."

This interesting narrative, from the pen of Mrs. STOWE, will do much towards the liberation of BRITISH SLAVES—the poor drunkards, who are to be found in every city, town, and village in our land.

The Leather Almanac;

The Two Christmas Days.

or, How Working Men May Save Money. With Illustrations. Price One Penny.

By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. With Illustrations. Price Sixpence.

BAND OF HOPE SHEET ALMANAC. 1853.

With Illustrations, including the "British Juggernaut," by ANELAY. Price One Penny. This splendid design of the Juggernaut of Britain teaches an important national lesson.

VOL. I. OF THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW.

With nearly 200 pictures. To be ready in December. A suitable present for the young.







"Pray without ceasing."

### STEAM BOAT COLLISION.

#### THE VALUE OF PRAYER.

THE sad intelligence has reached England of the collision of two steam boats in America, whereby about two hundred immortal beings were hurried in the darkness of the night into an eternal world. Mrs. Cornwell, the sister

of that great and good man Elihu Burritt, the American Blacksmith, was one of the passengers. For some time it was thought that Mrs. Cornwell had perished in the deep waters. A letter, however, has arrived, telling that she has been saved. This letter gives such pleasing evidence of the value of religion in time of danger that we cannot refrain giving the following long extract, in the hope that it will be made a blessing to our readers.

### THE SILVER CUP.

(Continued from page 98.)

On the evening of the day when the silver cup was lost, while the family were assembled for tea, Emma's father took her on his knee, and said, "Well, has my little daughter been a good girl to-day?"

She answered, "No, father, I have been very naughty, and mother says I must tell you all about it." So with many tears and blushes of shame, Emma related the whole thing exactly as it had occurred. Her brothers, who were very fond of their sister, thought she had been punished enough, and could not bear the idea of having her suffer any more, but her father said he was afraid it would not do to pass over so great a sin so lightly. He said the first fault of dropping the cup, he would not have minded so much, if she had not told the falsehood, and persisted in it, but he was afraid, if something was not now done to make her remember it, she would go on in this course and become a confirmed liar. "The most effectual mode of punishment of which I can think," said he, "is to leave Emma at home alone, while the rest go to make their visit to grandmother at Willow Grove."

This was entirely unexpected to poor Emma, who had always been accustomed to spend the midsummer holidays at her grandmother's beautiful place in the country, and she had talked of nothing else for some weeks; so she began to cry

(Continued on next page.)



"A poor German clung to me, and in broken accents begged me to pray for him. 'I am a wicked man,' he said, 'and do not know how to pray.' I reminded him that 'Our Father's at the helm.'"

"The bell commenced tolling at this moment, which indeed was a death-knell to many a poor soul. I listened a moment, and there followed immediately the most heart-rending cries from every part of the boat. 'Fire!' and 'We are sinking!' I arose from my berth, and looking out of my window saw at once that we were going down rapidly. I then left my stateroom, taking nothing with me but one of those stools called life preservers, expecting to test its efficacy in a few moments. As I reached the deck I witnessed a scene of which those who read the newspaper accounts can form but a very faint idea. Friends were embracing each other for the last time—lips met lips that were in a few moments cold in death. Those tones, so full of agony, are still ringing in my ears, and will be remembered by me till human sorrow and suffering are for ever forgotten. Scores of persons were now jumping overboard on my right hand and on my left; the water was too deep for me to remain longer in the position I then occupied, and I made an attempt to climb upon the hurricane-deck, but fell twice; the third time I succeeded. When I reached this highest part of the boat I looked in every direction for a light, but could discover none nearer than the stars, nor any help nearer than from Him who reigns above them. There seemed time but for the one solemn thought, that here, beneath 30 fathoms of water, far from friends or the green shore, I was to find my last resting place. The veil that separated me from the unseen world seemed already turned aside for me to enter. A poor German clung to me, and in broken accents begged me to pray for him. 'I am a wicked man,' he said, 'and do not

know how to pray.' I reminded him that 'Our Father's at the helm.' I noticed a gentleman kneeling down by a cross-beam. I went and knelt down by his side. The water was now even with the hurricane-deck. Just at this moment I saw the light of the steamer *Propeller*, that had struck us. The water about us was black for some distance with the heads of persons struggling for life. As the *Propeller* was nearing us our boat seemed to retain its position—the reason God only knows. There was a spot a few feet square still above water, and all the living persons left on our vessel were clustered upon it. The other steamer at last came alongside, and took us all off. I was the last lady who left the wreck, and was lifted by three men into the *Propeller*. Here the scene was most harrowing in the extreme. This vessel was also seriously injured, and it seemed very uncertain whether we should not be subjected to a repetition of all the horrors from which we had just escaped. Parents were asking frantically for their children, brothers looking eagerly in every face for a lost sister, friends loudly lamenting their missing companions. One young lady was the only survivor of a family of six, on their way from England to the far west; she had not a friend on this side the Atlantic. When we were landed at Erie I had to walk a considerable distance barefooted and bareheaded, having escaped with only one under-garment. I arrived home the following Monday, very weak and debilitated, but can never forget what obligations I am under to the Lord for His saving mercy, when more than 200 of my fellow-passengers were lost."

"E. B. CORNWELL."

### FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

On Thursday, Nov. 15, the mortal remains of the warrior were conveyed with great military pomp to St. Paul's Cathedral, and there buried in the silent tomb.

The coffin, with the Duke's hat, gloves, and sword, was placed upon a funeral car, (designed by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert) and drawn by twelve black horses. The procession was three miles long, and a million and a half of spectators are supposed to have been present.

"There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that year."—Ecclesiastes viii., 8.





again very sadly, and her brothers began to cry too. Then they joined in begging their father to let Emma go with them. "Dear father," said they, "we shall none of us enjoy ourselves at all if Emma is left at home. We feel sure that she will be good after this. She is so sorry, dear father. Take her for our sakes, and we will all strive to be very good."

Then her father said, "Emma shall take her choice. You know, Emma, you have always taken your silver cup with you to your grandmother's to show her how nicely you have kept it. Now you may either stay at home, or go to Willow Grove with the rest, and answer your grandmother when she asks you where your cup is." After some hesitation and a good deal of teasing from her brothers, Emma concluded to go to Willow Grove, but still she was so very fearful of her grandmother's displeasure, that she could hardly make up her mind to go, when the time came.

As we said in our last number, the lost cup was found, but Emma knew nothing about this, and supposed it was still at the bottom of the well, never to be seen again.

At length the day came for going to the country, and all were in high glee except poor Emma, who for the first time felt sad when starting for such a visit.

The grandmother was delighted to see them all; and as soon as they had taken off their hats they were called in to dinner, which had been waiting some time for them. What was Emma's surprise, when she saw her own silver cup standing by her plate, almost as smooth and bright as it was the day she first received it! It was filled with beautiful



sparkling water. She took it up to see if it was really her own cup. Yes! there was her name, "EMMA HERBERT," and the date of her birth; but there was a line engraved below, that she had never seen before; it was this, "ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH."

"So Emma," said her grandmother, "I see you have kept your cup as nice as ever; I am glad you are so careful of it."

Now, thought Emma, is the time; so she said, "Grandmother, I have got a sad story to tell you about this cup." Then she told her grandmother the whole story of her disobedience and falsehood, not seeking to excuse herself in any way. She ended by saying, "But, grandmother, I have felt very sorry about it ever since, and I pray to God every day to forgive me, and to keep me from ever being so wicked again."

Her grandmother was much grieved to hear this sad account, and she talked a long time to Emma and her brothers. "See," said she, "how much sorrow one sin brings to many hearts. Poor Phebe, how she suffered when falsely accused, and expected to be sent from her place. How sad Emma's parents have felt about it, and her brothers too. How unhappy she has been herself, and how grieved her grandmother feels; but above all, Emma has offended her kind Father in Heaven. But I am happy to find that she feels how necessary it is for her to have His forgiveness."

"I really think that Emma will never forget this, and as it has been the first, so I hope it will be the last act of the kind of which she will be guilty."

I am happy to say that her grandmother's wish was fulfilled. Emma grew up to be a girl of the strictest truthfulness. She has been long married, and has now a little family of her own. In a conspicuous place on her mantle-shelf, stands the gift from her grandmother, and she often points her children to it, and tells them the story of "THE SILVER CUP," and bids them remember its motto,

"ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH."

J. B. E.

### THE SERPENT'S BITE.



The liquor which the publican sold them, made them very foolish. They said and did things which they would not have thought of had they kept sober. Little did the keeper think that he was so soon to prove the truth of God's Word, "the companion of fools shall be destroyed."

The men went from the public house to the "serpent's house," in the gardens, when the keeper began sporting with the venomous reptiles. In a few moments one of the serpents, called the "Cobra," darted at his face, and bit his nose. The poison quickly ran through the poor man's blood, and he felt that he was dying. He had some medicine in his pocket, which would probably have prevented his death, but the intoxicating liquor which he had drunk, had so stupefied him, that he forgot all about the antidote. He was carried off to the Hospital; the doctors did all they could to save his life, but it was of no avail. He shortly expired.

Does not this fact remind us of Solomon's expressive words, "In the end it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

### DIALOGUE AT THE WELL.

Charles.—Mary, do you think that water is better than wine or beer for children?

Mary.—Yes, Master Charles. Water was the first beverage given by God to man, in the garden of Eden, and I believe it to be the best.

Charles.—But Robert says that I shall never be strong if I do not drink beer.

Mary.—He forgets, my dear, that when God wished to have the strongest man the world ever saw, he sent word by an angel to the mother of SAMSON, that neither she nor the child were to touch any intoxicating liquor. Get your Bible and read the thirteenth chapter of Judges, and see if what I say is not correct.



### "WE SHOULD BE WILLING TO HELP EACH OTHER."

It is now more than twenty years ago, when walking home one evening through a spacious lawn, or park, in front of H—m Abbey, beautifully laid out in walks, beneath mighty trees, which had weathered the storms of many a score of years, if not some centuries, that I passed two old women; one had been to a neighbouring wood gathering a bundle of sticks, the other had overtaken her on the road, and kindly relieved her of the burden some good part of the way. At the moment of my coming up with them, the owner was in the act of replacing the sticks on her own head, whilst she gratefully acknowledged the kindness of her neighbour, when the latter pleasantly replied, "Why we should be willing to help each other while we are here."

I have often mused on this little circumstance, and thought of the lesson it reads society. Ah, could this generous sentiment be adopted by all classes, and carried out in all the relations of life, what a much better, more peaceful, and comparatively happy world we should have!

Let our young readers resolve to cherish this principle, and be ready at all times to lend a helping hand to their fellow travellers through this troublesome world; and especially be willing to point and assist "heavy laden sinners" to that compassionate SAVIOUR, who "bore our sins in His own body on the tree." Yes, let us aspire to the happiness of "bearing each other's burdens, and so fulfilling the royal law of Christ."

E. R.



### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must beg the indulgence of many of our correspondents relative to Bible Questions, &c., &c. until next month.

☞ The Sunday School Union Jubilee is in 1853. In an early number we shall invite our readers to join in its celebration.

☞ The Rev. Robt. Gray Mason has recently completed a Temperance tour in Shetland. His labours have been graciously blessed to not a few.

☞ Mr. T. B. Thompson, Agent of the British Association for the promotion of Temperance, is progressing most favourably in the formation of Bands of Hope. His addresses are of the right kind, proclaiming not only the advantages of temperance, but the boundless blessings of the Gospel.

☞ The Band of Hope Almanac for 1853, contains a beautiful engraving of "The British Juggernaut." In the January Number we shall offer a prize, value £1, for the best essay, (by a juvenile) shewing how this great idol is to be overthrown.

☞ Do you wish to have a "merry Christmas and a happy new year?" Then read the piece on page 51 of the Review, (January, 1852) called "Christmas Boxes and New Years' Gifts," and you will find at least one mode in which you may gain your desire.

☞ In consequence of the INDEX occupying so much space, we are not able to give the Illustrated Title on the third page as intended. This may be had separately, price one halfpenny.

☞ We hope to commence the year 1853 with a new illustrated heading, specially designed by Mr. Anelay.

### The Band of Hope Almanac, 1853.

With Illustrations, including the "British Juggernaut," by ANELAY. Price One Penny.

The Two Christmas Days. With Illustrations. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Price Sixpence.

Vol. I. of "The Band of Hope Review," with about 200 illustrations, will be ready in the middle of December.



## A CLOCK'S ADDRESS TO ITS OWNER.



Master, behold me! here I stand  
To tell the hour at thy command—  
What is thy will? 'tis my delight  
To serve thee both by day and night.  
Master, be wise, and learn from me,  
To serve thy God as I serve thee.

## "IT DOES ME GOOD, MOTHER!"

In a recent number we gave a very brief account of the lamentable flood at Holmfirth. In connection with a congregation in that town, a "Catechism class" (Bible class) had been formed; and in that class was a lad who very much wished to possess a copy of "Mimpriss's Harmony of the Gospels." But he belonged to a very poor family, and the father objected on account of the expense; for it was no easy matter to spare even a small sum out of their earnings, though for the purchase of so excellent a book. The mother however pleaded for her boy, their joint request prevailed, and the much desired book was obtained. On the Sunday after he got it, he read it with great delight. On Monday he hastened home from his work, and read it all the evening. On Tuesday evening he did the same. The Wednesday evening he spent in the same manner, and remarked to his mother—"Oh, mother, it does me good to read this book!" He retired quietly to rest, under the influence of the blessed truths he had been reading, and probably anticipating the like enjoyment on the following evening. But oh, mysterious Providence! shortly after twelve o'clock on that fatal night, the "overwhelming flood" came suddenly down, with wild resistless fury, and this youth and a sister were among the number who perished in the destructive torrent. Does he now regret the way in which he spent his last three evenings?

It is a hopeful sign when a boy is careful to spend well his evenings. When a lad prefers his own home to street corners; good books to idle companions; and acquiring useful knowledge to indulging in childish play; there is ground for hope that, with God's blessing, he will, if spared, make a man of himself. And of him who prefers the Bible class to the concert; the Word of God to the worthless novel; if untimely summoned hence, and hope for the present be cut off, it is nevertheless bright and blooming for the future. G. B.

We cordially recommend Mr. Mimpriss's valuable book to all parents and teachers of the young.—Ed.

## INTELLIGENCE.

We have received interesting notices of meetings at Palace Yard, Lambeth, Aylesbury, Chester, Maidstone, Charlton Adam, Ripon, Bradford, East Grinstead, Hull, Deal, Westminster, Fitzroy, Saint Albans, Kentish Town and Camden Town Road, Lyngington, Pembroke Dock, Exeter, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Regent's Park and Hampstead Road, Manchester, Stamford, Bethnal Green; also of the Operative Silk Weavers' Band of Hope. These notices would more than fill the entire of this number. Will it meet the views of our friends, if we publish a double number at the end of the year, giving brief notices of the labours of the societies up to November?

The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

## THE SHOT MONKEY.

A relation of mine, always better satisfied at succeeding in his aim, than in the result of his shot, when travelling in the East brought down a monkey from a high tree. The poor creature, mortally wounded, was able to catch at the branches as it fell; and having so reached the ground, he was shocked to see it as large as a fine child.

He put away his gun, and hastened to it. The monkey, placing its hand on the wound, looked into his face, with an expression that seemed to imply, "What have I ever done to you that you should kill me?"

He took it in his arms, and tried to stop the bleeding, while the poor creature growing weaker, yielded itself to the comfort that he gave,

"And the big round tears

Chased one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous course."

Still there was the expression of reproach, heightened by the misery of poor —, who, in the distraction of his mind, felt at that moment as if he would have given all he had for the recovery of his victim. He then took it gently to a pool, to put a period to the protracted sufferings of nearly an hour, and exerted his resolution by immersing it in the water.



Holding it during the brief struggle, he turned from the sight; but when all was still, and he ventured to look, there were the monkey's eyes wide open, under the water, with the same sad reproachful expression, and fixed upon his. From that day he never used his gun.—From Lane's "Life at the Water Cure, &c." published by Longman & Co.

## THE POOR CAT.

A fine black cat was found one morning lately, laid on its side on a garden walk. It could not stand, poor thing, because several of its bones were broken. It was in great pain, and it was thought an act of kindness to drown it, and thus put an end to its misery.

What had the cat done to get its bones broken? Nothing! Some naughty boys had been amusing themselves by throwing stones at it. What a sad thing! Children who treat dumb animals with unkindness, generally grow up to be cruel men and women. Parents and teachers cannot impress this fact too early, on the minds of their little ones.

## EFFECTS OF CRUELTY.

A man was lately teasing some cats in a barn, near Westbourne, by pulling their tails, when one of them turned round upon him and bit his thumb. Such were the effects of the violent inflammation ensuing therefrom, that he died within eight hours.

Many have suffered by talking, but few by silence. Many men are wits in jest, who are fools in earnest.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

The Questions for this month are unavoidably omitted, owing to the indisposition of the friend who undertakes the examination of the answers for us, which is now become so heavy an undertaking as to preclude its being done by ourselves.

We have had several letters of inquiry, as to whether it is necessary to answer all the questions to obtain a prize, we answer—"Yes."

## AN AFTERNOON'S VISIT OF A CITY MISSIONARY.

We have been favoured with the following verbatim extract, from the diary of one of the London City Missionaries, under date 2nd June, 1852. It gives but a faint picture of the evils inflicted upon the Metropolis by intemperance:—

"When I arrived at home on Whit-Wednesday, I saw the 'Band of Hope Review,' and was particularly pleased with the poetry, 'Nay, John.' I started out to my district, not knowing that I should have so many illustrations of the necessity of the admonition to John.

## FIRST FAMILY VISITED.

The woman is being hopefully rescued from drunkenness, but is persecuted by a drunken husband and son.

## SECOND VISIT.

A respectable female said, 'My father died some weeks ago, drinking of gin killed him.'

## THIRD VISIT.

I met a man drunk. He said, 'I ought to know better, Sir, I am a different man when sober, drink is my ruin.'

## FOURTH VISIT.

I met a poor illiterate man to whom I had given a few lessons in reading, by which he had made considerable progress. Being fond of drink, and the public house, he made many excuses for not continuing these instructions. 'Ah,' said one who knew him well, 'he prefers a pot of beer to what would do him good.'

## FIFTH VISIT.

Saw a man who sadly neglects the duties of a husband and a father, to obtain drink.

## SIXTH VISIT.

Explained the Scriptures to a poor aged widow, who loudly complains that her few remaining days are made miserable through the unkindness and quarrels of her son and daughter-in-law, who are both given to drinking."

Our young friends here see what sorrows have resulted to six families, (living very near to each other,) from going to the public house, and drinking intoxicating liquors. We rejoice to find that many parents, (in some cases even publicans and gin-shop keepers,) are saying, "We quite approve of our children being trained up to abstain from these drinks."

Let us have the children, and in thirty years, intemperance will be driven from our land!



## THE MISCHIEVOUS MOUSE.

We should never be too hasty in judging. During the time that £1 bank notes were in use, a steady, industrious couple had managed to save £1. The bank note was carefully placed in a tumbler glass on the top shelf of the cupboard, and the door was kept locked. Some weeks after, the money was wanted, and the husband stretched out his hand and lifted down the glass from the shelf. Judge of his surprise—the bank note was gone! This led to a long quarrel, the husband charged the wife with having taken it, and the wife blamed the husband. Many months passed over and the matter still formed a source of occasional ill-tempered words. The mystery was at length explained. One day the cupboard had to be taken down, when a mouse's nest was discovered. It was mostly composed of pieces of soft paper, fragments of the £1 note!



## THETFORD HELPING INDIA.

A neat little report has been sent us of the Thetford Juvenile Missionary Society. From this we learn the pleasing fact that the scholars of some of the Bible and Sunday school classes in that little town raise yearly the necessary funds for educating three poor children in the Bangalore school in India. The names of the three scholars are "Henry Thomas," "Maria Fison," and "Charlotte Tabor." We rejoice in this pleasing effort to do good, and trust that the example will be followed in other places. Let our young friends at Thetford and other places, however, never forget to pray for grace to do all things with a single eye and pure motive to the glory of God.

Pride, self-love, or seeking the praise of men, is grievous to our Heavenly Father. A good mother, whom we knew well, when seeking to guard her children against this evil, frequently addressed them thus—

"Satan will not care how many good deeds you do, if he can only get you to be proud of them."

Commit these three lines to memory, and repeat them aloud whenever you are tempted with pride.

## Impromptu Lines

ON READING THE "BAND OF HOPE REVIEW" FOR JUNE.

"The Band of Hope,"—  
"The Band of Hope,"—  
What a beautiful name it sounds!  
'Tis an union tight,  
And a prospect bright,  
And a wreath that with fruit abounds!

"The Band of Hope,"—  
What a glorious scope  
It gives to the Christian's view!  
Of the young, set free  
From the ills they see,  
And the ills that they know not too!

"The Band of Hope,"—  
To the crowds that group  
In the drunkard's gloomy way,  
Can afford a light  
That will guide them right;  
For it shines with celestial ray!

"The Band of Hope,"—  
From the hangman's rope,  
It will many a murderer save:  
And lengthen the life  
Of the suffering wife,  
Who looked for an early grave!

"The Band of Hope,"—  
When the starry cope  
Creation no more shall shroud,  
Will a band of love,  
In the realms above,  
Unite with the heavenly host.

To "The Band of Hope,"  
Let the dull who mope,  
And the merry who cheerful stand,  
Their influence give,—  
That it long may live,  
For the good of our native land!

Temple, June, 1862.

J. P.

## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

This is the name of an American book which has just been reprinted and published in this country by Mr. Clark.

It is regarded as the most graphic exposure of American Slavery that has ever been published. It is about to be reprinted in twenty-four weekly penny numbers, and we recommend all who can, to procure a copy.

## CAUSING A COMMOTION.

A Wesleyan friend in one of the manufacturing towns of Yorkshire, who takes a deep interest in the distribution of religious tracts, &c., recently obtained a few hundred copies of the "Band of Hope Review" for circulation amongst the poor factory children. He writes to us—

"My wife gave a few copies to some of the neighbours' children on Saturday evening at our garden gate. The news thereof was soon circulated in the neighbourhood, and troops of little urchins came to ask for a similar favour. The sons and daughters of publicans, drunkards, teetotallers, saints and sinners, were plentifully supplied, so much so, that the large bundle was soon reduced to a very small one. The

## A SINGULAR PATH OF USEFULNESS.

A poor dock labourer, having embraced religion himself, became anxious to do good, but hardly knew which way. However, he had observed nonsense chalked on many walls, &c., and he began to think, if passages of Scripture were written in the same way, they would be extensively read, and might lead many to reflection. So, having obtained a piece of chalk, he wrote such passages as, "Prepare to meet thy God,"—"Repent of your sins,"—"Turn to God," &c., by the side of nonsense, impudence, and business advertisements.

Let the reader ask himself who he is living for, for himself or for others? Remember the words of Scripture, "To do good, and to communicate, forget not." If you have not a path of usefulness marked out by others, try and mark one out for yourself.

J. B.

MUCH IN A LITTLE.—The late Rev. Leigh Richmond, on being urged to write in an album, "if it were but two lines," inscribed this distich—

"Can 'two lines' teach a lesson from above?  
Yes, one shall speak a volume—GOD IS LOVE!"



## The Child's Evening Hymn.

BY MRS. M. L. BAILEY.

Father! ere I seek my rest,  
I would lean upon thy breast,  
Tell thee all my wanderings o'er,  
And thy pardoning grace implore.

While night's shadows round me close,  
And I rest in sweet repose,  
May Pity, like a gentle dove,  
O'er me brood with wings of love.

Oh! let every sinful thought,  
Every work in folly wrought,  
Every act unworthy heaven,  
In thy mercy be forgiven.

Saviour, let thy spirit mild,  
Holy, harmless, undefiled,  
Dwell with me, all sin subdue,  
And my inmost soul renew.

Teach me how the wrong to bear,  
How to smooth the brow of care,  
How to feel another's woe,  
As my Saviour felt below.

And when morning's light shall bring  
Active duty on its wing,  
Let thy presence all the day  
Keep me in thy perfect way.

## Kindness.

No! do not hurt a little boy  
Because he's less than you;  
If stronger, then your strength employ  
Some benefit to do.

Be his protector and his friend,  
To help him in distress;  
Teach him what's faulty to amend;  
Such efforts God will bless.

## THE NURSEMAID.

Many little girls who read this paper, and who are now Sabbath Scholars, will shortly be leaving their homes and going out to service. We hope they will be

INDUSTRIOUS,—NOT IDLE.  
OBEDIENT,—NOT PERT.  
PLAIN-DRESSED,—NOT FINE.  
PRAYERFUL,—NOT PROUD.

The following is the kind of servant we like:—A little nursemaid went to live with a very benevolent family, where she had to keep the children's clothes in good repair. She had been taught many good lessons by her mother, amongst others, "Waste not, want not." "A stitch in time saves nine." She was, therefore, very conscientious in her duties. One day her mistress could not avoid expressing her surprise at the carefulness of her maid. Her reply was very pleasing—"Ma'am, I feel that what money I save in my master's family, I save for the poor, and this makes me mend and turn the clothes as much as I can." Many masters and mistresses would have more to give away, if their servants were thus careful of the goods intrusted to their care.

Ill-success in the world is common to all men who neglect solid happiness for transient amusement.

THE GREAT BAZAAR.—We understand that the London Temperance League have arranged for this great demonstration to take place in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of August. There is to be a Juvenile Fete in the gardens on the 5th, from 11 till 6 o'clock. The Committee have shewn considerable talent in their arrangements for securing to Societies that supply stalls, the proceeds of the sales. Country Societies that are not aware of these arrangements should communicate with T. C. Prebble, Esq., 337, Strand, London.

A drunkard was recently sent to the Clerkenwell Prison, London, for nearly killing his wife. He turned her out of doors on the Saturday night, and the poor woman had wandered about the streets all the long night. In the morning she knocked at the door, thinking that her husband would be sober, and would treat her more kindly. He, however, rushed out of bed, seized the poker, and opening the door, struck her several heavy blows. She fell down on the stairs, and had it not been for some of the neighbours coming to her rescue, she would soon have been killed. Oh, what cruelty is caused by strong drink!

We omitted to acknowledge in our last, the kind loan by Henry Althans, Esq., of the valuable block of the Queen's visit to Peel Park.

daughter of a poor drunkard came back to inquire where the other numbers of the paper could be bought. I shall try to get some of our booksellers (at any rate some of the penny tract vendors) to put the paper into monthly circulation."

We venture to suggest, that if the example of our Yorkshire friend is extensively followed (particularly the application to booksellers) extensive good will result. We have been much encouraged in our somewhat anxious labours by the fact being communicated to us, that an unhappy drunkard in — Street, London, has been reclaimed to sobriety through a copy of the "Review" being given to his poor ragged child. The Almighty is frequently pleased to bless the feeblest instruments for the accomplishment of his gracious purposes.

## GOD SEEN IN NATURE.

The Mussulman writers speak of an ignorant Arab, who, being asked how he knew anything about God, replied, "Just as I know by the tracks in the sand whether man or beast has passed there, so when I survey the heaven with its bright stars, and the earth with its productions, do I feel the existence and power of God."

That which is obtained at the expense of one's reputation, should be considered as a loss rather than a gain.





"And the books shall be opened."



DEAR YOUNG READERS,

We earnestly desire that the year 1853, upon which you are now entering, may indeed prove "A HAPPY NEW YEAR" to you all.

The old year—1852—has passed away, and the new year, like a large blank sheet, is opening before us.

Let us imagine that it is marked out into 365 little squares, or divisions, each square representing a day. Which of you can write in each square what will happen on that particular day of the year? Not one! we cannot tell what will be even on the morrow.

But the deeds of each day *will* be marked down. The Bible tells us that God keeps a "book of remembrance," and that for our *idle words*, as well as for all our actions, we must give account in the day of judgment.

Let then the year be commenced with earnest prayer to God, that you may be enabled to give your hearts to Him—

"A flower when offered in the bud  
Is no vain sacrifice."

It may be said of many of you "*This year thou shalt die.*" At the close of each day let the enquiries be made, "Am I ready for death?" "Have I come as a poor

sinner to Christ?" "Is my name written in the Lamb's Book of Life?"

Let the prayer contained in the following beautiful verse be the *heart-felt desire* of each of our young readers; and then 1853 will indeed prove A HAPPY NEW YEAR:

"Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise joyful at the glorious day."

#### SLAVE-GROWN SUGAR;

OR,

A CHILD'S ANSWER TO THE QUESTION,  
DO YOU TAKE SUGAR IN YOUR TEA?"

No, dear Lady, none for me,  
Though squeamish you may think it,  
Slave grown sugar spoils my tea,  
I cannot, dare not drink it.

The simple produce of the cane,  
Excites no strong objections;  
But with it comes a ghastly train  
Of painful recollections.

True, the plant was freely given,  
Freely given for man to raise it:  
Freely fall the rains that cheer it,  
Freely fall the dews that feed it.

But 'twas poisoned in its birth,  
Dire oppression is its bane:  
Cruel *slavery* tills the earth,  
Shameful *slavery* rears the cane.

Alas! what sufferings and what guilt,  
Attend its cultivation:  
What *groans arise*, what *BLOOD* is spilt,  
What bitter lamentation!

And shall such sufferings have no end?  
Such misery be eternal?  
Shall *real Christians* still defend,  
A system so infernal?

And can I taste a single grain,  
Produced by such oppression?  
The fruit of so much toil and pain,  
The Negro's sad possession?

No, dear Lady, none for me,  
Though squeamish you may think it:  
Slave grown sugar spoils my tea,  
I cannot, dare not drink it.

We hope that the above verses will induce many of our readers to  
USE FREE LABOUR SUGAR ONLY

#### THE DUKE AND THE SCHOOL BOY.

SOME time ago the Duke of Wellington was taking one of his country walks, when he heard a sound of distress.

He found a rosy faced boy on the ground, bending over a tame toad. He was crying, as though his little heart would break



"What is the matter, my boy?" said the Duke.



"Please, sir, my poor toad—I bring it something to eat every morning—but I am going a long way off to school now—nobody will feed it then, and I'm afraid it will die—sir."

"Don't cry, my lad. I'll have the toad well fed, and you shall know how it goes on," replied the great general.

The noble hearted duke was as good as his word, for more than one letter was sent to the school, commencing "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington," &c., &c., and adding that the toad was alive and well.

### THE THREE HALF-CROWNS; OR, WHICH DID MOST GOOD.

CHARLES, Edward, and Henry, were three cousins of about the same age, and residing in the same village. They were about ten years of age, when a rich old uncle who had returned from India, a few weeks before, came to reside in the same place with them, declaring his intention of making one of his three nephews his heir. One day he invited the boys to tea with him. On going home he gave them a half-crown each to spend, and as it may be supposed, the cousins were much delighted. Each laid it by with care till fair-day, which was very near.

Fair-day came, and the three cousins went together. About half way there they were accosted by a pale-looking boy, about their own age, who begged of them. "I can't afford anything," said Charles. "Nor can I," said Edward. Henry did not speak, and they went on together. Once in the fair, the boys were soon separated from each other. We will follow Charles first. His half-crown was soon gone in nuts, oranges, gingerbread, tarts, etc.; besides that, he went into most of the shows, and bought a great many marbles. The next day he rose with a sick headache, and was obliged to take some very nasty medicine. Such was the end of Charles's half-crown. On separating from his companions, Edward fell into the company of some of his schoolfellows; presently another boy came running to tell them there was a balloon to be seen at one end of the fair, so away they all ran to see it. Edward declared it was going to descend. One of the boys, named Peter, said he was sure it was not. "I'll bet you anything it will drop in Gray's field," said Edward, confidently. "What have you got to bet," enquired Peter. "I have a half-crown," replied Edward. "Well, I will bet you that half-crown, that it will not fall in Gray's field." "Agreed," said Edward, and they eagerly followed the balloon's flight; it did not drop, but passed over the field, and Edward lost his half-crown.

We must now see what became of the third half-crown. On leaving his cousins, Henry hastened back to hunt for the little beggar boy; he found him sitting on the bank, and crying bitterly. Henry enquired what was the matter. "I am very hungry," replied the boy, "but I would not care so much for that, if my poor mother was not ill, and my little sisters crying for bread." The tears came into Henry's eyes. "And what would you do if you had some money?" he enquired. The boy paused a moment, and then replied, "I would trade, and try to make more of it." Henry started, he did not expect such an answer: he put his hand into his pocket, and taking out the half-crown, gave it to the poor boy, saying, "Go, and persevere." He then turned, and ran off to the fair, leaving him lost in astonishment. An hour afterwards, Henry saw him in the fair with a basket, containing oranges, pears, apples, nuts, etc. Henry wished to avoid the boy's thanks, and so he kept out of his way, though he saw him very often selling his things. Henry never said a word about it at home, but he felt quite as happy as if he had spent his half-crown on himself.

A month afterwards, Uncle William invited the three boys to tea again. Henry was running towards his uncle's house, when, on turning a corner, he came up against the little boy to whom he had given his half-crown. He nodded to him, and was running on, when the boy exclaimed, "Please sir, wait." Henry stopped. The boy took a half-crown from his pocket, and put it into Henry's hand, saying, "I have been very lucky, sir, and mother and I both sell now, so we saved up the half-crown to pay you back again, and we pray to God every night to bless and reward you, sir, for saving us from starvation." "But," said Henry, "I gave you the half-crown to keep." "Yes, sir, but mother said, now we could manage to get an honest living, we would pay it you back again." Well, if you can afford it," said Henry,

"Good bye, I can't stop," and Henry ran away to avoid his thanks, inwardly resolving to buy the little orange boy a pair of thick shoes with the half-crown, and give him. He soon reached his uncle's, where Charles and Edward had arrived before him. They had a delightful evening; and were having some fruit before going home, when Uncle William said, "My boys, I want to ask you each a question. What became of those half-crowns I gave you a month ago?" Edward coloured, and said, "I lost mine," and then related how. Charles declared he had such delicious things for his, that he only wished he had another. Henry was silent, but he was astonished when his uncle told his cousins all about the little orange boy, and finished by saying, "Now, my boys, I am going to give you a little advice. Edward, avoid gambling as you would a viper—the one may destroy your body, but the other will most certainly destroy every moral principle. Charles, leave off your greedy selfish habits, it will corrupt your character completely, and prove your ruin. Henry, my boy, to you I would say, continue in the path you have begun to pursue; always have your eyes, your ears, your heart, hands, and your pockets open to the wants of your fellow creatures, and remember, 'God loves a cheerful giver.' Give to the poor, you lend it to the Lord, and he will repay it. To you all, boys, I would say one thing, never forget which did the most good of the three half-crowns. Now, good night, go home, and tell your parents that uncle William has chosen his nephew Henry to be his heir. Good bye, and never forget about the three half-crowns."

FANNY E. NICKLEN.

### THE BRITISH JUGGERNAUT.



PRIZE  
ESSAY.

MANY a kind parent has by this time drawn the attention of his children to Mr. Anelay's heart-stirring illustration of the "British Juggernaut," in the Band of Hope Sheet Almanac for 1853.

The lessons to be drawn from this valuable picture are such as will, we trust, never be forgotten by our readers.

It deserves a place on the wall of every house, workshop, and school in the land. The fearful amount of property, and loss of life, yearly sacrificed at the shrine of this British idol, calls for the serious and prayerful consideration of every lover of his country.

We are very desirous of promoting amongst the young the inquiry

"HOW MAY THE BRITISH JUGGERNAUT  
BE DESTROYED?"

Through the kindness of a lady at Ipswich, a prize book, value

£1 : 5 : 0,

will be given for the best Essay containing an answer to the above question.

The following conditions to be strictly observed:—

- 1.—The Essay not to contain more than 2000 words.
- 2.—To be written on foolscap size paper; the writing to be on one side only of each sheet.
- 3.—To be in a clear and distinct hand-writing.
- 4.—To be sent to the "Editor of the Band of Hope Review, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London," and marked "British Juggernaut Essay," not later than the 1st June, 1853.
- 5.—All competitors to be under 16 years of age.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

#### New Series.

Our new series of questions, will be on particular subjects, one subject being given each month, similar to the plan adopted in the November number, when our questions related to slavery. We select the SABBATH as the subject for the present month. We also intend to have but one series, and the age of competitors to be under sixteen years.

#### CONDITIONS.

1. Competitors to be under sixteen years of age.
2. Answers to be given from the Bible only, and the passages to be written out in full.
3. Successful competitors to give proof, if required, that the answers are their own.
4. Answers to be sent by the last day in the month, addressed to the "Editor of Bible Questions," Band of Hope Review Office, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

#### DIRECTIONS.

First, Always to read and attend to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not written out in full.

Secondly, The name and address not to be written on the answers, but a short verse placed at the head of the answers, and the same written on a separate piece of paper, with the name, age, address, and if a Sabbath school scholar. Also, to write outside the letter, "Answers to Bible Questions."

Thirdly, In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWER THE QUESTION. We admire the judgment some of our young friends shew in this respect.

Fourthly, When the award is given, successful competitors should write immediately to the Band of Hope Review Office, stating the book they wish, and how it is to be conveyed to them.

#### QUESTIONS ON THE SABBATH.

1. What reason is given in connexion with the Sabbath, for the seventy years' captivity in Babylon?
2. Refer to a single word contained in the solemn utterance of Jehovah on Mount Sinai, which manifestly implies that the law then given, was the restoration of a defaced inscription, not the writing of a new commandment.
3. Where does St. Paul assert that the Sabbath was instituted immediately upon the finishing of the work of creation?
4. Prove that we are not at liberty to use the Sabbath either for the purpose of recreation, or in conversing about worldly matters and making bargains?
5. Shew from unerring authority that the Sabbath was made not for Jews only, nor for one nation or people, but for the whole family of mankind, and that the original laws have never been repealed?
6. Quote the noble resolution of an Old Testament saint, which, if universally adopted, would effectually prevent Sabbath breaking?

We are now engaged in clearing off our answers to questions not awarded. We have made several attempts since our last promise, but have been thwarted in our purpose; it will be no small satisfaction to be clear within our young friends before the present number reaches them—so that they may go on with fresh spirit in this profitable exercise.

### THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

#### THE REV. ROBERT NEWSTEAD.

The following gratifying letter has been received from this well known and untiring advocate off the better observance of the Sabbath.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE REVIEW."  
Liverpool, Sept. 28, 1852.

DEAR SIR,

I have to acknowledge, and do so with thanks, the enclosure you have been good enough to send me, of the *Band of Hope Review, Illustrated Tracts*, etc., with all of which I cannot be much pleased, as specimens, in either department, of remarkable cheapness and beauty combined. The good principles inculcated in both are invaluable; and I rejoice that, while your grand aim is the promotion of Temperance principles (with which, of course, all good men, if not in the same way, are disposed to co-operate), I am glad to perceive you lend also a helping hand to the greatly important subject of the *Christian Sabbath*.

I am disposed to think this the great question of our day. If we lose the Sabbath, as proposed by the Crystal Palace Company, by a legalized alienation of one-half of its sacred hours, we at once sever the great link which is a sign of our allegiance to heaven, and floods of ungodliness may be expected to follow. Every day therefore is valuable, and especially that which takes hold of the youthful mind. And it will be a blessed work to converse in the rising generation, the great principle of the holy Sabbath of God.

May it please God to bless and help your valuable labours, and succeed your untiring efforts! The statements and statistics in the first of the *Illustrated Tracts* are astounding. I shall send the Tracts to a devoted friend of the Sabbath, lest they should not otherwise be seen by him.

I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

ROBERT NEWSTEAD.

### UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

We rejoice to announce a proposed tribute to Mrs. Stowe, from the readers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in contributions of one penny and upwards. We hope that a noble sum will be raised, such as will enable Mrs. Stowe to promote the liberation of the poor slaves. We are sure that many of our readers will be glad to collect pennies for this good object. Every information may be had by corresponding with the "Secretaries of the Ladies' Negro's Friend Society, Birmingham." The Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Samuel Gurney, Esq., Sir E. N. Buxton, Joseph Sturge, Esq., and G. W. Alexander, Esq. have accepted the office of Trustees.



## SOME QUESTIONS FOR CHILDREN.

By REV. W. SINGLETON, *Late of Sheffield.*

In the good Bible, we are told  
A little baby three months old  
Was put into a boat;  
A princess and her train came by,  
She heard the little baby cry,  
She bade them take him out,  
His sister at a distance stood,  
She saw them save him from the flood,  
She saw them save her brother;  
They called, and bade her go procure  
A nurse—and we may all be sure  
She fetched the baby's mother.

*Queries arising out of this circumstance.*

Who was the baby here spoken of?  
What name had the boat in which he was exposed,  
and what was it made of?  
What was the flood called?  
Who was the baby's sister?  
Had they a brother, and what was his name?  
What was his mother's name?  
Who was their father?  
Who was the Princess that had compassion on  
the baby?  
Who was her father?  
What was the name of his kingdom?  
In what part of the globe is it situated?  
What events were remarkable in the history of  
the baby after he became a man?

We will drink no WINE.—Jer. xxxi. 6.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow  
Who hath contention? Who  
hath wounds without cause?  
Who hath redness of eyes?  
They that tarry long at the  
wine! They that go to  
seek mixed wine! Look  
not then upon the  
wine when it is red,  
when it giveth its  
colour in the  
CUP;  
when it  
moveth itself  
aright;  
AT  
the last  
it biteth like a  
serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

## PREACHING ON THE GANGES.

MANY of our readers gladly drop their pennies  
into the "Missionary Box."

We desire to encourage them in thus seeking to  
do good to the poor heathen, and are glad to inform

## THE SPANIEL.

A SHORT STORY FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

NOT long ago some labourers were at work reaping a bright field of golden coloured wheat; along with them was a little spaniel which sat upon their coats and blouses under the hedge, guarding them from rogues. Well, after they had been working a little time they all sat down to drink cider, (for in Devonshire, cider is drunk instead of beer) and after they had finished drinking themselves they gave the little spaniel some, pouring it down his throat; in a short time the poor little fellow was quite drunk; sometimes he would spring up all of a sudden, and then, instead of taking a leap, he came down upon his head, and tumbled about for a long while before he could get upon his legs again. This amused the men a good deal, and they thought it capital fun, but after a time the dog got sober and ceased to act like a drunkard; so they tried to make him tipsy again, but they could not succeed, for although he had no objection to watch their clothes as he used to do before, yet they could never get him to open his mouth, or to come near them when they left their work to drink cider.

What a lesson this little dog's conduct is for poor drunkards, and what a pity it is they do not act as he did! Dear children, if any of you should ever be treated like the little spaniel, I hope you will do as he did, *shut your mouths quite close, and keep out of the way of the bottle.*

Areton Gifford, S. Devon.

R. E. H.

Hearts, that once were taught to own  
Idol-gods of wood and stone,  
Now to light and life restored  
Honour Jesus as their Lord.

HARK! the distant isles proclaim  
Glory to Messiah's name;  
Hymns of praise, unheard before,  
Echo from the farthest shore.



THE REV. R. M. LAMB PREACHING ON THE IDOL'S BOAT.

(This interesting illustration has been kindly lent by the Church Missionary Society.)

Blessed Saviour, still proceed,  
Bid the glorious conquest speed;  
Let the first refreshing ray  
Brighten to a perfect day.

Let the messengers of peace  
Raise their voice, and never cease;  
Till the world from sin made free,  
Shall unite to worship Thee.

## A CRUEL REAPER PUNISHED.

*"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."*—PROV.

IN several parts of North Wales the labouring classes are in the habit of going down to Shropshire, and other counties of England to do the harvesting work, and afterwards returning home in time for reaping in their own neighbourhood.

It was in one of these excursions that ———, a young man, who had given himself up to intemperance—was returning home in a drunken frolic. He espied a poor donkey feeding on the roadside; he advanced towards it, and with his reaping hook struck it across the spine, and left the poor thing in agonies to die.

Is he unpunished? No.

Soon after this deed of cruelty, whilst at work blasting stones, a premature explosion took place, from the effects of which he was obliged to have his arm cut off. He also lost his sight, and is now spending the remainder of his days in the union workhouse.

Surely, even in this world, the "wicked shall not go unpunished."

E. E. A.

them that God is graciously blessing the labours of the missionaries who have been sent to proclaim salvation through faith in a crucified Saviour.

Not long ago the Rev. R. M. Lamb, of the Church Missionary Society, went to the great Mela, or Hindoo Heathen Festival, at Gharmuktezer in India, through which city flows the noted river called the Ganges. Multitudes of people were crowding down the banks of the river, by bathing in which they foolishly suppose that their sins are all washed away. Mr. Lamb thought this a good time for telling the poor Hindoos that the blood of Christ can alone wash away our sins, but he could not get the people to listen to him.

He then tried a clever plan. He saw a boat on the river, in which the Ganges' idol was placed. This senseless image the people were worshipping, and then casting their offerings at its feet.

Mr. Lamb got the owner of the boat to let him have the use of it on hire for a few hours. He then covered up the ugly image with a large sheet, and, in company with his catechists, was rowed by the idol's attendants along the banks of the river. In this pleasing manner he preached the "everlasting Gospel" to crowds of attentive hearers.

## "I AM GOING HOME."

*Lines composed on hearing a little girl, when dying, look up and say "I am going home."*

"I am going home," said the little child,  
And a light beamed in her eye,  
For she longed to be with her Saviour mild,  
Where children never die.

"I am going home, to that sweet place,  
Where Jesus himself does dwell,  
That Jesus who came to save our race  
From endless sorrow in hell.

"I am going home, my mother dear,  
Then why dost thou weep for me?  
Dost thou think that I death's valley fear  
When Jesus so soon I'll see."

And now she has gone to that loved home,  
Far from our anxious sight,  
Where sorrow and sighing cannot come,  
And all is life and light.

L



## INTELLIGENCE.

**GLASGOW.**—The Juvenile movement here is in a most flourishing condition. In the city and suburbs there are at present twenty Juvenile Abstinence Societies, the aggregate number of members being nearly 20,000. Twenty-five meetings are held weekly, and they are all generally crowded.

**ST. JUST, CORNWALL.**—A Band of Hope has been formed in this town. The first meeting was held on the 9th of October last, at which there were about 300 persons present, and of these 89 children have, with the consent of their parents, been enrolled as members. W. ROBERTS, Sec.

**ELGIN.**—The Juvenile Temperance Society here still continues in a very flourishing condition. Through the subscriptions of several kind friends the members have had two or three tea-meetings lately, with which all present were much pleased. A. OGILVIE, Sec.

**BRIDGEWATER.**—The Band of Hope, in connection with the Wesleyan Sunday school in this town, was formed about a year ago. Since its formation seventy members have been enrolled. At the annual Sunday school festival the members of the society were distinguished by a beautiful medal, suspended by a white ribbon, the gift of a friend. T. G. DOUTY.

**SHADWELL.**—A public meeting was held on the 20th September in the Temperance Hall, Fox's Lane, Shadwell, for the purpose of establishing a Band of Hope. After tea Mr. S. Catton presided, and received thirty-seven children as members of the Society. W. S. WHITELEY, Sec.

**WHITBY.**—In March last, six young men met to consider the best means for promoting the cause of temperance in this town, when it was unanimously agreed to form a Band of Hope. These six individuals formed a committee from their number, and selected a president and other officers for the management of the society. Within six months from the time of its formation 357 members have been enrolled. It is hoped that the success which has attended the movement in this town will be the means of stimulating others to form similar societies. W. BRITTAIN, Sec.

**MERE, WILTS.**—A meeting was held in connection with the Band of Hope in this place, on the 12th of October, when about 140 persons sat down to tea. The meeting which was afterwards held was presided over by Charles Jupe, Esq. G. LOVE.

**HAVERFORDWEST.**—A pleasing demonstration of the Bands of Hope in connection with the Church of England, Baptist, Wesleyan, Tabernacle, and Welsh Methodist Sunday schools in this town has taken place. A procession of upwards of 500, accompanied by three juvenile bands of music, proceeded through the principal streets to the Corn Market House, where upwards of 1000 sat down to tea and cake, to which ample justice was done. The building was tastefully decorated with flowers, &c. Mr. J. John was called to the chair, and the meeting was further addressed by several speakers. During the evening several melodies were sung by the children. This meeting was one of the most important ever held in this town. T. VAUGHAN.

**SHEFFIELD.**—At the quarterly meeting of the "Red Hill Juvenile Temperance Band of Hope," in connection with the Red Hill Wesleyan Sunday school, Mr. Wilkinson, the superintendent of the school, presided. Short addresses, recitations, and dialogues were delivered, and several melodies were sung. About 1000 children and friends were present, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather.

**DUNSTABLE.**—The first anniversary was held in the Temperance Hall, on the 2nd September, when 120 children, besides numerous friends, sat down to tea. Addresses were delivered by the senior members of the Band of Hope. This society is progressing rapidly: commencing last year with three, it now numbers 300.

**RAMSBURY, WILTS.**—We have a Band of Hope comprising sixty members, although it has been but recently established. Monthly meetings are held, and the "Review" is much prized by all who see it. WILLIAM WARD, Sec.

**WEDNESBURY.**—We have commenced a Band of Hope in this town which bids fair for doing well. About seventy sat down to tea recently, after which suitable addresses were given. WM. PHILLIPS, Sec.

**LEEDS.**—At the annual gathering of the Juveniles, a procession, headed by a band of music, marched through the town, the weather was favourable, and the sight was at once interesting and heart-cheering to all friends of the good cause. The children afterwards retired to the District Rooms to take tea and spend the evening. J. KERSHAW, Jun., Sec.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—Elijah Turner; T. P. Ramsay; S. Booth; Rev. E. Davies; M. A. Noton; H. G. Adams; W. Y. P.; Anonymous, &c.; Maria Bowley; Catherine Ponsonby; T. Scrivener; Frances Osgood; A. P. V. H.; Samuel Catton; James Ynnan; Thos. Chrimes; Rev. R. G. Mason; Mary McMiller; J. Jenkinson; A. Sabbath Scholar, Birmingham; E. Oldroyd; W. G. Spyer; T. Freeman; F. E. Nicklen; E. Hallam; H. S. Conington; H. G. E.; Guildford; W. F. Page; W. G. Smith; Elizabeth Bentley; E. Ridley; J. Waddington; A. Paul; J. A. Tidbury, and many others which our time and space will not allow us to name.

T. SMITH, St. Neot's. We thank you for the list of Sunday Schools in your neighbourhood. Instructions how to form "Bands of Hope" will be found in the last November number.

P. MURDOCK, JUN., Glasgow. We have no cases separate from the volume of the "Review."

We have received a letter from Sir Horace St. Paul, in which he says, "It is expected that the three prizes for Temperance Essays will be awarded at the next Spring Assizes, at Newcastle-on-Tyne."

FINCHBURY. The "Review" may be had monthly, of Mr. S. T. Saunders, 9, Finchbury Circus.

G. T. P. The trial of Sir John Barleycorn has done serious injury to not a few children. Whilst seeking to remove the curse of intemperance, let not the young be led into the vortex of the stage.

We solicit the hearty co-operation of our numerous readers in seeking to increase our circulation during 1853.



## YES, AND NO;

OR,

## "YES, SIR," AND "NO, SIR,"

SOME time ago, a London merchant wanted a boy in his warehouse. Two were recommended to him. The first boy walked into the counting-house keeping his cap on his head, which all Band of Hope Children must know is not very polite.

In answer to several questions he abruptly answered "Yes" or "No."

The second little boy made a nice bow when he entered, and when asked a question replied with "Yes, Sir," "No, Sir," &c. The first boy was the strongest, and was, therefore, better able to carry heavy parcels about than the other.

Yet, did the merchant select this one? Oh no—the boy who took off his cap got the situation.



## THREE STEPS TO RUIN.

## SMOKING—

## DRINKING—

## BETTING.

A young man of respectable parents was recently taken to prison by the police for robbing his employers.

He commenced smoking, went into bad company, and quickly got down the second and third steps—drinking and betting. He then began to steal the property of his masters. He forgot those words, "Be sure your sin will find you out." He was found out, and is now locked up in the cold prison cell.

We entreat our young readers never to begin the injurious and idle habit of smoking. It is becoming a national curse, and if not stayed, tens of thousands of our promising youth will be led down the THREE STEPS TO RUIN.

## THE REV. ROBT. NEWTON, D.D.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following letter.

DEAR SIR,  
Be assured of my best wishes for the success of your undertaking, intended especially for the benefit of the young.

I am,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT NEWTON.

Southport,  
Dec. 10th, 1852.

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

## COMMITTEE.

Rev. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall, and 22, Albion Grove, Islington.  
Rev. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.  
Mr. T. B. SMITHES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnesbury Park.  
JACOB POST, Esq., Church St., Islington, London, Treasurer.

## THE CHALLENGE.

The following Contributions have been kindly forwarded to the Treasurer, since our last.

Asby, G. C. Esq., Isleworth .....	1	Henderson, J. Esq., Glasgow .....	1
Backhouse, Mrs. Cath. ..	1	Henderson, Mrs. ditto ..	1
Bassett, J. D. Esq., Leighton Buzzard .....	1	Kitching, John Esq., Stamford Hill .....	1
Bassett, Hannah M., Do. ..	1	Kitching, Mrs. I. ditto ..	1
Bassett, Mary Jane, Do. ..	1	Knight, Sophia, Chelmsford .....	1
Bassett, Francis, Ditto ..	1	Lowe, Rachel J., Ealington .....	1
Bassett, Ellen, Ditto ..	1	Mellor, Miss A. The Hough near Macclesfield .....	1
Beakbane, Mrs., Litherland, near Liverpool ..	1	Richardson, Miss, Midford House, Bath .....	1
Birkbeck, Mrs. Kenwick, near Norwich .....	1	Shorthouse, Miss Mosley, near Birmingham .....	1
Birkbeck, Miss .....	1	Smithies, Mrs. York ..	1
Birkbeck, Miss Lucy ..	1	Tanner, A. T. Esq., Sidcot ..	1
Bridgewater Teetotal Soc. ..	1	Thorp, Saml. Esq., Tower Hill, Rainow, near Macclesfield .....	1
Burlingham, Miss H. K. Evesham .....	1	Thompson, Ann, Bridgewater .....	1
Collected by an Old Teetotalter, at an Exhibition of the Magic Lantern, at Plaistow .....	1	Tweedy, R. Esq., Redruth ..	1
Dickson, Mr. W. (the late) Hull .....	1	Tyler, G. Esq., Holloway ..	1
Ellice, W. Esq., Upper Brook Street .....	1	Wilson, J. Esq., Tunbridge Wells .....	1
Farley, Miss, Clapham ..	1		
Gurney, Mrs. H. E. West Ham .....	1		

Collected by Elizabeth Marshall, Isleworth ..	5	0
Mr. W. Gill, Sen., Ipswich .....	5	0
Mrs. Sugden, Islington .....	2	0
Mr. J. C. Kemp, Cork .....	5	0
Miss Webb, Tottenham .....	2	0
Mrs. Janson, Tottenham .....	10	0
Edith Pine, Green Bank, Kingston .....	5	0
Postage Stamps, Anonymous .....	5	0
Friend, at Marr, (for Ragged Schools) per Alice Staples .....	6	6
S. & C. Massey, Spalding .....	10	0

67—In consequence of having to go to press very early this month, and several other parties having intimated their intention to subscribe to the "Challenge," we have pleasure in stating that our kind friend expects the words of the challenge to be observed, and that his subscription consequently cannot be announced till the February number.

## NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Vol. I. of "The Band of Hope Review," with about 200 illustrations. In stiff backs, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt edges, and illustrated titlepage in colours, 4s. 6d.

## The Band of Hope Almanac, 1853.

With Illustrations, including the "British Jugernaut," by ANELAY. Price One Penny.

## Just Published.

By the author of "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

"Let Every Man Mind His Own Business." Price Twopence.

This interesting narrative from the pen of Mrs. Stowe, will do much towards the liberation of BRITISH SLAVES—the poor drunkards—who are to be found in every city, town, and village, in our land.

## The Leather Almanac; or, How

Working Men may Save Money. With Illustrations. Price One Penny.

We think this interesting narrative will be the means of keeping many from the public house.

## The Two Christmas Days. With

Illustrations. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Price Sixpence.

Yearly Parts of the Band of Hope Review. 1851, 8d. 1852, 9d.

## Illustrated Tracts.

- Sixpence per packet containing 30 4-page Tracts.
1. "What will they say of us?"
  2. Wasp and Sprightly.
  5. "We've no Sabbaths."





"None other God but one."

# PITY POOR CHINA.

**T**HERE are very few of our youthful readers to whom if we put the question "Where is tea brought from?" who would not immediately reply, "From CHINA."

But are our juvenile friends aware that the Chinese Empire contains about four hundred millions of inhabitants, very few of whom have ever heard the sound of the Gospel?

The poor Chinese know no better than to worship gods of wood and stone.

Within about the last seventy years, the curse of *opium smoking* has become fearfully prevalent in almost every part of the Empire. Tens, if not hundreds of thousands, are yearly killing themselves by the use of

this stupefying and poisonous drug. Sad to tell, our own countrymen have been amongst the first to scatter the baneful substance amongst the Chinese.

Opium shops are now open in China somewhat similar to the public-houses and beer shops in England.

By the kindness of the Church Missionary Society we are able to give our readers an engraving\* of one of these dens.

In this engraving the various effects of opium smoking are depicted—the high excitement—frantic shouting—stupidity—and then the death-like torpor, from which the poor creatures awake only to repeat the dose, and thus to hasten their wretched end.

We are desirous of awakening the sympathy of the youth of our highly favoured country on behalf of poor China, and purpose giving in our future numbers some account of the labours of the Missionaries who have been sent out by the various Missionary Societies.

\* Copied by the kind permission of P. Jackson, Esq., Angel Street, St. Martin's-le-Grand, from Fisher's "China." (See "Church Missionary Gleaner," for October, 1850.)

# THE LEAF & THE DROWNING FLY.

As I stood the other day on a little bridge, gazing on a brook, which flowed gently



onwards, its surface lightly rippled by the breeze, I observed, here and there, swarms of fish, that every now and then came to the surface, either for air, or for anything floating on the water which suited their



CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.



appetites. While bending over the iron rail of the light bridge, I saw a poor heedless fly fall into the water, where he struggled hard to prolong his life. "Ah!" thought I, "the hours of thy little day are numbered; for, if the waters do not drown thee, the fish are sure to devour thee! Thine is not only a hapless, but a hopeless case!" We are short-sighted creatures: no wonder that we should fall into many errors. Just when the poor fly seemed in extremity, there came a light, dry, sere leaf, fluttering in the air from the bough of a distant high tree, and it fell on the surface of the brook, about the distance of a foot from the drowning fly. Wafted by the breeze, and carried gently on by the current, it floated close up to the struggling insect, which succeeded in crawling upon it, and was thereby conveyed safe to land.

"How weak, nay, how wicked, it is for man to despair!" thought I, walking onward. He who sustained the green leaf so long on the tree, and at last sent it when withered, on the wings of the wind, to rescue a drowning fly from destruction, is "a very present help in time of trouble," and will never fail those who trust in his goodness and mercy.

Though thickly spread around my head,  
The darts of death may fly;  
I'll look in love to God above,  
And trust Him till I die.

Christian Miscellany.

### THE BROKEN ROSE.

I WAS visiting my aunt Mary. I was named from her, and as she took a great interest in me, I was anxious to do all I could to please her. She was a great favourite among the children. One day Kate Ray, who lived at the next door, came in to see me. The little puss was in the parlour, and we had a great frolic with her. By and by, I held her up to catch a fly on the window; and it was quite funny to see her try to pounce on it.

On the sill was a new-blown tea-rose, which aunt Mary thought a great deal of. "Take care," said Kate, "or puss may jump on it; and then!" But I thought more of the fun, when suddenly she made a spring at the fly, and she snapped the stem of the beautiful rose. "What will your aunt Mary say?" cried Kate. Oh dear! We raised it up and tried to make it stand, but it kept toppling down; at last we made it lean against a branch, and it looked almost as well as before. "I must go now," said Kate, for there was no more fun for us.

"Had I better tell aunt Mary, or let her find it out?" I asked myself. "Tell her, certainly," said a voice within: "when an accident happens, always make it known to those who ought to know it; why not?" But I was afraid and kept delaying, and went off to grandmother's room; then she told me how to fix my patchwork and so the time passed on until afternoon, when a lady and her little daughter came to see aunt Mary, and I was called into the parlour also.

"Ah, that rose!" thought I; but go I must. I had not been in long, when the flowers were talked about, and aunt Mary got up to show them her tea-rose. "Why, it is faded, broken!" she said. "How did this happen? Mary, do you know any thing about it?" I felt frightened, and answered quickly, "No, aunt." No sooner were the words out, than I began to feel very unhappy indeed. "Worse and worse," I said to myself. "Why did I not say puss and I did it? why didn't I tell the truth about it?" Now I knew perfectly well that aunt Mary would neither have scolded nor fretted, for I did not mean to do it. I had not been as careful as I ought to have been, but she would have forgiven me; my sin was that I told a lie.

Aunt Mary liked to have things accounted for, so she asked every one in the house about the broken rose; nobody could tell how it was done. Puss could not tell, and I was afraid to do so, and now doubly afraid lest she should ever find it out. The idea of being caught in an untruth and by aunt Mary too, who was so truthful herself and so very kind to me, was dreadful. "What shall I do?" I cried; "where shall I go? I wish I had not come here; and I thought I was going to have such a beautiful visit!" I had no appetite for supper; my head ached, and my heart beat hard. When aunt Mary kissed me for the night, and said in her sweet way, "Good-night, my dear child," I felt as if I wanted to fall down and die.

Two days passed away. On the third I went up stairs to put on my things to take a walk with grandma; it was in the forenoon. While I was dressing, the front door opened, and Katie Ray's voice sounded in the entry. All my fears came back fresh upon me. "She'll tell! she'll tell!" What a tumult was I in! Presently my name was called. "I'm found out!" I cried; and without knowing exactly what I did, I ran and hid in the

closet. "Mary! Mary!" they called; no Mary answered. After a while, there were footsteps in the entry. "Oh, my mother! my mother!" I cried; "I wish my mother was here: will not God help me?" Somebody came into my room and walked straight to the closet door; the door opened, and there stood aunt Mary herself.



"My dear child," she said anxiously, "what is the matter? how came you here?" Then, for the first time, I burst into tears; and what a relief it was. She placed me on the bed and sat down beside me, and talked to me so kindly, just like my mother. As well as I could, I told her all. Oh, how sorry she looked. After a while she spoke, and then only said, "How true what the Scriptures say, 'The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, shall be safe.'" I shall never forget aunt Mary's voice; so sweet and sorrowful. I shall never, never forget the verse. Let every child who has had the bitter experience of the first part, see how true and how precious is the last: "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, shall be safe."

C. C.

### THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

CHRISTMAS week was a joyful season to many of our readers. The happy meetings and greetings of brothers and sisters, with dear parents, at

"Home, sweet home,"

will not soon be forgotten.

But in many homes the late Christmas week was a time of deep sorrow. It is a sad truth that during the period when we commemorate the birth of our Saviour, England is disgraced by more intemperance than is known at any other period of the year.

The following case which transpired during Christmas week at the Thames police station, is but one illustration out of many which we could give.

W. B— was charged by the police with dangerously assaulting his wife. The appearance of the poor woman excited great sympathy. She was covered with bruises, and several of her ribs were seriously injured. She said that her husband came home intoxicated, and breaking some of the furniture, began to beat her with part of one of the bed posts. He declared that he would shew her no mercy. She begged he would be quiet, and said, "If you won't let me live on my own account, let me live for the sake of my poor children."

Here the poor woman sobbed loudly, and it was some time before she could proceed.

On resuming her evidence, she said, "My husband swore at me, and called me many bad names, and beat me again most furiously all over the body."

She had been married to him ten years. For some time past he had been in the habit of coming home intoxicated at all hours of the night, and when in that state had usually beaten her severely.

The poor creature carried a sickly infant, which rested in her lap whilst she gave her evidence, and another child about four years old, which appeared to sympathize with its afflicted and suffering mother, clung to her gown.

There are many such suffering mothers and children in England.

Young reader! would you not be glad to see the wretched home of the drunkard made a happy home? In our next we shall tell you of a little boy who has, by God's blessing, not only got several poor drunkards to sign the temperance pledge, but also to attend God's house.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SUBJECT:—INTEMPERANCE.

1. Name a royal drunkard who was surprised by death while in the act of drinking to excess.
2. Give an inspired opinion of all those, rich and poor, who are deceived by wine or strong drink.
3. Refer to a case, recorded "for our admonition," where thirty-three kings were at noon found guilty of the sin of intemperance.
4. Which of the Old Testament writers cautions us to keep out of the way of temptation to intemperance; and what command does he give on the subject?
5. Where have we so striking a picture of the sin of drunkenness, as leaves every drunkard who has read his Bible without excuse?
6. State, in Scripture language, the awful doom of the man who adds drunkenness to thirst.

For Conditions see last month.

We much regret that we are reluctantly compelled to defer the answers to the November questions until our next. If our friends know the amount of labour entailed in the examination of the numerous letters, and the limited time we have for this purpose, they would freely forgive us. We hope before long to make arrangements for securing the regular insertion of the answers.

### THE GOLDEN ALPHABET.

- A sk, and it shall be given you.  
B y grace ye are saved.  
C hrist is all, and in all.  
D eath came by sin.  
E nter not into the paths of the wicked.  
F ools make a mock at sin.  
G od is love.  
H e hath done all things well.  
I f we deny him, he will deny us.  
J esus wept.  
K eep a watch over your lips.  
L et not the sun go down upon your wrath.  
M any are called, but few are chosen.  
N o one ever sought the Lord in vain.  
O h, visit me with thy salvation.  
P repare to meet thy God.  
Q uench not the Spirit.  
R eturn good for evil.  
S erve the Lord with gladness.  
T here is no respect of persons with God.  
U nto you who believe, the Lord is precious.  
V erily there is a reward for the righteous.  
W atch and pray.  
X amine yourselves.  
Y ield not to temptation.  
Z ealous in good works.

### MRS. H. B. STOWE.

We rejoice that this illustrious authoress has employed her pen in the advocacy of the cause of temperance. Under the title of "Let Every Man Mind His Own Business," she has given a most striking narrative, and upon it founded one of the most powerful appeals on behalf of the poor inebriate that we have ever read.

In the hope that it will do extensive good, it has been published at the lowest possible price (2d.) We especially urge Sunday school teachers and parents to give it a prayerful perusal.

The next number will contain addresses to the children of Hampshire and Norfolk.





## OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE BAZAAR.

BY COUSIN KATE.

*Mamma.* Harry dear, would you like to make yourself useful, whilst enjoying your favourite amusement of making little carriages and boats?

*Harry.* Yes, mamma, I should, but how can I be useful when I am playing?

*Mamma.* If you were to make some very nicely indeed, I would send them, with some little frocks, cushions, &c. which I am making for the Ocean Penny Postage Bazaar, which is to be held this year. And then you know, if they were sold, you would have helped in getting money to pay the expenses incurred in printing papers, getting up petitions to Parliament, and in lecturing upon the great necessity there is for a cheaper Ocean Postage than we now have.

*Harry.* Please, dear mamma, does it matter much whether we have a cheap Ocean Postage?

*Mamma.* I will, my dearest boy, tell you a little anecdote which will shew you how much such a boon is needed by all who have relations abroad, but especially by the poor. In the suburbs of London there lives a poor little cripple, who has neither father, mother, brother, nor sister, living in this country. He is unable to support himself, and has only two shillings a week, which is allowed him by the parish, to supply him with all he requires. He has one sister living at the Cape of Good Hope, who, though herself very poor, he hopes will one day be able to send for him to live with her. A short time since the postman brought him two letters from the Cape; one was from his sister. The charge for each letter was two shillings. He had just received the two shillings which was to serve him for seven days, and although it was all he had, he longed so much to hear from his sister, that he gave the postman his only two shillings for the letter. The other one he could not have. How he managed to live for a whole week until his next two shillings was given him I do not know. Now do you not think it would be very nice to assist in obtaining an Ocean Penny Postage, so that such poor creatures as this cripple may hear from their friends frequently?

*Harry.* Yes indeed, dear mamma, and I will try to make some carriages and boats very nicely for you to send to the Bazaar.

*Mamma.* Do dear, and request your sisters, and your friends to make something too, and ask them to make useful things.

This Bazaar is to be held in the month of April, 1853. Parties are invited to correspond with the Secretary, Mrs. Edmund Fry, Upper Norwood, Surrey.

## "COME" AND "GO."

A GENTLEMAN in Surrey, once held a farm worth £200 a year in his own hands, till he was obliged to sell half of it to pay his debts, and let the other half to a farmer on a lease of twenty-one years. After a while, the farmer wanted to buy the land. "How is this," said the gentleman, "that I could not live upon the farm, although my own, whilst you have paid rent, and are able to purchase it?"

"O," said the farmer, "two words make all the difference; you said *go*, and I say *come*; you laid in bed, or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business; but I rise betimes, and see my business done myself."

## GOD COUNTS.

A PLATE of sweet cakes was brought in and laid upon the table. Two children played on the hearth rug before the fire. "Oh, I want one of those cakes!" cried the little boy, jumping up as soon as his mother went out, and going on tiptoe towards the table. "No, no," said his sister, pulling him back—"No, no; you know you must not touch." "Mother won't know it; she didn't count them," he cried, shaking her off, and stretching forth his hand. "If she didn't, perhaps God counted," answered the sister. The little boy's hand was stayed. Yes, children, be sure that God counts.

Few know that in every seven minutes of the day a child is born in London, and that in every nine minutes one of its inhabitants dies.

## THE EFFECTS OF A CLEAN FACE.

A BOY went to a ragged school where he had his face well washed. When he went home the neighbours looked at him with astonishment. They said,



"That looks like Tom Rogers, and yet it can't be, for he's so clean." Presently his mother looked at him, and finding his face so clean, she fancied her face dirty, and forthwith washed it. The father soon came home and seeing his wife and son so clean, thought his face dirty, and soon followed their example. Father, mother, and son, all being clean, the mother began to think the room looked dirty, and down she went on her knees and scrubbed that clean. There was a female lodger in the house, who seeing such a change in her neighbours, thought her face and her room very dirty, and she speedily betook to the cleansing operation likewise; and so the whole house was, as it were, transformed, and made tidy and comfortable, simply by the clean face of one ragged school boy. Children, would you not like such a change in your home? Determine to-day that you will set an example of cleanliness, by always having a clean face and clean hands.

## A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.

A KIND father who loves to teach his children the duty of gratitude to God for the daily mercies of life, was recently walking with his little girl through one of the low districts of London.

On passing a very filthy court, where a number of ragged and dirty people were standing, the child pulled her parent's hand, and looking up in his face said, "Oh, father, if I was rich I would send some one to clean these places and make the homes for the poor people comfortable."

Do our readers remember how useful little Hubert Leo was with his besom? (See "Review," for January, 1852.)



WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL CAR.\*

## OLD NEWSPAPERS.

We are desirous of possessing a weekly newspaper from every county, during the year 1853, in order that we may make a compilation of the wide-spread evils of intemperance.

If any of our friends can aid us by forwarding copies they have done with, we shall be much obliged. An old copy of the *Morning Advertiser* will be of special service. Address to the care of the Printer, 5, Kirby-street, Hatton Garden, London.

\* See an interesting notice in the "Bible Class Magazine, for December, 1852, published by the Sunday School Union.

## THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

HOUR after hour passed, and Richard came not. She replenished the fire, trimmed the lamp, and listened for the passing of every footstep.

Her anxiety would have been most oppressive, but for the belief that his absence was occasioned by the necessary calls of business. The hour of twelve had passed. All sounds without had been hushed to silence, except the dreary sighing of the winter blast, through the leafless branches of the trees which stood before the house.

A footstep was heard; it paused. The street door was opened. He had come; his step was in the passage. In her impatience she rose to meet him at the door of the apartment, but he entered his own room, which was an adjoining one, and closed the door. "He thinks I am asleep," thought Louisa, "and he will not disturb me; I will step to his door and bid him good night."

She opened the door: Mrs. Hales was standing in the passage. "Do not," said she to Louisa, "stand in the cold; go back to your room, do."

This was said with an earnestness which led Louisa to suspect that her brother was ill. "I must see him before I sleep," said she, advancing to the door.

"Do go to your room, dear, and see him in the morning." "He must be ill or he would have looked in upon me, or would come out upon hearing my voice." "Brother!" she said, rapping at the door. There was no reply. She turned the latch, and the brother stood before her, haggard and half-unconscious of his condition, whilst the fumes of alcohol revealed the cause, and convinced Louisa of what no human testimony could have convinced. She was supported to her room by her sympathizing friend, who sat by her bed-side till the grey of the morning, making no attempt to hush her moanings.

A furious storm then arose, and the snow and hail beat heavily against the windows, and tore the branches from the trees. The agitation of the elements was not greater than that which tore the soul of the guilty brother, now that the delirium was over, and the dread reality was fully revealed to his perception.

He rose and went to his office. He did not appear at the breakfast table. An hour or two later, Louisa requested that he might be sent for. "Tell him," said she, "to come to me without delay, if he would not have me die."

He came. There was not a word or look of reproach. She took his hand and kissed it, and laid it upon her burning forehead, and closed her tearless eyes. He then could gaze upon her face. He saw traces of sorrow, such as carried agony to his soul. She soon became delirious, and a physician was called. His medicines failed to check the burning fever in her veins.

Day after day, night after night, Richard remained by her bed-side, watching the rapid wearing away of life, and feeling that his conduct had been the cause. He was assisted by Mrs. Hales, whose heart was softened towards him, in consequence of the keenness of his anguish. The crisis passed. The fever abated. Reason resumed her throne, but the extreme prostration of the patient gave little hope that health would be restored.

One day when he had expressed a strong hope of his speedy recovery, she said, "My dear brother, you must not deceive yourself, I shall not be with you long."

Her slow and measured words seemed to carry conviction to his mind.

"And I shall ever have to reflect that I have been your murderer," said he in a tone of bitter self-accusing.

"No, you are not to cherish such a thought."

Time rolled on. The sun began to rise higher in the heavens; the southern gales seemed to betoken the breath of spring; the fair girl still lingered with her friends. One day the air was so mild, that the window was opened, and the breeze of heaven again stirred her locks.

"I should like to see another flower," said she. "I should like to be buried when the violets are fresh in the grave-yard—but this is folly. I desire that our mother's God shall do with me as He sees fit. He will reward you for all your kindness to



me. He only knows how kind, how very kind you have been to me."

"And he only knows how cruel I have been to you."

"Brother, I implore you never to make such a remark again. To-morrow I will tell you how I wish you to dispose of my things, and what I wish you to do for yourself. I am exhausted now; I feel disposed to sleep."

Before he had closed the shutters, she was in a tranquil sleep, from which the fervent kiss imprinted upon her forehead, did not awaken her. He sat down before the fire. A strange sensation of fear oppressed him. He rose from time to time, and went to the bed-side. Louisa was in a deep and untroubled slumber. At length, sleep stole over him as he sat in his chair.

It was disturbed by dreams of suffering inflicted on Louisa by his hand. A shriek, whether in reality or in his dream, he knew not, awoke him. He rushed to her bed-side; the deep sleep of repose, had been followed by the still deeper sleep of death. The breath had departed. The spirit had returned to God who gave it.

In the morning Mrs. Hales found him sitting beside the cold form of Louisa.

The conviction that he had murdered his sister, and that he was an outcast and a wanderer seemed fixed in his mind.

The remains were borne to the church, where a discourse was preached, which drew tears from every one present, except the solitary mourner.

He sat gazing upon the pall, and did not change his position during the whole service. No tear fell from his eye, as the coffin was lowered, and the sods fell upon it.

Some who knew his kindness to her, were surprised; the observing saw that it was the tearless agony of despair.

O, how many young men have destroyed the peace, happiness, and the lives of sisters, and their own also, in the folly of drinking. Beloved youth! read the above and take warning how you touch the intoxicating cup. If you have a sister or a mother, O beware!

### THE CHILDREN'S PAPER.

In the month of February, 1851, a large parcel was delivered at one of the London Ragged Schools. It was found to contain a copy of the "Band of Hope Review" for each of the scholars, bearing a present from Samuel Gurney, Esq. of Upton.



The distribution took place, and nothing more was thought of the matter.

At a recent meeting of the teachers, however, the following gratifying fact was related as having just come to light.

One of the above papers had been given to the child of a notorious drunkard. The little one was delighted with the "picture paper," and the unhappy father felt curious to see it. It was not long before he began to read. God blessed the perusal of the narrative of "The Reclaimed One and his Bible." He resolved, by divine help, to give up his drinking ways, and instead of sitting in the public-house on the Sabbath, he now frequents the House of God.—Communicated by one of the teachers.

Many Notices to Correspondents are deferred until our next.



J. KNECHT.

### THE LITTLE BEGGARS.

Two beggars are at the door, mamma,  
Two beggars are at the door;  
A beggar boy and a beggar girl,  
And the wind is biting, at every whirl,  
Their feet all naked and sore.

O, hasten and bring them in, mamma,  
O, hasten and bring them in;  
And let them sit by this fire so warm,  
For they have been out in the cold, cold storm,  
And their clothes are tattered and thin;

And tell them this is their home, mamma,  
O, tell them this is their home;  
And give them something to eat that's nice,  
Of bread and butter a good large slice,  
And bid them no more to roam.

For isn't it all too bad, mamma,  
O, isn't it all too bad,  
That they must starve, or beg in the street,  
No cloak to their backs or shoes to their feet,  
While I am so finely clad?

It may be God sent them here, mamma,  
It may be God sent them here,  
And now looks down from his home in the sky,  
To watch them and see whether you and I  
Are kind to his children dear.

And will he not angry be, mamma,  
And will he not angry be,  
If we let them go in the storm so rough,  
To perish with want, while more than enough  
For them and for us, have we?

### "WHIP ME, BUT DON'T CRY."

A PIOUS father had devoted very great attention to the moral and religious education of his son, who had maintained an unblemished reputation for veracity until the age of fourteen, when he was detected in a deliberate falsehood.

The father's grief was great, and he determined to punish the offender severely. He made the subject one of prayer: for it was too important, in his esteem, to be passed over as a common occurrence of the day. He then called his son, and prepared to inflict the punishment. But the fountain of the father's heart was broken up. He wept aloud. For a moment the lad seemed confused. He saw the struggle between love and justice in his parent's bosom, and broke out with all his usual ingenuousness, "Father, father, whip me as much as you please; but don't cry." The point was gained.

The father saw that the lad's character was sensibly affected by this incident. He grew up, and became one of the most distinguished Christian ministers in America.

### GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

OUR kind friend who gave the "Challenge," (but whose name we are not at liberty to publish,) has paid to the Treasurer of the (Gratuitous Distribution Fund £141, being the full amount that has been contributed. This is the more gratifying, from the fact that the liberal donor was not bound by the terms of the Challenge to include either those subscriptions given in October, or during the first few days in January. He expresses himself as being pleased to find that there exists in the country a much greater interest in the circulation of the *Band of Hope Review*, than he was aware of.

#### COMMITTEE.

Rev. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall, and 22, Albion Grove, Islington.  
Rev. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Hooloway.  
Mr. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park.  
JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington London, Treasurer.

#### THE CHALLENGE.

The following Contributions have been received since our last, and are included in the above.

£		£	
George Sutherland, Esq., Dublin . . . . .	1	Mr. F. Dixon, <i>Heslington</i> , near York . . . . .	1
E. Barclay, <i>Falmouth</i> . .	1	Mr. G. Penty, <i>ditto</i> . . . .	1
Jane G. Fox, <i>Penryn</i> . . .	1	Miss Wilson, <i>Bank House</i> , <i>Mirfield</i> . . . . .	1
John Cadbury, Esq., <i>Bir- mingham</i> . . . . .	1	W. Dyson, Esq., <i>Howden</i> .	1
Josh. Thorp, Esq., <i>Halifax</i>	1	James Barnett, Esq., <i>Carrick-fergus</i> . . . . .	1
Hannah Good, <i>Ulverstone</i>	1	W. W. Albright, Esq., <i>Sheffield</i> . . . . .	1
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Wm. Burnell, Esq., <i>do.</i> . .	1	Miss Bell, <i>ditto</i> . . . . .	1
Edward James, Esq., <i>do.</i> .	1	Miss Anne Bell, <i>ditto</i> . . .	1
Wm. Tweedy, Esq., <i>Truro</i> .	1	Mrs. Cheetham, <i>Heywood</i> .	1
Ann Tweedy, . . . . .	1	Miss Worsley, <i>Wintler</i> , near <i>Matlock</i> . . . . .	1
A Friend, per M. Foster . .	1	Mrs. Briscoe, 60, <i>Eaton</i> <i>Place</i> . . . . .	1
E. C. T., per <i>ditto</i> . . . . .	1	W. Charlesworth, Esq., <i>Hull</i> . . . . .	1
Josh. T. Foster, Esq., <i>Stamford Hill</i> . . . . .	1	E. H. . . . .	2s. 6d.
Josh. Garside, Esq., <i>Selby</i> .	1		
George Bradshaw, Esq., <i>Manchester</i> . . . . .	1		
Lydia Edmund Sturge, <i>Birmingham</i> . . . . .	1		

(Second notice.)

### THE BRITISH JUGGERNAUT.

#### PRIZE ESSAY.



MANY a kind parent has by this time drawn the attention of his children to Mr. Anelay's heart-stirring illustration of the "British Juggernaut," in the Band of Hope Sheet Almanac for 1853.

The lessons to be drawn from this valuable picture are such as will, we trust, never be forgotten by our readers.

We are very desirous of promoting amongst the young, the inquiry

"HOW MAY THE BRITISH JUGGERNAUT BE DESTROYED?"

Through the kindness of a lady at Ipswich, a prize book, (which may be selected by the successful competitor,) value

£1 : 5 : 0,

will be given for the best Essay containing an answer to the above question.

For Conditions see last month.

### Present for all Seasons.

Vol. I. "Band of Hope Review,"  
WITH ABOUT 200 ILLUSTRATIONS.  
Bds. 2s. 6d. Cloth, gilt, 4s. 6d.

### Two Christmas Days.

With Illustrations.  
By MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.  
Price Sixpence.

### The Leather Almanac;

Or, How Working  
MEN MAY SAVE MONEY.  
Price One Penny.

### "Let Every Man Mind

His Own Business."  
By MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.  
Price Twopence.





"Let thy widows trust in me."

# DREADFUL EXPLOSION; OR, THE WIDOWS AND FATHERLESS.



T was two days before last Christmas Day, that a vessel called the "Lily," left Liverpool for the coast of Africa.

A storm arose, and the vessel was driven on the rocks near a place called the Calf of Man. Five of the poor sailors met with a watery grave, in attempting to get to land.

The storm having ceased, on Tuesday morning, a gentleman residing at Port St. Mary, engaged thirty-one of the fishermen and villagers to go out with him to the wreck, in order to save a part of the cargo, which consisted of 50 tons of gunpowder, a quantity of rum, and fire-arms. Well might that such a cargo should ever have been sent from our Christian country.

The men had not been long at work, before a sheet of fire was seen, followed by a large pillar of smoke and a terrific explosion, which appeared to tear up the ground for miles.

From some unknown cause (by some thought to have been the incautious smoking of one of the men) the gunpowder had exploded, and the vessel, with every man on board, save one, was blown to pieces. We cannot attempt to describe the anguish of the poor wives and children who rushed to the shore, on hearing of the fatal catastrophe.



poor widows and fatherless ones.

Many of our readers will gladly help in collecting towards this benevolent object.

A Committee has been formed (including the Lord Mayor of London, and the Governor of the Bank of England) which meets at 4, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, London, to which place all communications should be addressed.

Post office orders should be made payable to one of the Trustees, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, or Edmund Gurney, Esq.

The following amounts have already been left with us, which we have much pleasure in handing over to the Committee.

Hy. Bewley, Esq.,	£ s. d.
Dublin	2 0 0
Hy. Anelay, Esq.,	
London	1 0 0
Jacob Post, Esq.,	
London	1 0 0
Mr. T. B. Smithies,	
London	0 10 0

By this sad occurrence, twenty-three widows, and seventy-three fatherless children are left totally unprovided for.

There being no Poor Law Union in the Isle of Man, the Governor of the Island has written an affecting appeal to the people of England for subscriptions on behalf of these





## THE JEW AND HIS DAUGHTER.

*From an American Work.*

As I was going through the western part of Virginia, an old clergyman gave me a short account of a Jew which greatly delighted me. He had only lately become acquainted with him. He was preaching to his people, when he saw a man enter, having every mark of a Jew in his face. He was well dressed, and his looks seemed to tell that he had been in great sorrow. He took his seat, and listened in a serious and devout manner while a tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After the service, the clergyman went up to him and said, "Sir, do I not address myself to one of the children of Abraham?" "You do," he replied. "But how is it, that I meet a Jew in a Christian church?"

The substance of his account was as follows: he had been well educated, had come from London, and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fruitful banks of the Ohio. He had buried his wife before he left Europe, and he knew no pleasure but the company of his beloved child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love. Her mind was well informed, her disposition amiable; she could read and speak with ease various languages; and her manners pleased all who saw her. No wonder then, that a loving father, whose head had now become sprinkled with grey, should place his whole affections on this lovely child. Being a strict Jew, he brought her up in the strictest principles of his religion.

It was not long ago, that his daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek; her eye lost its fire; her strength decayed; and it was soon too certain, that death was creeping upon her frame. The father hung over her bed with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often tried to talk with her, but could seldom speak, except by the language of his tears. He spared no expense or trouble in getting her medical aid: but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a wood near his house, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of her chamber. He was now to take a last farewell of his child; and his religion gave him but a feeble hope as to meeting her hereafter.

The child grasped the hand of her parent with a death-cold hand. "My father do you love me?" "My child, you know that I love you; that you are more dear to me than all the world beside." "But, my father, do you love me?" "Why, my child, will you give me pain; have I never given you any proof of my love?" "But my dearest father, do you love me?" The father could not answer. The child added, "I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me. You have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you:—will you grant one request? O, my father it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?" "My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every farthing of my property; whatever it may be, it shall be granted. I will grant it." "My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth." The father was dumb with surprise. "I know (added the dying girl) I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught: but I know that He is a Saviour, for He has made Himself known to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe He will save me, though I have never before loved Him. I feel that I am going to Him, that I shall ever be with Him. And now, my dear father, do not deny me: I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth. I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of Him; and I pray that you may know Him: and when I am no more, you may bestow on Him the love that was formerly mine!"

The labour of speaking here overcame her feeble body. She stopped, and the father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind: and ere he could recover his spirits,

the soul of his dear daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to that Saviour whom she loved and honoured.

The first thing the parent did, after he had buried his child, was to procure a new Testament. This he read; and taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered amongst the meek and happy followers of Christ.

## THE MAGIC LANTERN.

THE magic lantern has been most extensively used in and around London, during the last two or three winters, for the amusement and instruction of the young.

No one has laboured more in this pleasing occupation than the simple hearted and enthusiastic "Friend," whose portrait we now give to our readers.\*

We believe that there are thousands of boys and girls, who, the moment they see this picture, will clap their hands, and joyfully exclaim "See! see, that's old Father Catton! oh, how it is like him."

Mr. Catton is entitled to the thanks of all who are desirous of improving the condition of the young



SAMUEL CATTON, OF PLAISTOW.

especially the poor children in the lowest districts of our great city. By means of his magic lantern he is conveying lessons on natural history; the wonders of the human body; the advantages of cleanliness, sobriety, and the fear of God, in such a manner as will not soon be forgotten.

## WHAT A BOY MAY DO.

WE know a young man, who when a very little boy, was very active in the temperance cause. Before he was thirteen years of age, he had prevailed upon more than a dozen poor drunkards to sign the temperance pledge, and five of them became regular attendants at a place of worship.

It was his practice when walking out to take a few of the Ipswich tracts in his pockets. When he saw a drunken man, he would go up to him, and very kindly ask him to take a tract, and attend a temperance meeting.

We hope shortly to publish an interesting account of "a cold water boy," who was even successful in getting a gin-shop keeper to give up his bad trade, and turn his house into a good temperance hotel.

\* Application for Mr. Catton's services should be addressed to him at Plaistow, near London.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

## CONDITIONS

1. Competitors to be under sixteen years of age.
2. Answers to be given from the Bible only, and the passages to be written out in full.
3. Successful competitors to give proof, if required, that the answers are their own.
4. Answers to be sent by the last day in the month, addressed to the "Editor of Bible Questions," Band of Hope Review Office, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

## DIRECTIONS.

First, Always to READ and ATTEND to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not written out in full.

Secondly, The name and address not to be written on the answers, but a short verse placed at the head of the answers, and the same written on a separate piece of paper, with the name, age, address, and if a Sabbath school scholar. Also to write outside the letter, "Answers to Bible Questions."

Thirdly, In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWER THE QUESTION. We admire the judgment some of our young friends shew in this respect.

Fourthly, When the award is given, successful competitors should write immediately to the Band of Hope Review Office, stating the book they wish and how it is to be conveyed to them.

## QUESTIONS ON COVETOUSNESS.

1. Quote words which plainly express how the Almighty regards covetousness.
2. Which of the sacred writers classes the sin of covetousness with crimes of deepest dye, and entreats good men to avoid this society of the covetous man?
3. Where is it expressly declared that the covetous shall not enter heaven?
4. Which of the apostles speaks of a heart exercised with covetous practices, and pronounces the subjects of it accursed?
5. What blessing was promised under the ancient economy to the man that abhorred covetousness?
6. What comprehensive promise is quoted by an inspired apostle, as a reason why Christians should avoid covetousness?
7. Which of the minor prophets pronounces a woe on the covetous man, and where is it stated that this sin brings disquiet and uneasiness into a family?
8. State the character given by God to a covetous man, also the sentence passed upon him; and repeat the necessary caution of our Lord against the sin of covetousness.

## STIRLING TRACTS.

ALL who love to have good and cheap tracts for distribution, will do well to send six postage stamps to Mr. Drummond, Tract Depot, Stirling, for a sample packet. We have just received one of these Scotch packets with which we are much pleased.

## TESTIMONIAL to Mrs. STOWE

WE are glad to find that the notice in our January number of the intended testimonial to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has been of some service.

We have received a pleasing letter from the well-known and deservedly beloved Mrs. Carille, of Dublin, (for some time companion of the philanthropic Elizabeth Fry, in her prison visitation) in which she names the following interesting fact:—

"I am staying with a family where there are seven children. The elder ones were conversing about the 'penny subscription' for aiding Mrs. Stowe in the liberation of the poor slaves, when the youngest child, two years and three months old, who was standing at my knee, voluntarily begged to be made a 'collector for the poor slave children.' I cannot express the pleasure I felt. The little darling has already collected a few shillings, and will soon, I believe, have £1 to send."

Contributions should be addressed to L. E. Sturge, and M. R. Moorson, Secretaries of the Ladies' Negro's Friend Society, Birmingham.

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

If working men are not to see the Crystal Palace on a Sunday, WHEN CAN they see it?

We hope to be able to give a satisfactory answer to this oft repeated question, in our next number.

## THE REV. DR. MARSH, late of Leamington.

We have experienced no slight encouragement in our labours, by receiving the following gratifying testimony from this venerable clergyman.

To the friends of children, and of adults in general, and to the friends of christianity in particular, I recommend the Band of Hope, as a remarkably cheap, and equally excellent periodical. If the principles it inculcates prevailed, domestic peace, and physical, moral, and religious good, would be the result. By the saving of what is injuriously spent on intoxicating drinks, the funds of all our humane and christian institutions might easily be replenished.



## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,  
Nor crush that helpless worm;  
The frame thy wayward looks deride,  
Required a GOD to form!

The common Lord of all that move,  
From whom *thy* being flow'd,  
A portion of His boundless love  
On that poor worm bestow'd.

The sun, the moon, the stars He made  
To all His creatures free;  
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade,  
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,  
Their lowly bliss receive;  
Oh! do not rashly take away  
The life thou canst not give.

## REST ON THE SABBATH.

AT an inn in Pennsylvania, a man, who had arrived the evening before, was asked on the Sabbath morning whether he intended to pursue his journey on that day. He answered, "No." He was then asked, "Why not?" "Because," said he, "I am going a long journey, and wish to perform it as soon as I can. I have long been accustomed to travel on horse-back, and have found that if I stop on the Sabbath, my horse will travel farther during the week than if I do not."—*Arvine's Anecdotes.*

## ELDER WALK RAGGED SCHOOL.

WE have several times visited a small, but interesting Ragged School, in Elder Walk, Lower Road, Islington, and have felt much gratified by finding that it is exerting a pleasing influence upon that dark locality of our metropolis.

During the week days, an Infant Ragged School is held. This is the right way to reform a neighbourhood;—beginning with the *little ones*.

Fruit has already appeared in several instances. Mr. Cairns, the City Missionary, has just informed us of one of these little children being the means, by God's blessing, of inducing a Sabbath breaking

father to attend a place of worship on the Sabbath.

The usefulness of this good institution is much impeded from the want of funds. The committee are in debt. We hope that some of our rich Islington friends will visit the school, and replenish the Treasurer's empty purse.

TO THE  
BOYS AND GIRLS OF HAMPSHIRE.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Many of you have been taken by your kind parents to have a ramble upon the town pier at Southampton.

Do you not remember seeing the great ball at the top of the pillar; the fine ships by the side of the pier; and the ferry boats crossing over to the little village of Hythe on the opposite side of the river?

We are sorry to have to tell you of a melancholy circumstance which took place at this village last Christmas Eve.

An old man, about sixty years of age, named Joseph Wran, having received his wages, instead of going home, went to public-house and sat drinking until half-past eleven o'clock. The poor man was not an *habitual* drunkard. He only *occasionally* got tipsy. Whilst in the public-house he several times took out his money to count. The landlord, sad to tell, cruelly sold him liquor until he was scarcely able to stand, and the old man in at-

tempting to go home fell down, and was found near the shore fast asleep. One of the police helped him up, and set him on his way homewards. Poor fellow, he never reached his home. His *occasional* visit to the public-house, cost him his life.

The next morning his dead body was found, lying near a pool of blood, not far from his own cottage. His head was dreadfully mangled, and his brains strewed in all directions on the road, as though he had been murdered with a heavy club. His pocket was turned inside out, and all his money gone.

It is supposed that this poor victim to the "British Juggernaut" was murdered by two men who were drinking in the public-house with Wran, and who saw him foolishly expose his money. These men are now in prison. Here we have the two-fold effect of intoxicating drink. The poor old man was rendered by it incapable of taking care of himself, and the murderers, also, under its exciting influence, were tempted, by a few paltry shillings, to take away the life of a fellow-creature.

Dear young friends! avoid the *first* visit to the public-house. Never commence the use of intoxicating drinks. This will form a valuable *protection* to you against the allurements of the public-house, when you grow up to be men and women.

The above fearful murder has led us to make inquiry of the governor of the Hants County Prison, as to his opinion of the influence of public-houses in the production of crime in Hampshire. We give the following extract from his important letter:—

HANTS COUNTY PRISON,  
WINCHESTER, Jan. 24th, 1853.

DEAR SIR,

There were 1326 male, and 86 female criminal prisoners committed, during the past year, making a total of 1412.

My idea, coupled with the general character of the prisoners who are committed to this prison, is, that *three fourths* of the offences arise *solely* from *intemperance* and the disposition of the labouring classes to spend their leisure and other time, in beer-shops and public houses.

The instances are not many where offenders are willing to admit this, and very few indeed do so voluntarily.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

H. BARBER, Governor.

On New Year's Day of 1853, there were seventy-six youths under twenty years of age, in the above prison; fourteen of them under even fifteen.

We trust that this voice from the prison walls of Winchester, will make a deep and lasting impression upon the minds of all the boys and girls who peruse these lines.



SOUTHAMPTON TOWN PIER.



## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Statistics and Facts in reference to the Lord's Day.*  
By the Rev. J. T. Baylee, B.A.—SEELEYS.

This truly valuable book, by the Secretary of the Society for promoting the due observance of the Lord's Day, has made its appearance at a very opportune time. We trust that its wide circulation will rouse professing Christians to energetic measures for preventing the adoption of continental Sabbath customs in Great Britain. No Sabbath school library is complete without this important book, and every minister in the land should possess a copy. In any fit situation, we hope that the respectful letter will take up the question of Sabbath labour by mailing. This subject has too long been overlooked by the religious public.

*Newcastle Anti-Slavery Tracts.*—CASH & CO.

The general interest which has been excited in the cause of the three millions of American slaves, by the almost universal perusal of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," cannot be better followed up than by the distribution of these excellent tracts.

*Ragged Schools, their Rise, Progress, and Results.*  
By John MacGregor, Esq., M.A.—S. LOW & SON.

This is the most complete and interesting sketch of Ragged Schools yet published. Its fifty pages should be carefully pondered over by every well wisher of his country.

*Voice from the Mine.* By Henry Riddell.—BARKAS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

An interesting penny tract, containing the memoir of a remarkably active Sunday school teacher who was killed in a coal mine. The profits are to be given to his poor widow. Its wide circulation will therefore do good.

*Morning Dew Drops, or the Juvenile Abstinence.* By Mrs. Balfour.—CASH & CO.

One of the most valuable works on temperance ever written by this talented authoress. It is not yet out of the press, but judging from the portion which we have had the pleasure of perusing we have no hesitation in expressing our belief that it will do more towards the general training up of the youth of our land in temperance principles, than any book yet published. By parents and teachers it cannot fail to be highly prized. It is just the work that has long been needed for family and Sunday school libraries.

## THE DROVERS AND THEIR SHEEP.

Two neighbours in the state of New York, each with a drove of sheep, started on the same day for a distant market. One started several hours before the other, and travelled uniformly every day. The other rested every Sabbath. Yet he arrived at the market first, with his flock in a better condition than that of the other. In giving an account of it, he said that he drove his sheep on Monday about seventeen miles, on Tuesday not over sixteen, and so lessening each day, till on Saturday he drove them only about eleven miles. But on Monday, after resting on the Sabbath, they would travel again seventeen miles, and so on each week. But his neighbour's sheep, which were not allowed to rest on the Sabbath, before they arrived at the market, could not travel without injury more than six or eight miles in a day.

## OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

LETTERS MAY BE POSTED HERE FOR  
AMERICA CANADA AUSTRALIA INDIA  
SOUTH-AFRICA NEW ZEALAND &c.



## OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

ONE of the greatest boons which Great Britain could confer upon the tens of thousands of her sons and daughters who are now leaving her shores, as well as the millions who are left behind, would be an OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

An important meeting has recently been held at the Society of Arts, at which Mrs. Chisholm related an affecting case of a poor widow in this country, who received a letter from her son in Australia. The postage was two shillings, which she was unable to pay, and the letter was reluctantly refused, and returned to Australia. In a short time the poor woman died in a workhouse. It was afterwards discovered that the returned letter contained £25! We hope the day is near when our young friends will be able to send a letter to a brother, sister, cousin, or schoolfellow, in any part of the world, for

ONE PENNY.

## THE CHILDREN OF NORFOLK.

WE were lately reading a nice account of Norwich Castle, and some of the other great sights of Norfolk, in Mrs. Geldart's "Stories of England, and her Forty Counties,"\* when the *Norwich Mercury* for the 15th January, 1853, was placed before us.

The police report in that newspaper made so painful an impression upon our minds, that we feel

\* Published by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, of Norwich; and St. Paul's Church-yard, London.

constrained to draw the attention of the Sunday school teachers of Norfolk to the lamentable amount of disobedience to parents amongst the young in that county.

The following cases are abridged from the above-named police report.—

- 1.—A youth aged 17, was charged with assaulting his mother, and kicking her most brutally.—Imprisoned for two months.
- 2.—Another boy aged 16, was charged with striking and assaulting his mother.—Imprisoned for one month.
- 3.—Two lads, (cousins) aged 14, were charged with robbing the father of one of them of £40, and then decamping in the railway train.

At the last Norwich quarter sessions, five of the prisoners were under fifteen years of age, and eight other girls and boys under twenty.

We have examined the police reports for several of the largest towns in Norfolk, and have come to the conclusion, that there is a serious defect in the home training of a large portion of the youth of both sexes.

We urge this important subject upon the thoughtful consideration of our valued friends, the Sabbath school teachers. We are in communication with some of the authorities of Norfolk, and hope to resume this subject in an early number.

## HOW TO HELP THE CIRCULATION.

ONE of the best means of extending the circulation of the "Band of Hope Review," is to get booksellers to place copies monthly in their *revindones*, and keep a few on the counter for sale.

Some time ago, a London bookseller was requested to do this, when he objected to the trouble of a "halfpenny paper."



His opposition was removed on its being shewn, that the paper was commenced for benevolent and philanthropic purposes, and not as an ordinary matter of trade.

In a short time, not only the monthly number, but also the yearly part, and Mrs. Stowe's "Let Every Man Mind His Own Business," were seen in his window, and the neighbourhood became well supplied with numerous copies.

We hope that many of our readers will endeavour to assist us in this way.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are overwhelmed with letters requiring written replies. Not less than from two to three hundred are laid in bundles on our table. Some contain as many as ten distinct questions. We cannot possibly answer the majority of these letters, and must beg of our numerous friends to bear with us, and accept the will for the deed.

Those who require information how to form Bands of Hope, are referred to the directions given in the number for November last.

MANY interesting notices of meetings we are compelled to defer.

"BRITISH JUGGERNAUT" PRIZE ESSAY. In compliance with the suggestions of many friends we have decided to extend the age of competitors to twenty-one years, in lieu of sixteen.

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND

## COMMITTEE.

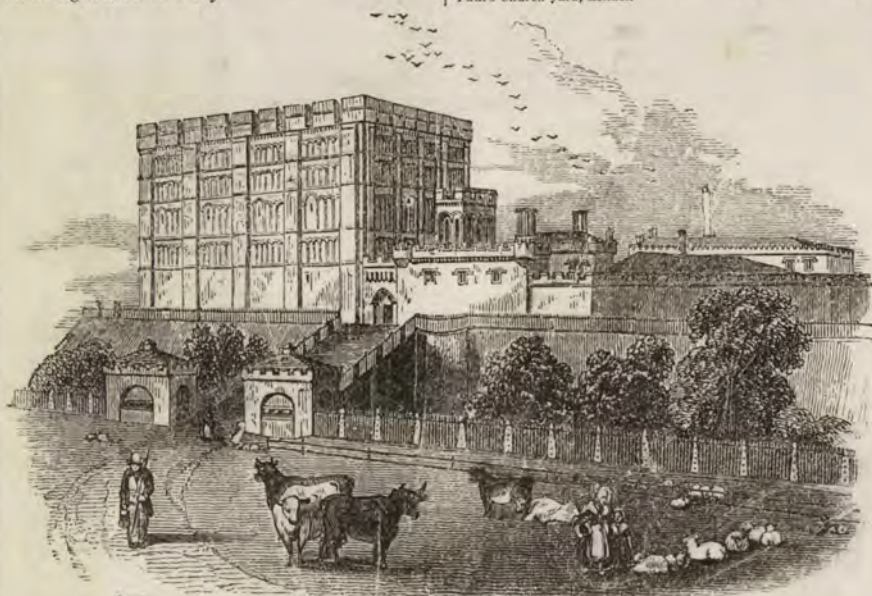
Rev. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall, and 22, Albion Grove, Islington.

Rev. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.  
Mr. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park.  
JACOB POST, Esq. Church St., Islington, London, Treasurer.

## RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.

Capt. Hodgson, Skelton, near York ..... £1.  
Jno. Richardson, Esq., Lisne, Lisburn ..... £1.  
S. Salt, Esq., Ardwick, Manchester, (omitted in last) .. £1.  
Anonymous ..... 1s.

Further contributions to the fund will be thankfully received. Address to the Treasurer.



NORWICH CASTLE.

Present for all Seasons  
Vol. I. "Band of Hope Review,"  
WITH ABOUT 200 ILLUSTRATIONS.  
Bds. 2s. 6d. Cloth, gilt, 4s. 6d.

Band of Hope Almanac  
For 1853,  
WITH ANELAY'S ILLUSTRATIONS.  
Price One Penny.

Illustrated Tracts,  
Intended to Promote  
THE OBSERVANCE of the SABBATH,  
In Sixpenny assorted packets.

"Let Every Man Mind  
His Own Business."  
By MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.  
Price Twopence.





"Honour thy father and thy mother."

1.  
Who fed me from her gentle breast,  
And hushed me in her arms to rest,  
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?

*My Mother.*

2.  
When sleep forsook my open eye,  
Who was it sang sweet hush-a-by,  
And rocked me that I should not cry,

*My Mother.*

3.  
Who sat and watched my infant head,  
When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed?

*My Mother.*

4.  
When pain and sickness made me cry,  
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,  
And wept for fear that I should die?

*My Mother.*

5.  
Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And would some pretty stories tell,  
Or kiss the place to make it well?

*My Mother.*

6.  
Who taught my infant lips to pray,  
And love God's holy book and day,  
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

*My Mother.*

"I WELL remember," said the venerable Rev. John Newton, "my dear mother placing me upon her knee when I was quite a child, and telling me many sweet stories out of the Bible. She instilled into my mind the principles of religion, particularly by storing my memory with portions of Scripture and hymns. These I had to repeat to her evening after evening. Although for years I resisted the strivings of God's holy spirit, and yielded to evil, yet I never could quite forget 'My Mother.' Her sweet voice seemed to follow me wherever I went. Her prayers ascended daily to Heaven on my behalf. The name and recollection of my mother followed me through life until at length I was led to yield my heart to God. I thank God for that greatest of all earthly blessings, a pious mother."

"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."



"MY MOTHER."

CHILDREN can never be sufficiently grateful for the anxiety and care bestowed upon them by their kind parents. Who can measure the love of a Christian mother to her little child? We are very desirous that all the readers of the *Band of Hope Review* should be obedient and affectionate to their parents. Some years ago an amiable youth was lamenting the death of his mother. His friends reminded him that he had always been a very dutiful and affectionate son. "So I thought," replied he, "whilst my dear mother was living, but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is now too late to make any atonement." Reader! if you would be free from such reproachings of conscience; love, honour, and obey your parents.

"My Son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thine heart."

7.  
And can I ever cease to be  
Affectionate and kind to thee  
Who wast so very kind to me?

*My Mother.*

8.  
For God, who lives above the skies,  
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,  
If I should ever dare despise

*My Mother.*

9.  
When thou art feeble, old, and grey,  
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,  
And I will soothe thy pains away—

*My Mother.*

THE eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.—PROVERBS xxx. 17.

MY son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.—PROVERBS i. 10, and iv. 14.

MY son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.—PROVERBS i. 8, 9.





### MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR.

NOT many months ago, Madagascar was the scene of the most horrid persecutions against those who professed to be Christians.

Konovolo Manjaka, the cruel Queen of the Island, has been one of the most bitter enemies of Christ ever known.

On one occasion she ordered fourteen Christians to be flung down from the top of a precipice, and dashed to pieces. A rope was tied round the body of each of these devoted Christians; he was then lowered over the precipice in order to frighten him, and induce him to deny Christ. Whilst suspended in this awful position, a man stood near the rope, holding in his hand a sharp knife, ready to cut it on the word of command being given.

The Christian was then asked for the last time, "Will you cease to pray?" As soon as he answered "No," the rope was cut, and he fell, a mangled corpse, upon the rocks below.

Some years ago this wicked Queen banished all the missionaries of the Cross from her dominions.

During the last two years many thousands of prayers have been sent up to heaven by Christians in all parts of the world on behalf of poor Madagascar. These prayers have been answered in a very unexpected manner. The QUEEN'S SON (the heir to the throne) has been savingly converted to God, and is likely to prove a valiant soldier of Christ. He has recently prevailed upon his mother to cancel all her wicked laws against Christians, and to issue a proclamation promising them protection, and inviting the missionaries to return.

The Directors of the London Missionary Society are now raising a special fund in order to send out a large number of Missionaries to Madagascar.

### SABBATH BREAKING.

ON a Sabbath day, two sons of a poor widow in Derbyshire, went to slide. Before leaving home, they had been requested by their pious mother to accompany her to the house of God, and whilst on the ice, were warned of their danger by a person who passed by; but, alas! this seasonable warning was in vain; the ice gave way, and awful to relate, clasped in each other's arms, they sank to rise no more!

### CHRIST IN DEATH.

A LITTLE boy on his death-bed was visited by an uncle, who was an infidel. This uncle had been very kind to the little boy, and had brought him many nice play things. He was very sorry to find him so ill, and asked if he were in great pain. The little boy replied that he was. "And what do you think of Christ now, George?" asked the uncle. The dying child, fixing his glazed eyes on his unbelieving uncle said with inexpressible sweetness, "Oh, my uncle, Christ is all my salvation, and all my desire. Flee to him now, or else we shall be parted for ever!"

### LOVE FOR PARENTS.

MANY years ago, there was a dreadful eruption of Mount Etna, which obliged the inhabitants of the surrounding country to run in every direction for safety.

Amidst the hurry and confusion of this scene, every one carrying away what he thought most precious, two sons in the midst of their anxiety for the preservation of their money and goods, recollected their father and mother, who, being both very old, were not able to save themselves by flight. "Where," exclaimed the generous youths, "shall we find a more precious treasure than our parents?" This said, the one took up his father on his shoulder, the other his mother, and so made their way through the surrounding smoke and flames.

They were rewarded by the respect and affection of their neighbours; by the thankfulness and the tears of their parents, and by their own subsequent prosperity and happiness.

### YOUNG MEN'S HOME.

A FEW Sunday afternoons ago we entered the large room of the Young Men's Christian Association. About 200 young men were assembled for prayer and reading the Scriptures.

The worthy Secretary, Mr. Tarlton, gave a Bible lesson, which was listened to with deep interest. We have since visited this valuable institution on several week day evenings, and have been gladdened at finding so many

youths, seeking to gather intellectual and spiritual instruction. One young man with whom we conversed said, "This has been like a home to me. By God's blessing it has saved me from ruin in this wicked city."

We strongly advise all Christian parents whose sons have left, or may yet leave the parental roof, for London, to place in their hands the following address:—

### YOUNG MEN'S Christian Association,

7, Gresham Street, City, London.

Those who desire to know more of this valuable institution, can have a copy of the printed rules, &c. on forwarding a stamped envelope to the Secretary.

### THE WIDOW'S SON.

I WAS crossing the church-yard of — when I observed a coffin borne by four men approaching the door of the church. A single mourner followed. Her loud sobs and solitary appearance deeply affected me, and I paused by the side of one of the old elm trees. Several of the villagers uncovered their heads and respectfully bowed as the weeping female passed. An old man of three score years and ten, was amongst the group, and from him I soon found

that the mourner was a mother—a widowed mother—and that she was following her only son to his premature grave. "He was as fine a lad as ever lived, Sir," said the old man, "his mother was left a widow when he was only a few years old. She was one of the kindest creatures ever born. She was *over kind* to him. She never would cross him in anything. He always had his *own way*, and it proved his ruin. She plentifully supplied him with money, and he had ready access to the decanter. Before he was twenty he had got some of the worst Sabbath breaking companions in the place. Many and many a night has his poor mother sat up till midnight, when he has been carried home from the public-house by his drunken comrades. Lately he treated her most cruelly, but like a mother she bore it, as none but a mother could. He would bear no restraint. Last week, poor fellow, after drinking very hard, he had for the third time an



attack of *delirium tremens*, and he died in an awful state. Ah, Sir, I have seen many broken-hearted parents lay their ungodly children in this church-yard. I always say with Solomon to young fathers and mothers, 'Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.' I am an old man now, and have observed during my long life that those children who have been pampered at home, and allowed to have their *own way* have generally turned out to be sabbath breaking and ungrateful children, and in many, many cases have filled, like this poor widow's son, a drunkard's grave."

### NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.

"I LEARNED a good lesson when I was a little girl," says a lady. "One cold, frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle stood very still and meekly, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In doing so, she happened to hit her next neighbour; whereupon the neighbour kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit. I have known one cross word set a whole family in an uproar.'

"If my brother, or myself, were a little irritable, my kind mother would say, 'Take care my children; remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves and others much trouble.'"



FUNERAL OF THE WIDOW'S SON.



## RESCUE OF TWO SLAVES.

At a Missionary Meeting held at St. Thomas's, Exeter, a clergyman, formerly an officer employed in the suppression of the West-African slave trade, narrated the following incident:—

In the year 1819, the frigate commanded by Commodore Sir George Collier, gave chase to a Spanish slave vessel, called a "Felucca," on the Gold Coast. From the superior sailing of the frigate, the felucca was soon overtaken. After having been boarded, it was found that although provided with slave-decks, water casks, chains, and other undoubted proofs of her being employed in the horrible traffic, yet not a single slave was found in the vessel.

On the boat, however, leaving the felucca, one of the crew observed something black hanging to the rudder; and the officer's attention having been directed to it, he again caused the boat to be rowed under the stern, when to his surprise, two negro children were found clinging to the rudder-chains. On the children being questioned, by an African interpreter, it was found, that, at the commencement of the chase, there were several poor black children on board, who had been purchased as slaves; but as soon as the captain of the slaver perceived he would certainly be captured, and knowing that even a single slave would subject his vessel to condemnation as much as several hundreds, he caused them to be thrown overboard.

It being calm at the time, and two of them able to swim, they contrived, unseen by the crew, to reach the rudder of the vessel, and to support themselves by the rudder-chains, from which they were providentially rescued by the frigate's boat.

Through the kindness of a friend, we are enabled to give a sketch of the man-of-war's boat going to their rescue.—*Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.*

## NEGRO'S REQUEST.

"A POOR negro," writes a missionary in Africa, "called to invite me to the sick bed of a friend. I went, and found him stretched upon a mattress on the floor; his hands folded and his eyes shut, apparently in prayer. After the lapse of a minute or two, he opened his eyes, and stretching out his hand, said, 'Ah, massa, you know Adam! here him lie now; me often hear you praise; once more massa, let me hear your voice. O sing, sing de praise of Jesus once more; and den, may be, while you sing me steal way to Jesus.'"



RESCUE OF TWO SLAVES.

## HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

A POOR African mother, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, was once mourning over the death of her son, who had been slain in battle by a Moor.

As he was borne along on horseback, she proclaimed to the mournful group, all the excellent qualities of her boy. But the one for which she chiefly praised him, formed itself a noble epitaph. "He never," said she, with pathetic energy, "never, never told a lie!" Happy the mother who has this thought to console her when following a beloved child to the tomb.

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight."

"We have been trying this three quarters of an hour to get him on, and we can't." The gentleman said he would try what he could do, and having disarmed the three of their sticks, and laid them on the path, commenced a milder course of treatment, by patting the ass on the neck, rubbing his nose, and speaking kindly to him.

The poor animal evidently understood this tone of kindness, for hardly two minutes had elapsed, before, on the word of command, and a farewell pat on the neck, he cantered off as gaily as possible, with the lout on his back, in the proper direction.

How much better it is to treat animals with kindness, instead of cruelty. God who made man, made every dumb animal.

He is very angry with those who treat horses, donkeys, dogs, cats, or any creatures with cruelty.

If during the approaching summer months, any of our young friends in their walks should see any man or boy acting cruelly to a poor donkey, we recommend them to give him a copy of this paper, and kindly say, "Please read this, and you will see how to manage an ass."

## EXAMPLE.

A PARTY of friends were one evening assembled round the table at a meal, and after some little time, two children, who were present, were observed to sit looking at their food, while all the others were going forward. "Why do you not proceed, my dear?" asked a lady. "Because papa has not asked a blessing," replied the infant voices.

He who gives his children good instruction, but sets them a bad example, brings them food in one hand and poison in the other.

Example teaches more than precept.



## ADDRESS FROM THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

THERE are three millions of poor slaves in the United States of America.

On the 26th November last, the benevolent Duchess of Sutherland, called together a number of ladies at the beautiful mansion called "Stafford House," to confer together as to whether the "Women of England" could not promote the liberation of those three millions of our fellow creatures.

The Duchesses of Bedford and Argyll; the Countess of Shaftesbury; Lady C. Grosvenor; Viscountess Palmerston, and many other ladies were present. After seeking for divine guidance, it was at length agreed to write a kind letter to their sisters, the Women of America, asking them to do what they can in preparing the way for the abolition of slavery so soon as that can be safely done.

This letter has been sent to all parts of England for signature. It is now a very large one, and has nearly half a million names attached to it.

One young lady has obtained nearly 6,000 signatures by her exertions. Even the anticipation of this address being presented, has already been so useful, that three wealthy planters in Virginia have liberated all their slaves.

Many good friends who felt that the slaves ought to be set free immediately, have prepared a second letter to the Women of America, asking for their help in bringing about this good object at once.

This second letter has received one hundred and fifty thousand signatures.

These two friendly letters have been bound together, and are to be considered and presented as one document, and called "The Address," which, with twenty-four large volumes of signatures, is we believe already on its mission of love to the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of America.

May God's blessing accompany it, and hasten the day when the fetters of the slave shall be for ever snapped asunder!

Haste, happy day! the time we long to see,  
When every son of Adam shall be FREE.

We may expect Mrs. Stowe to arrive in this country in a very few days.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



WHEN are working men to see the Crystal Palace if it is not to be opened on the Sunday?

On the Saturday—let there be a general half-holiday by the closing of all factories, workshops, warehouses, &c. at 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

But will not this involve the loss of half-a-day's wages to the workmen?

It need not—Let a friendly arrangement be made between masters and men, so that the latter shall work half an hour longer than hitherto, on the other days of the week. By this means the employer will secure about the same amount of labour, and the hands the same wages as before.

Has such a plan been tried, and with what results?

In Manchester the wholesale houses close at 1 on Saturday. In a large factory in London, which is under the management of a Manchester gentleman, this plan was adopted some time ago, and is highly approved by both employers and employed.

The half-holiday on Saturday will be a great boon to the working classes, affording the industrious husband, an opportunity, not only of taking his family to the Crystal Palace occasionally, but also of making the necessary purchases, and preparation for the Sabbath.

GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.

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Further Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Islington Post Office.

\* \* The Gratuitous Distribution Committee regret that they cannot possibly meet all the applications made for grants. To do so would require much more extensive funds than are placed at their disposal.

RAGGED SCHOOL SHOP.

JOHN MAC GREGOR, Esq. whose efforts on behalf of the destitute lads of London have been so signally successful, has just originated a "Ragged School Shop," at 5, Crown Court, Chancery Lane, where fire wood is sold at twenty-four bundles for 1s. and also all sorts of work, the produce of the industrial classes.

The following interesting little work by the author of

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,**

Deserves to be read by every family in the land.

WITH ILLUSTRATED TITLES.

**Let Every Man Mind**

His Own Business.

By MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Answers and Awards.

June—First Series—Answers.

83. 2 Chron. xxi. 2. Jehoshaphat.  
84. Gen. v. 27. Methuselah was the oldest man who ever lived, but "Enoch [his father] was translated that he should not see death." Heb. xi. 5.  
85. 1 Chron. xxi. 11.  
86. 1st. To the Levite.  
2nd. To the Levite, Widow, &c. Deut. xiv. 29.  
87. Heb. iii. 8, 9.  
88. Ezekiel viii. 12. Chambers of Imagery.

Award.

Thomas, Mary Maria, Pembroke Dock.  
Sleep, Emma, Devonport.  
Treen, Martha Rebecca, Somerlayton, Lowestoff.  
Duckworth, Henry, Liverpool.

Second Series—Answers.

61. Simeon. Deut. xxxiii. Supposed to be because of his cruelty to Shechem and Joseph.  
62. Noah. Gen. ix. 21. The sin was that of Drunkenness.  
63. Sampson. Judges xiv. 14.  
64. Three. 1st. Noah's Ark of Gopher Wood.  
2nd. Moses' Ark of Bulrushes.  
3rd. The Lord's Ark of Shittim Wood.  
65. Abram. Gen. xiv. 13.  
66. The Fear of the Lord. Prov. i. 7.

Award.

Hill, Andrew, Dorchester.  
West, Margaret, Folkestone.  
Nurse, Alice, (Address not sent.)  
We cannot select a fourth.

August—First Series—Answers.

89. Those who are "risen with Christ."—Col. iii. 3, John viii. 51.  
90. 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22, 23. "All things are yours," and DEATH the last enemy is the one referred to.  
91. 2 Kings iii. 1—20. The kings of Israel, Judah, and Edom before Elisha, who formerly followed the plough.  
92. They guarded Daniel in the lions' den, and destroyed the disobedient prophet.  
93. Ruth. Compare Ruth iv. 7. with Matt. i.  
94. John viii. 34. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin."

Award.

Harris, Elizabeth Ann, Stalbridge.  
Ballard, Sarah, London.  
Barnett, Anna, London.  
D'Elboux, Emily, Southampton.

Second Series—Answers.

67. Psalm xcvi. 11.  
68. "In all this Job sinned not," &c.  
69. 2 Kings iii. 14. "Were it not that I," &c.  
70. Gen. vi. 5. "God saw that the wickedness," &c.  
71. John xiv. 1. "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God."  
72. That of little children.—John xlii. 33.

Award.

Robinson, Florence E. Dublin.  
Packard, Rachel M. Framlingham.  
Thompson, James Alex. Balbriggan.  
Hannan, Elizabeth, Coolowen Tallow.

October—First Series—Answers.

95. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." John xii. 24.  
96. "The belief of the truth," and its figurative language is as easy: "Setting to our seal that God is true."  
97. "They are full of eyes."  
98. Hos. x. 12. "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy: break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you."  
99. Rev. xx. 11—13. "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away: and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to

their works. And the sea gave up the dead that were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead that were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works."

100. Jeremiah ix. 23, 24, where he asserts that God delights in those only, who understand and know him.

Award.

Miller, J. B., Hornsey Road, London.  
Young, Mary Elizabeth, Poole.  
Orr, Cornelia, Cork.  
Barton, George, Lutterworth.

Second Series—Answer.

74. "And she said unto her mistress, would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." The remark of the little captive maid, which was the introduction to a process of Divine mercy towards Naaman and his country.  
75. Isaiah ii. 4. "And He (Messiah) shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."  
76. Isaiah iii. 16—24.  
77. Matt. iii. 11, 12. Mal. iii. 2, 3, and often elsewhere.  
78. Job xxi. 11—15.

Award.

Patterson, Jas. Wm., Hulme, Manchester.  
Angus, Charles Joseph, Stepney.  
Burden, Mary, Marshull.  
Robinson, Richard H., Dublin.

November—Answers to the Questions on Slavery.

1. The moral law requires universal love among men. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." (Lev. xix 18) and whatsoever is contrary to the exercise of that love is strictly forbidden and condemned: the comprehensive law of christianity, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets," must of necessity denounce "the accursed thing."  
2. Egypt's fearful plagues, and Pharaoh's final destruction with all his host in the Red sea, proclaim the Divine abhorrence of oppression and bondage: nor less the vengeance executed on Saul's descendants for the injuries inflicted on the Gibeonites, whose servitude was voluntary. All who trade in human flesh should take warning from the words, "Their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage, and God heard their groanings."  
3. "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death." Deut. xxiv. 7. Stealing, selling, and holding—so, either the penalty was death.  
4. Jer. xlii. 17, 18, 19. "He shall be buried with the burial of his ancestors," &c.  
5. Shimei: on his return he was consigned to the sword of Beniahah.—1 Kings ii. 40—8.  
6. Deut. xxiii. 15, 16. "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master," &c.  
7. Job xxxi. 13—23. "If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant," &c.  
8. Joseph's brethren sold him to the Midianites, (Gen. xxxvii. 28) yet Joseph says, "Indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews."—Gen. xl. 15.  
9. Ex. xxi. 16. "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death."  
10. The price of the purchase was paid to the slave himself—not to a master or slave catcher—for the words are, "if he shall sell himself."—Lev. xxv. 47, 51.  
11. Gen. xlviii. 19. "I know him that he will command his children and his household after him to do justice and judgment," &c. Jer. xxii. 15. "Did not thy father eat and drink, and do judgment and justice, and then it was well with him. He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well with him: was not this to know me? saith the Lord." "Woe unto him," &c.—p. 13—17.  
12. "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."—Acts xvii. 26. "There is neither bond nor free, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."—Gal. iii. 28.

Award.

D'Elboux, Emily, Southampton.  
Burn, Mary Byre, Epsom.  
Hillear, Samuel Alfred, Southampton.  
Murch, Henry C. Ottery St. Mary.

SHOE BLACKS.

In London the Shoe-blacks are succeeding very well. Many of them have several pounds in the Bank. Twenty-six poor boys are now employed in Dublin as Shoe-Blacks and Broomers, for whom £100 in subscriptions have just been raised for a Dormitory. Shoe-blacks are also to be found in Liverpool, Sheffield, York, &c.

May be ordered through all Booksellers.

VOLUME I.

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**BAND OF HOPE REVIEW,**

For 1851 & 1852,

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IMPROVED EDITION.

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Price One Penny.





"Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound."

#### JUBILEE OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.



"The year of Jubilee is come."

THE year 1853 is a remarkable one. It is the Jubilee year of two of the noblest Societies ever formed—The British and Foreign Bible Society, and Sunday School Union. Seven times seven of years have rolled by since the founders of these institutions were led, by God's good providence, to commence those operations, which have already proved a blessing to the whole world.

Saw ye not the cloud arise,  
Little as a human hand?  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

The Bible Society, like a stately tree, has spread its branches far and wide. It has since its origin issued upwards of *twenty-five millions* of copies of the Holy Scriptures, or portions of them, in 148 languages of this babel earth; and at the present day it has about 8,000 Auxiliaries, Associations and Branches in the various countries of the world.

It is intended to hold Jubilee Bible Meetings in every part of the world, on Wednesday the 12th October. Let CHILDREN — especially

British children—heartily join in celebrating this festive occasion.

Who can estimate the blessings now enjoyed in this land of liberty, through the instrumentality of that precious book the BIBLE!

In a country so near even as Tuscany, men and women are *at the present day* cast into prison for reading the Bible. Let us thank God that in England—happy England, the poorest child is encouraged by our beloved Queen to read the Scriptures, and may, through the labours of the Bible Society, become possessed of a copy of the Sacred Truths, at the cost of a few pence.

We desire that the 12th of October, 1853, should indeed be a day of praise and *thanksgiving*. "*The Jubilee Fund*" of the Bible Society should on that day have a donation from every family in the land.

The Committee have had some very neat Collecting Boxes prepared, with a representation of a Bible on the lid. These we hope will find their way into thousands of the homes where this sheet is read.

We recommend that into these boxes family offerings be cast every Sabbath or Monday morning.

The boxes may be had by suitable parties, on application to the Secretaries of any of the Local Bible Societies.

In our next month's number we propose drawing the attention of our Sunday School friends to the Jubilee of the Sunday School Union.

#### THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Father of mercies, in Thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be Thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant  
And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred word  
And view my Saviour there.

#### GEORGE III. AND HIS BIBLE.

It has been stated, by those who had the means of knowing the fact, that of the few books which the king read, the BIBLE was constantly on the table in his closet. A pious female servant, whose office it was to arrange the library room, has been heard to say, "I love to follow my master in his reading of the Scriptures, and to observe the passages which he marks. I wish every body made the Bible as much their *daily study* as my good master does."

Many persons complain that they "have no time" for searching the Scriptures and for prayer. What a good example such persons have in the conduct of this great monarch. Notwithstanding all his important duties in the government of his vast dominions, yet he could find time to study his Bible daily.

"Search the Scriptures."



THE BIBLE SOCIETY'S NEW COLLECTING BOX.



## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

N some of the Sunday schools in America, a card is suspended, of which the following is a copy:—

- 1.—The soul of each child is immortal.
- 2.—Each child is a sinner.
- 3.—There is no Saviour but Jesus Christ.
- 4.—The time is short.
- 5.—Success belongs to God.
- 6.—Teachers are answerable for their opportunities and talents."

## LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

A POOR boy who was employed all the week in taking care of cattle, was so anxious to learn the Word of God, that he used to take the Bible into the fields with him; and in the course of a year he committed to memory nearly *two thousand verses*.

## THE WIDOW'S SON AND HIS BIBLE.

THERE was a pious widow living in the north of England, who had a large family, consisting of seven daughters and one son, whom she endeavoured to bring up in the ways of religion.

Her efforts were crowned with success, so far as her daughters were concerned, but, alas! her boy proved ungrateful for her care, and became her scourge and her cross, and ultimately left her to go to sea.

When his mother took her leave of him, she gave him a New Testament, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating him to keep it, and read it for her sake. Year after year elapsed without tidings of her boy. In whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if perchance she might hear any tidings of him.

On one occasion she met with a sea captain, of whom she made her usual inquiries. He informed her that he knew the ship, and that it had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Charles —; and added that he was such a wicked lad that "it would be a good thing, if he and all like him were at the bottom of the sea." Pierced to her inmost soul, this unhappy mother withdrew from the house, saying "I shall go down to the grave, mourning for my son."

After the lapse of some years, a half-naked sailor knocked at her door to ask relief.

The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her. She heard his tale.

He had seen great perils in the deep, had been several times wrecked, but said he had never been so dreadfully destitute as he was some years back, when himself and a fine young gentleman, were the only individuals, of a whole ship's crew, that were saved.

"We were cast upon a desert island, where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow, I shall never forget it." And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. "He read day and night in a little book, which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment; he wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book; he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at last he gave it to me with many thanks for my poor services."

"There Jack" said he, "take this book, and keep it, and read it, and may God bless you—it's all I've got." And then he clasped my hands, and died in peace."

"Is all this true?" said the trembling, astonished mother.

"Yes, madam, every word of it." And then drawing from his ragged jacket a little book, much battered and time worn, he held it up, exclaiming, "And here's the very book too."

She seized the Testament, descried her own handwriting, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own, on the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold thy son liveth."

Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy sal-

vation." "Will you part with that book, my brave fellow?" said the mother, anxious to possess the precious relic. "No, madam," was the answer, "not for any money, not for all the world. He gave it me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it, without losing this treasure, the value of which, I hope, I have learned for myself; and I will never part with it, till I part with the breath out of my body."

## THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

IN the southern states of America, there lived a pious lady and gentleman—they were very rich and had a little daughter, of whom they were very fond. They brought her up with much tenderness and care. This little girl grew to be a woman, and was married. She lived in very comfortable circumstances for many years. But at last her much-loved father and mother died; their property was left to her, and among other things which were valuable, there was one thing which was most precious to her, and that was, "*The old Family Bible*." She esteemed that book, because when she was a little girl, her father and mother used to read out of it to her, as she sat, on a winter's evening, by the warm fireside, and instructed her in those things which would make her happy in this life, and "wise unto salvation."

However, time rolled on, and the possession of this Bible was both pleasant and profitable to her



when advanced in life. But she lost her husband—she became a lonely widow—her property was soon reduced—she got into debt—her creditors were very cruel towards her, and ordered her goods to be sold by auction. So they had large bills printed, to let every body know that on such a day, and at such a time, the goods of this poor widow would be exposed for sale, and that whoever would give the most money should have them.

Well, the day came—the goods were all removed to the auction room. A great many people came. The auctioneer went into the desk, and his man stood upon the table to show the company the goods, and the people said, how much they would give for the goods. So a great many were sold.

Only think what the poor widow must have felt, when she saw the people buying her furniture, and knew that she should be without a bed to lie on, a chair to sit upon—nothing but an empty room to live in! Well, so things went on, and presently the *old Family Bible* was put up for sale. This was more than the poor widow could bear. She begged with tears that the Bible which she valued more than all the rest might be spared to her. But the officer, who was an unfeeling man, sternly refused her request—and so the good book was held up by the man on the table. The auctioneer was asking the people how much they would give for it, and it was going for a few shillings, when the poor, almost heart-broken widow, snatched at it, declaring she would have some relic of those she loved. The thread that held the brown linen cover broke, and it fell into her hands, and along with it two flat pieces of dirty paper. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find that each was a £500 Bank of England note! On the back of one, in her mother's handwriting, were the following words: "When sorrow overtakes you, seek your Bible." And on the other, in her father's hand: "Your Father's ears are never deaf." The sale was immediately stopped, and the much-valued old family Bible

given to the faithful owner. What a sudden change must this have been in the circumstances of the poor widow! Her tears of sorrow were exchanged for tears of joy, and her poverty for comfort, and all this sprang from her love for her Bible.

Dear children! Do you love the Bible? If you do, strive to buy one—try to learn to read it—pay attention to your teachers that you may understand it—and never part with it—sooner, like this poor widow, part with everything else; for it is able to make you "wise unto salvation."—*Our Children's Magazine*.

## THE BIBLE.

Oh, may we love this precious book,  
In mercy to us given;  
Its blessed truths, how bright they shine  
To lead our souls to heaven:  
A lamp it is, our feet to guide  
Through every devious way,  
Until we reach the golden gate  
Of an eternal day.

## THE BIBLE IN A COAL MINE.

IN one of the coal-mines of England, a youth, about fifteen years of age, was working by the side of his father, who was a pious man, and governed and educated his family, according to the word of God.

The father was in the habit of carrying with him a small pocket Bible; and the son, who had received one at the Sunday school, imitated his father in this. Thus he always had the sacred volume with him, and whenever he enjoyed a season of rest from labour, he read it by the light of his lamp.

They worked together, in a newly opened section of the mine, and the father had just stepped aside to procure a tool, when the arch above them suddenly fell between him and his son, so that the father supposed his child to be crushed. He ran towards the place, and called to his son, who at length responded from under a dense mass of earth and coal.

"My son," cried the father, "are you living?"  
"Yes, father, but my legs are under a rock."  
"Where is your lamp, my son?" "It is still burning, father."  
"What will you do, my dear son?"  
"I am reading my Bible, father, and the Lord strengthens me."

These were the last words of that Sunday scholar; he was soon suffocated.

## DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

Don't kill the birds—the pretty birds  
That sing about the door,  
Soon as the joyous spring has come,  
And chilling storms are o'er.  
The little birds—how sweet they sing,  
O let them joyous live;  
And never seek to take that life  
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds—the little birds  
That play among the trees;  
'T would make the earth a cheerless place,  
Should we dispense with these.  
The little birds—how fond they play—  
Do not disturb their sport,  
But let them warble forth their songs,  
Till winter cuts them short.



Don't kill the birds—the happy birds  
That bless the fields and grove;  
So innocent to look upon,  
They claim our warmest love.  
The happy birds—the tuneful birds,  
How pleasant 'tis to see;  
No spot can be a cheerless place,  
Where'er their presence be.



## VALUE OF A TRACT.

ABOUT two years ago the late William Dickson, of Hull, was walking with a friend in front of Cromwell House, Highgate Hill, near London, when a poor drunken man came reeling along the path.

He was kindly addressed, and an Ipswich Juvenile Tract offered him for his children.

By appealing to him as a parent, a tender chord of his hard heart was touched. He accepted the tract with thanks, and promised that it should be read to him by his son.

On the following Sabbath a visit was paid to the man's home, in one of the worst alleys of the suburbs of London. From that visit resulted the establishment of a Sabbath Evening Service for the poor in that alley, which has continued to the present time!

Not only so, but even the hard, with-  
him a  
and

## ORIGIN OF THE BRITISH &amp; FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE Principality of Wales contains about one million of inhabitants, a large majority of whom speak only the Welsh language.

The engraving on the next page represents the costume of the Welsh women, who are remarkable for the comeliness of their persons and the neatness of their attire.

The country abounds with places of worship and Sunday schools; and the people are eminently a Bible-reading community. They were not, however, always so. A century ago the Word of God was little known among them, and its precepts little regarded. Darkness covered the land. Griffith Jones, Howell Harris, and Daniel Rowlands, with others, were raised to dispel the universal gloom, and under the powerful preaching of these devoted men, thousands were brought to know the Saviour. Yet few of these could read, and fewer still possessed copies of the Bible. To Thomas Charles, of Bala, it was reserved to establish Sunday schools (he was the Raikes of Wales) and to place the Welsh Bible into the hands of the people.

About fifty-one years ago, Mr. Charles meeting a little girl who attended his ministry, asked her what his text was on the preceding Sunday. She replied, "The weather, Sir, was so bad that I could not get to read the Bible." On further inquiry he learnt that there was no Bible to which she could get access without travelling seven miles over the hills; which she was in the habit of doing every week in order to read the sacred book, and commit to memory the minister's text. During that week the cold and stormy weather had kept her from making her usual journey. This fact led Charles to make enquiries among the people with a view to ascertain how many possessed Bibles. He found that there was on an average only

(Continued on next page.)

are some truths which men despise merely because they have never examined them.

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ugh a standard

## HEARTED GIRL.

When four and five years old, she was reading to her mother in the evening, and when she came to those verses which have holes, and the foxes have nests, and the birds have nests, but the Son of Man has no resting place, she said, "Where to lay His head," her mother with tears, her tender breast and at last she sobbed aloud. Her enquired what was the matter; some time the little girl could not answer her. At length, as well as her mother would let her, she said "I am weary, mamma, if I had been there I would have given him my pillow."—Our Children's Magazine.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."—Prov. xx. 11.

## A VOICE from the SCAFFOLD.

HENRY DOBSON, aged 27, was executed at York Castle, April 9th, 1853, for the murder of Catherine Sheridan, at Wakefield.

It is a fact which it would be well were it recorded indelibly upon every man's heart, that Dobson has attributed his untimely and fearful end, to indulgence in the sins of drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking. "I have gone on," said he, "from one crime to another, but drinking and neglect of the duties of the Sabbath were the first beginnings and foundation of all my downward career!"—Yorkshire Gazette.



"I CAN NOW HAVE FAMILY WORSHIP."



**WHAT ENGLAND MIGHT DO.**

**A SOLEMN THOUGHT.**

**THEY SAY THE WORD IS A LIGHT UNTO MY FEET.**

**WITH ITS PRESENT YEARLY INCOME IT WILL TAKE THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY MORE THAN SIX HUNDRED YEARS TO SUPPLY A COPY OF THE SCRIPTURES TO EACH OF THE SEVEN HUNDRED MILLIONS OF POOR-BENIGHTED HEATHEN. THE SUM WHICH IS ANNUALLY SPENT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM FOR INTOXICATING DRINKS WOULD ENABLE THE SOCIETY TO EFFECT THIS OBJECT IN ONE YEAR!**

**PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY, 34, PATERNOSTER ROW.**

**FROM THE "BAND OF HOPE REVIEW," PUBLISHED BY PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY, 34, PATERNOSTER ROW.**

## "NOW I CAN PRAY."

A GIN shop keeper in —, a few years ago, was loud in his abuse of the temperance men. By God's blessing they had induced several drunkards to become abstainers, and the trade of the gin shop was nearly gone.

A friend, whose heart was touched with the love of souls, undertook to call upon this man and induce him, if possible, to change his trade. Before long, the gin shop was turned into a baker's shop.

The temperance men now warmly patronized him. He at length became a member of their Society. This was a happy event. At the next anniversary, the baker was invited to speak. He thanked the friends for having led him to exchange the sale of that which destroyed life, (gin) for that which preserved life, (bread) adding, "When I kept the gin shop I could not pray for God's blessing upon my business; but now I can. I now have family worship, and can pray 'Prosper the work of my hands O Lord.'"

## WHO WILL TRY?

We presume that all our young friends are pleased with the improved appearance of our paper since the new year commenced. We are taking no small pains, and incurring no small expense, in order to render our pages increasingly attractive and useful. Will each of our readers help us in return, by procuring a new monthly subscriber? This will double the present circulation, and will ultimately relieve us of the loss we hitherto have had to sustain.





Farmer's daughters      Farm Servant.      Market Woman.      Farmer's Wife.

### WELSH COSTUMES.

one copy to every eighty families. This discovery filled his soul with grief, and he took a journey to London for the purpose of seeing if any means could be devised for supplying his fellow-countrymen with the word of life.

On the 7th of December, 1802, he attended the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, and made known his errand. The good men he met with there, full of sympathy and love, consulted how they could procure a supply of Bibles for Wales, and then for England, when one of them said, "A Bible Society for Wales! a Bible Society for England! why not a Bible Society for the world!" Here is the thought from which sprung that noblest of the institutions of our country, the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Mr. Charles died in 1814. As the friend of the young, we feel sure he would have assisted in promoting the circulation of the *Band of Hope Review*. But he has entered into his rest. We rejoice, however, that his grandson, who occupies the important post of principal of Trevecca College, in Brecknockshire, is willing to help us. The following is a note, which he has addressed on the subject to a member of our Distribution Committee.—A Welsh translation is given for the sake of those of our readers who may not have seen anything in that ancient language:—

(English.)

TREVECCA COLLEGE,  
April 8th, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have looked over the pages of the "*Band of Hope Review*" and have been highly gratified with the contents. The scriptural principles upon which it inculcates the highest truths, render it a most valuable periodical for children; and the interesting manner in which these truths are set forth, will not fail to attract the mind, and engage the heart.

I should be pleased to know that it was introduced into every school in the kingdom, and feel assured its circulation among our British school children in Wales would be attended with the most beneficial effects. I shall embrace every opportunity to promote its favourable reception among my countrymen. With earnest wishes that your friend, who has taken upon him the production of this attractive and exceedingly cheap periodical, may be a thousand times repaid in his bosom by the increasing success of this effort of his benevolence,

I remain,  
My dear Sir,  
Yours very faithfully,  
DAVID CHARLES.

(Welsh.)

ATHROFA TREVECCA,  
Ebrill 8, 1853.

FY ANWYL SYR,

Yr wyf wedi edrych dros dudalenau y *Band of Hope Review*, ac yr wyf wedi fy moddion yn fawr wrth ei gynwysiad. Y mae yr egwddorion ysgrifysod ar ba rai y mae yn argymhell y gwirioneddau mwyaf pwysig yn ei wneyd yn gyhoeddus tra gwerthfawr i blant; ac y mae y dull difyrus yn mha un y trahir y gwirioneddau hyn yn sicrh dynu y sylw, ac ennill y galon.

Fe fyddai yn dda genyf ddeall ei fod yn cael ei ddefnyddio yn mhob ysgol trwy y deyrnas; ac yr wyf yn teimlo yn bur sicrh y byddai iwlledaenid yn mhilith plant ysgolion Brutanaidd yn Nghymru gael yr effeithiau mwyaf dymunol. Mi gymeraf bob cyfle i wneyd a allaf iddo gael derbyniad croesawus yn mhilith fy nghyd genedl. Gyda dymuniad cywir i'ch cyfhill, sydd wedi cymeryd arno ddwyn allan y misolyn denol a rhad iawn hwn, gael ei ad-dalu i'ch weithian yn ei fyfyrwys trwy lywyddiant cynyddol ar yr ymdrech yma o'i ddyngrarh.

Ydyf yr eiddoch  
Yn dra fyddiawn,  
DAVID CHARLES.

### WELSH PEASANTS & THEIR BIBLES.

WHEN the arrival of the cart, which carried the first sacred load of the Scriptures, sent by the British and Foreign Bible Society, to Wales, in 1806, was announced, the Welsh peasants went in crowds to meet it; welcomed it as the Israelites did the ark of old; drew it into the town; and eagerly bore off all the copies as rapidly as they could be dispersed. The young people were to be seen spending the whole night in reading it.

Labourers carried it with them to the field, that they might enjoy it during the interval of labour, and lose no opportunity of becoming acquainted with its blessed truths.

### HOW TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE MAY MEETINGS.



HE joyful month of May has again arrived.

We desire that all of our youthful readers should be deeply interested in the various "May Meetings" now about to be held in London.

In our number for June of last year we gave a short account of many of the religious and benevolent societies, in the hope that a more extensive interest would be felt in their prosperity.

Whilst attending the Anniversary Meetings of 1852, thousands were gladdened by hearing of the progress of Christian Missions in almost every part of the world.

There was, however, a sad cry which appeared to come up from every assembly and every report, "*Our funds are exhausted*."—"We cannot do all we desire, from want of funds."—"Give us more funds."

During the past twelve months tens of thousands of ministers and friends throughout the three kingdoms have been preaching, lecturing, collecting, writing, printing, and travelling, in order to increase the funds of the various Missionary, Bible, Sunday-school and Tract Societies.

Fancy Bazaars and Sewing Meetings have also been held: Missionary Baskets have been filled; the Branches of the Missionary Tract Society have been well laden; "Christmas Offerings" have been every where given; and yet, after all, the total number of pounds sterling raised for the cause of the Redeemer, does not amount to

### THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION.

During the same period there has been spent in tobacco and cigars, and then lost in smoke, no less a sum than

### SEVEN MILLIONS OF POUNDS.

Every year the people of Great Britain and Ireland

are "*puffing away*" more money than the leading Missionary Societies have raised within the last twenty-five years!

Shall this blot upon our national brow continue? What say you, boys? Shall the missionary box or the cigar box have your preference? We do not expect those who have grown old in the practice of smoking will give it up; many good men think that they cannot do so without injury: but we desire that *you* should never commence this unhealthy, time-wasting habit.

Your delicate throats were surely never designed by God to be turned into walking chimneys.

Smoking, drinking, and Sabbath-breaking too often go hand in hand. Wherever you find a London gin shop, or public-house, you will find a cigar shop close at hand, and both of them open from noon till midnight of the Sabbath.

The habit of Smoking is likely to become a national curse to our youth, if not speedily stayed in its rapid progress.

Let every boy who reads these few lines, which are written by one who desires his welfare for time and eternity, determine *never to smoke*.

If all the youths of our land will discard the pipe and the cigar, we shall in twenty years have sufficient funds pouring into the treasuries of our various religious and philanthropic institutions as shall render Britain truly "*A PRAISE IN THE EARTH*."

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

In addition to our usual prizes, we offer as a first prize for the best answers to the questions in the present number, BAGSTER'S POCKET POLYGLOT BIBLE, bound in morocco.

#### CONDITIONS.

1. Competitors to be under sixteen years of age.
2. Answers to be given from the Bible only, and the passages to be written out in full.
3. Successful competitors to give proof, if required, that the answers are their own.
4. Answers to be sent by the last day in the month, addressed to the "Editor of Bible Questions," *Band of Hope Review* Office, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

We hope our young friends will carefully read over and attend to the directions we gave in the February number, and we particularly request that they will study conscientiously the space of two pages of letter-paper is always sufficient for the answers; sometimes we have to read through half a dozen. We consider those the best which only contain that part of the passage which directly answers the question.

We have made our award of all the questions which have been answered, but our limited space will not allow us to publish the answers and the names of successful competitors, who have been apprized of the prizes due to them by letter; we hope to insert both next month.

#### QUESTIONS ON THE SCRIPTURES.

1. Quote the words of Jesus Christ, the assurance of an inspired prophet, also that of an inspired apostle, to prove that the Scriptures shall continue for ever and ever.
2. Of whom is it recorded by God himself, that when his word was sent for their instruction, they cared not to know it, and would not obey it, therefore God was provoked to send his desolating judgments?
3. Name an excellent king, whose conduct was directed by the rules laid down in Scripture, and quote his testimony to their worth as affording comfort and direction.
4. What very significant name did our Saviour give to the word of truth, and where does he plainly declare, that to take away the Scriptures is an unrighteous practice?
5. Where have we an infallible rule by which to determine what is the mind of God, to which we should always have recourse when we would know what is required of us?
6. Give chapter and verse, in which one, who from earliest childhood had been familiar with the Bible, was assured by an inspired servant of God, that its design and tendency is to make us completely fitted for all that is pure and holy.
7. Which of the sacred writers reproves the poor for alleging their want of learning as an excuse for not reading God's Book, and of the educated for pleading that they could not understand it?
8. Name a Jew, born in Egypt, who in public preaching, convinced many of his brethren that Jesus was the true Messiah, and what qualification he possessed that eminently fitted him for this service.

### GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

#### COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall, and 32, Albion Grove, Islington.  
REV. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.  
MR. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park.  
JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London, Treasurer.

#### RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.

	s.	d.
Samuel Sturge, Esq., Cold Harbour Lane, Brixton	10	0
Mr. Jas. Cooban, Crescent Chapel Sunday School, Liverpool	10	0
A Friend to the Young	5	0
Rev. J. Priestley, Leek	5	0
Proceeds of a Missionary Box, by Rev. R. Tabraham, Bury St. Edmunds	5	0
George Nind, Wandsworth		





"That the soul be without knowledge is not good."

**ROBERT RAIKES;  
OR, THE LITTLE WORD "TRY."**



ONE fine morning, about seventy years ago, Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, went into one of the back streets of that honoured city for the purpose of hiring a gardener.

Fortunately, the gardener was from home, and Mr. Raikes waited in the street, until he returned.

A number of dirty, noisy children gathered around him, and behaved very rudely.

"Ah, Sir," said the gardener's wife, "it is bad enough on *week days*, but if you were here on *Sunday* you would be shocked indeed: the men and boys are out on that day from the pin mills, and then we have nothing but cursing, swearing, drinking, and gambling, all the day long."

Robert Raikes was so much affected by what he heard and saw, that he said within himself, "Cannot something be done to *prevent* this desecration of the Lord's day." The word, "Try" was so powerfully impressed upon his mind that he regarded it as a call from God to at once make the attempt.

He soon hired a small room in a cottage, and meeting with four persons who had been accustomed to the teaching of children, he engaged to pay them for instructing the poor children

to read during a few hours every Sunday.

In a short time a marked improvement in the locality took place. An account of the school was published in the *Gloucester Journal* of Nov. 3rd, 1783, and similar efforts were soon made in other places.

Such was the humble origin of the Sunday school system, which within three quarters of a century has spread itself into every part of the civilized world.

Long before his death, Robert Raikes was permitted to witness the happy results of his labours. On one occasion when in company with the celebrated Joseph Lancaster, he said, "I never pass by the spot where the word 'Try' came so powerfully into my mind, without lifting up my hands and heart to heaven, in gratitude to God for having put such a thought into my head."

"Tis a lesson you should heed,  
Try, try, try again.  
If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try, try again.  
Then your courage should appear,  
For if you will *persevere*,  
You will conquer—never fear,  
Try, try, try again."



THE RIGHT HON. THOS. CHALLIS, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

**THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON**

WHEN Robert Raikes opened the first Sunday school he had to *pay* his four teachers.

There are now about 250,000 *voluntary* Sabbath school teachers in the United Kingdom, who desire no other reward than the pleasure of seeking to do good.

It is a pleasing fact that several Sunday school teachers have risen to the honourable position of Lord Mayor of London.

The present Lord Mayor was formerly a most laborious Sunday school teacher, and is now using the influence which his exalted station affords, for advancing the prosperity of Sunday and Ragged Schools. We are glad to add that he is a patron of our little paper.

He lately presided at a Ragged School Meeting in Holborn, and it was cheering to hear the chief magistrate of the principal city in the world pleading on behalf of poor destitute children.

In the course of his address on this occasion, his Lordship, holding up the March number of the *Band of Hope Review*, thus drew attention to its usefulness:

"The paper I have in my hand is a very interesting and instructive publication for children, aye, and for grown up people too. It is, as you see, profusely illustrated with excellent pictures. It is called the *Band of Hope Review*, and is sold at the very low price of one halfpenny. I am glad to hear that the circulation of this little newspaper is very large, and is even still increasing."

If our numerous friends throughout the country will follow the example of the Lord Mayor of London in thus drawing public attention to this periodical, we shall soon have an increased sphere of usefulness.

One of the trashy weekly penny papers is scattering upwards of eight hundred thousand copies every month. We cannot yet boast of even eighty thousand.



### A LITTLE BOY AND HIS TRACT.

A LITTLE boy belonging to a Sabbath school in London, having to go through a certain court, saw a shop which was always open on the Lord's day.

This grieved him very much, and he began seriously to consider, whether it was possible for him to do anything to prevent this desecration of the Sabbath.

At length, he determined to leave a tract, "On the Lord's day," as he passed by.

On the next Sabbath, coming the same way, he observed that the shop was shut up.

He stopped, and wondered whether this could be the effect of the tract he had left.

He ventured to knock gently at the door; when a woman within, thinking it was a customer, answered aloud, "You cannot have anything; we don't sell on Sundays now."

The little boy still begged for admittance, encouraged by what he had heard, when the woman, recollecting the voice, opened the door, and said, "Come in my dear little fellow; it was you who left the tract here last Sunday, on Sabbath-breaking, and it frightened me so, that I durst not keep my shop open any longer; and I am determined never to open it again on the Sabbath as long as I live."

### "THIS HAND NEVER STRUCK ME."



WE recently heard the following most touching incident:—A little boy, a Sunday scholar, had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone,

cold grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as her child repeated the request, she took the cold bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in that of his weeping sister.—The dear child looked at it a moment, pressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through tears—the tears of affection and love, and said, "Mother, this little hand never struck me!" What could be more touching and lovely? Young readers, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, that were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or a sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say, "This hand never struck me?"



### JUBILEE OF THE ISRAELITES.

OH what a happy, happy year, the year of Jubilee was in the land of Judea! When the sound of the silver trumpet was heard, oh, how many clapped their hands and shouted for joy

"The year of Jubilee is come!"

If our young friends will read over the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, the fifteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, and the twenty-third chapter of Exodus, they will find out *why* the year of Jubilee was such a happy year amongst the Israelites.

### JUBILEE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following address, which has been issued by the Sunday School Union. We hope that every school in the land will have a few bricks in the new building.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You have all heard of the SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, and many of you know that its object is to extend and improve Sunday Schools both at home and abroad. It has done a great deal of good, and will no doubt do very much more. Having been established in 1803, next year it will be FIFTY YEARS old.

Now, the Officers and Committee, who are unpaid, like your Teachers, and devote much time to its affairs, are of opinion that when it is fifty years old, it should have a much larger building, especially as the present one is too small and confined. And they think every Sunday Scholar would gladly help to get such a building as is required. A little from each would do it. Only think—there are Two Millions and a Half of Sunday Scholars in England, and if each were to give or collect a FARTHING for four Sundays, and give it to the Superintendent of the School, to be sent to the Sunday School Union, TEN THOUSAND POUNDS would be raised, and a little over—just the sum wanted for the New Building.

Have not Sunday Schools done *you* good, my



"COME ALONG TO SCHOOL, BOYS, COME!"

dear Boys and Girls, and will you not cheerfully help to increase them, and extend their blessings all over the world? We are sure you will, and that your Parents, and Friends, and Neighbours also will encourage you with a smile, and perhaps a donation.

It is requested that the amount collected by the Scholars, be paid to the Treasurer of their respective schools, on the last Sunday in each month, to be forwarded to the Sunday School Union Depository, 60, Paternoster Row, London, on the first week in September, December, March and June; or to the Bankers, (on Jubilee Fund Account,) Messrs. HANKEY, 7, Fenchurch Street, London.

### HANNAH AND HER BABY SISTER.

A VERY interesting account of the death of Hannah Spink, a scholar in the Whitechapel Society's Girls' School, has been published by the Rev. W. W. Champneys, Rector of Whitechapel.\* This little reward book will, we trust, encourage many dispirited teachers to persevere in their work of faith and labour of love, and also lead many Sunday scholars to imitate little Hannah's bright example.

Amongst other pleasing facts, Mr. Champneys says, "She taught the little baby, of nineteen months old to put its little hands together, and listen while



she prayed; and now she is gone, the little creature still puts her hands together in prayer, though her dear little teacher is gone to praise God in that world where there are no wants, and, therefore no prayers."

\* "A Child a Hundred Years Old."—WERTHEIM, Aldine Chambers.

### "COME ALONG TO SCHOOL, BOYS."

"COME, come along with us to school, boys! come!" said the kind-hearted superintendent of a village Sunday school, some years ago, to three Sabbath-breaking boys. "You don't catch me there," replied one of the saucy lads. "Nor me," cried another. The third boy was prevailed upon to go to the school.

"Mark the end of these lads," said the good old man, "I never knew Sabbath-breakers turn out well."

The boy who went to school was much laughed at by his two old comrades, but he persevered. God blessed him. He sought and found mercy through Christ, and he is now a minister of the Gospel. What became of the other boys? Sad to tell, one was executed for murder, and the second was killed whilst in a state of intoxication!



## BE ORDERLY



**SUNDAY** Scholars should be very orderly when going to or returning from school. Some children forget themselves and play on their way to school. This is wrong. God has given six days every week on which children may play at proper times, but the Sabbath is to be kept holy. It is very delightful to see brothers and sisters walking hand in hand to the school, or God's house. Sisters! take care of your little brothers! Brothers! be very kind to your sisters!

"Keep holy the Sabbath day."

## AN INTERESTING FACT.

THERE is a small market town in the West of England, which has sent more labourers into the spiritual harvest than any other town of equal size, perhaps in the world—three missionaries, three missionaries' wives, one minister, two Lancastrian school teachers, and two home missionaries—all their names are in my journal, and with them, or their families, I am personally acquainted.

The pious people of the town are greatly delighted with the fact, and when speaking of it they add, "These were all either teachers or scholars in the Sunday school."—Rev. R. KNILL.

## "MY SON IS MY SPIRITUAL FATHER."

At a Wesleyan class-meeting, a man thus spoke:—"I am very thankful to God for your Sunday school."

"My son, who now sits beside me, is my spiritual father."

"He heard me cursing and swearing, while in a state of drunkenness, and said to me, 'Oh, father! my teacher said to-day at the Sunday school, that neither drunkards nor swearers could enter into heaven.'"

"This so affected my mind, that from that time I was enabled, by the grace of God, to leave off my wicked practices, and through the merits of Christ, both myself and my son are on our way to heaven."

He then laid his hand on his son's head, and repeated, "My son is my spiritual father."

In every twenty years of life we have upwards of a thousand Sabbaths, for all of which we must give an account.

How many Sabbaths have you had in your life?

## A TEACHER'S JOY.



HERE are few things more cheering to a Sabbath school teacher than to have his scholars around him in good time—all with well washed hands and faces, clean

clothes, and smiling countenances. When a teacher meets such a class on the Sabbath morning he feels sure that he will have a happy day with his scholars.

Come, my boys and girls! cheer the heart of your teacher. Come with a prayer on your lips "Lord bless my teacher to-day, and bless his instruction to my soul."

## HEAVEN.

12.—**FAITHFULNESS UNTO DEATH.** Matt. xxv. 21; Luke xii. 42; xvi. 10; Rev. ii. 10.

11.—**DILIGENCE.** 2 Peter i. 5-10; iii. 14; 2 Cor. viii. 7; Prov. xiii. 4; Heb. xi. 6; xii. 15.

10.—**AFFLICTIONS.** 2 Cor. iv. 17; vi. 4; Rom. viii. 18; Jas. v. 13; Psa. xxxiv. 19.

9.—**KINDNESS TO THE POOR.** Prov. xix. 17; Matt. vii. 12; Gal. vi. 10; Heb. vi. 10.

8.—**LOVE TO ENEMIES.** Matt. v. 44; Luke vi. 37; Rom. xii. 14-20.

7.—**GROWTH IN GRACE AND KNOWLEDGE.** 2 Peter iii. 18; 2 Tim. ii. 1; Heb. iv. 16.

6.—**FELLOWSHIP OF CHRIST.** 1 Cor. i. 9; 1 John i. 3; vi. 7.

5.—**BEARING THE CROSS OF CHRIST.** Luke xiv. 27; Matt. x. 38; xvi. 24; Gal. vi. 14.

4.—**REPENTANCE AND FAITH.** Acts xx. 21; Matt. iii. 8; 2 Cor. vii. 9, 10; Heb. ii. 4.

3.—**REGARD FOR THE SABBATH.** Isa. lvi. 2, 6; Mark ii. 27; Acts xviii. 4.

2.—**BELIEF IN THE WORD OF GOD.** 2 Tim. iii. 16; Psa. cxix. 9, 11, 16, 105.

1.—**OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.** 1 Sam. xv. 22; 1 Peter i. 14; Eph. vi. 1; Col. iii. 20.



"WHICH STEP SHALL I TAKE?"

1.—**DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.** Exod. xx. 12; Prov. i. 8; xx. 20; xxx. 17.

2.—**IDLENESS.** Exod. xx. 9; Prov. xix. 15; xx. 4; Ec. x. 18; Matt. xx. 6; 1 Tim. v.

3.—**SABBATH BREAKING.** Exod. xx. 8-11; Amos viii. 5; Ezek. xxii. 8; Lam. i. 7; ii. 6.

4.—**LYING.** Psa. xxxi. 18; lxxiii. 11; cxv. 2; Prov. vi. 17; xii. 22; Rev. xxi. 8.

5.—**PROFANE SWEARING.** Matt. v. 34; Hos. iv. 2; Jer. xxiii. 10.

6.—**GAMBLING.** Prov. xxviii. 8; Ezek. xxii. 13; Prov. xx. 17.

7.—**DRUNKENNESS.** Deut. xxi. 20; Prov. xxiii. 21; Joel i. 5; 1 Cor. vi. 10.

8.—**FIGHTING.** Prov. xvii. 14; Gal. v. 20; Jas. iii. 15.

9.—**STEALING.** Exod. xx. 15; Zach. v. 13; Gen. xlv. 8; Eph. iv. 28.

10.—**PERJURY.** Exod. xx. 16; Deut. xix. 16; Prov. xix. 5; xxi. 28.

11.—**ROBBERY.** Lev. xix. 13; Prov. xxi. 7; xxviii. 24; Mal. iii. 8.

12.—**MURDER.** Exod. xxi. 12; Num. xxxv. 16; 1 John iii. 15; Rev. xxii. 15.

## HELL.

## THE TEACHER'S APPEAL.



PARENTS! will you kindly send your children to school in good time? I work hard during the week and have to walk a long distance on the

Sabbath morning, but I feel amply rewarded when I find all my clean and orderly scholars around me during singing and prayer at the opening of the school.

Let the clean clothes be all nicely laid out on the Saturday night. Have breakfast ready early on the Sabbath morning, so as to leave ample time for family prayer. Then with a Parent's blessing send off your children, sufficiently early for them to reach the school five minutes before the time—not five minutes after. By doing this you will gladden the heart of A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

## HOW CHILDREN MAY BE USEFUL.

1. Children may be useful by inducing their young companions to attend the Sunday school.

2. By reading their library books aloud to the family at home.

3. By taking care of the baby, so that mother can do her work.

4. By always putting their clothes, books, and playthings in their places, as soon as they have done with them.

5. By cheerfully going all the errands required of them.

6. By preventing their younger brothers and sisters from tearing books, and from marking scratching, or otherwise injuring the furniture.

7. By always setting a good example before their young companions.

8. By joining the Juvenile Missionary, Bible, Temperance, and other benevolent societies.

9. By talking with each other about their Sabbath school lessons, and studying them together.

10. By lending this monthly paper to their companions who do not subscribe for it.

## A DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.

## A FACT.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq.

"Mamma!" a little maiden said,  
Almost with her expiring sigh,  
"Put no sweet roses round my head,  
When in my coffin dress I lie."

"Why not, my dear?" the mother cried,  
"What flower so well a corpse adorns?"

"Mamma!" the innocent replied,  
"They crowned my Saviour's head with thorns."

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.



BOOKS are now lent to the well behaved scholars in thousands of Sunday schools. The influence of the school is thus felt at home by parents as well

as children. A father once stood up in a meeting in York and said, "Thank God for Sunday School Libraries. A book that my boy brought home led to my conversion."

No Sunday school should be without a Library.

The Sunday School Union (60, Paternoster Row, London) will render assistance to Schools not having Libraries.



## WHAT LITTLE GIRLS CAN DO.

In the town of Newbury-port, Massachusetts, a Juvenile Temperance Society was formed by the Sabbath School Teachers.

One evening, some little members of it were going home, when they saw a poor intoxicated man leaning against a post.

One dear little girl went up to him and said, "Please, sir, will you sign the pledge?"

"I hav'n't got it or I would," replied the conscience-stricken man.

"I have it here, sir," remarked the polite child, as she drew a blank pledge from her pocket; and she added, speaking to her companions, "Let us sing."

So they formed a ring round the drunkard—

"The drink that's in the drunkard's cup  
Is not the drink for me."

So sweetly did they carol this simple chime, that the poor man stammered out, "Sing again, little girls, sing again."

Then the little maiden pressed him to sign the pledge. "I've no ink, and no desk," urged the drunkard.

"Please, sir," said the child, "I've a pencil, and if you will lend me your hat, that will make a desk." The hat *did* make the desk, and that drunkard, reformed by a child, is now one of the most eminent lecturers on temperance.—*American Sunday School Magazine.*

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Illustrated Sabbath School Edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin.*—FARRINGTON. With Preface by the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D.

We are glad to see a revised edition of this extraordinary book, in which several expressions, not suitable for the perusal of juveniles, are expunged. The fact of Mr. Fletcher, the "Prince of Preachers to Juveniles," having written a commendatory preface, will secure for it an extensive circulation.

*The Unfaithful Steward.* By Mrs. Stowe.—PARTRIDGE AND OAKLEY.

We cannot but recommend this valuable little two-penny book to every Sunday school teacher and professing Christian.

*A Biblical and Theological Dictionary.* By Rev. Samuel Green.—B. L. GREEN.

There are few books which will assist the Sabbath School teacher more than this. We have much pleasure in giving it our best recommendation.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

THE questions for the present month are on the subject of INSTRUCTION, and consist of but one series, open to all under eighteen years of age.



For the best answers, four prizes will be given, value 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

## CONDITIONS.

1. Answers to be given from the Bible only, and the passages to be written out in full.

2. Successful competitors to give proof, if required, that the answers are their own.

3. Answers to be sent by the last day in the month, addressed to the "Editor of Bible Questions," *Band of Hope Review* Office, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

## DIRECTIONS.

First. Always to READ and ATTEND to the Conditions. We are often obliged to throw several letters aside, on this account. The age is often omitted, and passages are not written out in full.

Secondly. The name and address not to be written on the answers, but a short verse placed at the head of the answers, and the name written on a separate piece of paper, with the name, age, address, and if a Sabbath school scholar. Also to write outside the letter, "Answers to Bible Questions."

Thirdly. In writing out the passage, SUCH PORTIONS SHOULD BE SELECTED AS MOST DIRECTLY ANSWER THE QUESTION. We admire the judgment some of our young friends show in this respect.

Fourthly. Not to write about any thing else with the Bible Questions, but to send any other communication separately.

We hope our young friends will carefully read over and attend to the directions, and we particularly request that they will study consciences; the space of two pages of letter-paper is always sufficient for the answers; sometimes we have to read through half a dozen. We consider those the best which only contain that part of the passage which directly answers the question.

## QUESTIONS ON INSTRUCTION.

1. Quote a passage in which heavenly wisdom and genuine piety are exalted above all secular learning and earthly possessions.

2. Give a most expressive description of man's state by nature, as ignorant and unteachable, which is calculated to humble us, and lead us to seek instruction.

3. What noble possession, entrusted to us by Jehovah himself, is declared by an inspired apostle to be effectual in removing ignorance as to the way of righteousness?

4. Which of the patriarchs asserts that the price of wisdom is not known by man, and that in the land of the living it cannot be found?

5. Give four short delineations of God's character in reference to knowledge.

6. Where in the Old Testament is it declared that persons who resolve not to walk in God's ways, *desire not to know them*, and from the New Testament give a passage to show that such knowledge unimproved, will be a continual reproach to our disobedience.

6. Give JESHOVAH's explanation of Wisdom, which is also a beautiful, but simple description of true religion.

7. Where do we read of those who rejected knowledge, and were, therefore, rejected of God; shewing that if we refuse knowledge we forfeit honour and privileges?

## Answers and Awards for January.

## ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON THE SABBATH.

1. "Because it did not rest in your Sabbaths, when ye dwelt in it."—Lev. xxvi. 35—see also verses 32—35.

2. "REMEMBER the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," &c.—Ex. xx. 8.

3. In the 4th chapter of Hebrews, 4th and following verses.

4. Isaiah lviii. 13. "Not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words."

5. "The Sabbath was made for man."—Mark ii. 27.—These are the words of Christ, which have never been repealed.

6. Neh. x. 29 and 31 verses.

## The successful competitors are:—

1. John James Phillips, 36, Nile-street, Cork.
2. Elizabeth Watson, Dulwich.
3. Louisa Newham Willock, St. Mary, Wisbeach.
4. John Alfred French, Wood Hall, Carlisle, Ireland.

As we have had some complaint of the space thus occupied we must defer the publication of the answers and awards for February and March to a future month.

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

## COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.

HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall, and 32, Albion Grove, Islington.

REV. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.

MR. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London, Treasurer.

## RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.

	£	s.	d.
P. H. ....	10	0	0
Thomas Saunders, Esq., Comptroller, Guildhall..	1	0	0
A. L. F. and family, Bristol.....	1	0	0
Master Smith, Deighton, near York.....	0	2	6

27 In consequence of the fund on behalf of the widows and orphans connected with the fearful explosion of the brig "Lily," being closed (the Committee having received a sufficient amount) the following Contributions intended for that object have been handed over for the gratuitous distribution of the "Band of Hope Review."

Miss Eliza W. Croker, Bovey Tracey.....	1	0	0
Sunday School Children at Petersfield, per H. B. Gurney, Esq. ....	0	4	8

By an oversight we stated in a portion of the edition of our last number, that the amount raised by the Missionary and other religious societies was under a quarter of a million, instead of three quarters of a million.

Notices to Correspondents will appear in our next number.

May now be ordered through all Booksellers.

Vol. I. of "The Band of Hope Review," with about 200 illustrations. Price 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review," 1851, 8d. 1852, 9d.

The Unfaithful Steward. By Mrs. Stowe. 2d.

"Let Every Man Mind His Own Business." By Mrs. Stowe. 2d.

The Two Christmas Days. With Illustrations. By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. Price 6d.

The Leather Almanac; or, Facts and Figures for Working Men, with 4 illustrations. Price 1d.



Cottage in which one of the first Sunday Schools was held in Gloucester.  
(This block has been kindly lent by the Church of England Sunday School Institute.)





"In all labour there is profit."

# WHEN ARE WORKING MEN AND WORKING BOYS TO SEE THE CRYSTAL PALACE?



**W**HEN a few years shall have passed away, many thousands of merry little school boys, who now so eagerly look for this paper every month, will have become **WORKING BOYS**. In a few years more, if spared to live, they will have become the **WORKING MEN** of this highly favoured nation.

Not a few of our young friends are the children of those to whom God has lent the riches of this world, and who will shortly be masters or employers of working men.

We, therefore, feel that whatever concerns the working classes of the present day, will ere long affect a large portion of our juvenile readers.

In almost every number issued we have sought to enforce the observance of the Lord's-day, feeling strongly assured, that our country's welfare and greatness in no small degree depend upon our attending to this Christian duty.

We have, therefore, taken deep interest in the contest which has arisen relative to the intended opening of the Crystal Palace on that hal-  
lowed day.

We cannot accede to the views of those who say "The Crystal Palace will empty the gin palaces on the Sunday, and ought, therefore, to be open." We must not do one wrong thing to undo another. There is no question but that every gin shop and public-house in the land ought to be closed on the Sabbath, and we entreat every parent and Sabbath school teacher to

help in bringing about this desirable object. Nay, we would entreat every liquor seller in the land, for his own sake and the sake of his children, to "keep holy the Sabbath Day." To be guilty of a constant breach of God's law, and to be further guilty of opening wide his doors for its breach by others, must sooner or later bring down the condemnation of Him who has said "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

But *when* are the working men and boys of London to see the beauties of the Crystal

study each others' welfare, this question may soon be satisfactorily answered.

In a large manufactory in London, employing about 300 men and boys, the manager arranged some time ago that the hands should have a half-holiday every week, by leaving at one o'clock on the Saturday, thus affording an opportunity, not only of making the necessary preparations for the Sabbath, but also of enjoying a ramble with their families in the fresh green fields of the country.

To prevent the loss of the half-day's wages, the usual time of labour was extended *half an hour* on each of the other five days of the week. So that about the same amount of work was executed, and the same amount of wages received, as before.

This judicious plan has been found to work remarkably well, as we can testify from personal observation.

Let some such friendly arrangement be made in the various trades and there will be no difficulty as to *when* the "Sons of toil" can see the Crystal Palace.

Since writing the above, we have learnt that one of the largest printing establishments in London have adopted the Saturday half-holiday for their workmen. The following note on the subject was addressed to our friend, Mr. Hugh Owen, by the firm alluded to:—

NEW STREET SQUARE,  
June 9th, 1853.

DEAR SIR,

We employ between 330 and 340 hands (men and boys). We close at 2 p.m. on Saturdays, and the men make up their time by working half an hour earlier each day, and the dinner hour (from 1 to 2) on Saturdays.

We remain, &c.

SPOTTISWOODES AND SHAW.

In Manchester, the wholesale warehouses have closed at noon every Saturday during the last few years. This excellent arrangement has been found to be productive of good both to masters and servants.



Palace if it be not open on the Sunday?

"Where there's a will there's a way," and if the employers and the employed will



## THE CAPTAIN TURNED PREACHER.

A LADY, who was actively engaged in the distribution of the Holy Scriptures, and religious tracts, went on one occasion, to the quay at Plymouth, and requested permission of a captain, to go on board a man-of-war, in which were about eight hundred men, chiefly dissipated characters.

The captain said, "Madam, it will be of no avail; you will only meet with abuse." She answered, "With your leave, I'll go." "Certainly, madam," he replied, and she went. Something occurred during her visit, which irritated the captain, who swore a most dreadful oath.

The lady said, "Sir, as you have granted me one favour, I hope you will confer another." "Certainly, madam," was the reply.

"It is then, sir, that you will please to keep from swearing, while I am in your ship." This he complied with. After the lady had gone round the ship, and given away some tracts, (and to the honour of British seamen be it spoken, they treated her with the greatest respect) she returned to the captain, who was standing at the entrance of the vessel.

She thanked him kindly, and said, "I have yet one more favour to ask you, sir, which I hope you will comply with." "Yes, certainly, madam," was the reply. "It is this," she said, presenting him with the New Testament. "I desire you will read it through twice."

He replied, "I will, madam, for my word's sake."

Some few years afterwards, when on a visit to a place, about five miles from Plymouth, on the Lord's day she went to a church, where she heard an excellent sermon.

As she was returning through the church-yard, a gentleman accosted her, and said, "Do you remember, madam, giving a New Testament to a captain, after distributing some tracts on board a man-of-war, and desiring him to read it twice?" "Yes, sir," she replied. He added, "I am the man to whom you gave it, and I have been preaching to you to-day. Through your instrumentality, God has brought me to love that book, which once I despised."

## THE VALUE OF ONE LEAF.

THERE was once a caravan crossing to the north of India, and numbering, in its company, a devoted missionary.

As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labours of the journey, and sinking down, was left to perish on the road.

The missionary saw him, and kneeling down at his side, when the rest had passed along, whispered into his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?"

The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and, with great effort, succeeded in answering, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and immediately expired with the effort.

The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer; and, from the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, felt assured he had died in Christ.

"How, or where," he thought, "could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got this hope?" And as he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse, which he succeeded in getting out.

What do you suppose was his surprise and delight, when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the first epistle of John, in which these words occur? On that page the man had found the gospel.

## THE TRACT IN THE SOLE OF A SHOE.

A SHOEMAKER having received a tract, instead of reading it, used it in filling up the space between the inner and the outer sole of a shoe. The labour of the tract distributor was apparently lost. Not so! Sometime afterwards, another man, of the same business, sat down on a Sabbath morning to put a new sole to that shoe. When he had cut away the old leather, he saw the tract, and his attention was instantly arrested by its title, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

It was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The work was immediately laid aside, and the man hastened to the house of God: his soul was troubled, nor could he find rest, until he found it at the cross of Christ.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

## THE SHILLING &amp; THE SOVEREIGN.

SOME years ago, the late Duke of Buccleugh, in one of his walks, purchased a cow from a person in the neighbourhood of Dalkeith, and left orders to send it to his palace the following morning. According to agreement, the cow was sent, and the Duke, who happened to be in his morning dress, walking in the avenue, espied a little fellow ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the Duke, bawled out to him:

"Hie! mun, come here an' gie's a hand wi' this beast."

The Duke saw the mistake, and determined on having a joke with the little fellow. Pretending, therefore, not to understand him, the Duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance; at last he cries, in a tone of apparent distress—

"Come here, mun, an' help us, an' as sure as any thing, I'll give you half I get!"

This last solicitation had the desired effect. The Duke went and lent the helping hand.

"And now," said the Duke, as they trudged along, "how much do you think ye'll get for this job?"

"Oh, dinna ken," said the boy, "but I am sure o' something, for the folk up by at the house are good to a' bodies."

As they approached the house, the Duke darted from the boy, and entered by a different way. He called a servant, and put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy that has brought the cow." The Duke returned to the avenue, and was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" said the Duke. "A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's half o' it t'ye."



"But you surely got more than a shilling," said the Duke.

"No," said the boy, with the utmost earnestness, "as sure as death that's a' I got—an' d'ye no' think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the Duke, "there must be some mistake; and, as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you return, I think I'll get you more."

The boy consented—back they went—the Duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the Duke to the boy, "point me out the person that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there with the apron," pointing to the butler.

The delinquent confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the Duke interrupting him, indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service instantly.

"You have lost," said the Duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness; learn henceforth that honesty is the best policy."

The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the Duke; and the Duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there, and provided for, at his own expense.

## A HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

ALWAYS carry a supply of good tracts and children's little books when you travel. You will find many opportunities of distributing them in railway carriages, at the stations, on the sea shore, on shipboard, &c., &c.

Pray for God's blessing to accompany them, and much good may thus be effected.

## WHO MURDERED WILLY?

BY BERTIE'S MOTHER.

"MAMMA, what are you thinking about?" said Ernest to his mother one day, when she did not answer one of his many questions, but appeared lost in deep thought. "I am thinking about *who murdered Willy*," said his mother. "Who was Willy? and who murdered him? and why did they murder him?" were questions asked all in one breath. "I'll tell you all about it, Ernest, if you'll promise not to say—How, how? What, what? but hear me patiently to the end of my sad tale." Ernie promised, and his mother proceeded with her little history thus:—

"There is a little green grass mound in the churchyard of a village on the hills where the stone quarries are. The little fellow who now lies in that humble grave was the sweetest and best beloved boy in that rude place. He was the son of a poor, but decent woman, whom you know very well. She had other children, who were all very dear to her, but she had none so lovely as Willy. He was 'the flower of the flock,' she said. Indeed, he was so gentle and affectionate and obedient, that all who knew him loved him. One day he was sent to the stone quarry with the dinner of a man who was working there; and when he got there, one of the men gave him a *glass of ale*. He might as well have given him a *glass of poison*. Poor simple child, O that he had known that *ale was poison*! But poor Willy had never been taught this. His father had been a drunkard, and had killed himself with drink; and yet, can it be believed? Willy's mother had never told him there was any danger in *tasting*, and so the poor unwarned child *tasted* that one glass of ale, and it was *his last*. As he was returning from the quarry, he felt the poison running through his limbs, making them tremble at first, and then bow beneath him; so he got on the shaft of the cart with which he was going back to the village. They were expecting him at home, and wondered why he staid so long. Little did they think that they should never hear little Willy's voice again, nor see his little willing feet running on every message required of him, nor kiss his ruddy cheeks, nor comb his flaxen hair. And little did Willy think, when he drank that *fatal glass of ale*, that he would never again tread the village green—nor see his brothers and sisters—nor gambol with his playfellows—nor nestle in his mother's bosom more. He had not sat long on the shaft before his head reeled, and the trees seemed to go round and round, and the fields seemed going up and down. The cart went rattling on over the rough road, then jolt, jolt, over a large stone, which, as Willy could not steady himself, threw him off. Again the broad wheel jolted. Crash!—it had crushed little Willy's head. Poor murdered Willy! There he lay, the curls and the blue eyes, and the dimpled mouth, and the rosy cheeks were all crushed in the cart rut. There lay one of the many victims of strong drink! **STRONG DRINK MURDERED WILLY!**"

And now, my dear children, stand, and declare as Ernest did, over the memory of murdered Willy, THAT HE WOULD NEVER TASTE STRONG DRINK!—*Children's Tracts.*

## AN IRISH SWEEP.

SOME years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education;—amongst others came a little black fellow, who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"Oh, yes," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir!"

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"Oh, I never was at school!"

Here was a singular case—a boy could read and spell without a book or a master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read, by showing him the letters over the SHOP DOORS, which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was a little sweep like himself, and his book the signboards on the houses. How much may be done when we TRY.

So long as you are ignorant, be not ashamed to learn.



## JUBILEE HYMN

FOR THE

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. HUGH STOWELL, M.A.

LORD of all power and might,  
Father of love and light,  
Speed on Thy Word:  
Oh, bid the Gospel sound,  
All the wide world around,  
Wherever man is found—  
GOD speed His Word!

On this high JUBILEE,  
Thine let the Glory be—  
Hallelujah!

Thine was the mighty plan,  
From Heav'n the work began,  
Away with praise of man,  
Glory to GOD!

Lo, what embattled foes,  
Stern in their hate, oppose  
GOD's Holy Word!  
One, for His truth we stand,  
Strong in His own right hand,  
Firm as a martyr-band;  
GOD shield His Word.

Onward shall be our course,  
Despite of fraud or force;  
GOD is before:  
His Word shall shortly run  
Free as the noon-day sun;  
His purpose must be done:—  
GOD bless His Word!

## TESTIMONIES OF MINISTERS.

WE continue to receive the most gratifying testimonies from the clergy and ministers of all denominations. The following are extracts from letters.

From the Rev. T. Phillips,

Jubilee Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

"DEAR SIR,—I am delighted with the present (May) number of your *Band of Hope Review*. Pray send me 300 copies for distribution amongst my young friends."

From the Rev. W. W. Cadman,

Incumbent of St. George the Martyr, Southwark.

"I have read with great interest several numbers of the *Band of Hope Review*, and think it well calculated to do good to the classes for whom it is especially designed. It is much valued in my Ragged Schools, and the teachers find it of great use in assisting them to maintain discipline and communicate instruction."

From the Rev. S. Martin, Westminster.

"Glad at heart shall I be to hear that the superintendents of our Sunday schools have responded to your application, and introduced the *Band of Hope Review* to the Sunday scholars under their care. Your admirable periodical only needs to be known to be highly valued."

From the Rev. G. Sargeant,  
Wesleyan Missionary, Antigua.

"I shall recommend our people here to take the *Band of Hope Review*. I am persuaded that its peace and temperance principles, together with its decidedly religious character, make it of great value in rightly directing the minds of the young."

From the Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury, Yeado.

"The temperance movement has never been in this country sufficiently connected with religion, but I know of nothing more calculated, in this respect, to supply that deficiency than your useful little publication, the *Band of Hope Review*. If you continue to conduct it in the same Christian manner as hitherto, it will be, for general utility, of more worth than folios."

From the Rev. Richard Skinner,

Minister of Ramsden Street Chapel, Huddersfield.

"I earnestly recommend this publication, wishing it a very extensive sale in this populous neighbourhood."

## MRS STOWE and the TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

WE are glad to be able to state that in compliance with the special request of Joseph Sturge, Esq., and the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mrs. Stowe has written a brief Introduction to Mrs. Balfour's excellent temperance work for the young, called "*Morning Dew Drops*." In every library this book deserves a place.

## CONFERENCE of SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

It is in contemplation to hold a Conference of Sunday School Teachers in London in the autumn of this year, to meet the Rev. Charles Beecher, for the furtherance of the Temperance Cause amongst the rising generation. Mrs. Stowe will in all probability be present.

## HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

AND THE

## "BAND OF HOPE REVIEW."



THE fact of Her Majesty the Queen having accepted the first volume of the *Band of Hope Review*, will afford no small pleasure to our numerous readers. The Earl of Shaftesbury very kindly presented the book on our behalf. The Honourable C. B. Phipps, acknowledged the receipt on behalf of Her Majesty. By the Earl of Shaftesbury's courtesy we are enabled to insert a copy of the letter.

(Copy)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,  
June 6th, 1853.

MY DEAR SHAFTESBURY,

I have had the honour to present to Her Majesty the Queen the volume of the *Band of Hope Review*, which accompanied your letter of the 4th inst. This book was very graciously accepted by Her Majesty.

Sincerely yours,

C. B. PHIPPS.

To the Right Hon. Lord Shaftesbury,  
24, Grosvenor Square.

## ANGER AND MURDER.

ON the 26th of April last, the village of Keynsham, near Bristol, was the scene of a sad event.

A little boy named Saunders, aged 6 years, who resided with his grandmother at Longwell Green,



near Bitton, Somersetshire, left home for school. He had his little bag with his lesson books in his hand, and went away as cheerfully as a lark. Poor little fellow, he knew not that he had given his grandmother the last kiss.

Night came, but he returned not. Search was everywhere made day after day, but no tidings of him could be gained. The river Avon, was dragged, but in vain.

It was not until the middle of May that any trace of him could be secured, when one of his school fellows, named Thomas Evans, told some one that he knew who threw the child into the water.

On being questioned, he disclosed the heart-rending fact that the child had been drowned by Edwin Hacker, a bad tempered school-fellow.

It appeared that the three boys were proceeding together along the banks of the river, when a quarrel arose amongst them, and the little fellow, Saunders, in a playful mood jumped on Hacker's back. The latter, although not ten years of age, uttered a sad oath, and in a fit of rage pushed Saunders over the edge of the bank into the water.

After the first moment of alarm, Evans was running off to the Swinford Copper Works, close by, to fetch some of the men who were working there, in order that the child might be saved. Horrible to relate, the passionate Hacker threatened to push him into the river too, if he gave any alarm or told anybody about it. As none of the workmen witnessed the circumstance, the poor little fellow was left to a watery grave, without any attempt whatever being made for his rescue.

For upwards of a fortnight the matter was kept secret, owing to Hacker's continued threat of drowning Evans if he told, but at length the fearful sin could be covered no longer.

Search was then made and the body of the child was found, but so much decomposed that no one could recognize him. It was only by the clothes and the school bag that he could be known.

A Coroner's Inquest was held, and Edwin Hacker was committed to prison as the murderer. He will shortly have to be tried before the judge at the assizes.—See *Morning Advertiser*, May 16, 1853.

Oh how sad are the effects of ungovernable passion! How wicked is the human heart, even of a boy, until changed by the love of Christ and the influence of the Holy Spirit. Let our readers watch and pray against the first risings of anger.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REV. HY. TOWNLEY.—We have to acknowledge with thanks a donation of eight volumes of the *Christian Treasury* from this esteemed minister. These books will be very valuable to us.

IF any of our readers possess the volumes of the *Temperance Weekly Journal*, published by Starie, about 1840 to 1843, we shall be obliged by the loan of them.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—F. W. Simpson, J. Bradford, G. Berry, R. B. Stephenson, F. Ingle, B. Clark, H. Hazelwood, A. Total Abstinence, A. Rolph, John Griffiths, L. Cork, J. Barnard, G. H. Oliver, W. Sumpter, T. H. W. Logan, G. Duckworth, G. Slade, D. Waters, M. F. J. Varley, A. Ogilvie, Anne Bull, H. Mawdsley, T. S. Mitchell, Expediency, J. Craig, J. F. S. May, C. Drummond, R. Armstrong, D. Smith, W. Huntington, Simplex, T. Goldsworthy, J. Thompson, J. J. Broadbridge, T. B. Dudley, E. Stanley, C. Hames, John Perry, E. B. Pridoux, John U. Hawkins, M. Nash, W. Murray, W. W. Ward, A. Taylor, A. E. Day, E. Lewis, J. E. Briggs, R. Chandler, "A Friend to the Young," F. W., Invalid, C. Bond, T. H., York; F. J. Smith Lowe, Jno. Taylor, W. D. Williams, J. C., J. T. Thornton, Wm. Ogden, F.A.C.

"THE TRUE BRATON."—This is a very useful and interesting Penny Weekly Magazine, published by Wertheim and Macintosh. We hear that at two meetings held at the houses of Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Harrowby, a large number of gentlemen approved of its circulation, and at the same time were pleased to express the most favourable opinions of the *Band of Hope Review*. Let these periodicals go hand in hand leaving the people with good.

J. B., Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Your letter arrived too late for notice in the June number, and being anonymous, we could not correspond with you.

WINE IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—We are glad to be able to state that the giving of wine to the children at the Whit-Monday anniversary in one of the Newport (Monmouthshire) Sunday schools has at length been abolished. We felt it our duty to affectionately remonstrate with the Committee on the subject, and rejoice to find that this year the wiser course of supplying good tea has been adopted.

☞ We have to beg the forbearance of numerous Correspondents whose letters we have not yet answered. An unfortunate calamity by fire will, for a time, prevent our giving much attention to *Band of Hope* matters. The Bible Questions are also deferred.

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND

COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.

HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall, and 22, Albion Grove, Islington.

REV. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.

Mr. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London, Treasurer.

RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. Samuel Martin, Ebury Street, Pimlico	1	1	0
Richard Atkinson, Esq., Dublin	1	0	0
Miss Charlotte Wells, Castle Street, Newark	0	10	0
Wm. Roberts, Esq., Rochdale	0	10	0
W. Sims, Esq., 3, Trafalgar Place, Clapham Rise	0	5	0
A few Little Girls at Hitchin	0	5	0
Congregational Sabbath School Children at Hawick,			
per H. E. Gurney, Esq.	0	5	0
Mr. Hy. Duckworth, Liverpool	0	2	6

Further Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Islington Post Office, London.

May now be ordered through all Booksellers.

The Unfaithful Steward. By Mrs. STOWE. 2d.

"Let Every Man Mind His Own Business." By Mrs. STOWE. 2d.

The Two Christmas Days. With Illustrations. By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. Price 6d.

The Leather Almanac; or, Facts and Figures for Working Men, with 4 illustrations. Price 1d.

Vol. I. of "The Band of Hope Review," with about 200 illustrations. Price 2s 6d. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

Just published.

"Water is Best," by Joseph John Gurney, Esq., with Portrait. 1d.



## THE FARMER AND THE POOR OWL.



A YOUNG farmer had a number of very fine pigeons which he highly prized.

He was surprised to find, day after day, that by some means or other, their number diminished; and determined to find out the cause.

One night, accordingly, the farmer, armed with a gun, placed himself in a watching position, near the pigeon-house.

He had not been there long when he heard a fluttering amongst the pigeons, and presently afterwards, a large owl flew from the pigeon-house with something in its talons, which the farmer concluded was one of his favourite pigeons.

"Ah!" thought he, "I have now caught the offender, and he shall suffer for it!" The farmer fired his gun, and the owl lay bleeding at his feet.

What was his grief, when he beheld in the claws of the owl, (not as he had supposed, one of his pigeons) but the real thief! a very large rat, which the poor bird had just destroyed.

BE KIND  
TO  
YOUR MOTHER.

"WHAT would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my dear mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon, upon my knees, for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit!"

Remember this, children, and be kind to your mothers.

A BLACKSMITH was once complaining to his iron merchant, that money was so scarce, that he could not even pay his rent.

The merchant asked him how much strong drink he used in his family daily. Upon his answering this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed him that the money thus spent amounted to far more in the year, than his house-rent.

The blacksmith was so much impressed with this statement, that he resolved to abandon intoxicating drinks.

The following year he paid his rent, and bought a new suit of clothes out of the money he thus saved. He became respectable and prosperous, and adhered to his abstinence principles to the day of his death.

WE may add, as confirmatory of this interesting anecdote, a sentence culled from Mrs. Balfour's admirable little work, "Morning Dew Drops":—"It has been proved that men who work in iron foundries, and who have, perhaps, the hardest labour to perform that falls to the lot of man, can endure their greatest fatigue without strong drink."

\* From "Striking Anecdotes," a valuable monthly penny illustrated paper, edited by the Rev. Henry Townley, by whom the engraving has been lent. We have much pleasure in bringing this periodical under the notice of our adult friends. It deserves to be extensively circulated.

## THE WAY TO PAY RENT.\*



## THE PARIAHS, OR OUTCASTS OF INDIA.

It was the boast of one of the late Kings of England, "There is nothing to prevent the lowest of my subjects rising by merit even to the British peerage."

How different is this to the condition of the poor in many other countries! Take India for example, where the divisions of society, called *castes*, are such as grind down to the very dust large masses of our fellow-men.

The Pariahs, or Outcasts of India, are supposed to amount to twenty millions of human beings.

A Pariah may not live in the same street with the caste people, and in some districts may not even

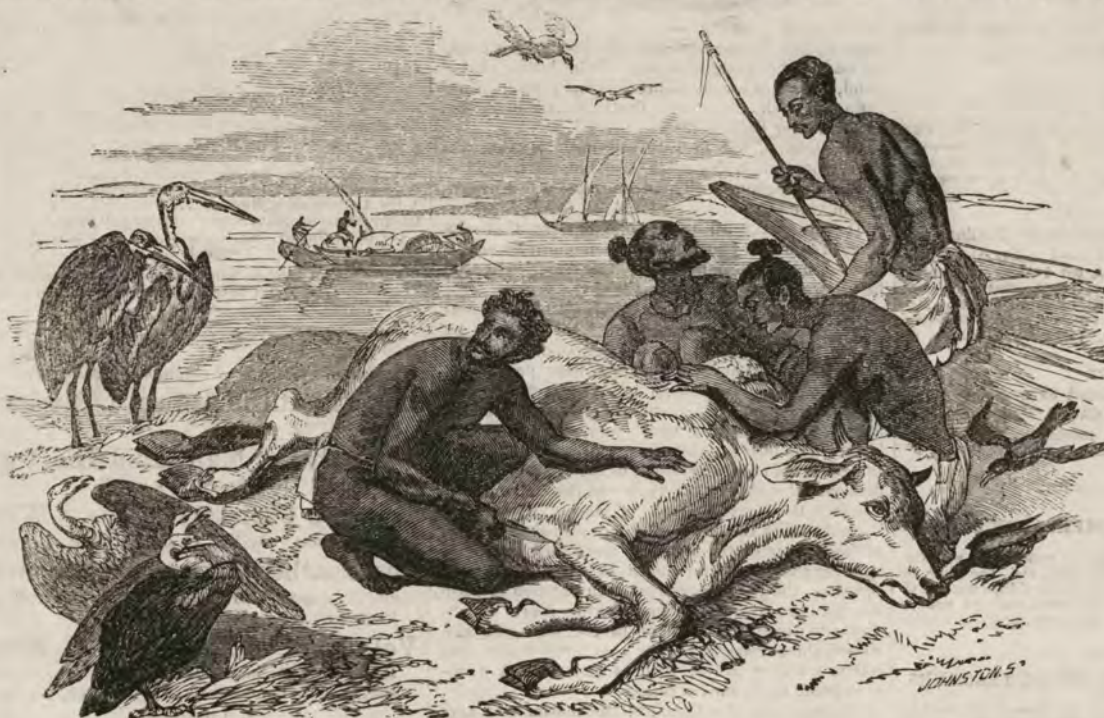
enter the street where the Brahmins live. He may not enter the house of any caste person. The utmost privilege allowed is that of shewing his head and one foot within the door of the family apartment. The place where the cattle herd is open to him. In this the caste people think him honoured, as in their opinion he ranks far below the cattle. He is cut off from all interchange of human sympathy, except with Pariahs like himself. No caste person may touch him, venture into his house, drink water which he has drawn, or eat food which he has cooked. Thus he is dealt with as a leper, hunted

beyond the village wall, scorned and loathed as the most unclean of all clean things.

The engraving, which has been kindly supplied by the Church Missionary Society, shews a group of these poor creatures. The sketch was made from nature by a lady born in India. She says, "Frequently these miserable creatures go to the river-side in search of dead cattle thrown on the shore by the waves, and dispute the prize with birds of prey, dogs, and jackals, in order to get the skin, which they afterwards sell to the tanners for a trifle."

It is indeed a pleasing fact, that in British India the poor Pariah can now claim the privileges of a British subject, and that the iron bonds of caste cannot now prevent the "outcast" from rising to any station in society. The 11th April, 1850, will be a day memorable in the civil and religious history of British India. By the Hindoo law, in universal force until that day, the loss of caste, caused by the adoption of the Christian religion, subjected the native convert to the forfeiture of all he inherited, or might inherit from his fathers, and thenceforth he became a dependent—an impoverished outcast.

All honour to our British government for having thus blessed British India by annulling this unrighteous law! May the day soon arrive when it shall extend throughout the whole of the Indian Empire.







"Unto the poor the Gospel is preached."

### RAGGED SCHOOLS.



RAGGED SCHOOLS have done much good already.

God's blessing has rested upon them. Many of the poor lads, who a few years

ago had no "home" except a London prison, are now gaining an honest livelihood, and in some instances they are likely to become industrious and

prosperous business men.

It is not five years ago since a ragged lad who in the day time swept one of the street crossings at the west end, was sent out to Australia, as one of "The Earl of Shaftesbury's boys." Intelligence has just been received by Mr. Gent, of the Ragged School Union, that this said street sweeper has, by his industry, become possessed of a valuable waggon and team of oxen, by which he is earning about £10 every week!

Another, who went out as a poor penniless lad, has recently returned from the gold diggings, bringing with him the sum of 700*l*.! We rejoice to be able to say that his object in returning to this country has been to make some provision for his poor aged father and mother!

This case affords a pleasing proof that the religious instruction given in our ragged Schools has not been altogether bestowed in vain.

Those who desire to know more of the progress of our Ragged and Industrial Schools, will do well to peruse the *Ragged School Union Magazine*.

### LODGING HOUSES.

THE wretched rooms into which many thousands of the poor of London, with their sickly children, are nightly crowded, are beyond description.

In many cases, ten, fifteen, and even twenty men, women, and children have been found sleeping together on the floor of an unhealthy cellar, or unventilated room.

We rejoice to state that the Earl of Shaftesbury has obtained an Act of Parliament to compel all lodging houses for the poor to be registered and placed under the

### RAGGED CHURCHES.

It is a lamentable fact that in London there are upwards of a million of people whom it is supposed have seldom, if ever, entered a place of worship.

We venture to say, that in some of the worst districts of the metropolis of England, there is almost as much ignorance of the religion of the Bible, as is to be found in many heathen lands.

The reports of the London City Missionaries published in the valuable monthly magazine of the society, fully prove this painful fact.

An effort is now being made by several energetic friends, to erect places of worship purposely for the ragged poor, in which the simple truths of the gospel shall be proclaimed free from sectarian peculiarities. As might be expected, we find the Earl of Shaftesbury's name associated with this good movement.

In the Spitalfields District—that locality of poor half-starved *silk-weavers*, it is proposed to erect one of the first "Ragged Churches." It is to be a plain substantial building, with moveable seats, so as to be applicable for an adult school on week-day evenings.

Subscriptions towards this good object will be thankfully received by The Rev. W. TYLER, 6, Princes Street, Spitalfields, London.

The Duke of Grafton and Sir James Tyler have each subscribed £50, and we are gratified to find that the subscription list comprises Churchmen, Wesleyans, Dissenters, Baptists, and members of the Society of Friends.

The amount already raised is about £400, but not less than £1000 will be required for the purchase of the land, and the erection of the building.



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

oversight of the police, so that the poor people may not be any longer crowded together like cattle in a pen-fold.

but not less than £1000 will be required for the purchase of the land, and the erection of the building.



**"THOU GOD SEEST ME."—Gen. xvi. 13.**

VERSES TO BE REPEATED BY A CHILD.

God can see me every day,  
When I work and when I play;  
When I read and when I talk,  
When I run and when I walk;  
When I eat and when I drink,  
When I sit and only think,  
When I laugh and when I cry,  
God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,  
When I'm naughty, when I'm good;  
When I'm happy, when I'm sad,  
When I'm sorry, when I'm glad;  
When I pluck the scented rose,  
That in my neat garden grows;  
When I crush the tiny fly,  
God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light,  
When the stars are twinkling bright,  
When the moon shines on my bed,  
God still watches o'er my head:  
Night or day, at church or fair,  
God is ever, ever near;  
Marking all I do or say,  
Ready for the judgment day.

Newark.

C—w.

**THE FIRE AND THE WORM.**

A CONVERTED Indian was asked how he knew that he had experienced a change of heart.

He gave no answer.

He was asked if he saw the power.

"No."

"Did you hear it?"

"No."

"Did you feel it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, cannot you describe your feelings?"

He paused a moment, then kneeling upon the sand, made a small circle of chips and dry leaves. He then got a little worm, placed it inside the ring, and set fire to the pile. The poor worm when it began to feel the heat, crept first to one side, and then to another, and at last, after many ineffectual efforts to get out, finding that the flames so completely surrounded it, crawled back to the centre of the circle, as if in despair, and stretched itself out to die.

At that moment the Indian caught the worm in his hand.

"There," said he, "that was the way God did to me."

"I was like that poor worm; I felt myself in danger; I saw the angry eye of God flashing upon me, and the flames of hell burning around me. I tried to escape on one side, but I met fire, I ran to the other, it was on fire."

"At last, in hopelessness, I gave up to die. Then Jesus Christ take my soul right up."

**CHILDREN CAN DO SOMETHING.**

A LITTLE boy, a member of the Band of Hope, was very anxious to persuade others to adopt total abstinence principles.

He met with some bricklayers, who were working at the next door to his father's house, and seeing them drinking beer, went up to them, and began to speak to them in his simple manner, about temperance.

The men laughed at him, but nothing daunted, the little fellow continued his visits day after day, always endeavouring to persuade them that "Water is best," and begging them to try the plan for themselves. The result was, that at the end of the week the child triumphantly brought two of the men to his father's house, before seven o'clock in the morning, when they added their names to the temperance pledge.

**THE SABBATH REMEMBERED.**

A NUMBER of little girls were romping together in the road one Sunday morning, when they were met and reproved by one of their old companions. "Why, Sally," replied several voices, "you used to be as fond of playing on the Sunday as any of us." "Yes," replied the child, "but that was before I went to Sunday school; I know better now."

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

**THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.**

It was a beautiful calm evening, the loveliest of the autumn season, when, after the toils and cares of the day, I set out to refresh my body and mind, by inhaling the gentle breeze. The sun was declining; the feathered tribes seemed to be responding to each other in pouring out their hymns of gratitude to their beneficent Creator, and the flocks were following the tinkling bell of their leader to the fold. Presently I saw a man at some little distance, who appeared to be agitated by passion, and was lifting and throwing with force, stone after stone, at some object beneath him. This made me approach him and inquire what was the matter. "Oh sir," said he, "a great nasty toad," and down went another stone, with vehemence. "And pray," said I, "why do you kill that poor creature—has it done you any harm?" "Why," said he, "they don't do no good, do they?" "My friend," said I, "supposing they do no good, is that any reason why you should put it to death? only consider, if everything were to be destroyed which does no good, what would become of you and me, for verily I think we could give but a poor account why we should be spared; and yet the Almighty who sees our actions and who knows the wickedness of our hearts, does not destroy us: but these poor animals are more harmless than we, and not only do no hurt, but do a great deal of good, in feeding on, and destroying quantities of snails, and other insects, which would destroy our vegetables: for my own part, I am glad to see, and preserve them in my garden, observing as I do, how much benefit they do me." "Well," said the man, throwing away the stone, which he had ready for another fling, "then let him live, but I didn't know they did any good." "Nay, my friend," I



replied, "your leaving the poor crippled animal to die a lingering death would now be more cruel than killing it outright; don't you see that you have broken every bone in its body, and so covered it with stones that it is impossible for it to get away, and it may have to suffer for many days? the most merciful thing now is to put it out of its misery; but let me intreat you never again to put to death or torment any of God's creatures, which in His wisdom He has made, unless you have good and sufficient reason for so doing." This incident so much discomposed my feelings, as to spoil the pleasure of my walk. It made me quite unhappy, to think how careless people are about the poor animals which God has put under their care, and made for their good.

Let our young readers reflect, that we have no right to injure or take the life of any of God's creatures, unless for necessary food, or for our own preservation from injury; it is an act of brutal wickedness to torture even an insect.

"In wisdom hath He made them all," and pronounced them good.—*Children's Friend.*

**A LITTLE BOY IN THE DARK.**

A SWEET little boy, not more than four years old, was returning home, one winter's evening, with his maid, who carried a lantern in her hand. The wind blew out the candle, and they were left in the dark.

"Do not be afraid, Betty," said the little boy, "the great, good God takes care of us in the dark, as well as in the light; by night as well as by day."

"In the morning think what thou hast to do, and at night ask thyself what thou hast done."

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

**FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.**

A very little girl who was frequently reading her Bible, often gave proofs that she considered it her duty to obey its precepts. One day she came delighted to her mother, shewing some plums that a friend had given to her. The mother answered, "She was very kind, and has given you a great many." "Yes," said the child, "very kind indeed; and she has given me more than these, mother, but I have given them away." The mother asked to whom she had given them—when the child replied, "I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me." Upon being asked why she gave them to her, she answered, "Because I thought it would make her know that I wished to be kind to her, and she will not perhaps be unkind and rude to me again."

**THE DONKEY BOY.**

My poor little Neddy  
So active and steady  
It grieves me to deal you a blow,  
When miss, or young master,  
Insists on going faster,  
And blames me and you for being slow.

There are some cruel drivers  
For all new arrivals  
To sacrifice life and limb ready;  
Rave, strike, goad, and holla,  
And like demons follow  
Poor wounded and terrified Neddy.

But the BIBLE declares  
How the merciful spares  
The beast that is under his power,  
I hope mercy to gain  
So will not inflict pain,  
Or conscience will pain my last hour.

A. E.

**GEORGE III.**

AND

**THE UPRIGHT WORKMAN.**

WHEN King George III. was repairing his palace at Kew, one of the workmen, who was a pious man, was particularly noticed by his majesty. He often held conversations with him of some length upon serious subjects. One Monday morning the king went as usual to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing this man in his customary place, inquired the reason of his absence. He was answered evasively, and for some time the workmen avoided telling his majesty the truth; at last, however, upon being more strictly interrogated, they acknowledged that not having been able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night, they had returned to finish it on the following morning. This man alone had refused to comply, because he considered it a violation of the Christian Sabbath; and in consequence of his obstinacy he had been dismissed by his master. "Call him back immediately," exclaimed the old king; "The man who refused doing his ordinary work on the Lord's-day is the man for me. Let him be sent for." The man was accordingly replaced, and the king ever after shewed him particular favour.

**A WISE PHYSICIAN.**

AN eminent physician gave four rules for the preservation of health. When he died, his books were sold; one, which was said to contain very valuable precepts of health, but which the bidders were not permitted to open, sold at a high price.

When the purchaser got it home he was at first disappointed at finding that it contained nothing more than four simple rules; but on further consideration, he was induced to put the rules in practice; by which means he was restored to health, to which he had long been a stranger; and he often spoke of the old physician's book as the cheapest and most valuable purchase he had ever made in his life. The rules were these—

1. Keep the head cool.
2. Keep the feet warm.
3. Take a light supper.
4. Rise early.

Duncan Clarke's maxim was, "I know not which world I shall wake in, and therefore I wish to be ready for both."



## AMUSING CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

It is told of the late Earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but was often very singular, that among other servants he had one who had lived with him from a child, and had served him with great fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got into a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed. John, one evening, as he was driving from Kingston, overturned his lady in Hyde Park; she was not much hurt, but when she came home she began to scold the Earl. "Here," says she, "is that fellow John, so drunk that he can hardly stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, may break our necks." After my lady went away, my lord, having ordered John into his presence, addressed him in these words: "John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well, you shall be taken care of in my family; my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice."

John, being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood were taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woeful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reason for which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit; for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters, than lose his place. My lord sent very formally twice a-day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but that of his nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said he was extremely glad the fever had left him, and desired to see him. When John came in, "Well John," said he, "I hope this is about over." "Ah, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon. I promise never to commit the same fault again." "Ay, ay," says my lord, "you are right, John; I shall see to it: nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, though perhaps you should not complain, I promise you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance that you have now had." "Blessings on your lordship," says John, "I hope there will be no need." "So do I too," says his lordship, "but so long as you do your duty towards me, never fear; I shall do mine towards you."

## A FEW WORDS FOR THE DUMB CREATION.

If you keep animals, do not neglect them, for they are dumb and helpless, feel pain and illness, and enjoy good treatment as much as you do: they add greatly to our comfort—we could not do without them—and to be cruel is unjust, cowardly, and unwise, for what good does it do? How often they are blamed when not in fault!—Why lash your horse because he stumbles? he would not purposely fall; perhaps he is tired, or his legs are weak; relieve him all in your power, especially up hill. Do not let the harness gall him—give him convenient shelter and make him comfortable; he would thank you if he could. Be careful of your dogs, and discourage in every way their being used as beasts of burden, and let them always have free access to clean water. Horses and donkeys should also have frequent opportunities of quenching their thirst.

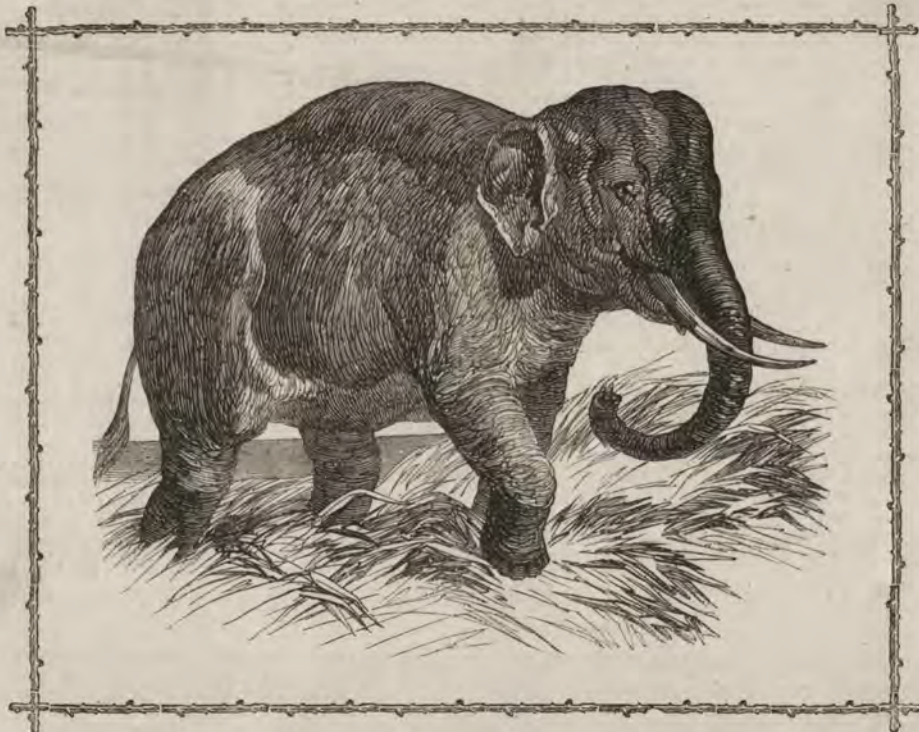
## "THE ELEPHANT IS LOOSE."

"THE elephant is loose! the elephant is loose!" Such was the cry that we heard from the boys in the streets one day. Every body seemed to be under excitement; parents were hurrying home to see if their children were out in the streets; and if so, to hunt them up, and send them home; or if in the house to keep them there.

Upon repairing to the menagerie, we found a great crowd of people, in the midst of whom was the mayor, accompanied by fifty musketeers, with their pieces loaded, while at the front and rear entrances of the building were stationed two six-pounders, loaded with grape-shot.

It appeared from what we heard, that the great elephant Columbus had attacked his keeper, and so severely injured him, that he has since died of his wounds.

For a long while the keepers of the wild beasts were unable to subdue the raging animal, and there was consequently great danger of his getting out into the streets, and doing inconceivable damage to life and property; therefore, the mayor was sent for, and the cannons were loaded and placed at the door. This was a wise and humane precaution. But how many elephants are loose every day! How many even about the streets, destroying the souls as well as the lives of people! and before how



many shops in our cities might loaded cannons be placed, to protect the lives of our citizens from worse than death!

There ought to be a cannon before that dram shop, for there is an elephant there, and his wounded victims may be seen, at times, all about our streets.

There ought to be a cannon before that book store; for they sell books and prints that defile and ruin the soul, and even a wild elephant in a crowd will not do the harm that one bad book will do.

There ought to be a cannon before those theatres, and before that circus; for out of them comes an evil influence ten times worse than a whole menagerie of wild beasts let loose.

There ought to be a cannon before that billiard room; for there is an elephant there that destroys hundreds every year.

Men and boys, look out! the elephant is loose.

## MR. J. B. GOUGH.

We expect that before this paper reaches our readers, Mr. Gough, the eloquent advocate of the Temperance cause, from America, will have landed on our shores; having, in compliance with the urgent request of the London Temperance League, agreed to take a six weeks' tour in his native country. We had a pleasing interview with Mrs. Stowe, recently, when we took the opportunity of asking her opinion of this extraordinary orator. She thus replied—"I doubt whether Mr. Gough's equal was ever heard either in England or America. I never heard his equal—he will move this country."

We trust that Mrs. Stowe's opinion will be realized, and that God's blessing will rest upon Mr. Gough's brief visit. Let all who can hear him, do so.

## "YOU HAD BETTER NOT."

As I was passing along the street some years ago, two wicked boys were quarrelling with each other, and one of them having threatened to enforce his words by blows, the other angrily replied "You had better not."

Now although I was sorry to find that those boys could not agree, and very much disliked the angry manner in which this reply was given, it struck me as containing something that was worth remembering. And so it has proved—for since then, when tempted to act or speak improperly, I have often been prevented from doing so by conscience whispering in my bosom, "You had better not."

And it occurred to me the other day, that this remark might be worth presenting to the readers of the *Band of Hope Review*, inasmuch as there are many things which they may be enticed to do, concerning which, all who wish them well, would say, "You had better not."

Most of you are, I trust, members of Bands of Hope. Now it is not unlikely that at some time or other you may be strongly tempted to break your pledge; but whenever this is the case, always remember "You had better not."

Perhaps your playfellows or other boys or girls will sometimes laugh at you for being abstainers,

and you may feel inclined to be vexed with them, and to quarrel with them, or to call them ill names in return; but if so, always remember "You had better not."

Your father or mother will sometimes forbid you to do something which you wish to do, and perhaps your desire to do it may be so strong, that you almost feel resolved to disobey them, but always remember "You had better not."

Yes, and although your young companions should tell you it is of no consequence, for your parents will never know of it, or will say nothing about it if they do, still be assured "You had better not."

In the course of your future life, whenever you are tempted to waste either your money or your time, or to run into debt without a reasonable prospect of being able to pay, always remember "You had better not."

And should you ever be tempted to utter an untruth, to associate with wicked companions, to profane the Sabbath, to neglect the house of God, to omit private prayer, or to do any thing which your conscience tells you is wrong, be very sure "You had better not."

Above all, remember that each of you have a soul, which is of infinite value, and that the present is the only time of which you are certain, and that if you were sure of living a hundred years, no time would be so suitable for seeking its salvation as to-day. Therefore, if you are tempted to postpone this most important concern to some future and uncertain period, permit me, on the authority of God's word, to assure you that "You had better not."—(See Heb. iii. 15, 2 Cor. vi. 2.)

Oakham.

J. JENKINSON

## GREAT TEMPERANCE MEETINGS IN NORTH WALES.

On the 2nd and 3rd June, the annual national gathering of the Friends of Temperance in Wales, took place at Denbigh. Open air meetings were held in the romantic spot behind the Church of St. Hilary, and in front of the beautiful ruins of Denbigh Castle. From 10,000 to 12,000 persons are supposed to have been present. The well known choirs from Rhyl, Mostyn, Conway, Llandudno, and Denbigh, were ranged in waggons on each side of the platform. Their singing was most effective. We are informed by two London friends who were present that the spectacle was magnificent beyond description. We hoped to have given an engraving of the scene, but have been prevented.



ORANGE PEEL, or DEATHS by CARELESSNESS.



The Morning Advertiser of July 7th, 1853, gives an account of the melancholy death of a man named Edwd. Skey. He had slipped on a piece of orange peel which had been thrown on the flags by some thoughtless passer by. In the fall, his leg was fearfully fractured. He was carried to

St. George's Hospital, where every effort was made to secure his recovery, but without success. Death terminated his sufferings.

This is not the only death that has occurred in London this year through the throwing of orange peel on the flags. Not long ago, a man named Thomas Hebman, in the employ of Mr. Nash, wholesale grocer, of Arthur-street West, was walking along Arthur-street, with a bag of sugar on his head. He accidentally set his foot on a piece of orange peel that was lying on the pavement, which caused him to slip. Owing to the heavy weight on his head the poor man fell very heavily to the ground, by which he fractured his skull in a shocking manner. He was taken to Guy's Hospital, where every attention was paid to him. Sad to say, he remained for a few days in a state of insensibility, and then expired.

Could those who threw down the orange peel, over which these poor men fell, know the effects of their thoughtlessness, bitter indeed would be their self-reproachings.

Surely none of our young readers who look at this picture will ever be guilty in future of such a dangerous practice; and we hope that they will never see a piece of orange peel on the pavement without throwing it into the road.

Let us also learn from these painful events the importance of always being ready for death.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground  
To push us to the tomb.

GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.  
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Vicomte de Valmer, Paris	1	0	0
Rev. W. B. Hayne, Sydenham	1	0	0
John Clough, Esq., Halsey Street, Chelsea	1	0	0
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Rev. Joshua Priestley, Leek	0	12	6
Collected by Master Alfred James, New Nottingham	0	10	0
A Lady at Queenstown	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. Gill, Sen., Ipswich	0	5	0

During the past month the Committee have made the following grants:—

Chobham Common, per Christian Instruction Society	10,000
Sunday School Union—London Auxiliaries	9,000
Young Men's Christian Association	5,000
Bible Societies, and Sunday Schools	4,000
Irish Schools	4,000
Emigrant Ships	3,000
Welsh Meetings	3,000

Contributions to the Gratuitous Distribution Fund will be thankfully received by the Treasurer. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Islington Post Office, London.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must beg the consideration of our numerous friends. We have scores of letters to which we desire to give written replies, but cannot possibly do so at present.

We strongly recommend our Sunday school friends to have a copy of the following work in their libraries, "The Earl of Shaftesbury—a Biography."

THE REV. DR. KIDDER, from New York, of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School Union, and the Rev. R. S. COOKE, of the American Tract Society, have recently been visiting this country. They have given us much valuable information relative to American Sunday Schools, which we hope before long to lay before our readers.

FIELD LANE RAGGED SCHOOL.

THE LATE MISS HUGHES.

On the night of Whit-Sunday last, we ascended the stone steps of the Field Lane Ragged School. There was something sad in the face of the attendant who stood at the door of the dormitory, but he spoke not. Order of the first class usually prevails in the school, but on this occasion there was an unusual stillness. On entering the room, many of the scholars and teachers were seen to be weeping. At the desk, at the further end of the room, stood the well-known form of Mr. Mountstephen. He was evidently much affected. Lifting his hand, he gave an impressive look upon the 300 scholars before him and then solemnly said,



"You have lost your best earthly friend—Miss Hughes is dead."

Ah, how uncertain is life! A few Sabbath evenings before this, we had seen Miss Hughes actively engaged in her much-loved labours in this interesting school, giving joy to the poor "homeless ones" around her. We little expected then that she was so near her eternal reward.

She now rests from her labours, but her works will follow her.

Do any of our readers desire to know how to glorify God, and to do good to their fellow-creatures? If so, let them visit the Field Lane Ragged School and Dormitory, at the bottom of Holborn Hill, London, and there inquire the character of the late

MISS HUGHES,

THE RAGGED SCHOLAR'S FRIEND.

**BIBLE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**  
This labour connected with the examination of the answers to Bible Questions, and the awarding of prizes, &c., has become so excessively heavy, that we are reluctantly compelled to defer the publication of any more questions until we have cleared off all arrears of correspondence connected therewith.



FIELD LANE RAGGED DORMITORY.

PRIZE ESSAY—BRITISH JUGGERNAUT.

We have received essays from about forty juvenile competitors. These we have placed in the hands of one of the most experienced bible class teachers in the country, for examination. Its report will be published in our next number, and we hope to insert the successful essay in the October number.

Price Two pence.  
**THE UNFAITHFUL STEWARD,**  
AND OTHER TALES.  
BY  
MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Price 4s. 6d., gilt 5s. 6d., pp. 330.  
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With an Introduction by Mrs. HARRIET REECHER STOWE, written during her recent visit to London.  
This interesting Temperance volume should be read by parents and teachers, as well as the young.

Price One Penny.  
**"WATER IS BEST."**  
BY THE  
LATE JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, ESQ.  
With portrait of the Author by ARNOLD.





"The gospel of peace."

**WELCOME TO MR. GOUGH,  
FROM AMERICA.**

WE are glad to announce the safe arrival in this country of the eloquent, and hitherto unequalled advocate of temperance, Mr. J. B. Gough, from America.\*

We have had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Gough, and rejoice to state that a deep religious feeling characterizes his heart-stirring strains.

His appeals are at times overwhelming, making even the stout-hearted weep like little children.

We urge all our friends to make an effort to hear Mr. Gough during his brief tour in this country. A journey of a few miles for this purpose will be well repaid.

\* See Autobiography of J. B. Gough, Ipswich Tracts, No. 132. Price twopence.

**THE RAGGED SCHOOL SHOP.**

How I should like a nice pocket-book of red leather to give to my brother on his birthday! or a tract with pictures! or a pretty drawing! and mother wants a mat for our house door—and the gardener would like a net to keep the blackbirds from the cherry

trees. Oh where can I get all these things? Come with me to Essex-street, in the Strand.



Only two doors from the Strand is the "Ragged School Shop," and you will there find all the things you want, made by the little hands of the boys and girls in the industrial classes of Ragged Schools. "Any wood to-day, Sir," says the shopwoman,

"Nice firewood a halfpenny a bundle; or would you like some blacking brushes made at the 'Home in the East?'" "How are you getting on, Mrs. Shopwoman?" "Well, Sir, very nicely, thank you; ladies often come in their carriages to buy the work of Ragged Schools here. You will find it of good quality, Sir, and sure to please. Pray, Sir, come again when you want to buy, and ask your friends to visit the Ragged School Shop."

When our artist sketched the illustration, the "Ragged School Shop" was in Crown Court, Chancery Lane, but owing to the increase of business it has been removed to the more commodious premises, No. 48, Essex-Street, Strand.

**THE GOSPEL AND THE GUN;  
OR, WAR PREVENTED.**

*Charles.* Oh, Mother, what are all those men about with spears and guns?

*Mother.* They are tribes of New Zealanders, Charles, who in 1851, stood on the opposite banks of a brook, prepared for battle.

*Charles.* And who are those gentlemen in black standing in front of the New Zealanders?

*Mother.* Those are the Rev. Archdeacon



WAR PREVENTED BETWEEN NEW ZEALAND TRIBES.



Brown, and the Rev. T. Lanfean, two devoted Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, who sought to make peace between the tribes.

*Charles.* Oh, I hope they succeeded! But, mother, the missionaries have no spears and guns, and yet they do not seem afraid of being killed.

*Mother.* No, my child, they went in dependence upon God's providential care, and preached the Gospel of Peace, which says, "Love your enemies."

*Charles.* Whatever is the tall man in the centre, with the long spear in his hand, saying?

*Mother.* He is one of the Tauranga chiefs, who after making a speech, took the advice of the Missionaries, and threw down his spear in token of a desire for peace. One of the chiefs from the other tribe then threw down his weapon, and the hitherto hostile tribes shook hands with each other, and became good friends.

*Charles.* How happy the missionaries must have felt, mother!

*Mother.* The most pleasing circumstance has yet to be told. The missionaries gathered the natives together and they had an evening service of praise and prayer to God in the open air. Then, when the Tauranga men were about to return to their homes, the people of the other tribe brought them 1500 baskets of fruit as presents for themselves and their families.

*Charles.* How much happier they would feel when they got home, than they could have done had they gone to war.

*Mother.* Yes, my dear boy, let it teach you a lesson, never to give way to a revengeful spirit, but in accordance with our Saviour's words, "Overcome evil with good."—The gospel teaches us—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him—if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head."

\* For further particulars see "Church Missionary Gleaner," No. 5.

### THE COTTON PLANT.

HERE is a picture of the cotton plant. Please look at it while I describe it.

At the top, towards the left, is the pale yellow flower, with a purple centre, and a fine red spot at the bottom.



In a little while, the coloured leaves of this flower fall off, and then it grows into a pod, such as you see at the top, towards the right. This grows larger, and when fully ripe, bursts, and exhibits to view the fleecy cotton which is shown by the large open bud on the right side of the picture.

It is from this plant we get all the cotton which is worked up into dresses, and pinafores, and stockings, and many other things I cannot here mention. We cannot get this plant to grow well in this country, but obtain its cotton from America, and Asia, and the Indies.

The blossoms are very abundant in July and August, and the pods of cotton are picked off in November and December.

They are dried in the sun until the seed becomes perfectly hard; the cotton is then cleaned from the seed, and packed in bales, ready for the ships to bring over into this country.

I hope you have not forgotten the cotton machinery you saw in the Crystal Palace.

That gave you a very correct idea how the cotton is worked into threads ready for the weaver, and how the weaver works it into cloth ready for our use.—*Our Children's Magazine.*

### MRS. H. B. STOWE.

It will afford our little readers a treat to have a copy of Mrs. Stowe's Signature. We have pleasure in being able to transfer it from a page of Mrs. Balfour's newly published work for the young, "Morning Dew Drops."



### THE BIBLE.

What book ought I to love the best,  
And on its truths securely rest?

*The Bible.*

What tells me of my fallen state,  
And how God can me new create?

*The Bible.*

What points me to the Lamb of God,  
To trust in His atoning blood?

*The Bible.*

What warns me to abstain from sin,  
And tends to make me pure within?

*The Bible.*

What teaches to relieve the poor,  
And medicine for the sick procure?

*The Bible.*

What teaches me to love my foe,  
And acts of kindness to him shew?

*The Bible.*

What tells me of that state of bliss,  
Where I shall never do amiss?

*The Bible.*

What can support my drooping head,  
When I am laid on my death bed?

*The Bible.*

### "A HALFPENNY A PIECE,—ONLY A HALFPENNY."

I LOOKED around, and saw a man carrying under his arm a number of small whips. He was surrounded by a group of boys, who not having money to purchase, were looking on with wistful eyes.

Curious to ascertain whether the man could earn a livelihood in this occupation, I watched him for nearly an hour, at the end of which time he had already sold six.

The first was purchased by a woman of pleasing appearance for a little boy about two years old, whose first employment of it was in striking his mother.

Another child, walking with its nurse, also bought one, and immediately began to whip a little stray dog that was looking for its master.

Another, rather older than the others, after making a similar purchase, laid it on the back of some poor sheep, which a butcher's boy was driving to the slaughter house.

A fourth purchaser, quickly forced a poor cat to take refuge in the shop from which she had just ventured.

The fifth, a bad looking fellow, bargained for one, and then refused to buy it, because it would not give sufficient pain.

I was disgusted with this cruelty, and was just turning away, when I saw a kind looking man, who was holding a little boy by the hand, stop to purchase one, but a sign from me made him change his purpose. He passed on and I followed him.

"Sir," said I, "excuse the liberty I have taken.

I think you have done well not to place a whip in your little boy's hand, lest it should have produced in him a love of giving pain, to which, judging from his countenance, he is as yet a stranger.

"See," I continued, as we approached the end of the street, which made a rapid descent, "look at those two wretched horses, which can hardly keep their footing on the slippery pavement—see how cruelly the coachman is flogging them—see with what effort they move their trembling limbs, which are covered with sweat. You may be sure their driver had a whip for his first toy."

"You are right," he said, with a serious air; "he must have been early practised in cruelty."

"Yes," said I, "man, naturally harsh and cruel, becomes still more so by his education. He begins by flogging his wooden horse, and afterwards flogs the horse or the ass that carries him—he flogs all the animals he meets."

We arrived together at the end of a lane leading towards the river, where we saw five strong horses with difficulty drawing a large waggon laden with coals.

The first two having turned the corner of the street, the whole of the weight rested upon the other three. Their progress being stopped for some minutes by a crowd of waggons, cabs, and coaches, they had to support, alone, the waggon, which was on a rapid and slippery

descent. At last the train was put in motion, but as the fore horses had turned the corner, they afforded but little assistance, and the wheel horse had to draw the whole of the enormous weight by himself.

The carman flogged him without mercy; the poor animal made a violent effort, and fell dead on the pavement.

"I think," said my companion, "we have had a good lesson to-day on the subject of whips, and I am resolved never again to place one in the hands of a child."

### WORTHY OF IMITATION.

WE are much pleased to find that the Sunday School friends in Lancashire are seeking to secure the closing of public-houses throughout the entire of the Sabbath Day.

A petition to this effect was lately presented to Parliament from the teachers of one of the Sunday Schools in Bolton; an example well worthy of general imitation.

### THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.

IN the time of Oliver Cromwell, the magistrates in the north of England punished drunkards by making them carry a tub called THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK. This was a large tub with a hole in the bottom, through which the offender was made to put his head, while his hands were drawn through two small holes, one on each side of the tub. With this he was compelled to march along the public streets.



One Monday morning in 1853, seventy persons were brought before the magistrate at the Bow Street Police Court, charged with drunkenness on the preceding Sabbath.

What a strange, but yet sad sight it would have been, had these seventy men and women been compelled to march in a row, with tubs, along the streets of London!

Let us strive to get the poor drunkards to sign the pledge, and pray to God for help to keep it. This will do more good than "The Drunkard's Cloak," or any other kind of punishment.

We should like to have a good temperance missionary and a pledge book at every police station.



## MY MOTHER NEVER TELLS LIES."

SEVERAL females met at the house of a friend, for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred:—The child of one of the mothers, about five years old, was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so at a stranger's house. The mother kindly reproved her:—

"Sarah, you must not do so."

The child soon forgot the reproof and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said,

"Sarah, if you do so again, I will punish you."

But not long after, Sarah "did so again." When the company were about to separate, the mother stepped into a neighbour's house, intending to return for the child. During her absence the thought of going home, recalled to the mind of Sarah, the punishment which her mother told her she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtfulness into sorrow. A young lady present, observing it, and learning the cause, in order to pacify her said,

"Never mind, I will ask your mother not to whip you."

"Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good; my mother never tells lies."

Said my informant, who is also a parent, "I learned a lesson from the reply of that child, which I shall never forget."

## WARNING TO SABBATH BREAKERS.

ON the last Sabbath in the month of May of this year a painful illustration of the sad effects of Sabbath breaking took place in the city of Carlisle. James Henderson, aged thirteen, a scholar in the Warwick Works Sunday school, complained of being unwell, and was allowed by his parents to walk out in the air, instead of going to school. Forgetful of the good advice so often given by his kind superintendent and teachers, "My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not," he accepted the invitation of some bad boys, and went with them into a boat on the water. In a short time it stuck fast on a gravel bed in the middle of the channel. Mr. Hamilton, the owner of the boat, at this moment made his appearance. The boys, knowing that they were doing wrong, were eager to escape. Henderson jumped into the water, and attempted to walk to the shore, but the water became deeper and deeper. Mr. Hamilton seeing that the boy was likely to be drowned, nobly threw himself into the water, and swam to his rescue. Seizing him by the hair of his head, he attempted to return with him to the shore. Melancholy to relate, they both sank to rise no more.

The body of Mr. Hamilton was interred at Wetheral church, amidst a very large concourse of friends who were anxious to express their sympathy with his bereaved family.

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

## COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall, and 22, Albion Grove, Islington.  
REV. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.  
MR. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park.

## TREASURER.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

The treasurer thankfully acknowledges the following contributions since our last:—

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A penny subscription, from Geo. Carr's Juvenile Sunday School Temperance Association .. . .	0	7	8
Rev. T. Vasey, Hull .. . .	0	5	0
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Further contributions will be thankfully received by the treasurer, or any of the committee. Post-office orders should be made payable to the treasurer, at the Islington Post-office, London.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have several letters with interesting notices of anniversary meetings, for some of which we hope to find space in our next.

B. RIDLEY. We thank you. If all our readers would follow your example of scattering copies whilst travelling, our circulation would soon be doubled.

## THE SWEARER REPROVED BY A CHILD.

BY MRS. E. W. ALLIS.

IT was an excursion day, and the railway carriages were nearly full, when a lady, evidently in ill health, entered, leading a little son of four or five years.

She paused and looked round in vain for a vacant seat. The gentleman by my side, perceiving her embarrassment, sprang to his feet, and politely offered his seat, which was accepted with a grateful acknowledgment.

She was about to take the little boy in her arms, when a gentleman on the opposite side extended his hand, saying, with a winning smile, "Come here, my boy, come and sit upon my knee. I am better able to hold you than your mother is."

The child looked up for his mother's consent, and then joyfully sprang to the seat so kindly offered. For some few moments the gentleman amused himself by asking the child a variety of questions, drawing out his curious ideas, and listening with evident satisfaction to his artless replies.

Soon, however, his attention was drawn to an article in the paper he had just laid aside, and, giving the boy some sweetmeats, he entered into an earnest political discussion with another gentleman by his side. At first it seemed they only sought amusement, and jokes and laughter were freely intermingled with argument. But the contest gradually waxed stronger, until at length jokes were exchanged for profanity.

The boy had been very happy with his new friend; but when the first profane word was uttered, he



looked up with astonishment. Tears gathered in his large black eyes, and laying the watch carefully aside, which had been given to him by the gentleman for his amusement, he slipped quietly to the floor, and fled to his mother.

"Where are you going, my dear?" exclaimed the gentleman as he saw him moving off. "Come back, my boy, come back. I thought you were very happy a few moments since; what is the matter now? Why do you leave me so suddenly? Come, you are a fine little fellow, come and see what I can find for you in my pocket." But the boy clung to his mother, utterly refusing the extended hand.

"Well now," exclaimed the gentleman, with evident chagrin, "this is very strange. I do not understand it. Come, my boy, tell us why you left me."

"Tell the gentleman, my dear," said his mother, encouragingly, "why you don't wish to sit with him." "Because," said he, as he straightened himself back, and summoned all his resolution for the effort, "the Bible says we must not sit in the seat of the scorner."

"The gentleman looked confounded. For a moment the blood rushed to his high, expansive brow, and I thought he was angry. The mother also was surprised. She had not expected such a reply. But the man instantly regained his composure, and pleasantly said, 'I hope you do not call me a scorner!' The boy leaned his head upon his mother's shoulder, but made no reply. 'Come, tell me,' continued he, 'why do you call me a scorner?' The child looked up, and simply, but earnestly said, while a large tear stole quietly down his cheek, 'I do not like, sir, to hear you swear so!' 'O! that is it, is it? Well,' continued he, as the mother pressed her son to her bosom and bowed

her head to hide the tears which were starting in her own eyes, 'come back and sit with me, and I promise you I will never swear again.'

"Won't you?" asked the child earnestly; "then I shall love you very much indeed." Saying this, he allowed the gentleman again to place him on his knee; but it was plain to be seen he did not go back with the joyful eagerness with which he had at first taken the seat.

The gentleman saw this. He felt that he had lowered himself in the esteem of that innocent and noble-minded boy. The thought evidently gave him pain, and he did all he could to efface from his mind the unpleasant impression.

In explanation of this affecting scene, his mother said it was her custom to read a chapter in the Bible every morning to her son, explain it as well as she could, and then pray with him. That morning she had read the first Psalm; and when explaining to him the character of a scorner, among other vices, she had mentioned profanity. Not fully comprehending the subject, but resolved at all events to do right, he thought it was really a sinful act to sit for one moment with a man who had taken God's name in vain.

When, O when will mothers realize the vast amount of influence they are capable of exerting over their children? When will they realize the strength and permanence of those impressions received in childhood?

## PRIZE ESSAY.

## THE BRITISH JUGGERNAUT.

WE have received the following report from the adjudicator.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Band of Hope Review*.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have examined the whole of the essays on "The British Juggernaut," and am of opinion that the one by Richard Ruddock, of Blyth, Northumberland, is the best.

There are, however, several others of nearly equal merit.

The total number of essays received was thirty-eight. Of these, one was from Ireland, two from Scotland, and thirty-five from England.

Thirty-three of the essayists are males, and five females.

Their ages vary from ten to twenty, as follows:

1, ten years of age.	4 sixteen years of age.
2, twelve ditto.	4, seventeen ditto.
3, thirteen ditto.	5, eighteen ditto.
3, fourteen ditto.	5, nineteen ditto.
10, fifteen ditto.	3, twenty ditto.

The age of the successful competitor is fifteen.

A considerable proportion of the essayists appear, unfortunately, to have misdirected their efforts, by aiming as much at describing the evils connected with the "British Juggernaut," as suggesting means for its destruction.

Several of them state that this is their first attempt at essay writing. Many have evidently bestowed considerable thought and labour; and the productions of some are highly creditable to the writers. The most general defect is, a want of method.

The most gratifying feature in the productions of this noble little band of juvenile abstinence essayists, is the deep tone of religious feeling which characterizes a large proportion of them. If these may be regarded as fair specimens of the coming race of abstainers, there is good ground for indulging the most confident hope of the advancement and success of this great work of Christian philanthropy.

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

GEO. BUDD.

15, Barnsbury Row, Islington,  
August 10th, 1853.

THE successful essay will be published in the October No. We ask for it a large circulation.

## CARLISLE.

WE have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following letter:—

Carlisle, 7th mo., 15th, 1853.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Band of Hope Review*.

Please to accept, for the gratuitous distribution fund, 7s. 8d., being the amount of a penny subscription collected from Geo. Carr's Juvenile Sunday School Temperance Association, at their late midsummer tea meeting. Our little Band of Hope commenced six years ago. Teachers and scholars are all total abstainers.

We hold a temperance meeting every month. We take twenty copies of the "Review," and find it useful in teaching, not only temperance, but industry, honesty, peace, brotherly kindness, and love to God and man, through a knowledge of the Scriptures.

EPHRAIM HARRIS, Secretary.



## THE LATE JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, ESQ.



THERE are but few men who have devoted their time, talents, influence, and wealth, in the promotion of the welfare of their fellow creatures, as did the late Joseph John Gurney, Esq., of Earlham Hall, Norwich.

As the fellow-helper of his sister, Elizabeth Fry, he visited the prisons of England, Ireland, the continent, and also of America, seeking not only to relieve the bodily sufferings of the prisoners, but to preach Christ, the sinner's friend, proclaiming "liberty to the captive, and the opening of prison doors to them that were bound."

During the last few years of his life, Mr. Gurney was an active promoter of the temperance cause. His reasons for adopting this course are most happily expressed in his admirable lecture, "Water is Best,"\* the perusal of which would do good to every man, woman, and child in the land. Although a member of the Society of Friends, yet, so much was he beloved, that the Bishop of Norwich preached his funeral sermon in the old Cathedral of that city; a thing perhaps unparalleled in the history of England.

We are glad to find that Mrs. Geldart has published a brief memoir of this noble-hearted philanthropist.† We recommend it to all Sunday school teachers.

## "FATHER, FATHER, DO COME HOME!"

NOT many Sunday nights ago, we were returning from divine service in the suburbs of London, when, on approaching a public-house, a piteous cry was heard, "Father! father! do come home!"



\* "Water is Best," by J. J. GURNEY; MOSES, CASH. 1d. † Reminiscences of a Good Man's Life; a Sketch of the Life of J. J. GURNEY; by Mrs. GELDART; FLETCHER, NORWICH; CASH, LONDON. Price 3d.

It was the cry of a child—a little girl, who was earnestly endeavouring to prevail upon her drunken father to "come home."

The inebriated parent vainly strove to induce his child to enter the public-house and have "a glass." We spoke to the poor unhappy man, and induced him to return to his dwelling. We found that he had once been a Sunday scholar. There were no Bands of Hope when he was a boy; and the teacher's warning voice against strong drink, he said, had never sounded in his boyish ears: but his child had been trained up by her teacher in the — Sunday school, in total abstinence principles, and now, neither threats nor promises could induce her to cross the threshold of the house where her poor father had been robbed of reason and respectability.

"Can it be right," we enquired, "that these public-houses are open on the Sabbath? Can it be right that the keepers of these houses sell glass after glass to fathers like this—making heart-broken wives worse than widows, and half-clad children worse than orphans—can it be right?"

## THE LITTLE RECAPTURED NEGROES.

THE Queen's ships, whilst sailing about on the coast of Africa, frequently find slave vessels, which they immediately capture, and then take the poor slaves to that interesting place called Sierra Leone, where they are "free."

Great numbers of little black children, who have been stolen from their parents in Africa, are thus saved from a wretched life of slavery.

At the village of Charlotte, there is an interesting Girls' School connected with the Church Missionary Society, under the care of Mrs. Clemens. This lady has proved a mother in Christ to hundreds of these little black children. When first brought to the school, they are quite afraid of Mrs. Clemens, and will run about, and hide themselves, and peep through the crevices of the school door, to look at her—for a white face greatly frightens them. Their fear, however, soon passes away, and affection for their kind teacher takes possession of their little hearts.



They are taught not only many useful employments, but trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

We shall have more to say about Sierra Leone, and the poor slaves, very shortly.

JUST PUBLISHED—DEDICATED TO THE JUVENILES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Pp. 330. Price 4s. 6d., Gilt, 5s. 6d.

## MORNING DEW DROPS.

By Mrs. CLARA L. BALFOUR; with an Introduction by Mrs. HARRIET B. STOWE.

## OPINIONS.

While Mrs. Balfour has one central object, her radii contain all the essential duties of youth. It is indeed a "dew drop," reflecting solar rays; and, happily, the principles of her book of proverbs, (for such likewise it is) are built on the true foundation. No authors write so well on morality, as they who are best acquainted with divinity. I must hope that this effort in the right direction, will be attended with a great blessing. The book should be in every school library.—REV. WM. MARSH, D.D., Beckenham.

No Sunday School library should be without Mrs. Balfour's "Morning Dew Drops." Every teacher should read it as an admirable specimen of the best method of conveying information to the young.—REV. NEWMAN HALL, B.A. Hull.

The "Morning Dew Drops" is, in my judgment, an admirable book; very attractive from its lively and eloquent style, and its numerous and valuable anecdotes, well reasoned, appealing to the highest principles, and calculated to inform the judgments of the young, and to win them to the total abstinence cause.—EDWD. BAINES, Esq., Leeds.

I cannot too earnestly recommend the introduction of Mrs. Balfour's "Morning Dew Drops" into every family and every Sunday School; since it presents a most interesting and delightful exhibition of Temperance principles, and is also an invaluable compendium of the theory and practice of true temperance.—THOMAS BRAUMONT, Esq., Bradford.





"The Lord shall bless thy bread and thy water."

SMITHFIELD MARKET.

EVERY Monday and Friday, there are thousands of poor panting cattle and sheep, driven to this well known market. Amid their continued lowing and bleating a cry seems to ascend of "WATER! WATER!—GIVE US WATER!"

But they cry in vain. We were unwilling for a time to believe that there was no provision for any of the poor creatures having even a draught of cooling water after having been driven in some cases for miles, under a burning sun. We, therefore, wrote to Mr. Langham, a well known and kind-hearted butcher, whose efforts for the prevention of cruelty have gained him the esteem of many. In his reply he states, "I am really sorry to say it is strictly true, strange and incredible as it may appear, that there is not a pump, or a trough, or any water supply whatever in Smithfield for either man or beast!"

Shall the piteous cries of the animals that are brought to London to be slain for the support of its citizens continue to ascend in vain? A better provision will doubtless be made in the new Smithfield, but eighteen months will probably elapse before its completion. Cannot something be done in the meantime?

PUMPS were first invented in Europe in the year 1425.

We never know the worth of water till the well is dry.

A MISSIONARY in Jamaica was questioning the little black boys on Matt. v., and asked, "Who are the meek?"

A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

AN infidel once remarked in the hearing of a little girl of thirteen, that all things came by chance, and that the world like a mushroom sprang up in the night. "I should like to know, Sir," asked the Sunday scholar, "where the seed came from?" The scoffer was silenced.

## THE TOWN PUMP.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

A Pump—but anxious to avoid deceit,  
We mention neither city, town, nor street—  
A Pump in olden time, so says tradition,  
Thus vaunted loudly of its high position.

"With wide-spread hands I cry by night and day,  
Come, freely drink, my friends, and nothing pay.



Brew malt and hops, press from the purple vine  
The luscious juice, no liquor is like mine.  
With iron goblet fastened round my waist,  
As cup-bearer, I stand—draw near and taste.  
In summer's heat behold me cool and steady;  
Come thirst and fire, to quench them I am ready.

(Continued on next page.)

KING EDWARD VI.

EDWARD the Sixth, king of England, was a youth of great abilities, amiable disposition, and eminent piety. He was the joy of England, and the wonder of foreigners.

When at the age of nine years, he was crowned in Westminster, three swords were brought to him, signifying his dominion over the three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland; when he said, "There is yet one thing wanting."

"What is that?" said one of his attendants.

The youthful monarch replied, "*The Bible, the sword of the Spirit; without that we are nothing, we can do nothing.*"

## THROWING STONES.

A LITTLE boy in a village lately lost one of his eyes, in consequence of a stone thrown by one of his school-fellows. The stone struck the eye-ball and destroyed the sight in a moment. A boy in another place was sadly injured in the head not long since from the same cause.

Throwing stones is dangerous play for boys.

SYMPATHY.

I WAS sitting at my window, in Islington, when a flock of sheep passed by. One of the poor things was so fatigued and lame that it lay down on the ground. The drover beat it with his stick, but he could not make it stir. In a rage, he left it, and went after the other sheep. In a few moments another flock came up, when several of the new comers gathered round the poor panting sheep, and after sundry rubbings of noses and sympathising bleat-  
y rose, and scampered  
wn flock.

Surely we may learn lessons of kindness even from the brute creation.

"The tears of sympathy are sacred drops from the well of life."

R. L. BRUNTON.





### HOW TO GIVE.

EW of us give as we ought to give. At a missionary meeting, held amongst the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:

- "1. We will all give something.
- "2. We will all give as the Lord has enabled us.
- "3. We will all give willingly."

As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give.

Many came forward and gave, some more and some less.

Among those that came, was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the rest put together, and he threw down upon the table a small silver coin.

"Take dat back again," said the negro who received the money; "dat may be according to de first resolution, but it is not according to de second."

The rich old man accordingly took it up, and he hobbled back again to his seat in a great rage.

One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dere, take dat!"

It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly, the negro answered again, "No! dat won't do yet. It may be according to de first and de second resolution but it not according to de last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again.

Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly, gave a large sum to the treasurer.

"Very well," said the negro, "dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions."

### USE OF EYES.

AN Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution, with a calm unruffled temper, was asked by a friend how he attained to such a mastery over himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he; "I first look up to heaven, as the place whither I am going to live for ever. I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look round me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

A VERY young child, whose kind and pious mother had early taught him the being and power of the Deity, was asked, "How many Gods are there?"

"One," said the little boy.

"How do you know that," inquired his sister.

"Because," replied he, "there is no room for any more, for He fills every-where."

### THE TOWN PUMP. (Continued from previous page.)

Town-clerk am I, with placards of each meeting, Clerk of the peace too, by my sober greeting. Here comes a friend, his shoes with dust bespread, A draught will ease his heart and clear his head. Now stand aside, for that poor thirsty sot, Alas! strong drink has made him burning hot. My cup I offer him with right good will; Draw near, poor thirsty soul, and drink thy fill: Nor beer, nor brandy, that some call a blessing, Is half so healthy, grateful, and refreshing. Another comes—the gout is in his toe; My cooling liquor never served him so. Is that you, Jowler, just beneath the spout? Speak truly,—Did you ever feel the gout? I fancy not—a lesson for deep thinkers—Dogs have no gout, for they are water-drinkers. But hark! afar is heard a mingled humming, Boys, girls, and sheep and cattle—all are coming. Well—let them freely come, however pressing, And I will freely give them all a blessing."

Thus boldly spoke the pump—and free from blame A pump in modern times might say the same. List then, we cry aloud to far and near, The low, the high; the pauper and the peer; This moral learn, or parent, son or daughter, The wine of health, and strength, and peace, is—WATER.

### THE SABBATH-BREAKER SILENCED.

A POOR, but pious old man, was once reasoning with a Sabbath-breaker, to show him the evil nature of his conduct.

"Suppose now," said he, "I had seven shillings, and suppose I met a man, and gave him six shillings freely out of seven; what would you say to that?"

"Why, I should say you were very kind, and that the man ought to be thankful."

"Well, but suppose he was to knock me down, and rob me of the other shilling; what then?"

"Why, then he'd deserve hanging."

"Well now, this is your case, 'Thou art the man'; God has freely given you six days to work, and earn your bread, and the seventh he has kept for himself, and commands us to keep it holy; but you, not satisfied with the six days God has given, rob him of the seventh; what then do you deserve?"

*The man was silenced.*

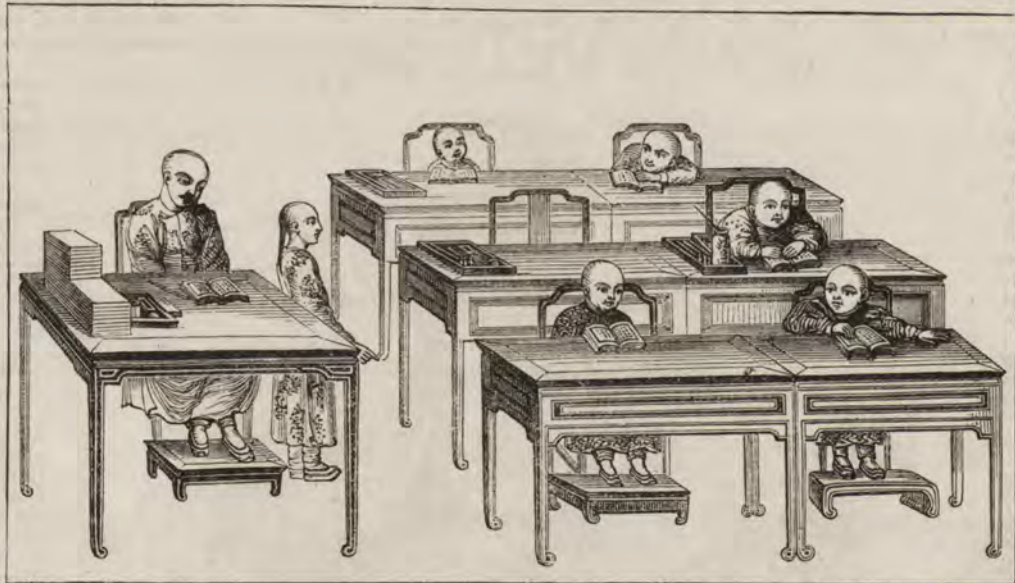
### I WILL NOT TELL A LIE.

A LITTLE boy, named Augustus, was sent by his mother to get some milk. His brother wanted to go instead of him, and when they got into the street tried to force the pitcher out of his hand. Augustus, who had been sent by his mother, held the pitcher fast, till at last it was broken to pieces between them, and fell on the ground, and Augustus began to cry bitterly. A woman who was in the street, and saw how it happened, pitied Augustus, and being a woman who did not fear God, she told him to say when he went home, that the woman who sold the milk had

broken the pitcher. Augustus wiped his eyes, and looking steadfastly at the woman, said, "That would be telling a lie; I will tell the truth, then my mother will not scold me; but if she should, I would rather be scolded than tell a lie."

### A LOST SON.

"I WILL tell you," said a gentleman, not long since, when conversing with a friend on temperance, "how much it cost me to open my eyes on this subject. I commenced house-keeping with a bountiful supply of liquors; I continued in this way until my son became a drunkard. Then my eyes were opened."



### CHINESE SCHOOL

By the kindness of the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., we are enabled to give our readers a picture of a school at Shanghai.

The master is very quietly sitting at the table, whilst one of the scholars is repeating his lesson. The boy's back is turned to the table that he may not look over the book.

The Chinese pride themselves upon their boys being well trained up in the learning of their nation. Sad to say, however, the little chubby faced fellows, with their wooden shoes, are taught to worship gods of gilded wood, which have "eyes, but see not, ears, but hear not."

A civil war is now raging in China, which seems likely to be overruled by God's providence for the opening of the entire of that great nation to the labours of Christian missionaries.

We are desirous that our young readers should feel a deep interest in the various missions to China, and in our future numbers we shall have much to say about them.

### WORTHY OF IMITATION.

ON Thursday the 24th August, one of the agents of the Bible Society waited upon Mr. Walters, of the Globe Works in this town, and solicited his permission to dispose of some copies of the Sacred Volume amongst his numerous workmen. The request was no sooner made than it was cheerfully granted. Accompanied by the time-keeper, the agent then waited upon the men, when he disposed of 119 copies of either the Bible or the Testament. This cheering fact should encourage others to adopt similar efforts.—*Sheffield Independent.*





## FATHER WILLIAM.

"You are old, Father William," a young man cried,  
 "And life must be hastening away;  
 "You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,  
 "Now tell me the reason, I pray!"

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,  
 "Let the cause thy attention engage;  
 "In the days of my youth, I remembered my God,  
 "And He hath not forgotten my age."

## BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wast young,  
 Who loved thee so fondly as he?  
 He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,  
 And joined in thy innocent glee.  
 Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,  
 His looks intermingled with gray;  
 His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold—  
 Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow  
 May traces of sorrow be seen;  
 Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,  
 For loving and kind she hath been.  
 Remember thy mother—for thee she will pray,  
 As long as God giveth her breath;  
 With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,  
 E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,  
 If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;  
 The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,  
 If the dew of affection be gone.  
 Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,  
 The love of a brother shall be  
 An ornament purer and richer by far  
 Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know  
 The depth of the true sisterly love;  
 The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below  
 The surface that sparkles above:  
 Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,  
 And blessings thy pathway to crown:  
 Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,  
 More precious than wealth or renown.

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

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## TREASURER.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

The treasurer thankfully acknowledges the following con-  
 tributions since our last:—

	£	s.	d.
R. Barford, Esq.	5	0	0
Rev. H. Townley	5	0	0
Henry Dunn, Esq. British and Foreign School	1	0	0
Society			
R. Davies, Esq., York	1	0	0
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A few Friends at Kildermminster, per R. Roberts,	1	0	0
Esq.			
A Friend, near Wantage	1	0	0
A Friend at Bodmin	0	10	0
From a Mother and Son, Chelsea	0	2	0

Further contributions will be thankfully received by the  
 treasurer, or any of the committee. Post-office orders  
 should be made payable to the treasurer, at the Islington  
 Post-office, London.

"HE EVER LIVETH TO MAKE IN-  
TERCESSION FOR US."

It has been said, that when Æschylus the Greek  
 poet was condemned to death, his brother, who was  
 an orator and a warrior, was summoned to plead his  
 cause. While the audience was gazing with in-  
 tensity of interest to hear what would be said, he  
 silently lifted up the stump of his dismembered  
 arm, which he had lost in the service of his country,  
 and said not a word.

The multitude burst into a shout of applause, and  
 his brother, the poet, was pardoned. The dumb  
 eloquence of that mutilated arm spoke more power-  
 fully than words that burn. So Jesus our great  
 High-Priest, while interceding for us in heaven,  
 presents his hands and side which were pierced for  
 us, and thus speaks far more powerfully in our  
 behalf than could the eloquence of angels.

"Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
 Received on Calvary;  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly speak for me;  
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
 Nor let the ransomed sinner die." W. R. S.

## LODGING HOUSES FOR THE POOR.



HURRAH! Hurrah!  
 October has come,  
 hurrah!

By the recent Act  
 of Parliament for  
 regulating Common  
 Lodging Houses, the  
 police are directed  
 to see that these  
 houses are kept  
 properly clean, well  
 ventilated, not over-  
 crowded, and that in the first weeks of the months  
 of APRIL and OCTOBER, in every year, the walls  
 and ceilings are well lime-washed.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true,  
 that the policeman whose appearance at the doors  
 of the London Lodging-houses was formerly dreaded,  
 is now hailed by the occupants as "The Poor Man's  
 Friend."

It was a favourite saying of the celebrated John  
 Wesley, that "Cleanliness is next to godliness;"  
 and we think that this wise maxim cannot be too  
 firmly implanted in the minds of our young readers.  
 We hope that they will not forget the laughable  
 anecdote about "TOM ROGERS; or the Effects of a  
 Clean Face."\*

We recently had a conversation with the Earl of  
 Shaftesbury, and were rejoiced to learn from his Lord-  
 ship that a most pleasing change has already taken  
 place in registered houses, in which about 100,000  
 men, women, and children are nightly lodged.

In visiting several Sunday and Ragged Schools  
 we have noticed walls and ceilings as much in want  
 of the lime-washer as some of the lodging-houses!

\* See "Band of Hope Review" for February, 1853.

## GOLD AND THE GOSPEL.

THE Rev. Robt. Young was recently sent over from this  
 country to Australia by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.  
 On his landing at Melbourne he was waited upon by a gen-  
 tleman, who stated that when a poor man he had been  
 happily converted to God under Mr. Young's ministry, in  
 Great Queen Street, London. He then expressed his desire  
 to defray the expenses of another minister being sent from  
 England to the Gold Diggings, and handing a cheque for  
 £100 for this purpose to Mr. Young, he said with deep emo-  
 tion, "Oh, Sir, when you found me in London, a poor sin-  
 ner, no person would trust me the value of a joint of meat;  
 but now my banker will trust me for thousands of pounds."

Mr. Young's feelings may be better imagined than described.  
 Happy the man who can bear the elevation from poverty  
 to affluence without losing his love for the Gospel.

## Messrs. PARTRIDGE &amp; OAKEY

Have pleasure in calling attention to the following  
 publications:—

By Mrs. HARRIET B. STOWE.

The Unfaithful Steward, and  
Other Tales. Price 2d.

This little book will be valued by the collectors  
 and friends of Missionary and Bible Societies, Ragged  
 and Sunday Schools, &c. Its wide circulation will have  
 a tendency to increase the subscriptions to the various  
 Religious and Benevolent Institutions.

By Mrs. HARRIET B. STOWE.

Let Every Man Mind His Own  
Business. Price 2d.

"A very beautiful story, illustrative of the ad-  
 vantages of temperance, in which the well-earned fame  
 of the authoress is creditably sustained."—*London  
 Weekly Paper.*

Price One Penny.

"Water is Best." By the late  
JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, Esq., of Norwich.  
With a Portrait of the Author, by Anclay.

This is regarded as one of the best lectures on  
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On the 1st of Nov. will be pub-  
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Illustrated by numerous engra-  
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THE BAND OF HOPE  
 SHEET ALMANAC  
 For 1854.

Will our readers let this Almanac  
 have a place  
 on their kitchen wall?

The Bible Society's Jubilee Book, just published by Messrs.  
 Bagster, entitled "THE BOOK AND ITS STORY," (price 3s.) which is  
 illustrated with numerous wood cuts, is one of the most valuable  
 and interesting works we have ever seen. We hope that it will be  
 circulated by hundreds of thousands. To Sunday School Teachers  
 it will be a most valuable book for reference on all matters connected  
 with the authenticity of the Scriptures.



## THE CABMAN'S DYING CRY.



"I'm dying—I feel I'm dying—fetch some one to pray with me," cried a poor cabman not long ago, who having been thrown from his box had sustained a mortal injury, and who was told by the hospital surgeon that he would not live more than a few hours.

"Run George, as fast as you can," said the weeping wife to the poor lad, who had buried his face on the bed on which his dying father was laid, "run and tell Mr. — that your father has got nearly killed and wants him to come directly and pray with him."

Whilst the sorrowful boy, who was soon to be a fatherless child, was threading his way along the busy streets of London up to the house where lived the minister of the parish in which the cabman resided, medical attendants and the nurse did what they could to alleviate the agonies of the sufferer. Severe as his bodily pains were, these seemed to be slight compared with the horror of death which overwhelmed him.

"I've been a wicked man—Oh that I had lived a different life—Oh for mercy—it's too late now."

It was not long before the pious and devoted clergyman of — church was bending over the yet breathing body of the cabman;—but life was nearly gone.

The words of mercy—of pardon for the vilest of the vile, through faith in Christ, were sweetly sounded in his ears. He listened, but seemed not to comprehend their meaning.

A convulsive struggle shewed that the conflict was nearly over.

His half-closed eyes were once more opened, when with an expiring effort he muttered in a whisper

"I've had no Sundays."

Pen cannot describe, nor pencil depict, the look of despair with which these words were uttered.

He spake no more. In a few moments his spirit departed, and the poor sabbathless cabman lay a cold and lifeless corpse.—From Illustrated Tracts.

## LONDON CABMEN.

ON December 31st 1852,

the number of licensed cab drivers was 6,388, and of licensed watermen, 346, making a total of 6,734; with their wives and families, they probably constitute a body of 25,000 individuals.

\* \* \* \* There are three especial difficulties in the way of the moral and religious improvement of this class of our population. The first of these is that they have no Sabbath.—From pages 170 and 172 of "The Million-Peopled City," by the Rev. J. GARWOOD.

A LARGE and beautiful engraving of the great Temperance Meeting at Denbigh is nearly completed, and will appear in the November number. A portrait of the Rev. W. Rees will also be inserted.

## ENCOURAGING TOKENS.

NOTWITHSTANDING some discouragements, we have been constantly cheered onward by the continued expressions of sympathy from all classes of society. The following are extracts from letters recently received:—

From the Right Hon. The Earl of Harrowby.

"I have no doubt that your little work is doing an infinity of good."

The Right Hon. M. T. Baines, M.P.

"It appears to me that the *Band of Hope Review*, is likely to do much good, and I very cordially wish it success."

The Rev. W. W. Champneys, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's.

"I have watched the character of your little periodical with interest and close attention and am so satisfied of its suitability to the class and objects for which it is intended, that I heartily wish it God speed."

James Montgomery, Esq., Sheffield.

"I heartily recommend the *Band of Hope Review*."

## JUBILEE

OF THE

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

IN our number for May last, we informed our young readers that the 12th of October was to be observed as a "*Jubilee Day*" of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and that meetings were to be held, speeches delivered, and sermons preached on behalf of that great and noble Society, not only in every part of the United Kingdom, but in various places throughout the world.

We hope that the suggestion we then gave of "*Family Offerings*" being made, will be extensively adopted.



FAMILY OFFERINGS FOR THE BIBLE SOCIETY

There are millions of the poor heathen who have never yet even seen the Bible. Let us each help according to our ability in sending them the Word of Life.

We should like every family in the land to contribute something, even if it be but a few pence, to the *Jubilee Fund*.

Remittances, great and small, will be thankfully received by the Rev. Thomas Phillips, Jubilee Secretary, British and Foreign Bible Society, 10, Earl Street, Blackfriars, London.

## OLD NEWSPAPERS.

WE are desirous of possessing a copy of a newspaper weekly from every county in the Kingdom, in order to examine the police reports, and thus trace to some extent the effects of intemperance. A copy of one of the London daily papers to file would be specially valuable for reference. Will some of our young readers ask their parents to allow them to send the papers, (when done with in the family) addressed to "The Editor of the *Band of Hope Review*, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London."



## POLICE REPORTS.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

BOSTON.—We rejoice to learn from Mr. Harper Twelvrees that the promoters of the Juvenile Society in Boston have announced that their design is not merely to train up the children as abstainers from intoxicating liquors, but also to instil into their minds the principles of peace, obedience to parents, brotherly love, kindness to animals, pity for the poor and friendless, and above all a love for the Sacred Scriptures. A good model for imitation in other places.

EDWARD G.—The Enigmas were not generally approved.

W. BRENTNALL.—We thank you. Aid the lady in her kind efforts. Get the booksellers in your town to place the "*Review*" in their windows.

INTELLIGENCE.—We have received notices of interesting meetings at Chymgweal; Tunbridge Wells; Grimsdorp; Shelton; Haverfordwest; Red Hill School, Sheffield; Milnthorpe; Evesham; Birmingham; Ashley Lane, Manchester; Cowcaddens, Glasgow; York; East Grinstead; East Harling; Uxbridge; Nunney; Newcastle-on-Tyne; Elgin; Plaistow; Wells; Reading; Stockton-on-Tees; Rye; Skipton; Barnsley; Feock; Wincanton; Brighton; Rochdale; Easingwold; Steptey; Cardiff; Droylsden; and many other places, which we are altogether precluded from inserting, as they would more than occupy the entire of the present number. We hope to be able to devise some plan of giving publicity to such meetings.

GLASTONBURY.—We are glad to have so pleasing a report from Mr. Green.

JOHN WILLIAMS.—Your efforts to promote the circulation in village schools, will do much good.

RECEIVED with thanks.—R. Bayldon, Jun.; W. F. P.; Humanitas; R. H. Burdekin.

T. ROUND, JUN., Reading.—We are unable to ascertain.

HOW TO GET OUT IF THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE.—In the course of a recent inquest in

London, Mr. Wakley, the coroner, observed that it would be well to acquaint the public with the fact that if persons in a house on fire had the presence of mind to apply a damp cloth or handkerchief to their mouth and nostrils, they could effect a passage through the densest smoke; but the surest mode would be to envelope the head and face completely in the damp cloth.

## PRIZE ESSAY.—"BRITISH JUGGERNAUT."

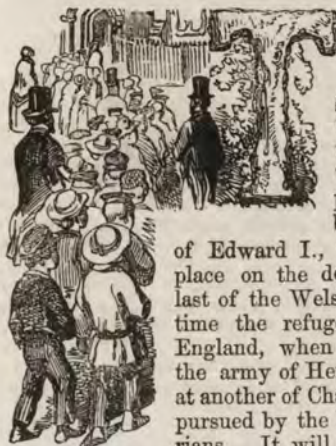
WE regret that we are prevented inserting the Prize Essay as intended. We find that it would occupy more space than we can properly devote to it, and we shall, therefore, publish it (with an illustration) in a separate form.





"Sin is a reproach to any people."

### NORTH WALES TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.



THE engraving below invites attention to a Welsh scene of no common interest. On the rugged sides of a steep hill, overlooking the rich vale of Clwyd, stands the town of Denbigh. The summit of the hill is crowned by the vast and picturesque ruins of a castle, built by the Earl of Lincoln in the reign

of Edward I., who made him Lordship of the place on the death of the brave Llywelyn, the last of the Welsh princes. This castle was at one time the refuge of Edward IV., the King of England, when besieged by the army of Henry VI.; and at another of Charles I. when pursued by the Parliamentarians. It will be observed that under its venerable walls

are now assembled a dense mass of human beings—from 8 to 10,000. It is the Temperance Convention for North Wales, held in June last. The Meeting is being addressed in the language of the people by the Rev. Henry Rees, of Liverpool, one of the most eminent of the dissenting preachers of Wales; among whom, though John Elias, W. Williams, (Wern) and Christmas Evans,

have gone to their reward, there are still not a few men of renown. Those who know Mr. Rees will not fail to recognize in the portrait below a very accurate likeness. Strong drink has found its way into the towns, villages, and mountain homes of Wales,—wasting the substance, ruining the health, and destroying the souls of thousands of the inhabitants. The presence of such an enemy has called to the field an army which numbers its tens of thousands, and which has vowed destruction to the foe; its weapons being example, argument, and persuasion. This array at Denbigh, noble as it is, presents but a small portion of the Temperance Force of the Principality; and it would have given us pleasure, if space allowed it, to detail fully the position and strength, as well as the highly interesting proceedings of the Convention, but we cannot now do more than recording the names of some of those who took part in the proceedings. Among them we find the Rev. Evan Davies, Flintshire; Rev. Rees P. Griffiths, Pwllheli; Rev. W. D. Hughes, Liverpool; Rev. D. Price, Denbigh; Rev. Henry Rees, Liverpool; and Messrs. Thomas Astbury, Northop; W. H. Darby, Ruabon; Alderman Evans, Carnarvon; Thomas Gee, Denbigh; Richard Griffiths, London; Thomas Lewis, Bangor; E. Richards, J. Robinson, J. W. Rogers, Beaumaris; John Rowbotham, Manchester; and Abel Simner, of London.





## DON'T BUY LATE.

"WHAT are you thinking about!" said Ellen Irving to her little cousin Fanny Forrester, as the latter looked thoughtfully at the clock which stood on the mantel-piece. It was Saturday night, and as Fanny took her Sunday clothes out of her drawer to make them ready for the morning, she reminded her cousin that her gloves were very much worn. Ellen offered to give her a shilling, if she would go to Joseph Small, the draper, for a new pair: to this Fanny made no reply, and it was not till Ellen asked her a second time: "What are you thinking about?" that she took her eyes from the little clock and said, "I'm thinking, that though it would be nice to have a pair of new gloves, it would not be right to buy them *now*." "Why dear?" said Ellen, "you know this is Saturday night, and Mr. Small will be open till eleven o'clock." "But," said Fanny, "eleven o'clock is too late to be open; you know Daniel said, that all the shops might be shut by six o'clock, and that those who would like to see them shut then, should not buy anything later if they can help it; so Ellen, if you will lend me your needle, I'll darn my gloves again, and we can get the new ones on Monday." To this arrangement Ellen cheerfully consented, resolving at the same time to follow her cousin's example, in not buying after six o'clock on Saturday night.

Fanny Forrester was quite right; late business hours do a great deal of injury. Many young men are so fatigued every night, but especially by Saturday night's drudgery, that they seek to raise their spirits by resorting to the taverns and singing saloons; and many have in this way learned to love drink so much, that they have sacrificed every comfort, and even their character, for the sake of obtaining it. Since, then, late hours lead to much intemperance, it becomes the duty of all juvenile abstainers, to try to persuade their friends, not to buy late either on Saturday, or any other night. A. G.

## THE TAME STORK.

A GENTLEMAN at Carshalton, in Surrey, has a stork which through kind treatment has become so very tame that the bird never seems so happy as when in the society of the labourers who are employed on the farm.

We lately had the pleasure of seeing him follow the ploughman up and down the field. This we were told he did from early morn till night.

During the late hay time, the mowers had scarcely taken a stroke with their scythes, before the stork was at their heels, and he never left them until their work was done.

When the men were at dinner he would refresh himself by taking a short sleep, standing on one leg, in which position not only storks but other birds usually go to rest.

## THE THUNDER STORM

AND

## THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

In the beautiful village of B—, in the Isle of Wight, there is a little boy who is both deaf and dumb. Although he can neither hear nor speak, yet he has been taught to read and write. What is better still he has been led by a pious mother to know that he has a "Father in Heaven," who will hear even the "praying thoughts" of a speechless child.

Some time ago, during an awful thunder storm, one of the sisters of this little boy who was in the room with him, was very much frightened by the loud noise of the thunder and the flashing of the lightning—observing her terror, the calm and happy-looking little deaf and dumb boy ran for his slate, and with evident design to quiet her fears, wrote upon it, "GOD IS EVERYWHERE."

A warm friend of the *Band of Hope Review*, was near at the time.

We earnestly desire that the words written by the poor mute on his slate may be written on the hearts of all our young readers. May they never forget that "God is everywhere."

He who speaks most to God will know Him best, he who knows Him best will please Him most. To know God on earth is our preparation for heaven.

## DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

WHEN I was about six years old, one morning going to school, a ground squirrel ran into its hole in the road before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their head to see if any danger is near. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough from beside a sugar-maple used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me, "Well, my boy, what have you got in there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbours, a good old man with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters: "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel; and an old man like me came along, and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now, if you was down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come along and pour water down on you to drown you, would not you think I was cruel? God made that little squirrel, and life is sweet to it as it is to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?' He said, 'I have never forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor



little innocent animal or bird, think of this, and mind, God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since. Now you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

Now, I want all the dear little boys, when they read this, to keep it in mind; and when they see pretty birds or harmless animals playing or hunting their food, not to hurt them. Your heavenly Father made them, and He never intended them to be killed for fun. I don't think when the blessed Jesus was a little boy he would have killed such innocent creatures for fun, and every little boy should try to be as much like Jesus as he can. The Bible says, "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy." J. C.

## MONDAY SHAKINGS.

A PARTY of gentlemen were recently dining together. Some of the chief builders of the great Crystal Palace were present. In the course of conversation one of the latter remarked that they always had more mishaps with machinery, scaffolding, and the work generally, on the MONDAY than any other day of the week. "How do you account for that," enquired a gentleman opposite. "Oh the men drink so on the Sunday: their nerves are unstrung, and their hands are not steady," was the reply.

Is not this a strong argument in favour of the closing of all public-houses throughout the entire of the Sabbath?

THE KORAN GIVEN UP  
FOR  
THE BIBLE.

MANY of our young readers when sailing down the river Thames, will have noticed a curious looking ship, near Greenwich, on the side of which is painted

HOSPITAL FOR SEAMEN OF ALL NATIONS.

This ship is called the "Dreadnought." It is an old man-of-war, and it is very pleasant to see a war vessel used for saving life instead of destroying life.

Not long ago a young man from India, called a Lascar, was taken into this hospital. He was very ill, but after a time he began to recover, when he was observed to be very attentively reading a book—it was the Koran, or book of the false prophet Mahommed. A foreign chaplain who was visiting the sick sailors invited him to read the Bible, but this for a long time he refused to do, he said, "I love my Koran, and I want no other book." At length he was prevailed upon to read a portion of the Sacred Scriptures which was printed in his own language. The more he read of the sacred volume the more he liked it, and at length he became so attached to it, that he readily exchanged it for his Koran. He soon found that in God's word there is consolation for a poor sin-sick soul, which he could never find in the Koran.

## THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

THIS commandment is one of great importance to both young and old, to it attention is drawn by the Apostle Paul, in these words, "Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long in the earth."—Ephesians vi. 2, 3. How few persons properly reflect that this commandment was given by JEHOVAH at the same time, upon the same table, by the same hand, in the same place, to the same people, and for the same ends as were given the laws against murder, and all other crimes which disgrace humanity, afflict our world, and ruin immortal souls! Read Mal. iv. 5, 6.—REV. W. TYLER.

## MY MOTHER.

We admire the affection which produced the following innocent remark:—A boy of three years of age hearing a visitor of his father's make use of the saying, "An honest man is the noblest work of God,"—replied, "No, Sir, my mother's the noblest work of God." "Honour thy father and thy mother," is the command of God,—"that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," is the peculiar reward which he promises to those who obey this solemn command.

## PRAYER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq., *Sheffield.*

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire

Utter'd or unexpressed;

The motion of a hidden fire,

That trembles on the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,

The falling of a tear;

The upward glancing of an eye,

When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech

That infant lips can try,

Prayer—the sublimest strains that reach

The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,

The Christian's native air;

His watch-word at the gate of death,—

He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice

Returning from his ways,

While angels in their songs rejoice,

And say, "Behold he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,

In word, and deed, and mind;

While with the Father and the Son,

Their fellowship they find.

O thou by whom we come to God,

The life, the truth, the way;

The path of prayer Thyself hast trod—

"Lord, teach us how to pray!"



## AN ESQUIMAUX FAMILY



ARRY, the celebrated voyager who sailed round the world, had on one occasion his ship blocked up with ice in the Arctic regions.

In the account of his voyage, Captain Parry states that he and his officers were one day rambling over the fields of ice and snow, when they came to a village belonging to the Esquimaux Indians.

Strange to say these people were living in ice and snow houses.

Look at the picture and you will see an Esquimaux Indian, with his wife and child, going out on a fishing excursion, accompanied by their faithful and happy looking dog.

The clothing of these curious people is chiefly composed of the skins of seals and white bears. In the back ground of the picture are some of their strange dwelling houses, built of large blocks of ice and snow, placed one upon the other, just as children build their grottos, leaving only a hole sufficiently large to creep in and out.

Capt. Parry and his officers went inside one of these houses, and he states, "We found that nothing was used in its construction except snow and ice; a large circular piece of ice closing the entrance. The inside was not less curious than the outside. Having crawled through the hole, we entered a circular sitting room, where there were three doors communicating with three other rooms, the one in front of the general entrance, and the other two placed one on each side. In these rooms were seen the women snugly placed near a fire, surrounded by their cooking utensils, and the children playing as snug as snug could be."

Since the day that Capt. Parry entered the ice and snow houses, various missionaries have left the shores of happy England to carry the tidings of a Saviour's love to the poor Esquimaux Indians, and there is reason to hope that not a few have died in Jesus, and their happy spirits have passed from the land of ice to "the better land" above.

## WHERE IS GOD?

THE conductor of a Sunday School in Bristol, discoursing lately with the scholars, asked "Where is God?" one of the elder boys immediately answered "in Heaven." The teacher not satisfied with this reply again repeated the inquiry, when a boy younger than the other answered, "everywhere." Requiring still further explanation, the question was again put, when a third boy most cheerfully called out, "God is here." Here you have a threefold answer to a most important question. "God is in Heaven." Ps. xi. 4. "God is everywhere." Prov. xv. 3. "God is here." Matt. xviii. 20. Keep this truth in remembrance, (and under the blessing of God) it will preserve you from many sins.

## PRIZE ESSAY ON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

A PRIZE of £50 has been offered by the Committee of the Ragged School Union for the best Essay on Ragged Schools and their Auxiliary Institutions.

For conditions and particulars apply to the Secretary, Mr. J. G. GENT, Exeter Hall, Strand; or see the October number of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

## THE CAMEL.

THE Camel is a native of Arabia, but is also found in various other parts of Asia, and in the North of Africa.

The Arabs consider the camel as a gift sent from heaven; a sacred animal without which they could not exist.

Its milk is their common food; they also eat its flesh, and its hair supplies them with materials for clothing.

As a beast of burden, the camel possesses great strength. He will traverse the desert with a load of a thousand or twelve hundred pounds.

When he is about to be loaded, his master orders him to kneel down, and this the obedient animal does in a moment.

If the load is too heavy he will not get up, but complains by sending forth loud and piteous cries. The man then takes off part of his load, when the camel rises and goes cheerfully on his journey.

The camel has most appropriately been termed by the Arabs, "the ship of the desert."

It can perform, in one day, a journey of 150 miles across the burning sand, without fatigue.

The wisdom of God is strikingly displayed, in the adaptation of the tough and spongy feet of the camel to hot climates, for in the longest journeys they are never found to crack; indeed the sand appears to



be the element of this valuable animal, for as soon as it quits it and touches the mud, it can scarcely keep upright.

Its power of abstaining from drinking, enables it to travel for seven or eight days without requiring any liquid. It can smell water at the distance of more than a mile, and will hasten towards it long before its driver perceives where it is. Its patience under hunger is such, that it will travel many days fed only with a few dates, or some small balls of barley meal, or on the thorny plants which it occasionally meets with in the desert.

The Arabs treat their camels kindly, and do not use whips to make them go faster. When the patient-looking creatures are tired, their masters sing to them, or blow a whistle which they carry for this purpose. The more the drivers sing, or the louder they blow, the faster the obedient camel will go.

Camels are often spoken of in the Bible. At the time the Old Testament was written, some of those persons who were rich, are said to have owned a great many camels.

It is said of Job, that he "had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels."

## REMEMBER

If the spring put forth no blossom, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable.

## CLOG SHOES.

I WAS one Sunday afternoon about to close the school in which I was engaged, when a well-dressed, genteel person, who presented himself as a visitor, requested me to allow him (if it would not be deemed an intrusion) to speak to the children; this being readily granted, he addressed them nearly to the following effect:

"There was once a poor lad, who was noted even among his sinful companions for his wickedness, but especially for his swearing and Sabbath-breaking. He, along with some others, resolved, one Sunday, to follow and pelt some steady boys who were going to their school. However, it so happened, that the lads, on being attacked, took to their heels; this lad followed them to the very door of the school, which when opened, (they were then singing) such a sound came from the place, as seemed to stun him. He wondered what they could be doing in the inside, and a teacher at that moment admitting the other boys, invited him in. A new scene now opened itself before him,—nearly 300 boys seated with their teachers; they all appeared so neat and clean, and in such order, he wished he was 'one.' He stood for some time a spectacle for the whole school,—dirty, and ragged, and with his wooden clogs on, which, whenever he stirred, made him the object of attraction to every person, to his great mortification.

After some consultation, he being a stout good looking lad, it was resolved to admit him, and he was put into the ABC class, though it was found he was not fit even for that place. Every thing was new to him.—The next Sunday he appeared, his hair was combed, his face was washed, but his clogs still remained to mortify him; his particular case was taken into consideration, and a pair of shoes was given him. He now found himself so

much behind the other boys, that he resolved to strain every nerve to get up to them. This determination was the means of his rising to the very first class, when his conduct being much approved, he was chosen a teacher. He now felt he had something more to do than to teach,—he had a soul to save; in a little time he was enabled, after much prayer, to 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' and to rejoice in HIS salvation. The Lord then called him to preach these 'glad tidings,' and happening some time after to preach within twenty miles of his old much-loved school, he rode hard after his morning's labour, and reached the place just in time to see the poor lads in his own, his very own school; and here he is, now speaking to you!"

The scene now became truly affecting; he burst into tears, as did several others around him; at last, he sobbed out—"Oh! my dear lads, be careful, be in good earnest to make the most of your very great Sunday School privileges: I have kept you too long—God bless you all!"—He then concluded with a most pathetic prayer.

## TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

In compliance with the wish of many friends, the Band of Hope Sweet Almanac, for 1854, will contain a short portion of the Sacred Scriptures for each day in the year. This arrangement we trust will lead to a daily searching of the Sacred Volume by our young friends. Parents will do well to make the daily text a subject of conversation at the breakfast table. With the view of promoting the perusal of the "Best of Books," eighteen Bible Questions will be inserted in the Almanac, for the best answers to which, the undermentioned prize will be given.

## A PRIZE FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION

## OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

Value £1 : 11 : 6.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS,

## BAND OF HOPE SHEET ALMANAC,

For 1854.

This almanac (containing the conditions of competition) may be ordered through any bookseller, 1d.







UPTON LANE, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. ELIZABETH FRY

### RAGGED SCHOOL EXCURSION.

MANY thousands who have passed down Upton Lane, in Essex, have paused in front of the building represented in the above picture, and exclaimed, "Elizabeth Fry, the prison philanthropist, once lived there!"

It is pleasing to know that in the very house where Mrs. Fry arranged many of her benevolent plans for the relief of prisoners, its present possessor, H. E. Gurney, Esq. (Mrs. Fry's Nephew) has done much to prevent people from ever becoming prisoners.

On Tuesday the 24th August last, a very orderly procession of nearly 600 poor children entered Upton Lane. These were the Scholars of the King Edward Ragged Schools and Eastern Refuge, who with their teachers had been kindly invited by Mr. Gurney to have a day's ramble in Upton Park.

Dinner and tea were provided in the open air, and every facility for a day's innocent recreation was afforded to these "young ones from Spitalfields."

Many and loud were the hearty thanks of the merry groups as they returned to their homes. One poor lad, however, was not content with words, but in the fulness of his heart proposed—

"Let us shew Mr. Gurney that we thank him; can't we buy him a Bible?"

The proposal was received with applause, and on being named to Mr. Williams, the indefatigable Secretary, he most cordially united with the children in carrying out so pleasing a proposition. Farthings, halfpennies, and pennies were now saved, and most enthusiastically subscribed, so that in about a month the sum of 30s. was raised. With this a handsome Pocket Bible was purchased.

On the 29th September the large school-room in Albert Street, was crowded. A tea meeting was being held to which Mr. Gurney had been invited, but no intimation had reached his ears of what the scholars had been doing.

J. A. Merrington, Esq. was called to the chair, when the Rev. W. Tyler, and Mr. Althans, the veteran Sunday school friend, made some excellent remarks. Mr. Williams then rose, and in a very pleasing address, amidst the breathless interest of the scholars, presented THE BIBLE to Mr. Gurney.

It contained the following inscription:—

"Presented to HENRY EDMUND GURNEY, Esq., by the Children of the King Edward Ragged and Industrial Schools, and Eastern Refuge, as a token of their gratitude for the kindness and hospitality shewn to them on their visits to Upton Park; and in grateful recollection of the liberality which for three successive years placed within the reach of some hundreds of poor children the means of recreation and social intercourse; this expression of their thanks—the result of five weeks' savings—is accompanied with their earnest wishes for the continued health and happiness of their esteemed and generous friend."

Mr. Gurney expressed his great surprise and gratification; and stated that he should highly value "The Ragged Scholars' Bible."

A few remarks from Mr. T. D. Smithies, and Mr. Power, and the singing of a suitable hymn, closed one of the most interesting Ragged School Meetings ever held in the metropolis.

### THE MADIAT,

AND

MISS MARGARET CUNNINGHAME.

It is but a few months ago that the imprisonment of the poor Madiat, in Tuscany, for reading the Sacred Scriptures, so roused the indignation of this and other countries, that their liberation was ultimately secured.

Sad indeed to say, the same prison cell in which the heroic Rosa Madiat was confined, has again been for some time occupied—by Miss Margaret Cunningham, one of our countrywomen, for the crime of giving away copies of the Bible, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, to some Italian peasants!!

Let us thank God for our British liberties, and let us pray that these persecutions may be graciously overruled by God's pro-

vidence for securing the free access of the Holy Scriptures in dark—dark Italy.

So far as you see the path of duty clear pray for grace that you may be firm and faithful, and not shrink from it. Leave consequences with the Lord; He knows where you are, and what you are to meet with, and He will care for you.

### THE DRUNKARD AND THE GOAT.

A WELSHMAN who was much addicted to intemperance, had a favourite goat, which on one occasion followed him to the public-house.

The Welshman succeeded after much coaxing in getting the goat to swallow some liquor. In a short time the poor creature was so completely intoxicated, and tumbling over and over, played such curious antics, that the old toppers set up roars of laughter and begged that "Nanny" might be brought the next night for more "fun."

When the next evening came, the goat was called by her thoughtless master to accompany him to his nightly resort. Nanny walked very quietly until they arrived at the door of the public-house, when she stood still, and neither kind words or blows could induce the animal to move a step further.

The landlord brought out some oat cake and tried to entice the goat to follow him, but no, she was not to be caught in the publican's trap a second time. Nanny of course could not speak,



but her conduct proved one of the best temperance lectures ever given in the village. The master was so impressed that he was never known to enter the public-house again. He became a pledged abstainer, and ultimately proved one of the most eloquent advocates that the temperance cause has ever known.



THE MADIAT.





"Freely ye have received, freely give."

# IRISH HOSPITALITY.



**W**HAT action during your long life, Captain, afforded you the greatest pleasure? This question was once put to an old military officer. He had been in many battles and had gained much worldly applause by his conquests, and it was expected that he

would refer to some of these as amongst the happiest deeds of his life. He, however, replied, "I was once travelling on foot during a hot day in Ireland, and was almost famished with thirst. I saw in the distance, a miserable looking mud cabin, to which I made my way, and asked the woman who came to the door for a drink of water. With true Irish-like hospitality she replied, 'Sure an' it is'nt that I'll be afther giving ye.' In a moment she and her little shoeless girl went to the cow close by, and soon handed me a basin of sweet new milk. The woman looked for no reward, and was unwilling to take any, but I was so much pleased, that I took out all the money I had in my pocket and thrust it into her hand.

"Bursting into tears, she then thanked me and said that my gift would save them from ruin, as they were in arrear for rent, and

their cow—their only support, would in a few hours have been sold to pay the debt. You may think it un-soldier like," continued the old captain, "but I could not keep the tear from my own eye. I felt that I had providentially lessened a load of sorrow, and given joy to a deserving family, and I left the place with more real pleasure than I ever gained on the field of battle!"

# REMEMBER THE BIRDS.

COLD wintry days will soon be here—the snow and ice will make it hard work for the poor sparrows, and other little birds, to pick up even a scanty meal. Will our young readers gather up the crumbs from the breakfast table every morning, and throw them out for the birds?



THE DRUNKEN MOTHER AND THE GIN SHOP KEEPER. (see next page.)  
(This illustration from "Common Sense" is inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Cass and Co.)



## THE DRUNKEN MOTHER AND THE GIN SHOP KEEPER.



ANY sad instances of drunken husbands, cruelly beating their poor wives, are nightly occurring in London. Still more sad to say not a few drunken MOTHERS may also be met with in the metropolis of Christian England.

Some time ago in passing by a street not far from City Road Chapel, we observed a group of persons gathered round a door, and on approaching them, one of the most distressing scenes imaginable was presented to view:—A mother, so drunken, that she was unable to stand, or to hold her helpless babe. The poor little thing fell rolling upon the flags, and had it not been for a friendly hand which was stretched out for its rescue, it would probably soon have been killed. A policeman came up, and the unhappy woman was hurried off to the police cell, and the child was properly cared for until the next morning.

Probably no one was so anxious for the arrival of the policeman, and the removal of the woman "out of sight" as the gin shop keeper, but he soon returned to his unhallowed trade, and in a few minutes was handing the draughts of "fire water" to other wretched customers at his bar. His looks seemed to say "I have a LICENSE to sell."

Those words of Scripture forcibly came to the mind—

"Can a mother forget her sucking child?"

"Yes!" the cold-hearted gin shop keeper as he stood at the door seemed by his looks to reply, "I can make the mother do that, and worse than that."

May the time soon come when every gin-shop in the land shall be for ever closed. We trust that before twenty years have passed away, many thousands of our juvenile readers will have lent their willing help in turning gin shops into bread shops, or other good shops, which shall bless and not curse the people.

## THE APPLE WAR.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him: if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."—Rom. xii., 20.

SOME years ago, there was a boarding school at Rochester for boys of the Society of Friends; there were also schools for boys of other denominations in the same town, whom, for distinction sake, I will call Town boys, and the others, Friend boys.

It was the practice of the Town boys, whenever they saw any of the Friend boys in the street, to shout after them, "Quaker! Quaker!" and other opprobrious names. This, no doubt, was mortifying to the Friend boys, but they passed on and reviled not again.

Things continued in this state for a long time, until one day, the Friend boys were taken out for a country walk, and being about to ascend a high hill, they observed some of the Town boys at play, near where they had to pass, and they said one to another, "Now we shall catch it;" and sure enough they did, and that pretty smartly; for as soon as

the Town boys espied them, they shouted out most vociferously, "Quaker! Quaker! Quack! Quack!" so long as they could be heard.

When the Friend boys arrived at the top of the hill, and seeing their enemies at such a disadvantage below them, they deemed it a fitting time to retaliate, and sent down a few missiles, by way of alarm, into the enemy's camp. This unexpected salute startled the Town boys, and they indignantly exclaimed, "Why! these Quaker boys are pelting us with stones!" and in their haste they vowed revenge; but immediately a volley of the same sort of ammunition came pouring down upon them, when, to their great surprise, as well as gratification, they found that they had been attacked, not with stones, but with apples, which the Friend boys had brought from home in their pic-nic baskets, but for another purpose. Now, as all boys love apples, they soon gathered up these peaceable missiles and began to eat.

One of the boys, of more reflection than the rest, observed, how remarkable it was that the very boys who had for a long time received nothing but ill usage without a word of complaint in return, had now given them a quantity of apples; this was to them most marvellous treatment. They now began to see the evil of their conduct, and boy-like to accuse each other of beginning the attack. None, however, were willing to be regarded as the ringleaders, but all of them agreed that a very different treatment in future was due to such kind boys, and they one and all, determined to practise



it. On arriving at their school in the evening, this remarkable incident became the subject of general conversation among the boys. After some deliberation, they concluded to send two or three of their number as an embassy of peace to the Friends' school, to acknowledge the wrong practice they had hitherto followed, and asking forgiveness for what they had done. We need not add, how kindly they were received, and how cordially the Friend boys agreed to cancel all past grievances. The Town boys now returned to their comrades to report the result of their mission, which was received with acclamations by the whole school. J. P.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are overwhelmed with letters from correspondents. We must ask the indulgence of our friends.

Notices of numerous meetings have been received; some of which we hope to insert in the January No.



FISH MARKET, NEWCASTLE.

## TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Your town has just been visited by that fearful scourge—the Cholera, and upwards of 1522 souls have been hurried into eternity.

The Medical Reports shew that the first cases of death were chiefly confined to the intemperate. One publican in Newcastle has been heard to say, "The Cholera has taken off one-half of my customers."

We might have indulged the hope that the ravages of death had left a lasting warning to the survivors, and that NEWCASTLE would indeed be free from scenes of intemperance for a long time to come.

It would seem, however, that so long as gin shops and public houses stand as temptations at every corner, the poor deluded victims of intemperance will rush to ruin.

We have seldom felt more deeply pained than on taking up the *Newcastle Guardian* of Oct. 29th, 1853, and on looking to the *Police Report*, reading as follows,—

"During the epidemic there was a marked 'diminution in the charges of drunkenness, &c., but since the Improvement which has 'taken place in the public health, there has 'been an increase in those offences, and to-day '(Monday) the Bench adjudicated upon many 'such.'"

Can it be true that already the Sabbath Day has been desecrated in Newcastle by "many" cases of drunkenness? Alas, such is the fact.

Sunday School Teachers! we affectionately urge you to have a meeting similar to the one which has been held in Leeds, and in the spirit of dependence upon Him who has promised to guide us into all truth, inquire "What can we do to stay the ravages of intemperance?"

We have no doubt but that one result will be, your united, earnest, and persevering efforts to close public houses during the entire of the Sabbath. Christian men and women of Newcastle help in this great work, help with heart and hand!

## THE REV. HUGH STOWELL, M.A.

WE have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following testimony from this eminent clergyman—

MANCHESTER, Nov. 7th, 1853.

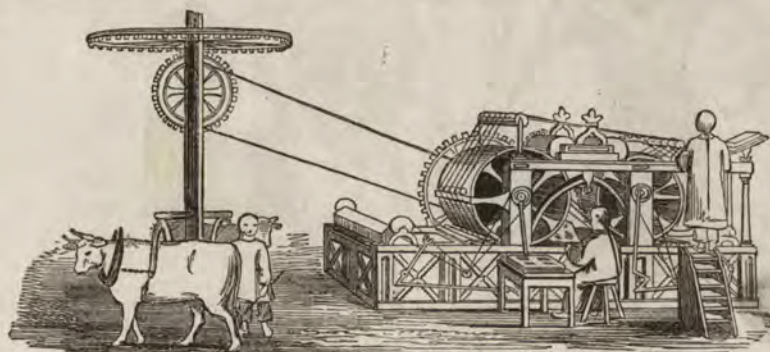
The "Band of Hope Review" is in my judgment well fitted to supply the masses with wholesome mental and moral aliment. It is simple, vigorous, and interesting. The Lord speed your efforts. Yours faithfully,

HUGH STOWELL.

## MILLION TESTAMENTS FOR CHINA.

In consequence of the efforts of our esteemed friend the Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham, and Thomas Thompson, Esq., of Poundsford Park, a fund has been commenced for distributing a million copies of the New Testament (in the Chinese Language) throughout the vast Empire of China. We are anxious to enlist the enthusiastic interest of our young readers in this noble project. Let every one who feels thankful for a cup of good tea, subscribe something to this fund.

It may not be known to many of our readers that the Directors of the London Missionary Society sent over a printing press to Shanghai a few years ago, and that it is busily employed in printing off copies of portions of the Sacred Volume. By the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Tidman, we have been presented with a copy of the New Testament printed by that press. We wish that we could shew it with its curious characters to our young friends. As we cannot do this we insert the Lord's Prayer in the Chinese letters. (See page 48.)



PRINTING THE SCRIPTURES AT SHANGHAI, IN CHINA.



## LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

"Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth."—Prov. xxiv. 17.

"THIS has been a first-rate day for you, hasn't it, John?" said Richard, as he came in to spend that part of the evening which remained after he had got his lesson for the next morning.

John made no reply, though he knew pretty well to what Richard alluded.

"John has enjoyed it to-day," continued Richard.

"Why so?" said Hiram, John's older brother.

"Hasn't he told you?" said Richard with an air of surprise.

"No, he has not mentioned anything peculiarly joyful that has happened to-day," said Hiram.

"Hasn't he told you how Tim Jones got whipped to-day?"

"No, he hasn't said anything about it."

"Hasn't he? that's strange. Well, Tim got it twice to-day. In the morning the master laid it on with the ruler, first on one hand, and then on the other; and in the afternoon he took off his coat, and wound the birch around him. Tim danced like a monkey, and roared like a jackall. We all liked it first-rate. I wonder John did not tell you about it."

Timothy Jones was a very bad boy, and had often treated John very badly. He found out that John would not fight, nor complain of his ill treatment to the teacher, so he felt at liberty to abuse him as much as he pleased. He did abuse him pretty often.

The other boys tried to persuade John to fight him, and offered their assistance if it should be necessary; but he would not fight. Some said, "He is a coward," but the majority thought his parents had forbidden him to fight.

On the day above alluded to, the teacher found out some of Tim's bad deeds, and punished him; and in the afternoon more of them came to light, and he punished him again, and more severely. John was at first disposed to rejoice, but he remembered a passage of Scripture which he had read that morning; it was this, "Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth." He thought it would not do to rejoice over his enemy's punishment, so he resisted the feeling of joy. When school was out he said nothing about it, lest he should seem to rejoice in it. Do you ask, what did he gain by it? I will ask you if he did not do right in obeying the directions of the Bible, as he understood them? If he did right, that was enough of itself to reward him. To do right was all he had in view. But he did gain something more by it—he overcame his enemy's hostility. While the other boys told Tim they were glad he was whipped, John, the boy he had used the worst, kept silence, and did not triumph over him. He resolved that he would never misuse John again, by degrees he began to perform acts of kindness to him, and in time they became quite friendly, and John was enabled to exert a strong influence for good over his former enemy.

## SUNDAY IN THE BACK YARD.

A LITTLE boy, a Sunday scholar, was seen playing with his marbles in front of the house, his mother called to him, "Johnny, you should not be seen playing there, don't you know it is Sunday? go into the back yard and play." "Mother," said the boy, "Isn't it Sunday in the back yard?"

## YEARLY PART FOR 1853.

THE Yearly Part of the Band of Hope Review, (dedicated to the Earl of Shaftesbury,) with upwards of 100 Illustrations, may now be ordered through any bookseller. Price 1s. We should like it to have a place in every School Library, Reading Room, and Railway Waiting Room in the land. A small Committee of young friends in each town would soon accomplish this.

## THE ALMANAC FOR 1854.

THE Band of Hope Sheet Almanac for 1854, contains a Scripture text for every day in the year; the Scripture Lessons for Sunday Schools, as published by the Sunday School Union; the Prize Bible Questions; and is rendered attractive by fourteen illustrations, including Sir Edwin Landseer's "War and Peace." We are glad to find that this Almanac is highly approved by many friends. We think that it is worthy of a place in every family where the "Band of Hope Review" is read.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS,  
AND  
THE DRUNKEN POSTMAN.

IN the village of — there lived a steady industrious labouring man and his wife, whose cottage was noted for its clean and tidy appearance.

The village postman having died, Robert was by general consent elected as his successor.

All went on well until Christmas Day, when on going his rounds the squire's lady handed him a shilling and a glass of rum, as his "Christmas Box."

Unfortunately for Robert he was not a pledged abstainer, and although he would rather have declined the liquor, yet, when the glass was so smilingly held out to him by the hand of a fair lady, it was no easy task to refuse it.

At many other houses, particularly the farm-houses, glasses were handed to Robert, and he was urged to drink them off, "It will do you good," said one, "It will keep out the cold, Robert," said another.

Before the postman had got half through his rounds, he was so tipsy that he fell into the ditch, and was carried home in a sad plight.

He never looked up afterwards; he was so ashamed of his conduct that he took to regular drinking to drown his sorrow. Poor fellow, his heart broken wife and child have often had to go out late at night to search for him, and on more than one occasion have found him laid by the road side so drunk as to be quite unable to move. There is reason to fear that Robert has gone down to a drunkard's grave.

It is to be feared that thousands of families are every Christmas plunged into the deepest distress,



through the mistaken kindness of those who continue to keep up these dangerous drinking customs.

If favours are to be shewn at this season, let it be in money, or in clothing, or good nutritious food, but never in intoxicating drinks.

CONFERENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL  
TEACHERS.

A MOST important Conference was held in Leeds on the 4th and 5th of October. About six hundred Sunday School teachers, representing nearly every denomination in the town, were gathered together to consider what steps could be taken to prevent the youth of their charge from falling into habits of intemperance.

Edward Baines, Esq., presided on the first evening, and gave one of the most powerful addresses to which we have ever listened. G. B. Pearson, Esq., presided on the second evening.

Excellent papers were read by Mr. W. Allison on "The influence of the drinking customs of society upon the efforts of those engaged in the moral and religious instruction of the young," and by Mr. T. Elmer, on "The formation and efficient management of Juvenile Temperance Societies in connexion with Sabbath Schools."

The Rev. A. M. Stalker, Rev. W. Guest, Rev. J. Tunnicliffe, Messrs. Butler, J. Kirkby, Oldroyd, Thirkill, Marsh, Kershaw, Arthur Briggs, C. Goodhall, Ashworth, and other warm friends of Sunday Schools took part in the proceedings, which, being accompanied with earnest prayer for Divine guidance, were marked by a gracious influence from on High.

Resolutions deploring the evils of our drinking customs, and recommending the formation of Bands of Hope or Sabbath School Temperance Associations were unanimously passed.

Mr. Baines strongly urged every teacher present to peruse Mrs. Balfour's valuable book, "Morning Dew Drops," as presenting the best compendium yet published, of the evils of intemperance, and the means of arresting its onward progress amongst the youth of our land. A. B.

## A HAPPY FLIGHT.

"PRAY," said a mother to her dying child, "Pray," and in token of assent he smiled—Most willing was the spirit, but so weak The failing frame, that he could hardly speak; At length he said, "Dear mother, in God's Book Is it not written—Unto Jesus look; I can look up—I have no strength for prayer: Look unto me, and be ye saved—is there." "It is my child—it is—thus saith the Lord, And we may confidently trust his word." Her son looked up—to JESUS raised his eyes—Then flew, a happy spirit to the skies. D. A. T.

## HAVE YOU FAMILY PRAYER?

A BOY about fourteen years of age, who had learned, at one of the schools belonging to the Gaelic Society, the value of his own soul, was deeply impressed with the importance of family religion. As none of the family could read, except himself, he expressed a strong desire to establish family worship.

No answer was made, no opposition started, and as little encouragement given. By God's help he made the attempt. He read the Scriptures, and prayed for himself, and all present. The rest of the family looked on. Alone he continued to worship God in this manner for some time, the others being merely spectators; but at length, one after another they sunk down on their knees beside him, until the whole domestic circle united in this hallowed exercise; the grey-headed father kneeling down beside his child, and joining in his artless aspirations to God the Father of all.

## SABBATH-DAY KEPT.

A BOY not six years of age, a scholar in one of the Sunday schools in York, was going one Sabbath with his parents a short distance from that city, when they were met by an aged gentleman on the road, near which place sat an old woman with fruit, &c. for sale. The gentleman

said, "Well, Richard, my boy, you see here are nuts, oranges, and gingerbread, what shall I buy you?" "Nothing, thank you, Sir," was his instant reply. "And why, my boy, must I not?" added the gentleman. "Because," said the boy, "It is the Sabbath-day!"—Sunday scholars we hope will shew in this way to the world, that they have been taught that positive command—"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy!" (See Exodus, chap. xx. verse 8.)

## SUNDAY SCHOOL CIRCULATION

OF THE  
"BAND OF HOPE REVIEW."

The following gratifying communication has been forwarded to us from Newcastle-on-Tyne:—

At a late meeting of the Committee of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Sunday School Union, (this Union comprises about 120 schools) it was resolved that a copy of the "BAND OF HOPE REVIEW" be sent to each School in the Union, with a recommendatory note by the Secretary. Some of these schools are already taking fifty copies monthly. It is hoped that a large additional circulation will be realised, and judging of the admirable adaptation of the work to the young, and especially to Sabbath scholars, it is believed that a great amount of good, under the Divine blessing, will thus be secured. May the Editor thereof be long spared to prosecute his valuable labours.

E. RIDLEY, Secretary,  
Newcastle Sunday School Union.





GOING TO CHURCH;  
OR,  
PETER BELL,  
AND  
WILLIAM WILD.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

"So you're tramping to church in good time, Peter Bell,  
That's a place where I seldom have been.  
It would not be like you to be last in the pew,  
And you love to go decent and clean."

"Yes, I'm tramping to church sure enough, William Wild,  
For the soul must be nourished with food.  
I love to go there, whether stormy or fair,  
And I'd take you there too if I could."

"Very like you may wish to do that, Peter Bell,  
But you won't, and I'll tell you for why,  
As the Sunday comes round, William Wild's to be found  
In a snug little chapel hard by."

"Then mercy go with you and peace, William Wild,  
Though in all things we may not agree;  
May God give you grace in your worshipping place,  
Though I wish you were walking with me."

"May be so, but you don't take me right, Peter Bell,  
And I didn't suppose you so 'green';  
To cant and to pray is all out of my way,—  
'Tis the sign of the chapel I mean."

"Too many by far, with light hearts, William Wild,  
Find their way to the pot-house on Monday;  
But I think even you will admit, for 'tis true,  
That it's not a fit place on the Sunday."

"I take it you church going folks, Peter Bell,  
Are at best but a priest-ridden people,  
Your notions are strong, and your prayers are too long;  
No, I can't fall in love with the steeple."

"But we all ought to seek after peace, William Wild,  
He that sows what is evil shall reap it.  
The Sabbath's a day we should not fling away :—  
Be persuaded to love it and keep it."

"That's a course that won't suit me at all, Peter Bell,  
At such work I can't lift up a finger :  
You'll be left in the lurch, for I don't like the church,  
And I never shall make a psalm-singer."

"Well I do love the church in my heart, William Wild,  
With its walls and its battlements grey;  
May its tall spire arise, pointing straight to the skies,  
Till the heavens and the earth pass away."

"Yes, it's all very well thus to talk, Peter Bell,  
And throw dust in my eyes if it could be ; [airs,  
But church folks with their prayers, though they give themselves  
Are not yet half so good as they should be."

"What you say may be somewhat severe, William Wild,  
But it's true, I'm afraid, to the letter :  
All are bad at the best and need Sabbaths of rest ;  
May God of his grace make us better."

"Well! a life short and merry for me, Peter Bell,  
So I'll have neither sermon nor psalm.  
Come be like other folk, and indulge in a joke,  
For your face is as long as my arm."

"Oh, no, there's no joke on my lips, William Wild,  
But a shadowy cloud on my brow ;  
If you acted a part, in mere lightness of heart,  
I might jest, but I can't do it now."

"I could weep like a child at your reckless career,  
You rush headlong on sin and on sorrow ;  
While your heart goes astray, you may do that to-day,  
Which may bring down destruction to-morrow."

"When the wicked man turns from the paths of his sin  
In the ways of contrition to strive ;  
When he does what is right, then his hopes shall be bright,  
And his soul shall be saved alive."

"But you tempt the Almighty, think light of His word,  
And accept not His gracious supplies ;  
In your heart is no place for His mercy and grace,  
And His Sabbaths, alas! you despise."

"He that recklessly sets up himself against God,  
Whate'er be his misdeeds, shall rue them ;  
But blest is that man, who still makes it his plan,  
To keep His commandments and do them."

"Keep holy the Sabbath, from God the Most High,  
The merciful mandate was given,  
That the weary might rest, and the pilgrim be blest,  
With a help on his pathway to heaven."

"How then shall a man, a mere worm of the earth,  
By each passing illusion misled,  
In his folly, or pride, hope to set it aside,  
Without bringing down wrath on his head ?

"Who despises the Sabbath, that season of grace,  
That day of devotional beauty,  
Is a foe to his peace, for he bids sin increase,  
And cuts off the right hand of his duty."

"The Sabbath, the merciful gift of the Lord,  
Preserves and exalteth a nation,  
For thousands then hear, amid praises and prayer,  
The only true way of Salvation."

"And faith in the Saviour, that died on the cross,  
All unknown to the Sabbath-day rover, [bright  
Will give more pure delight, than sin's pleasures (though  
They may sparkle) a hundred times over."

"This will prove a defence to the young, William Wild,  
And a crown to the head that is hoary ;  
And the sorrow and gloom that encircle the tomb,  
Will be lost in a Sabbath of glory."



THE REV. T. MCCLATCHIE, AND DHAY, THE BLIND CHINAMAN. (See next month's No.)

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THE year rolls round and steals away,  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase ;  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.

Waken, Oh Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road,  
And if our souls be hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

THE LORD'S PRAYER,  
IN CHINESE,

From Metallic Types prepared and cast  
by W. M. WATTS, Crown Court  
Temple Bar.

吾等父在天者願爾名成聖爾宰王臨至爾旨奉行於  
地如於天焉賜我等今日日所用糧免我負債如我等  
免負債與我等者也不引我等進誘惑乃救我等出凶  
惡蓋國者權者及榮者皆屬爾于世世焉心願正是





"My times are in Thy hand."

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR,  
AND  
HOW TO SECURE IT.**

DEAR  
YOUNG  
FRIENDS,

**HAPPY** new year to you all!  
By God's kind providence  
you have been spared to see  
another year.

You have now reached an impor-  
tant point  
in your jour-  
ney through  
time to eter-  
nity.

Many dangers and  
snares will beset your  
future path, but thank  
God there is a lamp  
(THE BIBLE) provided  
for you.

You may also have  
the presence of a Sa-  
viour who can "save  
even to the uttermost."

May the Holy Spirit  
impress upon your  
hearts the inquiry  
which surrounds our  
engraving, and in the  
spirit of deep humility  
and prayer, may you  
be led to exclaim "MY  
FATHER thou shalt be  
the guide of my youth."

It will then prove  
to each of you "a hap-  
py new year" indeed.

**THE PILGRIMS.**

ANOTHER waymark on the "Path of Time,"  
Another year is gained! 'tis with the past!  
Eternity! thy peaks, dim, but sublime,  
Rise o'er the clouds upon the future cast.  
While musing thus, a youthful pilgrim band,  
With childish glee advanced along the way,  
But of that dread, mysterious spirit-land [they.  
To which they moved, nor thought nor care had  
Pausing, they gaze upon the graven stone,  
And guide-post pointing "To Eternity,"

**TO OUR READERS.**

It is now three years since the first copy of  
our little monthly paper was sent forth on  
its mission amongst the youth of our land.

It has been our desire, by God's gracious  
help, to labour for the training up of the  
young in Temperance and Peace principles—  
in the practice of obedience to parents—the  
observance of the Sabbath—the shewing of  
kindness to animals, and above all in an  
ardent love for the Sacred Scriptures.

We are conscious  
that many imperfec-  
tions have marked our  
feeble efforts, but in  
dependence upon Him  
who has declared "My  
word shall not return  
unto me void," we  
have earnestly desired  
to scatter the truths  
of the Bible, broad-  
cast throughout our  
land.

We ask for the  
hearty co-operation of  
all our readers in seek-  
ing to enlarge our  
sphere of usefulness,  
by securing an in-  
creased monthly cir-  
culation.

We desire to double  
the present issue du-  
ring the year 1854.  
Let each reader pro-  
cure a new subscriber  
and the work will at  
once be accomplished.



"THE WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET."

Then trip along, and tell in joyous tone  
Of merry days that have been, and shall be.

Oh! heedless ones, I cried, behold the gloom,  
That thickens ever o'er the road ye go;  
Beware! it covers many a yawning tomb;  
And slippery bye path leading down to woe!

Trust not the luring visions fancy throws  
Upon the mists that veil the days to be;  
There is a lamp—Oh, take it!—'twill disclose  
The dangers ye without it ne'er can see.

God's truth a pure and steady light will shed  
Upon the narrow path that leads to joy,  
By phantom fires no more ye shall be led,  
For radiant truth pales every bright decoy.

The wicked's lamp shall be put out, and they  
In darkness stumble who have scorned the truth:  
Then while the year is young, will ye not say—  
"Oh, Heavenly Father, gently guide our youth?"

H. A.



"THE LAMP OF THE WICKED SHALL BE PUT OUT."



### A GOOD SUGGESTION FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,  
You have occasionally requested Sunday School Teachers to aid in circulating your invaluable little periodical the "Band of Hope Review."

If the following plan, which has been adopted with much success in two or three Schools with which I am connected, be worth your notice, it is at your service.

On the last Sabbath in November, notice is given to the children, that it is the desire of the teachers that *each family* connected with the school should be supplied monthly with a copy of the paper, and in order that this may be the case, they are told they may have them at *half-price*, (the funds of the school supplying the other half) on the following condition:—the money to be paid *in advance*, to save the trouble of collecting it during the year. The children are requested to communicate this to their parents, and to inform them that if **THREE PENCE** be paid to the Treasurer, by such a day, they will receive a copy each month during the year.

By this plan it is brought within the *means* of the *poorest* child. The price holds out an inducement for the scholars to subscribe, and we find they feel *much more* interest in obtaining it, and set a greater value upon it than if furnished to them *gratuitously*, whilst the demand upon the school funds is comparatively light.

We keep the account as under, on a blank leaf of the Roll Book; the cross indicates that the paper has been given to the child; as it occurs sometimes that the child is not present, a blank is left and the X added at the proper time.

NAME.	Paid	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
John Daugar	3	X	X	X									
Fanny Colwell	3	X	X										
Elizabeth Stevens	3	X	X	X	X								
Louisa Facey	3	X	X										

I do not know whether I have made the plan sufficiently plain, or that it is worth your giving it publicity. However, you now have it to use or otherwise, as you judge best.

I should add, that although advisable to begin the year with this plan, as we have done this season, yet this is not absolutely necessary. Last year we did not propose it until the spring, and we then supplied the back numbers.

I beg to remain, sir,

Yours respectfully,

Newport, Launceston.

CHARLES PEARSE.

N.B. The payment in advance should be insisted on.

### MIND THE DOOR.

DID you ever observe how strong a street door is? how thick the wood is? how heavy the chain is? what large bolts it has? and what a lock? If there were nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be needed; but as there are precious things within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong, and we must mind the door.

We have a house. Our heart and mind is that house. Bad things are for ever trying to come in and go out of our mind and heart. I will describe some of these bad things to you.

Who is that at the door? Ah, I know him; it is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! how his lips quiver! how fierce he looks! I will hold the door, and not let him in, or he will do me harm, and perhaps some one else.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! he looks down on everything as if it were too mean for his notice. Ah, wicked Pride! I will hold the door fast, and try to keep him out.

Here is some one else. I am sure, from his sour look his name is Ill-Temper. It will never do to

let him in, for if he can only sit down in the house, he makes every one unhappy, and it will be hard to get him out again. No sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go away.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting



strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, my fine fellow; we have too much to do to attend to such folks as you. Mind the door!

Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace, I think I know him. It is Sloth. He would like nothing better than to live in my house, sleep or yawn the hours away, and bring me to rags and ruin. No, no, you idle drone; work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile; what a kind face! She looks like an angel. It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in; we must open the door for you.

Others are coming. Good and bad are crowding up. Oh! if men kept the door of their heart, bad thoughts and bad words would not come in and go out as they do. Welcome to all things good, war with all things bad. We must mark well who comes in; we must be watchful and in earnest. Keep the guard! Mind the door! Mind the door! "Keep thy heart with all diligence: for out of it are the issues of life."

And would you know how to keep it? Let Jesus in, and He will give you daily and hourly of His Spirit. "Behold," He says, "I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."



### NEW BOOKS.

*Bible Class Magazine*, 1853. SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. An invaluable Book for Sunday School Libraries.

*The Power of Conscience*. W. & F. G. CASH. A delightful little halfpenny book.

*The Broken Wreath*. By Miss HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co. A touching tribute to the Temperance cause.

*The Cholera in Newcastle*. By E. Ridley. BARRAS, Newcastle. 1d. A valuable Tract.

*The Sailor's Home. A Temperance Tract*. PART- RIDGE AND OAKLEY. Valuable for landmen, as well as sailors.

*Habit. An Oration delivered in Exeter Hall, by Jno. B. Gough, to the Young Men's Christian Association*. TWEEDIE. This extraordinary penny pamphlet should be scattered by millions throughout the world.

### GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

#### COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Prison, Pentonville.

HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall, and 22, Albion Grove, Islington.

REV. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.

MR. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park.

#### TREASURER.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

The treasurer thankfully acknowledges the following contributions since our last:—

	£	s.	d.
Master Joseph Bewley, Dublin	5	0	0
Mr. Conrad Cox, Lloyds	1	1	0
Elenzer Pugh, Esq., Liverpool	1	0	0
A Friend near Wantage	1	0	0
Captain Hodgson, Skelton, near York	1	0	0
Miss E. B. Prideaux, Medbury	0	10	0
Rev. J. Hanson, Blyth	0	5	0
Mrs. W. H. Trounson, Arlington Square	0	5	0
Mr. G. Budd, Islington	0	5	0
Miss Ford	0	2	6
R. Peck, Esq.	0	1	0

During the past month the following grants have been made:—

For Australia, 10,000 copies.

Disturbed manufacturing districts of Wigan and Bacup, 12,000 copies.

British and Foreign Sailors' Society, 1,000 copies.

Hull railway station, collieries, &c., &c., 3,300 copies.

London City Mission, 10,000 copies.

In a letter from the Rev. J. Garwood, M.A., clerical secretary of the London City Mission, he states—"A supply of the 'Band of Hope Review' will be serviceable to our missionaries. *They will be most serviceable*. Indeed I scarcely know any one publication which would be more serviceable. We should be exceedingly obliged by a supply, and I trust the divine blessing would follow their distribution."

Although a grant of 10,000 copies has been made to the City Mission, this will give but about thirty copies to each of the 315 missionaries. As each missionary has an average of 500 families in his district, the committee will be glad to make a much larger grant on a future occasion, should their resources allow them to do so. At present the treasurer's funds are exhausted.

A kind friend in Surrey being anxious that the treasurer should have a good fund in hand, with which to begin the year, has again kindly offered the following

#### CHALLENGE.

"I will give the sum of £20, in January, 1854, if four others will join with me, so as to raise £100."

Contributions will be thankfully received by the treasurer, Jacob Post, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London, or by any of the committee.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD NEWSPAPERS. About sixty have been forwarded, for which we are obliged. One from each county will be of service.

WE have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of a valuable present of books from the Earl of Shaftesbury.

MANY kind suggestions have been forwarded to us, for the purpose of extending the circulation. None more valuable than that of a lady, who says, "I have sought to interest the booksellers in the sale of the 'Band of Hope Review,' and have induced them to place copies in their windows."

HUNTINGDON. We had prepared an engraving of the Literary and Scientific Institution, to accompany a notice of the Band of Hope meeting and Mr. Gough's lecture, but are reluctantly compelled to postpone its insertion.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. We have not space this month for Mr. Ridley's notice of the "Old Castle." It is deferred until February or March.

WE have scores of unanswered letters on our desk. We will answer as many as we can.

CORRESPONDENTS requiring a reply, should enclose a stamped and directed envelope. We are put to serious expense and loss of time by many of our friends.

"Dhny, the Blind Chinaman," will appear in our next.



## WATER THE BEST LIQUID.

BY JOSEPH PAYNE, ESQ.

A POET who sang in the olden time,  
And lived in a classic quarter;  
Declares in his beautiful flowing rhyme,  
That the best of liquids is WATER!

He honoured the land, where he loved to dwell,  
And many fine things he taught her;  
But he did the most good when he wrote to tell,  
That the best of liquids is WATER!

It keeps the head clear, and it keeps it cool,  
It is good for both son and daughter;  
Of health and of strength 'tis the golden rule,  
That the best of liquids is WATER!

Then Christians hold fast to the temperance cause,  
Stick to it like "bricks and mortar;"  
And say without doubting, or fear, or pause,  
That the best of liquids is WATER!

But seek to win others by love's mild tone,  
Don't hang them, or draw, or quarter;  
For none by abuse will be brought to own,  
That the best of liquids is WATER!—  
TEMPLE, 1853.

## WHO IS THE COWARD?

I WAS sitting in the second story of the house, with the window open, when I heard shouts of children from beneath me.

"Oh, yes, that's capital! so we will! come on now! there is William Hale! come on, William; we are going to have a ride on the road, come with us!"

"Yes, if mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

"Oh, oh! so you must run and ask your ma! Great baby, run along and ask your ma! Are you not ashamed? I didn't ask my mother," "nor I," "nor I," added half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," cried the first voice, "come along with us, if you don't want to be called a coward as long as you live. Don't you see we're all waiting!"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clenched, in the midst of the group; he was a fine subject for a painter at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how the word *coward* was ranking in his breast. "Will he prove himself indeed one, by yielding to them?" thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for his answer, for I feared that the evil principle in his heart was stronger than the good. But no—"I will not go without I ask my mother!" said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion; "and I am no coward either. I promised her I would not go from the house without permission, and I should be a base coward if I were to tell her a wicked lie."

There was something commanding in his resolute tone. It was the power of a strong soul over the weak; and his companions all at once quietly yielded him the just tribute of respect.

## THE FOUR WORDS.

"FOUR little words did me more good, when I was a boy, than almost any thing else," said a gentleman the other day.

"I cannot reckon up all the good they have done me; they were the first words which my mother taught me."

"Indeed! what were the four little words?" said I.

He answered me by relating the following story:—

"My father grafted a pear tree: it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed; and it bore but one pear. They were said to be a good kind of pear, and

my father was quite anxious to see it they came up to the man's promises. This single pear, then, was an object of some concern to my father. He wanted it to become fully ripe: the high winds, he hoped, would not blow off the pear; and he gave express directions to the children on no account to touch it. The graft was low and easily reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that



graft will meet my expectations,' said my father many times to my mother. 'I hope now there is some prospect of our having good pears.'

"Every body who came into the garden he took to the graft, and every body said, 'It will prove to be a most excellent pear.'

"'Is it not almost ripe? I long for a blue,' I cried, as I followed father one day down the alley to the pear tree.

"'Wait patiently, my child, it will not be fully ripe for a week,' said my father.

"I thought I loved pears better than anything else; often I used to stop and look longingly up at this. 'Oh, how good it looks!' I used to think, smacking my lips; 'I wish it was all mine.'

"The early apples did not taste as good: the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons I thought nothing of in comparison with this pear. The longer I stopped alone under that beautiful pear tree, the greater my longing for it, until I was seized with the idea of getting it. 'Oh, I wish I had it,' was the selfish thought that gradually got uppermost in my mind.

"One night, after we were in bed, my brothers fell asleep long before I did; I tossed about, and could not get to sleep. It was a warm, still, summer night; there was no moon; no noise except the hum of numberless insects. My father and my mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window, and peeped into the garden. I snuffed pleasant smells. I traced the dark outlines of the trees. I glanced in the direction of the pear tree. My mouth was parched; I was thirsty; I thought how good a juicy pear would taste. I was tempted.

"A few moments found me creeping down the back stairs, with neither shoes, stockings, nor trousers on. The slightest creaking frightened me. I stopped on every stair to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed. At last I fairly felt my way to the garden door. It was fastened. It seemed to take ages to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise, and the bolt grated. I got it open, went out, and latched it after me. It was good to get out in the clear air. I ran down to the walk. The patting of my feet made no noise on the moist earth. I stopped a moment and looked all around, then turned in the direction of the pear tree. Presently I was beneath its branches.

"'Father will think the wind has knocked it off,' but there was not a breath of air stirring. 'Father will think somebody has stolen it—some boys came in the night, and robbed the garden—he'll never know.' I trembled at the thought of what I was about to do. 'Oh, it will taste so good! and father never will, never can know it; he never would think I took it.'

"I leaned against the trunk of the tree, and

raised my hand to find it, and to snatch it. On a tiptoe, with my hand uplifted and my head turned upward, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves. 'THOU GOD SEEST ME!' I could not help saying over and over again. God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I was afraid to look, and hid my face. It seemed as if father and mother and all the boys, and every body in town, would take me for a thief. It appeared as though all my conduct had been seen as by the light of day. It was some time before I dared to move, so vividly was the impression made upon my mind, by the awful truth in those four words, 'Thou God seest me.' I knew he saw me. I felt that he saw me.

"I hastened from the pear tree; nothing on earth would have tempted me at that moment to touch the pear. With very different feelings did I creep back to bed again. I laid down beside Asa, feeling more like a condemned criminal than any thing else. No one in the house had seen me; but oh! it seemed as if everybody knew it, and I should never dare to meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard my parents come home, and involuntarily hid my face under the sheet. But I could not hide myself from a sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed everywhere, diving into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences which, God be praised I never got over. If I was ever tempted to any secret sin, 'Thou God seest me,' stared me in the face, and I stood back restrained and awed."

The gentleman finished: his story interested me greatly. I think it will interest many children. I hope it will do more than interest them—I hope it will do them good.

"Thou God seest me." These four little words are from the Bible. Hagar uttered them. She fled in anger from her mistress, Sarah, and went into the wilderness. An angel met her by a fountain of water. The angel bade her return to her mistress, and told her some things in her life, which Hagar thought nobody knew but herself. "Thou God seest me," she exclaimed. Then she knew it was the angel of God, for none but he could look into the most secret things.

Children, learn these four small words. Impress them upon your hearts. Think of them when you lie down, when you get up, and when you go by the way; when alone, or when with your companions, both at home and abroad, remember, "Thou God seest me."—*American Messenger*.

## OUR SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

How great is Jesu's love, Mamma,  
It seems a wondrous thing,  
That He should die for us, Mamma,  
And yet He was a KING.

What could He see in us, Mamma,  
To make Him love us so?  
He was so very kind, Mamma,  
He died for me you know.

Sometimes I sit and think, Mamma,  
And wonder He should die,  
I wish I loved Him more, Mamma,  
This often makes me cry.

This naughty heart of mine, Mamma,  
So often disobey's,  
I wish I always could, Mamma,  
Do just as Jesus says.

Our Bible tells us, dear Mamma,  
He intercedes above,  
We children cannot know, Mamma,  
One half of Jesu's love!

I love to think, my dear Mamma,  
That Jesus pleads for me,  
And when I pray to him, Mamma,  
My naughty tempers flee.

What a sweet peace it gives, Mamma,  
To trust in Jesu's love,  
If peace like this is ours, Mamma,  
What will it be above?

M. U. L.





### THE LONG-TAILED MONKEYS; OR, "HELP ONE ANOTHER!"

A PARTY of the long-tailed monkeys wanted to cross a narrow river over which there was no bridge.

There was a tree on each bank of the river; the ingenious creatures ran to the top of one of these, when one of the largest of them grasped a strong branch. A second monkey laid firm hold of the first one's tail. A third took hold of the second monkey's tail, and so on until they formed a long string hanging down nearly to the surface of the river.

A traveller who was in the distance, then saw them begin to swing backwards and forwards, until the last monkey was able with his claws to catch hold of the tree on the opposite side of the river. This monkey then began to ascend the tree until he gained the same height as his comrade, who was still holding on to the tree on the opposite side of the river.

A signal was given and the first monkey gently let go his hold, and the whole unbroken chain was quickly hanging on the opposite side of the water. A loud chattering of joy was heard, and in a moment, the monkeys were capering about in all directions.

How much may be done by union and brotherly kindness!

But few quarrels would happen between men and masters, if they would be like the long-tailed monkeys, and "help one another."

Rarely should we hear of quarrels between brothers and sisters, provided they would, like the long-tailed monkeys, "help one another."

### "BE TIDY."

"Now my son," said an affectionate mother, to her little boy "be tidy,—fold up your night gown again, I must have it done neatly."

That little boy has now grown up to be a man. A friend said to him one day, "How is it that you can get through so much work as you do?"

"Method, method!" was the reply. "I am now reaping the fruits of my mother's lesson 'BE TIDY.'"



### DAILY TEXTS, AND PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

WE are thankful to find that our Illustrated Sheet Almanac for 1854 is having a hearty welcome in thousands of families. We have purposely omitted to state *where* the DAILY SCRIPTURE TEXTS are to be found, being anxious to promote a *daily searching* of the Sacred Volume.

Let the text for the day be read *aloud* in the family. Then let the enquiry be, "where is it?" *Search and see.*

We recommend our young friends to *write* the text each day, adding the book, chapter, and verse, thus,—

Ye shall keep my Sabbath.—Lev. xix. 30.

Wine is a mocker.—Proverbs xx. 1.

Honour thy father and thy mother.—Exodus xx. 12.

The PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS will give profitable employment during the winter nights.

Let the Answers be written very neatly on one side of the paper only, and be forwarded before the last day in April, 1854, addressed thus,—To the Editor of the "Band of Hope Review," 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

To any boy or girl, under eighteen years of age, who shall give the best answers, we shall present



(as promised in the conditions, published in the Almanac) an Illustrated Edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, value £1 11s. 6d.

### THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

"WILL you please teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger L—, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L— was very ill; indeed, her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white, her eyes were growing dull and glazed, and her purple blood was settling under the nails of the cold attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from the Sacred Scriptures, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to hear little Roger's verse and prayers.



"Hush! hush!" said the nurse, "Your dear mamma is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound.

Although she had been nearly insensible to everything around her, the sobs of her darling roused her from her stupor; and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son, and lay him in her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor little fellow! he knew not then, the irreparable loss which he was so soon to sustain.

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying mother, "repeat this verse after me, and never, never forget it:—'*When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.*'" The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, said his little prayer, and then went quietly to bed. The next morning he sought, as usual, his mother, but he found her a corpse.

This was her last lesson.

### GIN SELLER.

"DON'T! oh don't sell him any more drink! Have pity upon us," cried a poor heart-broken wife to a gin-shop keeper. "You have got nearly all we had in the world—my poor husband's character, health, and reason, are nearly all gone. For the sake of his poor unhappy family, don't let him have any more liquor."

"Get out of my shop, or I'll turn you out; don't come here with your noise, I AM LICENSED to sell," responded the hard-hearted gin-seller.







"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

**"NAKED AND YE CLOTHED ME."**

**W**REAT are the sufferings of the poor during the present severe winter. Whilst many of our young readers have been around their warm family hearths, thousands have suffered from the bitter cold, and the pangs of hunger. With coals at £2 : 2 : 0 per ton in London, how can the poor amongst the two and a half millions of its inhabitants have fires wherewith to warm themselves?

We insert with pleasure an appeal (see next page) on behalf of the "Strangers' Friend Society," which we trust will meet with a ready response from those of our London readers who have "enough and to spare."

Fathers! Mothers! Brothers, and Sisters! look over your wardrobes, and see if you cannot find some old garments wherewith to clothe the naked and destitute.

"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

**"NO, I WILL NOT FIGHT!"**



"MAMMA, what text shall I learn this morning?" asked David Leslie on bringing his Bible as usual to his mother just before breakfast time.

"The first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs, David."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath,"

but grievous words stir up anger," was quickly read aloud by David, and he sat down on his stool to learn it by heart.

"Mamma," said David as he was getting ready for school that morning, "I do not think I shall easily forget my text to-day, it is such a nice easy one, is it not, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear boy, and I hope you will not only remember it, but put its precepts into practice," said Mrs. Leslie, and David bounded away with his books under his arm, fearful of being too late for school.

David thought of his text and of his mother's words all the way, but directly that school began, he forgot both, in giving his full attention to his lessons.

David Leslie was a general favourite; not only with his master, but also with his schoolfellows, for though one of the most attentive and industrious boys in school, he was a most joyous, merry, good-humoured companion in the play ground.

School duties were soon over, at least so David thought that morning, for he had done everything well. The boys rushed from the school-room, those who went to their homes to dinner, hastened away, whilst those who dined at school, bounded joyously



REV. W. RUSSELL, B.A., IN THE NINCPO TEA SHOP. (See next page.)



into the play ground. Among these last was David Leslie.

It was a bitter cold day and the snow lay on the ground, so the boys were not long in deciding on "leap frog," to give them what they called a "good warming" before dinner.

One of the boys, named Gordon, was a very quarrelsome fellow, and through the mischief loving temper of another, named Fred. Collins, who resolved to have what he termed "fun," Gordon was overthrown and tumbled into the snow, when all the rest set up a shout of laughter. Mortified by the tumble and at their laughter, Gordon flew into a passion and accused Fred. of doing it on purpose. Fred. denied it, and said it was Gordon's own fault, that he should not be so clumsy. Irritated at this reply, Gordon sprang at Collins, who returned his blows as he best could. Gordon being the bigger of the two, Collins was soon beaten, and after he had received what Gordon called a good thrashing, they continued their game.

Gordon was anxious to redeem his lost honour, but at his second leap, which was over David, his foot caught, and both boys rolled over together. Gordon now sprang up, furious with mortification and rage, declaring that he would not be insulted, and began storming at David, at the same time dealing him a blow. David's first impulse was to return the blow, and he had put himself into an attitude for doing so, when he remembered his daily text, and his mother's words. Putting down his hands quietly, he said in a manly voice, "No, Gordon, I will not fight, I am very sorry for your fault, I could not have been standing properly; I will be more careful in future: do not be angry with me, come! shake hands and let us be friends."

Gordon's anger was gone directly, he shook hands, and the boys continued their game, and they did not think any the worse of David for being peaceable.

"Mamma," said David, after telling her all about it that evening, "did not my text come exactly true—for Collins said grievous words to Gordon, and they stirred up his anger, and they fell to fighting; but when I spoke softly to him, it turned away his wrath, and he was not angry any longer. I will always endeavour to remember that 'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.'" F. E. NICKLEN.

### THE MISSIONARY, AND THE NINGPO TEA-SHOP.

THE Rev. W. Russell, B.A., a laborious missionary in China, who was sent out by the Church Missionary Society, is in the habit of entering the tea-shops of Ningpo, and endeavouring to bring Gospel truths before the poor degraded people.

He does not make known his errand at once, but usually takes his place at one of the vacant tables, and in an unconcerned manner calls for a cup of tea. This generally calls forth an exclamation of surprise from the company present, that a "red-haired man" (the name they give to an Englishman) should be able to "talk their talk." This leads to a conversation, which gradually brings the whole company around the missionary. They ask a great many strange questions, as, for instance, "Is not a woman the monarch of your country?" "Are the officers of government also women?" The distance of the missionary's country and its productions are also topics of inquiry.

In the midst of these questions, some one is almost sure to ask whether the English people have the *Boosah* in their country. This is the word used to signify the Chinese wooden gods. This affords a good opportunity to the missionary, to point out the sin of idolatry, and to direct them to Jesus, the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world."

May the time soon come, when the name of Jesus shall be sounded throughout the length and breadth of the vast Empire of China!

### A MAN-OF-WAR, OR A MAN OF PEACE.

ICHABOE is a little island on the coast of Africa, where guano comes from. As soon as the fertilizing qualities of guano were discovered, a great number of vessels were sent to get cargoes of it. At one time there were five hundred vessels lying off Ichaboe, and as there were no settled regulations to the trade, great confusion and tumult often took place. The crews of several ships having got angry with their captains, perched themselves on a cliff of the island, and refused to do duty. As their stronghold could not be reached except by long ladders, the sailors set their masters at defiance. The captains dispatched a vessel to the Cape of Good Hope, asking the Governor's aid to reduce their men to obedience. The Governor was about to send a man-of-war, when a devoted missionary from Cape Town, named Bertram, hearing about the affair, begged there might be no shedding of blood, and asked leave to go himself, and settle the quarrel.

The order for the sailing of the war-ship was recalled, and Bertram sent instead. He reached Ichaboe, and being rowed ashore, began to climb one of the lofty ladders. Two armed sailors, who kept guard above, shouted to know who he was, and what he wanted. "A friend wants to speak with you," was Bertram's answer. The guards seeing he was alone and unarmed, let him come. He called the men around him, spoke kindly but faithfully to them, heard their complaints, and undertook to settle their difficulties. He stayed ten days on the cliff, preaching and teaching, and negotiating, and at last a reconciliation took place, and peace was restored. On leaving, the men crowded around him, eager to take his hands, while tears rolled down many a weather-beaten cheek. "God bless you, sir," they cried; "you have been our true friend, you have done us good: we wish you would stay always."

Would it not be well if we had more faith in a man of peace, and less in a man-of-war?

### DHAY, THE BLIND CHINAMAN.

(See engraving in No. for December, 1853.)

THE Rev. T. McClatchie, Church Missionary at Shanghai, mentions the following case in his interesting journal:—

"A poor blind man, named Dhay, attends my church. One Tuesday evening after service, Dhay followed me into the vestry, and falling on his knees in the centre of the room, bowed his head several times to the ground, exclaiming 'Oh, Jesus! Jesus! thus I worship Jesus!' I raised him up and placed him in a chair. He then asked me with great earnestness, 'Can you assure me that Jesus forgives sins?' He added that he daily worshipped Jesus, and besought him to forgive his sins."

Let us thank God that the spiritually blind Chinese are beginning to see the light of the Gospel. Let us send Bibles and missionaries amongst this remarkable people, and then plead with God for the outpouring of his Holy Spirit.

### THE LION AND THE LAMB.

A LITTLE boy, reading to his mother about the Lion, in a book of Natural History, said, "Mamma, the Lion is a noble animal, but I love the Lamb better; and I will tell you why I love it better: because Jesus Christ is called the 'Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'"

### A FRENCH BOY.

THE following question was put in writing, to a boy in the deaf and dumb school in Paris, "What is eternity?" He wrote as an answer, "The lifetime of the Almighty."

### A FRIENDLY APPEAL

FOR

### THE STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.



"Fathers! Mothers! Brothers and Sisters! look over your wardrobes and see if you cannot find some old garments wherewith to clothe the naked and destitute."—(See page 53.)

1.

ENGLAND, for freedom, wealth and power  
Is known in every part,  
And London (famous for her "Cries,")  
The strong-hold of her charities,  
Has claims on every heart.

2.

The goodly "mart of all the earth"  
Thousands on her attend;  
Among her Refuges of woe,  
That boundless benefits bestow,  
One is, "The Strangers' Friend."\*

3.

This kind and gentle charity  
Has love in store for all:—  
Visits the sick, relieves the poor,  
And seldom passes Sorrow's door  
Without a friendly call.

4.

It treats the stranger as a friend,  
And opens Folly's eyes:  
It tears away Guilt's sinful bands,  
And puts a Bible in his hands  
To guide him to the skies.

5.

How many from the country come  
To London, young and old,  
Who in extreme simplicity  
Of mind, almost expect to see  
The city paved with gold.

6.

Alas! the sparkling, dear deceit  
Has but a little span;  
Their senses disappointment stuns,  
And poverty upon them runs  
E'en like an armed man.

7.

How many, by temptation led,  
In error's paths to stray,  
Who once were lively as the lark,  
In cellars damp and attics dark  
Groan all their hours away.

8.

Crime, wretchedness, and want and woe,  
While clouds around them roll,  
Are cared for;—there is comfort nigh  
For misery's tear, and sorrow's sigh,  
And every contrite soul.

\* The Strangers' Friend Society, instituted in 1785, for the purpose of visiting and relieving sick and distressed Strangers, and other poor, at their respective habitations in London and its vicinity Office, 7, Exeter Hall, Strand.



9.

While thus it takes its daily walks  
On want and woe to tend,  
Well may this Refuge of distress,  
This charity so prompt to bless,  
Be called "The Strangers' Friend."

10.

Its heart is warm, its hands are long,  
As all its deeds declare:  
To darkest dens it comfort takes,  
And thirty thousand visits makes  
Within the circling year.

11.

What now it wants, is timely aid  
From, Reader, such as you,  
If God your earthly store has blest,  
And in His mercy touch'd your breast  
With kind compassion too.

12.

It needs the cast off clothes that lie  
In many a drawer unseen,  
That it may dole them out with care,  
And see that those who now are bare  
Once more are clad and clean.

13.

The clothes you will not wear again  
To them would be a prize:  
Oh let the deed be quickly done!  
Run to the rescue, Reader, run  
And bid their thanks arise!

14.

The winter's cold is hard to bear  
With little fire and food;  
Turn not the shivering poor away  
When you can kindly bid him stay  
And do him real good.

15.

Look o'er your wardrobes carefully  
With Pity for your guide;  
Let Charity, with features bland,  
And meek-eyed Mercy take their stand  
With Kindness at your side.

16.

With liberal heart spare all you can:  
Turn over every pile,  
For what you kindly give may bless  
The orphan offspring of distress,  
And make the widow smile.

17.

\*Send coats and gowns, and hose, and shoes,  
A mix'd and motley store,  
For children, men and women grown,  
And babes that cannot walk alone;  
For they are wanted sore.

18.

Ye Fathers! who in years gone by  
Have many a struggle made,  
And bravely fought for house and lands  
Life's battle with industrious hands,  
And won by heavenly aid;—

19.

Ye Mothers! in whose tender hearts  
The milder virtues reign;  
Whose sympathies for ever flow  
To heal the wounds of want and woe,  
And soothe the pangs of pain;—

20.

Oh may your hands and hearts be led  
To weed your wardrobe's store;  
And God in tenderness and love  
Look down upon you from above,  
And bless you evermore!

21.

May ever they who gently soothe  
The hearts that sigh and groan;  
Who love to make it their employ  
To light up other's paths with joy,  
Find sunbeams in their own!

## GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

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Treasurer, Jacob Post, Esq., Church Street, Isling-  
ton, London, or by any of the committee.

## OLD ROBERT;

OR,

## HOW TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE.

"ROBERT," said a gay young gentleman, "I can't  
tell how it is, but you always seem happy. You  
never get into scrapes as I do; how is it, Robert?"

Robert was a poor, but pious man. He had few  
earthly comforts, and although he had to brave the



cold wintry weather in gathering a few sticks to  
make his fire, yet, with his faithful little dog at his  
side and Christ in his heart, he always seemed  
contented and happy.

"Well, young master," replied Robert, "I'll  
tell you how it is that I have managed to keep out  
of scrapes as you call them. I have endeavoured  
to mind this good rule, "*Never to go anywhere and  
never to do anything if I could not first kneel down  
and ask God's blessing upon it.*"

## AUSTRALIA.

THE Committee have made several large grants for  
Australia, and emigrant ships, which there is rea-  
son to hope will be productive of good.

The following is an extract from a letter ad-  
dressed by Mrs. M. A. Crocker, to the Rev. W.  
Tyler, written on board the "Kent":—

"I went to the fore part of the vessel last Sun-  
day, and distributed copies of the *Band of Hope  
Review*. It would have rejoiced your heart to have  
seen how the passengers and crew all flocked round  
me, and respectfully and gratefully received them."

How sweet it is to know and feel that all I do, I  
do for Him,—for Him who died for me.

## BAD COMPANY.

THE daughter of a pious man was invited to a  
party, where an infidel was expected to be present.  
Her father objected to her going, when she said  
that though the person might be a bad man, yet  
that she would not be injured by going into the  
room where he was. Her father desired her to take  
hold of a coal; he then asked whether it burned  
her,—she replied, "No, but it has soiled my hand."  
"And thus," said her father, "though compani-  
ship with sinners may not burn or destroy you, yet it  
will assuredly soil."

"Evil communications corrupt good manners."

## THE HUNTED SLAVE.

SERVICE was being conducted in a chapel in one of  
the free states of America, when a poor fugitive  
slave entered and crouched himself in a corner.  
The text was, "*Mighty to save.*" As the preacher  
went on to speak of the Mighty Saviour, the poor  
negro became affected; he stretched himself to hear  
every word, then he stood erect on the floor, then  
he got on the seat, and as if to strengthen the truth  
of the text, he gave vent to his feelings, and cried  
out, "*Mussa, de Lord Jesus saved ME.*"

## THE PORTRAITS.

DID you ever hear the story of the two portraits?  
Come! I will tell it to you; for it is a striking one.

A painter, who wanted a picture of Innocence,  
drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little  
suppliant was kneeling by the side of his mother,  
who regarded him with tenderness; the palms of  
his lifted hands were reverently pressed together;  
his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his mild blue  
eye was upturned with an expression of devotion  
and peace. This portrait of young Rupert was  
highly prized by the painter, for he had bestowed  
on it great pains; he hung it up in his study, and  
called it "*Innocence.*"

Years rolled along, and the painter became an  
aged man; but the picture of Innocence still  
adorned his study walls. Often had he thought of  
painting a contrast to his favourite portrait, but  
opportunity had not served. He had sought for a  
striking model of Guilt, but had failed to find one.  
At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to  
a neighbouring gaol.

On a damp floor of his dungeon, lay a wretched  
culprit, named Randal, heavily ironed. Wasted  
was his body, worn was his cheek, and anguish  
unutterable was seen in his hollow eye; but this  
was not all: vice was visible in his face, guilt was  
branded, as with a hot iron, on his brow, and hor-  
rid imprecations burst from his blaspheming tongue.

The painter executed his task to the life; and  
bore away the successful effort of his pencil.

The portraits of young Rupert and old Randal  
were hung side by side, in his study; the one re-  
presenting Innocence, the other, Guilt. But who  
was young Rupert, who knelt in prayer by his  
mother's side in meek devotion? And who was old  
Randal, who lay manacled on the dungeon floor,  
cursing and blaspheming? Alas! the two were  
one! Young Rupert and old Randal were the  
same. Led by bad companions into the paths of  
sin, no wonder that young Rupert found bitterness  
and sorrow.

That brow which in childhood was bright with  
peace and joy, in years became darkened by guilt  
and shame, and that heart which was once the  
abode of happiness, afterwards became the habita-  
tion of anguish.

Fathers, tell the tale to your children.

Mothers, whisper it in the ears of your lisping  
little ones, that they may know betimes the ex-  
ceeding sinfulness of sin, and the exceeding deceit-  
fulness of the human heart.

Well may youth and age walk humbly before  
God, putting up the prayer, "Keep me as the  
apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy  
wing." Psalm xvi. 3.—*Old Humphrey's Thoughts.*

\* Cast off clothes to be sent to Mr. Yatman, Secretary, Strangers'  
Friend Society, 7, Exeter Hall, Strand, London.



## CHRISTMAS DRINKING CUSTOMS.



DURING the late Christmas week, particularly on "Boxing Night," the scenes of intemperance in some parts of London, were truly heart-rending.

Fathers dragged home by their disconsolate wives and shoeless children; mothers strapped down to stretchers and then carried off to the Police cells; and even boys and girls in a state of intoxication were far from being uncommon sights. We never previously witnessed so much intemperance, especially among females.

We therefore rejoice in the formation of the "Ladies' Temperance Association," (Office, 66, Bishopsgate Street Within, London) and trust that it will have the enthusiastic support of the "Women of England." Such a Society is loudly called for. We are glad to observe the names of Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Balfour, the well-known authoresses, on the influential Committee.

The above engraving is from a Scotch work, entitled "The Drunkard's Progress," published by Mr. Tweedie, 337, Strand, price 1s. It deserves to be in every Temperance Library.

## MAN IN THE WELL.



SEVERAL of our friends having desired to have some information relative to the meaning of the "Maine Law," we have much pleasure in directing their attention to a valuable little Illustrated Tract on this subject, by Mrs. Gage, entitled "The Man in the Well."\* It is one of the most stirring tales we have ever read.

\* "The Man in the Well."—Partridge and Oakley. Price 1d.

## A FAITHFUL DOG.

A GENTLEMAN, named Wintemute, was drowned in the Niagara River on the 4th of July. An affecting incident connected with his death, exhibited the strong attachment and sagacity of his dog.

This faithful animal had accompanied Mr. W. into the water, and was the means of discovering his loss, and the recovery of his body by his friends. The dog, from the time that his master sunk to rise no more, continued to swim round in a circuit of about fifty feet, for above two hours! The continued cries of the dog attracted the attention of some of the neighbours on the shore, who, at length went to the dog, and recognizing him, concluded that his master was in the water. On searching, the

body was found within the circuit made by the dog, as he swam round and round. When the body of his master was taken into the boat, nothing could exceed the expressions of joy manifested by this faithful animal, who, quite exhausted and feeble, was taken into the boat along with the body.

Cowardly indeed is the man or boy who would ill-treat a dog.

## HUNTINGDON.

MR. GOUGH'S VISIT.

THE picturesque and beautiful little town of Huntingdon was recently favoured with a visit from Mr. Gough, the extraordinary temperance lecturer. Great were the expectations of the inhabitants, and the utmost eagerness was displayed in securing seats in order to hear the "trumpet-tongued orator." Those who were fortunate enough to gain access to the handsome lecture room of the Literary Institution, had an intellectual treat such as they never had before. The progress of temperance principles in Huntingdon has received most important aid by Mr. Gough's powerful advocacy.

An interesting Juvenile Festival was held at this place in October last, when Mr. Esterbrooke of London did much to prepare the way for Mr. Gough's labours.

We are thankful to add, that in whatever part of the country Mr. Gough now lectures, he is received with the utmost enthusiasm by all classes.

BOYS' REFUGE  
AT  
WHITECHAPEL.

LOVERS of your country, read the account of this excellent institution!

"Story of the Boys' Refuge," published by Nisbet & Co. Price One Halfpenny.

GREAT JUVENILE MEETING IN  
ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

ON Wednesday Evening, December 28th, a most important Meeting of the London Bands of Hope was held in St. Martin's Hall, when an address was delivered by Mr. Gough.

To the gratification of not a few, the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided; and in his excellent closing remarks he said, "I doubt whether a more eloquent—a more powerful address, was ever delivered from this, or any other platform."

Mr. J. H. Esterbrooke, Mr. Geary, and Mr. T. B. Smithies, took part in this interesting meeting.

Owing to our limited space, it is impossible to insert Mr. Gough's address, but we rejoice to state that a short-hand report was taken, and that Mr. Tweedie, the temperance publisher, has issued it at the cheap price of one penny per copy. Let it be scattered by tens of thousands.

## WIDOWS AND WORKHOUSES.



"DID you observe that interesting looking widow with four children?" observed a Poor-law Guardian to his friend. "Poor thing! she once knew better days, and had every luxury that wealth could purchase."

"How did she come to be an inmate of the workhouse?" inquired the friend.

"Through the drinking and gambling habits of her husband," was the reply.

"Have you many of such cases?"

"Many! indeed we have. I verily believe, that nine out of every ten of the paupers in this workhouse have come here directly or indirectly through intemperance. Gin-shops and beer-houses are the great curses of our land."



HUNTINGDON LITERARY INSTITUTION.





"A word spoken in season how good is it."

### THE MONARCH AND THE TOMB.



ING GEORGE the Third had a strong desire that the last resting place for himself and his family, should be in the same sepulchre, and in one less public than Westminster Abbey.

After several consultations with Mr. Wyatt, His Majesty's architect, the tomb house at Windsor was ordered to be erected.

When Mr. Wyatt waited upon the King with his finished drawings and plans of the building, he explained how he proposed to arrange it for the reception of the remains of royalty.

King George went minutely over the whole particulars, and after a few proposed alterations, the design was approved. When Mr. Wyatt was leaving the room he expressed his regret at having occupied so much of his Majesty's time, but that he had purposely gone into all the details, in order to avoid having again to bring so painful a subject under his notice.

With a look of pious resignation, the good old monarch, sweetly replied, "Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subject before me whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb to receive me when I am dead, as I should to the decorations of a drawing-room to hold me while living; for, Mr. Wyatt, if it please God that I should live to be ninety, or even a hundred years old, I am willing to stay; but if it please God to take me this night, I am ready to go."

Teach me to live that I may dread,  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die that so I may,  
Rise joyful at the judgment day.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Ps. xc. 12.

### "RUN, SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN."

THESE are the words of an angel in a vision of the prophet, and they are urgent. Run; make haste; moments are precious: what you do, do quickly. Why and when is all this haste? I will tell you. It is when the young reach the turning-points of life, and every thing is depending upon their turning right. It is when temptation is drawing them into forbidden paths, and good principles are laying hold to keep them back.

A young man is going with gay companions to an evening carousal. They make

fane holy time? "Only once," says the tempter; "and what harm is there in once?" He is halting between two opinions. Christian, "run, speak to that young man," and tell him, for this was the anger of the Lord kindled against his people, "because they profaned his holy things and despised his Sabbaths."

The Spirit of God is striving with another, and he feels anxious for his soul; death and judgment, and heaven and hell, have a solemn meaning unfelt before; he begins to consider his ways, and the great question, "What shall I do to be saved?" trembles on his lip. The tempter beckons him away, and says, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes;" and as he listens, his seat in the house of God is empty, and he turns his back upon pious friends. Christian, "run, speak to this young man," and say further, "But know thou, for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." "Seek the Lord, while he may be found; call upon him, while he is near."

May the Lord's people be always ready to hear and to obey this order. It gives us work to do—a great work, an urgent work, a work that admits of no delay. The young need to be spoken to, to be warned, counselled, persuaded: on every side they are reaching the turning-points, and forming periods of life when a wise decision, a happy choice, safety or ruin, may hang upon the faithful word of a

faithful friend. "Run, speak to that young man."



"RUN, SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN!"

a mock at sin. The jest, the joke, the glass, allure him on. His mother's prayers and his father's counsel are fast losing their hold upon him. His principles and promises will be soon forgotten. If he now take the social glass, by and bye he may take the solitary glass. "Run, speak to this young man."

Another is away from the restraints of home. It is the sabbath, and his fellows invite him to a trip of pleasure. "We have toiled the livelong week," say they; "let us now go and make merry." Shall he leave the house of God? Shall he pro-

Hasten, Christians, haste to save,  
Snatch him from the yawning grave!  
Haste, and speak the Saviour's name,  
Pluck the firebrand from the flame!  
Bid him cast away his cup,  
And to Jesus now look up.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? See Psalm cxix. 9.



## A PLACE FOR PRAYER.



OT long ago, a little boy was walking along the streets of a certain town, in company with his mother.

She had been looking for a house, being about to leave the one she then lived in; and after much difficulty, had succeeded in securing one. She was a poor woman, and the accommodation of the new house was very scanty.

On the way home, the poor little fellow seemed sad and thoughtful.

He walked along in silence, and bye and bye, the mother observed a tear trickling down his cheek.

And what do you think brought the tear to his eye?

"Mother," he said, looking sorrowfully up in her face, "there'll not be a place for praying in, in the new house!"

Young reader! have you a place for prayer—a meeting place with God? and would it cost you a tear to lose it?

## SABBATH-BREAKING.

On a Sunday in July last, while two boys, aged ten and twelve years, were either at play or in search of nests, at the North Cliff, in Cranborne, Cornwall, they were observed by some persons not far off, to fall over the cliff. No time was lost in hastening to the spot, but it was found that they were both killed. Their bodies were dreadfully cut and bruised, and they were at once taken to their homes in an open cart. The mother of one of the boys, Bond, is said to be in a state of destitution; and the deceased was the only child out of six who was able to earn anything. The father had left the poor mother and family to enter the army. The parents had strictly charged the boys not to go to the cliffs, as they were exceedingly dangerous.

## THE WAY TO THE PIT.

A YOUNG man was once entering a theatre.

Having paid the money for a seat in that part of it, called *the pit*, he was proceeding thither, when a person behind him, supposing he should have gone to another part, cried out eagerly, "*You're going the way to the pit!*" The pit! The word pierced his heart. He thought of another pit to which he was hastening—the pit of hell! and he turned homewards, trembling and astonished. He forsook his sinful ways and became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

## "I MAY BE DEAD BEFORE NEXT YEAR."

A SHORT time before the meeting of a missionary society near Wigan, a little boy, seeing his sister with a missionary-box, burst into tears, and being told that he should have a box next year, replied "Yes, father, but I may be dead before next year." He was permitted at once to have one, and before the next meeting, obtained nearly three pounds.

Prayer is the lever which alone can raise the soul to heaven: hearing, reading, doing, may form a beautiful earthly mould, but will never raise a man's spirit a single foot nearer to the celestial city.

## THE QUEEN AND MRS. BALFOUR.

FEW English writers have done so much for the elevation of the morals of our country as Mrs. Balfour. The productions of her pen, and the power of her eloquence are daily exerting beneficial influences upon the masses of our people.

We are glad to find that her comprehensive temperance work for the young, "*Morning Dew Drops*, or the *Juvenile Abstinence*," has a place in the Queen's library at Balmoral Castle.

Mrs. Balfour forwarded a handsome copy of the work\* to HER MAJESTY, accompanied with a suit-



BALMORAL CASTLE.

able letter, stating that her object in its publication was the training up of the youth of our nation in habits of sobriety, thereby rendering them a more industrious and loyal people.

To this communication Mrs. Balfour received the following gratifying reply from the Queen's Secretary:—

Madam,

BALMORAL, Oct. 6th, 1853.

I have received the commands of Her Majesty the Queen to inform you that your letter of the 3rd instant has been received, and that the book ("*Morning Dew Drops*,") which accompanied it has been very graciously accepted by Her Majesty.

I am further commanded to assure you of Her Majesty's appreciation of your attention.

I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,  
C. B. PHIPPS.

To Mrs. BALFOUR.

We earnestly recommend all mothers and teachers of the young, to give Mrs. Balfour's valuable work their candid and prayerful perusal.

\* *Morning Dew Drops*. Messrs. Cash, London. Price 4s. 6d.

## A MOTHER'S TESTIMONY.

AMONGST the numerous letters which have recently reached us, none have afforded us more encouragement than the testimony of a young mother. She writes "I cannot forbear to thank you for the Yearly Part (1853) of the *Band of Hope Review*. I bought my dear little boy one (he is two and a half years old) for a New Year's Gift, and I think amongst all his little treasures, none seems to please him so much as '*Band of Hope*.' He goes to it again and again. There is always something new that meets his eye, and if only 'Mother' can read him a little tale out of it, no one is happier than he. I, as a MOTHER, thank you sincerely for it."—York.

## PRIZE ESSAY.

A SINCERE friend of the young has authorized us to offer on his behalf a prize, value £5, for the best Essay against SMOKING. The competitors to be Juveniles. Further particulars will be given next month.

THE SABBATH-KEEPING CABMAN;  
OR  
CHRISTIAN FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

AT one of our fashionable watering places, a gentleman asked one of the flymen if they always worked on Sundays the same as on other days; to which the flyman replied, that they were obliged to do so, in order to get a living. "Have you ever tried to do without Sunday work? or do you know of any one who has?" "I have not, Sir," was the reply, "but there is Jack—who has, and he has come almost to nothing."

"Indeed! do you know where he lives?"

The gentleman was directed to his house, and found out that it was true the man had become reduced and partly from the cause stated. The gentleman enquired if he could obtain a livelihood, provided he had a hand-fly of his own. "Yes, Sir," said the man, "but I cannot afford to purchase one, as they cost thirty guineas new."

"Do you know where one may be obtained?"

"Yes, Sir."

They proceeded to the place, where one was looked at and approved, the man still saying he could not purchase it. The gentleman replied, "I will pay for it, and it shall be your own, so you may take it home with you, and I hope you may be able to obtain a comfortable livelihood with it." The poor man was overjoyed, and wished to

know the name of his benefactor, but the gentleman refused to tell him.

Thus God blessed the faithfulness of one who honoured the Sabbath.

This Christian and benevolent gentleman, whose name remains unknown, has been the instrument of making a family happy, and we cannot doubt but he also will be rewarded for his kindness to one of God's children.

## THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THOU Guardian of our youthful days,  
To thee our prayers ascend;  
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise;  
Thou art "the Children's Friend."

From thee our daily mercies flow,  
Our life and health descend;  
Lord, save our souls from sin and woe,  
Be thou "the Children's Friend."

Teach us to prize thy Holy Word,  
To all thy truths attend;  
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,  
And love "the Children's Friend."

Lord draw our youthful hearts to thee,  
From every ill defend;  
Help us in early life to flee  
To thee, "the Children's Friend."

Oh may we taste of Jesu's love,  
To him our souls commend;  
For Jesus left the realms above,  
To be "the Children's Friend."

Let all our hopes be fixed on high,  
And when our lives shall end,  
Then may we live above the sky  
With thee, "the Children's Friend."

To love Jesus is to become like Him; to be like Him is to be a blessing; to be a blessing is worthy the aspiration of an angel.



**JOHN B. GOUGH'S**  
**ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG IN ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONDON,**  
**DECEMBER 28TH, 1853.**

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY PRESIDED ON THE OCCASION.



**H**IS Meeting is called expressly for the purpose of interesting children in the subject of Temperance, and, if I am rightly informed, nearly all the children belong to the "Bands of Hope." But on looking round the room, I see not only children, but adults, and this makes it doubly difficult for me to speak effectively. I hardly, indeed, know how to order my address, unless I speak first to the children, and then to the adults. I have been in the habit—and I speak now to the children—of speaking very frequently to young people in the United States, where we have formed large societies called "Cold Water Armies." In Boston, we have 9000 children who have signed the pledge, and who thus belong to the cold water army; and it is one of the most pleasant parts of my business to speak to them, on the occasion of their gatherings. It is encouraging to me to speak to children, because I believe that the boys and girls mostly enjoy and understand what is said.—(Cheers.) A Temperance speaker told me, that the greatest rebuke he ever received in his life, was once overhearing two boys discuss an address they had heard. "Well Bill, how did you like it?" "Oh, not at all." "Why not?" "Why, because he talked so much baby talk."—(Laughter.) Boys don't want "baby talk." I want the boys and girls to pay a little attention to me this evening. I rejoice to have the opportunity of speaking to them, for one reason in particular, and that is, because children generally are conscientious, and this is one of the most pleasing features of childhood. Let me relate a story—and I shall deal chiefly this evening in stories.

**"I've sung it."**

A gentleman in the city of Boston who was in the habit of using wine, was asked by one of his promising boys if he might go to one of our meetings. "Yes, my boy, you may go; but you must not sign the pledge." Now in our cold water army, we don't allow the children to sign the pledge without the consent of their parents. We believe the boy's first duty is to obey his father and mother. Well, the boy came; he was a noble fellow; full of fire, and life, and ingenuousness. We sang and sang, and the chorus was shouted by the children:—

"Cheer up my lively lads,  
 In spite of rum and cider:  
 Cheer up my lively lads,  
 We've signed the pledge together."

We sung it eight or ten times, and the little fellow I speak of sung it too. As he was walking home, however, the thought struck him that he had been singing what was not true—"We have signed the pledge together;" he had not signed the pledge. When he reached home, he sat down at the table; and on it was a jug of cider. "Jem," says one of his brothers, "will you have some cider?" "No, thank you," was the reply. "Why not—don't you like it?" "Oh, I'm never going to drink any more cider,—nothing more that is intoxicating for me!" "My boy," said his father, "you have not disobeyed me; you have not signed the pledge?" "No, father," said he, sobbing, "I have not signed the pledge, but I've sung it, and that's enough for me."—(Loud cheers from the children.) That father came up to the Temperance Meeting, at which 3000

people were assembled and told the story, and said, "I'll not be outdone by my boy,—though I have not sung the pledge I will sign it." He did so, and is at the present day one of the truest and noblest supporters of the cause. Now, I like to see conscientiousness, and children are conscientious before they become warped and stultified by contact with the world; and if we can bring them to the right point at starting, we may feel assured they will go on, by God's grace, to a glorious consummation. Some persons say, "What is the use of letting a child of six or seven years old sign the pledge? They don't understand it." Now children understand a great deal more than we give them credit for. They do understand what is meant by the pledge, and by temperance, and they understand also and often use the arguments.

**"May I drink cider?"**

I was once engaged in forming a cold water army at Bangor, United States, and a boy said to me, "If I sign the pledge, may I drink cider, and the beer my mother makes?" Now, I knew that what he called the beer made by his mother was a drink which was not intoxicating: so I said he might drink that, but cider—no. "Oh, well, I like cider!" said he, and away he went. Other boys joined him, and they talked earnestly together. Presently he came back and said, "Put my name down; I'll sign."—(Cheers.)

**The broken pledge.**

A gentleman in Virginia had a boy six or seven years old, who wanted to sign the pledge: all in the family had done so, but the father thought him too young, and would not let him. At last, however, after much entreaty, permission was given. Soon after, the father went on a journey. At one stopping-place, away from the town, he called for some water. It did not come, so he called again; still he could not get it; but cider was brought, and, being very thirsty, he so far forgot himself as to drink that. When he returned home, he related the circumstance. After he had finished, the little boy came up to his knee with his eyes full of tears, and said, "Father, how far was you from James River, when you drank the cider?" "Rather more than fifteen miles, my boy." "Well," said the little fellow, sobbing, "I'd have walked there and back again rather than have broken my pledge."—(Cheers.) Oh God bless the children! We have thousands such as these; children who understand the principle and keep to the practice. I sometimes wish the adults kept the pledge as well as the boys do. I said just now, that the children understand the arguments.

**The rum jug.**

A lady who kept a school told me, that when she was teaching spelling in class, they came one day to the word "jug." "What," she asked, "do people put in a jug?" "Rum," said a boy. "I hope," said the lady, "none of you know anything of rum." "I do," said the boy; "my father drinks it, and I like it." At the recess, the other children got round that boy and argued with him with such force, that at last, like many older than he have done, he got his back against a wall and said, "I don't care if it is so—I don't care if you are right." They do understand the argument.

**"Oh dear, what a pity!"**

A barrel of liquor was once being carried up a street, when, by accident, it fell to the ground and the head was driven in. One of the spectators seeing the liquor was spilt, said "Oh dear! oh dear! what a pity!" "Oh no!" said a little boy, who was looking on,— "It is not a pity. The drink

will do better on God's earth than in God's image."—(Cheers.) He had heard this said at a Temperance Meeting, and the apt manner in which he made use of it, showed that it was thoroughly understood. Children may be made the most glorious coadjutors in the ranks of temperance. The children in the United States have been engaged in exerting an influence outside of their armies; they know well what is meant by sympathy and benevolence. We have taught them that a drunkard is a man. Although he is poor, and miserable, and debased, and although he sometimes frightens them, yet, that he is a man, and was once a boy as pure and bright as they; and therefore, we teach the children that they should have sympathy with a drunkard, who has a man's heart and sensibility. I have gone to the most hardened wretches and have spoken to them in tones of kindness and sympathy; and although the eye was bleared and bloodshot, yet, I could see the crystal drops welling up and falling down the bloated face. One man, I remember, lifted up his hands and said, "I didn't know I had a friend in the world." No power on earth is so debasing to a man as the power of drink, but we have taught the children to look upon the intemperate man as a human being.

**What the girls can do.**

We used, in the United States, to furnish boys and girls with pledge-books and with pencils, and thus equipped, they would get numerous signatures. A man was leaning, much intoxicated, against a tree. Some little girls coming from school, saw him there, and at once said to each other,— "What shall we do for him?" Presently one said, "Oh, I'll tell you—let's sing him a temperance song." And so they did. They collected round him, and struck up—

"Away, away the bowl,"

and so on, in beautiful tune. The poor drunkard liked it, and so would you. "Sing again, my little girls," said he. "We will," said they, "if you will sign the pledge." "No, no," said he, "we are not at a temperance meeting, besides you've no pledges with you." "Yes, we have, and pencils too," and they held them up to him. "No, no, I won't sign now; but do sing for me." So they sung again:—

"The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl  
 Is not the drink for me."

"Oh do sing again," he said. But they were firm this time, and declared that they would go away if he wouldn't sign. "But," said the poor fellow, striving to find an excuse, "You've no table,—how can I write without a table? You must put the pledge somewhere." At this, one quiet, modest, pretty little creature, came up timidly with one finger on her lips, and said, "You can write upon your hat, while we hold it for you."—(Cheers.) Well, the man signed, and I heard him narrate these facts before 1500 children. He said, "Thank God for those children—they came to me as messengers of mercy."—(Loud cheers.)

We also teach the children of our cold water armies, that the children of the drunkards are not deserving of the scorn and contempt which they sometimes meet.

**Affecting incident.**

I once rode with a man for about twelve miles, whose story was most affecting. He had then two splendid horses with silver-mounted harness, and a handsome vehicle. "Ah!" said he, "if you had only seen me eight years ago, you would have thought me in a sorry plight.

(To be continued in our next.)





## MY OWN.

A HEATHEN girl was once asked by her teacher, "Is there anything you can call your own?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then looking up, replied, "I think there is."

"What is it?" asked the teacher with surprise. "I think," said the girl, "that my sins are my own."



ENGLAND  
AND  
FRANCE.

L'ANGLETERRE  
ET LA  
FRANCE.

"Let brotherly love continue."

"Que l'amour fraternel demeure en vous."

In years gone by, the children of England and France were taught to regard each other as bitter enemies. A more Christian spirit has now been diffused amongst the youth of these two great nations, and it is to be hoped that war will never again be known between England and France. Let us thank God that the widely spreading feeling on both sides of the British Channel is "Let brotherly love continue."

DANS les temps passés, on enseignait aux enfans de l'Angleterre et de la France de se regarder comme des ennemis mortels. Un esprit de chrétienté est maintenant répandu parmi les jeunes gens de ces deux grandes nations, et il faut espérer que la guerre ne reparaitra jamais parmi nous. Remercions Dieu de ce qu'un sentiment de bienveillance se soit répandu, prions le pour qu'il continue à se répandre sur les deux bords du Détroit de la Manche, et que le désir général soit, "Que l'amour fraternel demeure en vous."

## THE MISSIONARY'S WELCOME.

MANY of our young readers saw the Rev. A. Buzacott, of the London Missionary Society, and listened with pleasure to his interesting addresses, during his last visit to this country.

It will gratify them to hear of the hearty welcome he and his family received on their return to Rarotonga.

As the party approached the shore, a rush was made for the boat, and soon they found themselves, boat, and all, on the shoulders of the natives, who could not be persuaded for some time, to put down their precious burden. Men, women, and children, crowded eagerly around the missionary's family anxious to give them a hearty shake by the hand, while tears of joy were shed in abundance.

THE  
CASTLE OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE—the ancient *Monkchester*, is sometimes styled the "*Metropolis of the North*." It contains nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, with perhaps thirty thousand more in Gateshead on the opposite side of the water; and it is an affecting fact, that in the months of September and October of last year, more than two thousand souls were, in the righteous and unerring providence of God, hurried into eternity by the *Cholera*. A solemn call to those who survive, "Be ye also ready."



Its present name is derived from the Castle of which you have here a representation as at present standing. This Castle was built about the year 1008, by Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, on the site, as is supposed, of an ancient

Roman fortress of some note. It is one of the finest structures of the kind, and though hoary with the lapse of so many centuries, is in a high state of preservation, and is inhabited. It contains a dismal dungeon, a neat chapel, an antique hall, and sundry other apartments. In the hall the meetings of the Antiquarian Society are held. It stands on an elevation on the margin of the Tyne, and from its lofty round tower you command an enchanting prospect of the surrounding country, presenting a scene of rich and varied interest.

## THE LIGHT-HOUSE AND THE MISSIONARY BOX.

ABOUT twenty-two years ago, a poor but pious widow, the keeper of a lighthouse on the Kentish coast, obtained a missionary box, and resolved to devote to the cause of Christ, all the money that might be given to her before twelve every Monday morning.

On the next Monday morning a gentleman visited the lighthouse, and seeing her in the attire of a widow, gave her a sovereign.

The poor woman was perplexed; so large a sum would be of great service to her during her present pressing wants—the doctor's bill was unpaid too—she asked the advice of friends; one advised one way, another the contrary. At last she resolved to ask God in prayer what she ought to do with the sovereign. She rose from her knees convinced that



it belonged to the missions, and she at once put it into the box. God, who is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, was not unmindful of her faithfulness.

In the course of the day a widow lady of high rank, with her daughter and several attendants, called to inspect the lighthouse. She made several enquiries of the poor widow, and before she left, put a piece of gold into her hand.

Two days afterwards, one of the pages came with a letter from the lady, kindly stating that she felt much interested in the family, and begged their acceptance of £25 from herself, and £5 from her little daughter, who was also much concerned for their welfare.

Our young readers will be delighted to learn that this noble benefactress was the DUCHESS OF KENT, whose "little daughter," (then the Princess Victoria) is now the beloved

QUEEN OF ENGLAND.





"Your heavenly Father feedeth them."



#### BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.

APRIL, merry April, has again come round. Amidst all the busy labourers of the month, none will be more active than the pretty little birds.

The male birds will select their partners, and the happy creatures will fly off in pairs searching for places in which to build their nice snug nests.

Although the birds have no hands to work

with, yet, they manage to build their warm houses, in the most beautiful manner, such as no human being could equal.

The hen birds will soon be laying their eggs, and will then carefully sit upon them until they are hatched and the young birds break through the shell.

Who taught the birds to do all this? It was God! He who made this beautiful world, sent the pretty birds to sing his praises, and gladden the earth with their sweet warblings.

We hope that none of our young readers will be so cruel as to rob a bird's nest for sport.



#### EDWIN GRAY'S REASONS AGAINST BIRD-NESTING.

"COME, Edwin, are you inclined for a ramble this afternoon?" said Fred. Hart to one of his school-fellows; "two or three of us

are going bird-nesting, and we shall have some fine sport I promise you; come, make the most of the half-holiday, and don't sit here reading all the afternoon by yourself."

"I should like a ramble very much," replied Edwin Gray, quietly, "but if you



THE RESCUE. (See next page.)



are going bird-nesting I would much rather remain here."

"Oh, Edwin, why?" asked several voices, for although a new comer he was already a favourite.

"Because I do not approve of bird-nesting," replied Edwin.

"Why not?" they asked again.

"I will tell you, boys," said Edwin, closing his book, and speaking very earnestly; "just suppose that one of you were friendless, and had no home to shelter you from the bitter cold in winter, or the broiling sun in summer; then suppose with a great deal of labour and trouble you were to collect materials, and build yourself a house, then, just as you were thinking how comfortable and nice it will be, suppose some one should come and pull your house all to pieces, and kill or carry off your children into the bargain, how would you like it?"

"Oh I should be in a dreadful way!" said little Arthur Hay.

"And I should just teach them to let my house alone," said little Tom Lacy, angrily.

"Ah, Tom! but if he were a great giant more than twenty times your size? (there was no reply.) Well now, boys, what I have told you is just the case with the poor little birds; you are twenty times bigger than they are; you pull their houses to pieces, and kill their children, just for pleasure."

"Oh, but the farmers are glad to have sparrows killed, they are so mischievous," said Fred.

"Well, Fred, God made the sparrows, and he gave the farmer his riches, and do you not think he intended a few grains for the birds? I think it is very wicked to be so cruel to the poor little birds; and then does not the Bible tell us that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Heavenly Father's knowledge? so now boys I have given you my reasons for not going bird-nesting." Edwin quietly took his book again.

"Well, Edwin, I never thought of all this before," said Arthur, "I shall not go bird-nesting again in a hurry."

"Nor I." "Nor I," exclaimed two or three voices. The rest did not speak, but they gave up their bird-nesting and persuaded Edwin to join them in a good ramble. "A word spoken in season how good is it."—Prov. xv. 23.

FANNY E. NICKLEN.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have been much gratified by the receipt of the following letter from C. A. FILLAN, Esq., a gentleman of colour, Clerk to the House of Assembly, Dominica, in the West Indies.

DOMINICA, 13th Jan., 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your interesting little periodical is quite stealing our children's hearts. The impetus given to the Island schools by the Legislative grant, is rapidly furnishing the poorer classes with the ability to read—whilst it is ours, who love *souls*, to give that ability a direction towards the best of things, and of books, first. My monthly supply of 100 copies of your beautiful *Band of Hope* will no longer answer, so with the present month of this new year, 1854, I have requested Mr. Thompson, of Islington, to ship me 300 copies monthly! I receive a dozen copies of the *Chronicle* also monthly, by means of which, and the distribution of the *Ipswich Tracts*, and frequent public meetings, under God's blessing, we are maintaining the constant cause of *abstinence from intoxicating drinks*.

Be assured of my prayers for your own success.

Yours sincerely,

C. J. FILLAN.

To the Editor, *Band of Hope Review*.

## A SCENE AT JERUSALEM.

By the courtesy of the Church Missionary Society we are enabled to present our readers with an illustration of an interesting scene which took place at Jerusalem, in 1851. A resident lady writes—

"On Easter Monday, nearly all the Protestant Christians living here accompanied our dear bishop—Bishop Gobât—a short distance on his way to Jaffa, where he was to embark for Europe. Some walked, but most of us rode. I will try to describe the party, which set off from the Jaffa



gate, and crossed the plain, and proceeded down the narrow and steep mountain sides. First rode the consul's two officers, named janissaries, or *cavasses*, and then came the bishop's janissary. Mrs. Gobât came next, in a kind of carriage without wheels—a litter, in short, borne by mules, one before, and the other behind. Then came the two young daughters of the bishop in panniers, hung upon a mule. The bishop and his friends came next; and as many of the Christian pilgrims who every year visit the city were leaving it on the same day, a goodly company was formed altogether, and a curious and very interesting sight presented. Some of the pilgrims saluted us with the words, 'The Lord is risen!' to which the proper reply is, 'The Lord is risen indeed!' which those of us who knew Greek returned."

## GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND.

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REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Pentonville Prison.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall.  
MR. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park.  
REV. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.

### TREASURER.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

The Committee, being desirous of making a grant of 500 copies of the "Band of Hope Review" for each of the Missionaries of the "London City Mission" and "Country Towns Missions;" earnestly solicit the liberal contributions of the Christian public to enable them to carry out so important an undertaking. About 200,000 copies will be required, which will occasion an outlay of not less than £300. For every 13s. subscribed, a grant of 500 copies will be made to one of the above Societies.

\* Average number of families called upon by each Missionary.

### Contributions already received.

	£	s.	d.	
THE EARL OF SHAFTERBURY ..	2	0	0	for 1800 Copies.
H. F. Barclay, Esq., Walthamstow	10	0	0	" 7000 "
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## THE RESCUE.

"A brand plucked from the burning."

ONE cold frosty night, many years ago, the good old rector of Epworth was aroused from his slumbers by the cry of "fire! fire!"

He immediately arose, little thinking that his own house was in flames; but on opening the door, he found the passage full of smoke, and the roof already burned through.

He burst open the nursery door and told the nurse to bring out the children.

She snatched up the youngest, and told the rest to follow, which they all did except one little boy about six years of age, who remained sleeping.

While the rector was carrying his children into the garden, he heard little John, who by this time was awake, crying out for help.

The stairs, which were then on fire, would not bear the father's weight, and after several ineffectual efforts to reach his dear child, he gave him up for lost. Kneeling down, he commended his soul to God, and then left him, as he thought, to perish in the flames.

Seeing that no one came to his help, the poor boy climbed on a chair, which stood near the window. He was immediately seen,—but there was no ladder at hand to reach him. Not a moment was to be lost; a tall man now placed himself against the wall, another man was immediately lifted upon his shoulder, who just reached the chamber window, and took the child out. The next moment the whole roof fell in!

When the rector saw all his children around him, he cried out, "Come neighbours, let us kneel down! let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough."

The little boy who was thus miraculously saved from a dreadful death, became the celebrated JOHN WESLEY.

Many years after this event, Mr. Wesley visited his native place, when he stood on one of the tombstones in the churchyard, and preached an impressive sermon from this most appropriate text, "*Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?*"

By the kind permission of Messrs. Somers and Isaacs of 67, Houndsditch, publishers of first class engravings, at reduced prices, and the courtesy of the American Tract Society, we are enabled to present our readers with an engraving from Parker's celebrated picture of the *Rescue of John Wesley*.

## CHEERING TOKENS.

We have to acknowledge with thanks, the following gratifying letters:—

From Rev. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., London.

"Will you forward me 100 copies of your *Band of Hope Review* each month? I greatly value your publication, as one of the most stirring and effective protests against the master evil of the day. I pray that it may, at least, deter some of my youth from the seductive, but ruinous ravages of strong drink."

From the Rev. W. H. RULE, London.

"I sincerely thank you for your offer of a few hundred copies of the *Band of Hope Review*, for my son to distribute in France.

Permit me to add, that I shall always be most glad to see any one belonging to me engaged in the distribution of such publications as the *Band of Hope Review*.

You steer clear of the rocks on which the advocates of temperance for a long time ran. You neither assail good men, who do not go to the length to which your own conscience leads you, and short of which you ought not to stop; neither do you hide religion, evangelical and earnest religion—as some have thought it right to do. Neither do you spare other kindred and associate sins.

I pray that the Divine blessing may rest upon your labours."



## JOHN B. GOUGH'S ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

(Continued from page 59.)

## Affecting incident. (Continued.)



LL that I had in the world was on my miserable old cart, which was drawn by a lean and shabby animal. Now I have a good team, and a nice little property. My good old father and mother live in the town where we are going, and we must make haste and join them. See how my horses go!"—and away we went right merrily. That man was naturally a most kind hearted, and at the time I speak of, was a religious man—a member of a Christian church! but when he was intemperate, it was far otherwise. Tears ran down his cheeks as he told me how he once treated his boy. "I came home," he said, "irritated with drink, and ready to vent my anger upon anything. My boy came in, but the moment he saw me he darted away. I called him back, and then saw that his face was bloody; his lip was cut, and his eye swollen. 'What have you been doing?' 'I've been fighting, father.' 'What for?' 'Don't ask me, father, I don't want to tell you.' 'What (in an angry tone) have you been fighting about?—tell me this instant.' 'Oh, don't ask me, father, I can't tell you!' I took the boy by the collar, and struck him with my shut fist on the side of the head. 'Boy,' I said fiercely, 'now tell me, or I'll cut the life out of you.' 'I don't want to, father.' I struck him another blow, and then he rubbed his hand across his eyes, bringing away tears and blood, and said, 'Don't strike me any more, father, and I'll tell you.' 'What is it?' 'A boy down there told me my father was a poor old drunkard, and I fought him for it; and if he tells me so again, I'll whip him again, if you kill me for it.'—(Loud cheers.) We tell our children that these children of a drunkard are not to blame for a father's or mother's intemperance. It is the height of cruelty to say to them sneeringly: "Ah, your father is a drunkard," or to shrink from companionship when they are thrown in your way.

## Sympathy of Children.

We have district schools in America, where everybody's children go, and it sometimes happens that the children of a drunkard go there, as the education communicated costs nothing to the parents. A school teacher told me of a very pleasing change which took place in one school in the conduct towards the children of a drunkard. The latter were two poor little creatures whom it was almost impossible not to pity. It is usual for children who come from a distance to bring their dinners, and between the school-hours to sit down in the school-room or under the trees to eat. Well, these poor little things often had nothing to eat, and very often when they stood pale and sorrowful by the side of the others, the latter would say, "You go away,—your father is a drunkard." But they were soon otherwise taught, and then it was gratifying to see how delicate they were in their attention to the little unfortunates. They would steal up to the place where the two little ones were accustomed to dine, and one would put down a piece of a pie, another an apple, and then they ran away quite out of sight.

## A joyous scene.

On one occasion, I was walking at the end of a procession—a most beautiful sight—the music play-

ing, the banners waving, the girls with medals, and the boys shouting, "Hurrah for cold water," when I heard a sound of crying, which seemed to proceed from a field we passed. I looked over a gate, and there I saw a little scantily dressed boy on his knees, rubbing his eyes and crying most piteously. I said, "What is the matter, my boy?" "My father won't let me go with the procession." "Do you want to go then?" "Yes, but my father won't let me;—may I go?" No you must not, if your father says you must not." I left him there and walked up to the place where the procession had assembled.

In addressing the children, I told them what I had witnessed and observed—how happy and grateful they ought to be that they were allowed to take part in so joyful a scene. I continued in this strain for a little time, when a man pushed his way through the crowd up to the platform, and said, "Have you a pledge?" "Yes." "Put my name down on it." Then facing the children, he said, "That boy is my boy, and I told him this morning that he should not come up here, but I am willing that he should come now if you will have him." "Have him?" shouted every boy, "we'll have him!" and away some scores of them started down the hill—I never saw boys run so before in my life—and presently they were seen escorting him in triumph to the place where we were. There they shook hands with him, a little girl put a medal round his neck, and all shouted an enthusiastic "Hurrah!"—(Cheers.) Therefore it is encouraging to speak to the children, because they understand and are conscientious.

## The Officer's Son.

I have one little fact to relate to you on the subject of children's usefulness. Children can be useful by consistency—conscientious consistency. I was going into Canada one time, and while on the St. Lawrence, a gentleman who was one of a very pleasant number of passengers came up to me, and said, "Mr. Gough, I believe: "Yes sir, my name is Gough." "You probably do not know me, I am Captain — of the rifle brigade. Do you remember when you were lecturing at Niagara, a gentleman in uniform passed the pledge?" I said that I did, distinctly. "Well, I am the man. When you appealed to the people to adopt the principle of total abstinence, I happened to be present in uniform, and, to encourage others, I undertook the task I have mentioned. My boy signed that pledge, and on coming home, he said, 'Pa, I have signed the pledge; will you help me keep it?' 'Certainly,' I said. 'Well, I have brought home



a copy of the pledge, will you sign it, papa?" "Nonsense, nonsense, my child;—what could I do when my brother officers called if I was a teetotaler?" "But do try, papa." "Tut, tut, why you are quite a little radical." "Well, you won't ask me to pass the bottle, papa?" "You are quite a fanatic, my child; but I promise not to ask you to touch it." Six weeks after that, two officers came in to

spend the evening. "What have you to drink, said they, 'have you any more of that prime Scotch ale?' No, I said, I had not, but would get some. 'Here, Willy, run to the shop and tell them to send some bottles up.' The boy stood there respectfully, but did not go. 'Come, Willy, why what's the matter? Come, run along.' He went, but came back presently without any ale in his hand. 'Where's the ale, Willy?' 'I asked them for it, pa, at the shop, and they put it upon the counter, but I could not touch it. Oh pa, pa, don't be angry, I told them to send it up, but I could not touch it myself!' I could not but feel deeply moved. I stood up and said, 'Gentlemen, you hear that? you can do as you please; when the ale comes, you may drink it; but not another drop after that shall be drank in my house, and not another drop shall pass my tongue.—(Cheers.) Willy, have you your temperance pledge?' 'Oh pa! I have.' 'Bring it then;' and the boy was back with it in a moment:



'I signed it, and the little fellow clung round my neck in almost a frenzy of delight.' That officer is now one of the noblest and most self-denying advocates the Temperance cause possesses,—doing more good than any half-dozen men in his vicinity. It cost him something to be a teetotaler. He met at first with much ridicule; but as he said to me:—"I have the best of it. Sometimes after a mess-dinner, they will be rubbing the head, and I say, tapping my forehead 'Ah, perfectly clear, perfectly clear;' and they reply, 'Well Captain, you certainly have the best of it.'"

## Bands of Hope.

What is—and I speak now to the adults—what is it we seek to do in framing these Bands of Hope? We seek to build a barrier between the unpolluted lip and the intoxicating cup. We believe that object to be a good one. I ask any father or mother in this assembly, "Could you bear the thought for a moment, that your child should become a drunkard?" We are too much in the habit of looking at drunkenness as something so far off. Make it a personal matter. Suppose a fire were to take place in your house to-night, and in that fire, a child was burnt; it would be horrible. "I could have borne it," the mother would say in her agony, "if I had but heard its last whisper, if I had closed its eyes, if I had seen it die." Suppose the remains are found; a charred piece of flesh and a few bones. And suppose these are followed to the grave. What a painful funeral! Yes, it would be painful indeed. But I know, by my faith in human nature, that there is not a mother here to-night, who would not rather that the pure spirit of her child should so take its flight to the bosom of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," than see him grow up a besotted thing and die a drunkard. There is not a mother before me but would rather follow her child to the grave than see it die years hence in a state that would leave her no hope in his death.





### "I LOVE MY DOG."

"CHARLEY," said a merry youth one day to his school-fellow, "how fond you are of that dog!"

"Oh yes, I love my dog," replied Charley. "I have good

reasons for doing so, Robert. When I was a little child, in petticoats, I was playing one day in my father's garden, when I fell into the fish pond. I should have been drowned long before father and mother could have come to my help, had not my noble Carlo jumped into the water, and seizing hold of my clothes, swam with me safely to shore.

"Oh yes! I love my brave Carlo, and can never bear to see any one cruel to dogs."

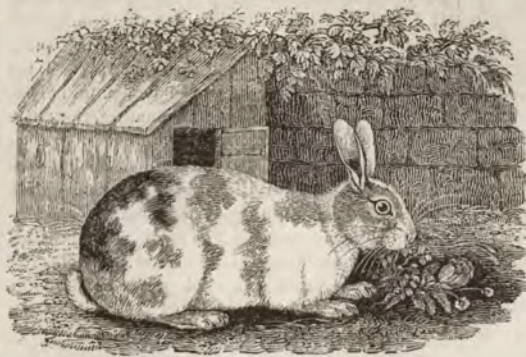
AN aged Christian, now dead and gone to Heaven, when accosted with the common enquiry of the day, "What's the news?" would always answer, "The best of news, brother, Jesus died for sinners."

This is the best of news, indeed, the greatest news, the most important and ever welcome news, that ever came from heaven to earth.

Reader, hear the news, *Jesus has died for sinners.*

### THE RABBITS.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed a little boy as he entered the house one day, "something has killed all my rabbits!" Without giving his mother time to reply, he continued, "Perhaps, mother, it is a judgment of God come upon me for stealing meat for them, but, I am glad that I have none left, for they would have been a temptation to make me steal again."



### WANTED IMMEDIATELY!

A Petition to Parliament from the Teachers of every Sunday School in the land, praying that public-houses may be closed on the Sabbath-day.

Forms of Petitions may be had on application to Rev. T. Baylee, "Lord's-day Observance Society," Salisbury-sq., Fleet-street, London.



### A LOVELY SIGHT.

"BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"—Ps. cxxxiii. 1

### OSEE DERBERCQ.

IN that delightful volume "The Book and its Story," published by Messrs. Bagster and Sons, there is a very interesting account of the wide circulation of the Sacred Scriptures over the Continent of Europe

by means of Colporteurs, or Book Hawkers. One of these devoted men, Osee Derbercq, known as the "King of Colporteurs," laboured most faithfully in Belgium for eleven years, and sold not less than 18,000 copies of the Scriptures. He is now laid in his grave. Let us pray that the good seed which he sowed, may bring forth a rich harvest to the praise and glory of God.

We are glad to learn that the committee of the Country Towns Mission have it in contem-

### A WHIP OR A WORD, WHICH IS THE BEST?

IN one of the London timber yards, there is a carter who is noted for his kindness to the horse which is under his care. He is deeply attached to his horse, and the handsome creature appears to be equally fond of him.

Such is the command that this man has acquired over his horse, that a whip is unnecessary.

He has only to walk a little in advance, when,



after a kind word or two, and the simple pointing of the finger, the noble animal will draw his heavy burden much more readily than those which are cruelly lashed with the whip.

Oh that more kind words were used in the management of horses, and fewer lashes of the whip!

Horses, like human beings, are more easily drawn by kindness, than driven by cruelty.

Will our young readers look at the picture of the two drivers, and then say, which is the best;—a whip or a word?

### PRIZE ESSAY AGAINST SMOKING.

WE are not yet enabled to give the full particulars of this prize, but to enable our young readers to be making preparation, we can state that the Essay may be in prose or rhyme, and must not exceed 2000 words in length.







"Gods which their own hands have made."

### LITTLE HOME MISSIONARIES.



NOW, do come with me to the school! Teacher will be so glad to see you."

These words were spoken by a neat little Sunday scholar, some years ago, to a poor ragged girl who was idling in the street on the Sabbath morning.

After some further persuasion the poor girl went to the school. She was much interested in all that she saw and

heard. Her attendance became regular. God blessed the instructions of her pious teacher, and in the course of time she became a "new creature in Christ Jesus." She is now a zealous Sunday school teacher, and has induced her once dissolute parents to become regular attendants at the House of God. Oh, how much good might be done if all Sunday scholars would become little HOME MISSIONARIES!

### PITY POOR INDIA.

CAPT. Mc VICCAR states that among the Khonds and various other tribes in India, many boys and girls are bound to trees, and then slain and torn to pieces, as sacrifices to the imaginary deities. Such barbarities were *once* practised in England. The GOSPEL has changed England. THE GOSPEL will do the same for India. India

cries aloud to British Christians for mis-



sionaries. Who will help to send them?



### WORSHIP OF JUGGERNAUT AT MUHES.

By the East Indian papers, just received, we learn that the famous car of Juggernaut, at Muhes near Serampore, has been totally destroyed by fire. The papers state that many of the worshippers are

filled with grief, "attributing the accident to the fury of the god, for causes which they cannot find out." Let us *give* of our substance, and *pray* earnestly, that the day may soon arrive, when the millions who

now fall down and worship the idol of Juggernaut, shall embrace the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved."



## JOHN B. GOUGH'S ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

(Concluded from page 63.)

## The Deformed Sunday Scholar. (continued.)



ID you ever see a child with the face of an angel, but with a body frightfully deformed? I read in the *Sunday School Advocate* of a little crooked child, but a bright little creature, saying on her death-

bed, "Mother, I am going to die, but I am so glad. I have been a trouble to you, mother, but I know I am going to heaven; and Oh mother! I am very crooked now, but oh mother, mother! when I get to Heaven among the angels shall I not be straight?" Would you not rather your child should die a cripple like this, than stand up an Apollo in form, and die shrieking mad, responsible for every act as if committed when perfectly sober? for drunkenness is a voluntary extinction of reason.

## The Idiot.

When once stopping with a minister's family, I noticed something strange in one of the children. The father observed my looks, and said, "Four years ago that child was the idol of our family. He had been staying one night at a brother minister's, where they had feasted him, and he enjoyed himself. I saw him the next morning and he appeared to be stooping: I said to him, 'Stand up, my child, stand up.' I put my hand upon his shoulder and brought him round—in a fit! He now has them four and six times a day. Sometimes he will say, 'O pray to God Almighty, father, for me! Oh, shall I be an idiot?'" And that father at family prayer poured out his soul for that child. "Have mercy, oh Redeemer of man," he prayed, "on the child! for oftentimes he falleth in the fire and oftentimes in the water." The mother when they were speaking about it, wept like a child, and the father said, "It is breaking his mother's heart; but, hard as it is, his mother and I would rather see him the thing he is, than see him grow up to become a drunkard." There is not a father or mother here, but would rather see a child struck, by God's Providence, with epilepsy to-night, than see him sent reeling before the judgment-seat.

## Prevention.

Let us think drunkenness so horrible that no sacrifice is too great to make, to escape it. I don't presume to say that every one of these boys and girls here to-night must, if they should continue to drink, become drunkards. Not so. But I look on the evil of drunkenness as an evil so terrible, that the bare possibility should be too terrible a thing for a father or mother to entertain for one moment. Now, total abstinence from all that intoxicates is a safe principle. Let a boy adopt it and keep it and he cannot be a drunkard. Remember also, that we do not set the principle of total abstinence in the place of the Gospel. By no means. But what we say is, that drunkenness is a physical evil, as well as a moral evil.

## Who will be Drunkards?

If you were to rank those boys before me, and ask me which of them was most likely to become a drunkard, I should not want to know what his education or breeding had been, or what his intellect, half so much as what is the *temperament* of the child. Is he of a cold, calculating, selfish disposition, or is he one of those little fellows, full of fire and poetry, with a manly *generous heart*? Point out that boy,—that is the boy most likely to become a drunkard.

## The Two Railroads.

Suppose there were two lines of railroad; on one there was an accident regularly once a week; sometimes on one day and sometimes on another, and on the other line there never had been an accident; and your son wanted to go the journey traversed by the respective lines, and he were to say "Which line, father, shall I take?" Would you dare to tell him to take that one upon which the accidents were so frequent,—because it was the most fashionable?—You would say, "Take the *safe* line;" and that is just what we do.

## The Bible and the Pledge.

We do not, I repeat, attempt to put total abstinence in the place of Christianity. I love the Bible better than I love the Temperance Pledge. I love the Church of Christ better than I love all the Temperance Societies in Christendom, and would rather see every Temperance Society ex-



tinguished, than that the true interests of Christ's Church should be injured an atom. We don't seek to do that which only the Gospel can do.

## How to Empty Prisons.

The Governor of York Castle in taking me round the prison, said, "If it were not for drink, we should have but few prisoners, Mr. Gough. If every body followed your example, we should have comparatively nothing to do." But a man may become a reformed drunkard, and not be regenerated. There is no virtue in the pledge to reform the man;—there is to reform the drunkard. And then I ask you, is he not better prepared to appreciate religious truth than when a drunkard? Is it not a work which we may ask God to sanctify to a higher end? We ask parents, then, to help us.

## The poor Drunkard.

Oh! I have sometimes looked at a bright beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought, that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I once was playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Connecticut; I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play, I said to him, "Harry, will you go down with me to the side of that stone wall?" "Oh yes!" was his cheerful reply. We went together and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and cheered and illumined us, lay upon his porous greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the fields looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded man, and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth, and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively

twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eye dim gazing upon the poor drunkard; then did I pray to God to give me an everlastingly increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that could make *such a thing* of a being once as fair as that child.

## Two Thousand Medical Men.

We seek to save children, then, from an influence, not which *must* come upon them, but which *may*, and we ask you to help us. Total abstinence never yet injured one human being. We have the certificate of 2000 of the first physicians and surgeons of the day, declaring that total abstinence is compatible with health and strength, and that a man may give up intoxicating liquors at once. Only think for a moment, that the land would be swept of drunkenness in twenty-five years if no more drunkards were henceforth made. Shall any here this evening help to fill up the ranks? Shall your child stand among those degraded beings who are mowed down every year by the scythe of death? The ranks are filled up in some way or other. Bear in mind, it is a sliding scale gradually from the first glass to the last, through all the grades of moderation, so called, to drunkenness, and it is from the ranks of the moderate drinkers that the drunkards are drawn. We seek to save these children from those influences, and will you help us? Is any sacrifice too great? You know, if you give a child in a healthy state any intoxicating drink, you give him what is not necessary,—what is dangerous, and physicians tell us it produces a positive injury. There is not a physician in the land who does not know that what is used as a medicine cannot be properly used in a good state of health.

## Ragged Schools, &amp;c.

Then we maintain that Total Abstinence is scriptural; if it were otherwise, I should pray God to take from me my power of advocating it. A gentleman said to me, it was unscriptural, because we have no direct command in the Bible. I know that—nor have we any direct command in the Bible for those Ragged Schools of which your noble chairman is such a distinguished patron—nor for Early Closing Associations, and other movements patronised by the heads of the various religious bodies; you might as well say, they are anti-scriptural.

## The Sacred Scriptures.

I maintain, while I believe the Bible permits the use of wine—although I am not learned enough to say whether the wine spoken of in Scripture was intoxicating or not—that total abstinence is also lawfully scriptural. The Rechabites took the pledge and were commended when they refused to break it. Daniel refused to drink the intoxicating draught, and was justified in his refusal. The Nazarenes abstained from flesh also. We believe it is both lawful and expedient to abstain from alcohol. We believe with St. Paul, "It is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, nor anything by which a brother is stumbled and made weak." What is the ground upon which we base our operations? Large-hearted benevolence and self-denial.

## The Rising Generation.

A gentleman told me that when speaking at a place, he once said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are not labouring for ourselves, but for posterity. Posterity will come and ask you,—What have you done for us? Fifteen years afterwards, he went to the same place to speak again, and observed present children of various ages—15, 14, 10. He thought of what he had said on the previous occasion, and in addressing the audience, he observed, "Ladies and gentlemen, fifteen years ago, I said



we were not labouring for ourselves, but for posterity, and posterity would come and ask us what we had done. Posterity has come, and they are here to-day;—what have you done for them in the last fifteen years?" What will you do in the next fifteen years for those who are now coming up? We ask you, parents, to give the subject your serious, prayerful consideration. I would not use any arguments to make people total abstinents that were not honest, if I knew it. I have tried as far as I am able, to elevate our standard, to keep it from trailing in the dust, and not make our principles a matter of bargain.

### Have a Reason!

A minister walked from Stroud to Cirencester to hear me speak. He says the arguments used affected him deeply. I had said, "I wish a man to sign the pledge if it is right to do so; if it is wrong, let it alone; but be sure you are right, and if a man refuses to join, let him have a reason of which he is not ashamed—one that seems satisfactory to him when he kneels down and asks God for a blessing; let it be a reason you will be satisfied with when in your best moods—one which will satisfy you when death's cold fingers are feeling for your heart-strings—a reason you are willing should meet you on that day when you receive the reward for the deeds done in the body." This minister told me he argued the point with himself the whole twelve miles home—arguing as if for life, stopping on the road and thrusting his stick on the ground, bringing every reason carefully up and examining it. He came to the conclusion that he had not a reason against total abstinence which would stand the test of the judgment day. The next morning he signed the pledge, and now he is ready to work with us. Have a reason!

### Our Hope is in the Young.

The hope of our Temperance enterprise is the children, and again I say, "God bless the children! God save them from the influences that are degrading so many thousands!" If we can but operate upon the children, we feel as if the day of triumph would soon draw near. Will you help us? Help us for the sake of your own children, and the children of others, that these may be saved from the power and influence of intemperance.

I will not detain you further than to say, I am sure I have had a very attentive audience. These boys and girls have behaved exceedingly well, and have done credit to-night to their instructors and teachers. I leave this city this week for three months, but hope to come back again; and if in the spring we can get a large number of children together, with all my heart will I come to speak for them. While I am a Temperance Advocate, if I can further any good movement relating to children,—I feel myself bound to do it with all my heart. God bless you, dear children,

and throw the mantle of his love around you! God save you, and all dear to you, from the curse which is fatal to so many. Such is my sincere and earnest prayer! Good night to you all."—(Loud cheers kept up enthusiastically by the children until Mr. Gough had retired from sight.)

A vote of thanks to the Right Honourable the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, for presiding on this interesting occasion, was moved by MR. T. B. SMITHIES, and seconded by MR. GEARY.

### The Earl of Shaftesbury

in reply said—"I do not think thanks are due to me for sitting here, and listening to the most eloquent, touching, convincing, and effective address I have ever heard, or was perhaps ever delivered

interesting meeting; and it will be by their instrumentality that those evils over which we mourn will be ultimately removed. I again say that the future destinies of the land, my young friends, are very much in your hands, and I would therefore exhort you to continue combating with those evils, which have been so eloquently placed before you this evening, by our friend Mr. Gough. We must have, by-and-by, a new generation of men and women, and I may say that such men as Mr. Gough, and I may also name the Editor of that excellent little paper the *Band of Hope Review*, are doing much towards bringing about that state of things which will transpire, to better the condition of society, when those of us who have passed the meridian of life, shall have ceased our labours."

His Lordship sat down amidst the warm plaudits of the meeting.

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, B.A.

### THE MONEY SPENT IN STRONG DRINK IN GREAT BRITAIN

WOULD EVERY YEAR SUPPORT

200,000 Missionaries (which would be about one to every 3,000 adult heathen) at . . . . .	each £200
2,000 Superannuated Missionary Labourers at . . . . .	" 100
100,000 Schoolmasters at . . . . .	" 100
Build 2,000 Churches and Chapels . . . . .	" 2,000
Build 2000 Schools at . . . . .	" 500
Give to 50,000 Widows, . . . . .	each per week 5s.
Issue 50,000 Bibles every day at . . . . .	each 1s. 6d.
And 100,000 Tracts every day at . . . . .	per hundred 4s.
And present to 192,815 poor families £10 each on Christmas Day.	

OR,

It would, in one year, supply each human being on the globe with a Bible.

OR,

IT WOULD, IN ONE YEAR, PROVIDE

200 Hospitals at . . . . .	each £20,000
12,000 Chapels at . . . . .	" 2,000
10,000 Schools at . . . . .	" 600
2,000 Mechanics' Institutions and Lecture Halls at . . . . .	" 2,000
25,000 Almshouses at . . . . .	" 200
1,000 Baths . . . . .	" 2,000
2,000 Libraries at . . . . .	" 500
200 Public Parks at . . . . .	" 5,000
Give 400,000 poor families £10 each, and present a new Bible to each man, woman, and child in Great Britain.	

So that the money spent in Great Britain alone, for strong drink, would, as far as outward ministry is concerned, evangelize the world—besides providing largely for temporal distress.

### A SWEET SAYING.

"NEVER shall I forget the thrill of pleasure," says the Rev. S. Gilpin, "which the last words of a dear child made on my mind. They came from his lips as he lay dying on my shoulder. He repeated the words of Christ, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' and added, 'That is a sweet saying, is it not, uncle?' and then, that moment, he died, to know its sweetness. He came from school in good health; he was gathering strawberries in the morning, and was dead in my arms at eleven the same night."

It is indeed a "sweet saying;" and, it has been written in the Bible for the use of the young. Every child should learn it by heart, and try to know what it means.

### PRIZE ESSAYS.

No. 1.

A PRIZE of £5 is offered for the best Essay, shewing "Why the young should never commence the habit of smoking tobacco, and why those who have commenced should leave it off."

The Essay may be in prose or rhyme, but not to exceed 2000 words. Competitors to be boys and girls under 21 years of age. The Essays to be sent (post paid) not later than the 30th of July, 1854.

No. 2.

A second prize of £5 is offered by Richard Barrett, Esq., for the best Essay "On the means possessed by the YOUNG for doing good, shewing particularly the benefit of promoting small subscriptions for objects of benevolence, by children giving a portion of their pocket money, instead of spending it all in the gratification of their tastes."

The same conditions to be observed as above, but the Essays to be forwarded to Richard Barrett, Esq., Waddon, Croydon, Surrey.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are compelled to postpone the insertion of these.

on this or any other platform, but I am sure you will join with me in thanking Mr. Gough, which I heartily do, for his efforts. I thank God who has brought him to this country, as I trust to do a great work, and I am sure you will promise with me, as the children in America have done,—to help him to the best of our ability. The longer I live, the more am I convinced, that intemperance is the cause of a very large amount of national evil, both at home and abroad, and unless it is obstructed in its onward march, it will in this country, as well as in Australia, prove ruinous to society. I feel also convinced, that the future destinies of this great country are in the hands of such as those who form the majority of the present

to Samuel Garney, Jun., Esq., Carshalton, Surrey.





### THE SIX AND SEVEN DAYS' CABS.

"OH, PAPA, do take *this* cab, it does not come out on the Sunday!"

"How do you know that, my boy?"

"Well papa, teacher says that many of the London cabs have lately been licensed for only the *six* working days of the week, and cannot come out on the Sabbath. The six-day cabs, he says are all numbered from 10,000 and upwards, (five figures) but those that run on the Sunday are numbered under 10,000, and therefore have not more than *four* figures."

We gladly draw attention to the interesting fact that by a recent Act of Parliament the proprietor of a cab must on applying to the Excise Office for a license, state whether he wishes it to be employed on *six* or *seven* days of the week. For the former he has to pay a duty of six shillings and for the latter seven shillings weekly. It is gratifying to know that already about 700 of the London cabs have got the *six-day* licenses, and the drivers are now able to attend a place of worship, with their families, on the Sabbath; a privilege hitherto almost unknown to them.

Some of the cab proprietors state that they find both their horses and men are much better for having a day's rest, and that even in a pecuniary point of view, they are not the poorer for observing the Sabbath-day.

The six-day cabs are readily distinguished from the others by being numbered 10,000 and upwards, (five figures) on a *light* coloured plate.

The cab missionaries state that there is a strong desire amongst the majority of the three thousand seven-day cabmen to have the privilege of "a Sabbath of rest."

Coaches were first introduced into England from France, about 1176. A bill was brought into Parliament in 1601, to prevent the effeminacy of men's riding in them!—*Stow*.

### THE LOST NESTLINGS.

"Have you seen my darling nestlings?"

A mother robin cried,

"I cannot, cannot find them,

Though I have sought them far and wide.

"I left them well this morning,

When I went to seek them food;

But I found upon returning,

I'd a nest without a brood.



"O, have you nought to tell me,  
That will ease my aching breast,  
About my tender offspring  
That I left within the nest?"

"I have called them in the bushes,  
And the rolling stream beside,  
Yet they came not at my bidding;  
I'm afraid they all have died."

### THE BLOODHOUND.

BLOODHOUNDS were formerly much used in various districts of England and Scotland for the discovery of murderers and robbers. A tax was laid upon the inhabitants for the support of these useful animals.

These dogs would track the felon through the thickest and most secret coverts, and never cease their pursuit until they had seized the guilty person. Such was the confidence placed in their extraordinary scent, that by a law in Scotland whoever denied entrance to one of these dogs, in pursuit of stolen goods, was deemed a guilty party.

"I can tell you all about them,"

Said a little wanton boy;

"For 'twas *I* that thought it pleasure  
Your nestlings to destroy.

"But I did not think their mother  
Her little ones would miss,

Or ever come to hail me

With a wailing sound like this.

"I did not know your bosom

Was formed to suffer woe,

And to mourn your murdered children,

Or I had not grieved you so.

"I'm sorry I have taken

The lives I can't restore;

And this regret shall teach me

To do the thing no more.

"I ever shall remember

The plaintive sounds I've heard,

Nor kill another nestling

To pain a mother bird."

### GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND.

#### COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Pentonville Prison.

HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall.

MR. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury.

REV. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.

#### TREASURER.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

The Committee, being desirous of making a grant of 500 copies\* of the "Band of Hope Review," for each of the Missionaries of the "London City Mission" and "Country Towns Missions;" earnestly solicit the liberal contributions of the Christian public to enable them to carry out so important an undertaking. About 200,000 copies will be required, which will occasion an outlay of not less than £300. For every 15s. subscribed, a grant of 500 copies will be made to one of the above Societies.

\* Average number of families called upon by each Missionary.

#### Contributions already received.

	£	s.	d.	
Announced in the last No. . . . .	32	5	0	for 21,500 copies.
J. Sturge, Esq. Birmingham. . . . .	5	5	0	" 3500 "
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Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer; also by Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co., Bankers, 54, Lombard St.; Messrs. Partridge, Oakley & Co. 34, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Cash, 5, Bishopgate Street Without, London.

### THE YOUNG SALESMAN.

A GENTLEMAN informs us that a zealous Lincolnshire boy disposes of a goodly number of the "Band of Hope Review," to the workmen of a small manufactory near to his residence. The youth politely asked the proprietor to allow him to stand near the counting-house door on one of the nights for paying wages. Consent was most readily given. Nearly all the hands cheerfully pay their half-pennies in exchange for the paper every month.

A few such young salesmen in every town would soon double our circulation.







"They that honour Me I will honour."

### THE SABBATH KEEPING BARBER.

A BARBER, who lived in Bath in the last century, passing a church one Sunday, peeped in, just as the minister was giving out his text, "*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.*"—Exodus xx. 18.

He listened long enough to be convinced that he was breaking the law of God, by keeping his shop open on that sacred day.

He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sunday task. At length he opened his mind to the



THE WORKING MEN'S EDUCATIONAL UNION, is conferring a great boon upon the artisans of this great Metropolis.

Interesting Dioramas of Nineveh, Egypt, Palestine, Natural History, The North American Indians, &c., &c. are now exhibiting at the rooms in King William Street, Strand, (close to Charing Cross) every week-day evening at 8 o'clock. The charge is but twopence, thus enabling a working man to take his wife and family at a slight cost.

It is in contemplation to establish a good NEWS and COFFEE ROOM on the premises. We trust that the working men of London will rally round this valuable institution.

Every information may be had from the Secretary, Benjamin Scott, Esq.



THE WORKING MEN'S EDUCATIONAL UNION is publishing a most valuable collection of large diagrams on cloth, with Historical, Astronomical, Mechanical, and other Illustrations. They are printed on cloth, (3 feet by 4 feet square) adapted for distant inspection, and coloured for candlelight.

Clergymen, ministers, schoolmasters and lecturers will find these cheap diagrams most valuable to them.

We congratulate our "sons of toil" on the formation of this excellent Union, and trust that its indefatigable Secretary will be long spared to be a blessing to the working population of this country.

Catalogues of the Diagrams, with prices, may be had of Benj. Scott, Esq. 25, King William St., Strand.



clergyman, who advised him to immediately close his shop on the Sabbath.

He replied that beggary would be the consequence; he had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost.

The clergyman told him that he must not confer with flesh and blood, but *trust in God*, who requires from us no more than is for our good.

The barber could not bring his mind to do this at once. He sounded his customers, and soon found they would

(Continued on next page.)





employ another, should he close on the Sunday.

At length, after many a sleepless night, spent in weeping and praying, he determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent.

He discontinued Sunday dressing; went constantly to church; and very soon became the happy possessor of that "peace of God, which the world can neither give nor take away."

The consequences he foresaw, actually followed; his genteel customers left him, as he was nick-named a "Puritan" or "Methodist." He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and in the course of years, became so much reduced, as to take a cellar under the market house, and there shave the farmers!

One Saturday evening at dusk, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the ostler to the cellar opposite.

Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses; adding, "I do not like to violate the Sabbath."

This was touching the poor barber on a tender chord; he burst into tears, asked the stranger to lend him a halfpenny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, resolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced before he could make such a request.

When shaved, he said, "There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half-a-crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?"

"William Reed," said the astonished barber.

"William Reed!" echoed the stranger—"William Reed! by your dialect you are from the west."

"Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton."

"William Reed, from Kingston, near Taunton! What was your father's name?"

"Thomas, sir."

"Had he any brother?"

"Yes, sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and as we have never heard from him, we suppose him to be dead."

"Come along—follow me," said the stranger, "I am going to see a person who says his name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed him whom you say you are, I have glorious news for you; your uncle is dead, and has left you an immense fortune; which I will put you in possession of, if all legal doubts are removed."

He went by the coach, saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. This stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity, told him he had advertised for him in vain—Providence had now thrown him in his way in a most extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property!

Thus was man's extremity, God's opportunity.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths."—PROVERBS iii. 6.

## RISE, BOYS, RISE!

THE difference between rising at five, and eight o'clock in the morning, will amount at the end of one year, to forty-five clear days, of twenty-four hours to each day! Let our young readers take their slates and pencils, and then calculate how much valuable time will be added to their lives, by rising early, should God graciously spare them to live fifty, or sixty years.



Early to bed,—early to rise; The way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.

## EARLY RISING.

THE lark is up to meet the sun.  
The bee is on the wing;  
The ant his labour has begun,  
The groves with music ring.

And shall I sleep when beams of morn  
Their light and glory shed?  
Immortal beings were not born  
To waste their time in bed.

Shall birds, and bees, and ants, be wise  
While I my moments waste?  
No!—let me with the morning rise  
And to my duty haste.

## LOST! LOST!

LOST. Yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone for ever.

## SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter,  
And its mouth was  
gaping wide; the  
rosy wine had  
ebbed away  
and left  
its crystal  
side;  
and the wind  
went humming—  
humming  
up and  
down the  
wind it flew,  
and through the  
reed-like  
hollow neck  
the wildest notes it  
blew. I placed it in the  
window, where the blast was  
blowing free, and fancied that its  
pale mouth sang the queerest strains to  
me. "They tell me—punny conquerors! the  
Plague has slain his ten, and War his hundred  
thousand of the very best of men, but I"—twas  
thus the Bottle spake—"but I have conquered  
more than all your famous conquerors, so  
feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye  
youths and maidens all, come drink from  
out my cup, the beverage that dalls the  
brain and burns the spirits up; that puts  
to shame your conquerors that slay their  
scores below; for this has deluged mil-  
lions with the lava tide of wo. Tho'  
in the path of battle darkest streams  
of blood may roll; yet while I killed  
the body, I have damn'd the  
very soul. The cholera, the plague  
the sword, such ruin never wrought  
as I, in mirth or malice, on the  
innocent have brought. And  
still I breathe upon them,  
and they shrink before my  
breath, and year by year my thou-  
sands tread the dusty way of death."

## A BRAVE BOY.

YES, this lad was a brave boy; not for fighting, or venturing, or anything of that sort, but because he would not do what he believed to be wrong; and this, at Sunday School by his teacher, he had been taught was the best way of being brave. This lad drank water only, but he worked in a shop where the men were fond of drinking strong liquors, and they did not like the young

water drinker, whose sobriety re-  
proved their in-  
temperance. One  
day they resolved  
to force a dram of  
rum down his  
throat. Seizing an  
opportunity when  
he was left alone  
in the shop with  
themselves, they  
invited him to  
drink. He refused.  
They then told  
him they should  
compel him. He  
remained calm and  
unmoved. They  
threatened him.  
Still he never  
seemed angry, nor  
attempted to es-  
cape, nor evinced  
the least disposi-

tion to yield; but insisted that it was wicked, and he could not do it. They then laid hold of him, a man at each arm, while the third held the bottle ready to force his mouth. Still he remained meek and firm, declaring that he had never injured them, and never should, but that God would be his friend and protector, however they might abuse him. The man who held the bottle, up to that moment resolute in his evil purpose, was so struck by the non-resisting dignity and innocence of the lad, that as he afterwards confessed, almost with tears, he actually felt unable to raise his hand. Twice he essayed to lift the bottle, to place the nose of it in the boy's mouth, but his arm refused to serve him. Not the least resistance was made by the lad otherwise than by a meek protesting look; yet the ring-leader himself was overcome, and gave over the attempt, declaring that he could not, and would not injure such an innocent, conscientious, good-hearted lad. Such is moral power. Such is the strength by which evil may be overcome with good. Was he not a brave boy?

## GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND. COMMITTEE.

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TREASURER.  
JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

The Treasurer thankfully acknowledges the following contributions to the special fund for the proposed grant of 200,000 copies of the "Band of Hope Review," to the Committee of the "London City Mission," and "Country Towns Mission."

Announced in last No. £47 15s. 6d. for 31,850 copies.

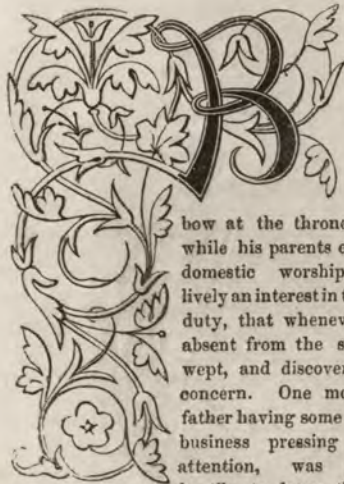
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Scholars of the Wesleyan Reform Sunday School, Islington Green, London, 11s. 5d. R. Morrell, Esq., Selby, 10s. A. Hawes, 5s. Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury, 3s.

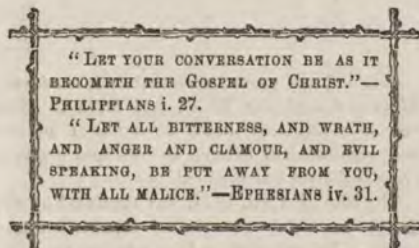
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## LITTLE BENJAMIN.



BENJAMIN not more than four yearsold, having been accustomed from infancy, to bow at the throne of grace while his parents engaged in domestic worship, felt so lively an interest in that sacred duty, that whenever he was absent from the service, he wept, and discovered much concern. One morning his father having some particular business pressing upon his attention, was preparing hastily to leave the house, without having family worship. As soon as the child perceived this, he ran to a chair and knelt down. His father still proceeding to go out, Benjamin rose up, ran after him, and took hold of his coat to conduct him from the door to "Father's chair." This affecting deportment of the child brought the father to tears, and compelled him to stay and perform the duty devolving upon him.



"LET YOUR CONVERSATION BE AS IT BECOMETH THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST."—PHILIPPIANS i. 27.

"LET ALL BITTERNESS, AND WRATH, AND ANGER AND CLAMOUR, AND EVIL SPEAKING, BE PUT AWAY FROM YOU, WITH ALL MALICE."—EPHESIANS iv. 31.

## MIND YOUR TONGUE.

"SPEAK evil of no man."—Titus iii. 2. "I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue."—Psalm xxxix. 1.

Never speak ill of any person unless you are obliged, and then only state what you *know to be true*.

When you hear another spoken ill of, if you know any good of that person, mention it.

In alluding to the faults of others, you should ever remember your own. Your lips should be governed by the law of kindness.

Remember, "That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matthew xii. 36.

## CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

"I will be even with my bitterest foe," REVENGE exclaims, and then returns the blow. "I'll be superior"—should the CHRISTIAN say, And kind forgiveness readily display.

## A PILLOW FOR THE NIGHT.

To sleep well, lay these things under your head:—

1. A precious promise out of Scripture.
2. A sweet verse of a hymn.
3. A hearty prayer to God.
4. A resolution to serve God on the morrow.
5. A glance of faith at the cross.
6. A good conscience purified by the blood of Christ.

## THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

BY DR. BYROM.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,  
One took the other briskly by the hand;  
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,  
About the crows!"

"I don't know what it is,"  
Replied his friend.—

"No! I'm surprised at that;  
Where I came from, it is the common chat:  
But you shall hear, an odd affair indeed!  
And that it happen'd, they are all agreed:  
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,  
A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,  
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,  
Took physic, and has thrown up *three crows*!"



"Impossible!"—

"Nay, but it's really true;  
I had it from good hands, and so may you."  
"From whose, I pray?" So having named the  
man,

Straight to enquire, his curious comrade ran.

"Sir, did you tell?"—relating the affair—  
"Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,  
Ask Mr. Such-a-one; he told it me;  
But, by-the-by, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three*."



Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,  
Whip to the third the virtuoso went.

"Sir,"—and so forth—

"Why, yes; the thing is fact,  
Though in regard to number not exact;  
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas *only one*;



The truth of that you may depend upon.  
The gentleman himself told me the case."

"Where may I find him?"

"Why in such a place."  
Away he goes, and having found him out,—

"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."  
Then to his last informant he referred,  
And begged to know if true what he had heard.  
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"

"Not I!"  
"Bless me! *how* people propagate a lie!  
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and  
one,

And here I find at last *all comes to none*!  
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"

"Crow!—crow!—perhaps I might, now I recall  
The matter over."

"And pray, sir, what was't?"  
"Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last,  
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,  
Something that was as *black*, sir, as a *crow*."

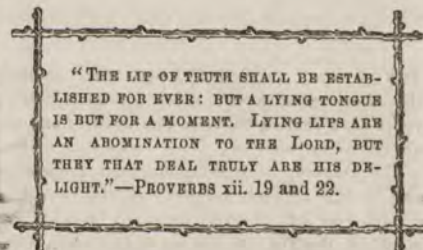
## AWFUL CONSEQUENCES OF LYING.

*Inscription on the Market Cross, at Devizes,  
in Wiltshire.*

"The Mayor and corporation of Devizes avail themselves of the stability of this building to transmit to future times, the record of an event, which occurred in this market-place in the year 1753, hoping that such a record may serve as a salutary warning against the danger of impiously invoking the Divine vengeance, or of calling on the holy name of God, to conceal the services of falsehood and fraud.—

"On Thursday, 25th January, 1753, Ruth Pierce, of Pottern, in this county, agreed with other women to buy a sack of wheat in the market, each paying her due proportion towards the same. One of these women, in collecting the several quotas of money, discovered a deficiency, and demanded of Ruth Pierce the sum which was wanting to make good the amount. Ruth Pierce protested that she had paid her share, and said, she wished she might drop down dead if she had not. She rashly repeated the awful wish, when, to the consternation of the surrounding multitudes she instantly fell down and expired, having the money concealed in her hand!"

He that would instruct others in the truth,  
must never deny the truth himself.



"THE LIP OF TRUTH SHALL BE ESTABLISHED FOR EVER: BUT A LYING TONGUE IS BUT FOR A MOMENT. LYING LIPS ARE AN ABOMINATION TO THE LORD, BUT THEY THAT DEAL TRULY ARE HIS DELIGHT."—PROVERBS xii. 19 and 22.

## "I WILL NOT TELL A LIE."

A LITTLE boy named Augustus, was sent by his mother for some milk. Robert wished to go instead of his brother Augustus, and when they got into the street, tried to force the pitcher out of his hand. Augustus held the pitcher fast, till at last it was broken to pieces in the scuffle, by falling on the ground. Augustus began to cry bitterly. A woman who was in the street, and saw how it happened, pitied poor Augustus, and being a woman who did not fear God, she told him to say, when he got home, that the woman who sold the milk had broken the pitcher. Augustus wiped his eyes and looking stedfastly at the woman, said, "*That would be telling a lie*; I will tell the *truth*, then my mother will not scold me; but if she should, *I would rather be scolded than tell a lie*."

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Press Gang.* By MRS. BALFOUR.

*The Ox Sermon.*

These two well written and illustrated penny books will be valued by our temperance friends. Their wide circulation at the present moment will do good.

*Pictorial Pages.* Part I. PARTRIDGE, OAKLEY, & Co. The first ten numbers of this interesting halfpenny monthly serial, under the editorship of the Rev. H. Townley, have just been published in a neat wrapper at the low charge of sixpence. The worthy Editor is a fellow-labourer with us in the important work of supplanting the pernicious literature, and we shall rejoice in his success. We believe that a circulation of not less than 100,000 monthly will be required to cover the great outlay which Mr. Townley has incurred.

Messrs. Partridge, Oakley & Co. will supply the *Band of Hope Review* to Societies and Schools taking quantities, on reduced terms. Apply to 34, Paternoster Row, London.





W A R.

THE horrors of war, have at length broken in upon the blessings of peace, which for nearly forty years have existed between this country and the nations of Europe.

The Emperor of Russia, although possessing one of the largest empires in the world,—grasping for still greater power, has been seeking to subdue the Turkish Empire to his sway.

War between the Turks and Russians has been the result. Towns and villages have been burned up; men, women, and children have been slain; and thousands of soldiers have been left weltering in their blood on the battle field.

How striking are the words of a great *military* man: "I have seen burned cities, desolated fields, and impoverished families. I have heard the groans of the father when deprived of his son, the support of his age; I have witnessed the despair of the mother, when bereaved of the delight of her eyes, and the joy of her life; I have heard the frantic cries of the widow, and have seen the tears of the orphan; I have beheld the decrepid soldier, oppressed with age, and covered with wounds, begging a wretched support at the doors of the opulent." This is thy work, *O war!* these are thy bitter fruits, *O ambition!*

England and France have sent their armies and fleets to defend the Turks, and there is every reason to fear that many thousands of mothers and children will become *widows* and *orphans*, ere the fearful war is ended.

The 26th of April, 1854, was appointed by the Queen as a day of national humiliation and prayer. Tens of thousands of prayers ascended to heaven on that day, that the blessings of peace might be speedily restored, and that the day might soon arrive when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—Isaiah ii. 4. Haste, happy day!



P E A C E.





"Be ye also ready."

### MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD'S DYING APPEAL TO HIS COUNTRY.

From every Court of Justice, and from every Jail in our land, a bitter cry against our national vice of intemperance has long been heard, but never did its deep wail so solemnly arrest the attention of our countrymen, as when on Monday the 13th of March last, it resounded from the walls of Stafford Court-House, and echoed to every corner of Her Majesty's dominions.

Mr. Justice Talfourd entered the Court

shortly after ten o'clock in the morning, apparently in his usual health. The names of the magistrates of the county, mayors of boroughs, and coroners, having been called over, the grand jury were sworn in. The proclamation against vice and immorality having been read, his Lordship proceeded to deliver the following

CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY.

"Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest for

the county of Stafford—Although the calendar, on the consideration of which you are about to enter, perhaps comprises no crime of a die so deep as that which at this time last year the Grand Inquest had the duty to present, and I of investigating, with the assistance of the Petty Jury, yet it contains indications of a state of moral degradation in some districts of the county which it is impossible to per-



J. A. Talfourd



ceive without deeply deploring and earnestly desiring to remedy. I am aware that the numbers of the calendar have been greatly reduced by the trial of a great number of prisoners, charged with minor offences, before the adjourned Quarter Sessions, where justice is administered in such a manner as I well know leaves nothing to be desired even by the most fastidious and the most jealous spectator of the administration of English justice. The calendar has been by that means relieved of something more than 180 prisoners, who else would have been here for the Judges to try; and that circumstance, has left a large residue of a very painful and very serious kind \* \* \* \* A great majority of the cases are those of direct violence by man against man, or by man directed against the unprotected and unoffending woman. \* \* \* \*

### Cases of Manslaughter.

"There are no less than thirteen cases of manslaughter, where human life has been taken away as in a moment—not, in the great majority of cases, by lawless violence, but some of them by a different species of criminality, rendered criminal by neglect in the management of engines by which pits are worked in the mining district. The next class of crime is that which is the most afflicting of all—*which points to the deepest moral degradation of the people, and which shows what brutal passion, when stimulated by strong liquor, will produce.* There are no less than eighteen cases of highway robbery, with violence, including about thirty persons in the charge of that guilt.

### Higher Wages.—Greater Crime.

"These crimes come—I will not say exclusively, but in the far greater majority of cases—from those districts in this county which are most rich in mineral treasure, where the wages of these persons are high, and where the temptation of want cannot for a moment be suggested to palliate or account for the crime. On the contrary, I have observed, in the experience I have had in the calendars of Staffordshire, extending far beyond the period of my judicial experience, that in times of comparative privation, crime diminishes; but when *wages are high*, and may be earned by a less degree of work, there is a stronger temptation to spend them in *vicious indulgence*, and crime is increased almost in proportion to the state of prosperity by which the criminals have been surrounded. \* \* \* \* This is a consideration which should awaken all our minds, and especially the minds of those gentlemen connected with that district, to see in what direction they may search for a remedy for so great an evil.

### Sunday School Education, &c.

"It is right that I should say that I do not find the state of education—that is, such education as can be provided by Sunday schools and other schools in this district—is below the average of that to be found in agricultural districts; and one must therefore search for other causes for the peculiar aspect of crime presented by these districts; and I cannot help thinking that it may in no small degree be attributed to that separation between class and class which is the great curse of British society, and for which we all, in our respective spheres, are in some degree more or less responsible. This separation is more complete in mining districts by the very necessities and condition of the people than in agricultural districts, where the resident gentry are enabled to shower around them not only the blessings of their munificence and active kindness, but to influence by their example.

### Want of Sympathy.

"I am afraid it is part of our English character to keep too much aloof from those who are beneath us, and, therefore, they are too much encouraged to

look upon us with suspicion and dislike. Even to our servants we think, perhaps, we fulfil our duty in our sphere when we perform our contracts with them, pay them their wages, treat them with a civility consistent with our habits and feelings, and curb our temper from violent expression towards them; yet how painful is the thought that there are men and women growing up around us, administering to our comforts, supplying our wants and necessities, who are continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were inhabitants of some other sphere. This arises from a species of contracted feeling, and a kind of reserve, perhaps peculiar to the English character: and, I think, greatly tends to prevent that mingling of class with class—that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections—those gracious admonitions and kind enquiries, which often, more than book education, tend to the culture of the affections of the heart, and to refine the character of those to whom they are addressed. If I were asked,—What is the great want in English society to mingle class with class? I would say, in one word, *The want of sympathy.*

### Miners and Colliers.

"Now that want is never so necessarily or more entirely felt as in those cases where men are engaged in the bowels of the earth during a large portion of their time, and who inevitably contract in their occupation an appearance of filth. The large ironmasters and coalmasters have a great number of men in their employ, with whom it is utterly impossible for them to cultivate sympathy; the overlookers and sub-agents, themselves engaged in the active duties of life, and having the claims of their own families on their sympathies, are unable, even were they not unqualified by want of education, from entering into the domestic relations and circumstances of the middle-aged and the young amongst whom they move; and thus it is only when a lurid light is cast by some acts or crimes like those you have to investigate, that we really understand what is the life, the habits, and the pursuits of these people.

### Chief Cause of Crime.\*

"No doubt the *exciting cause* in by far the larger number of these cases is that which *every judge has to deplore in every county in this land*—is that which was so justly called in the admirable discourse to which I listened from the sheriff's chaplain yesterday,

### THE ENGLISH VICE,

which makes us a bye word and a reproach among nations in other respects inferior to us, who have not the same religious feelings, and the same noble aspirations which belong to us—I mean the

### VICE OF DRUNKENNESS.

I cannot doubt that *that* is in *most cases* the immediate cause, for it has an influence in two ways on crime, and especially in cases of highway robbery; for whereas, on the one hand, it awakens malice and kindles the slumbering passions of the human heart, *when reason may be said to be in a state of twilight*; so, on the other hand, it points out the victim to be robbed by presenting temptations to those who see him exposing his money in public house after public house, or in a state of drunkenness he finds himself a sharer in a sin from which domestic ties should keep him aloof, and is overreached by his partner in that sin, who adds to it another crime, or is marked out by some of her wicked associates for plunder. One great evil

of this circumstance is—and I think you will find on looking at the depositions, that it is a mere repetition of the same story over again—some man who has gone from public house to public house, spending and exhibiting his money, is marked out by those who observe him as the fitting object for plunder, and his senses being obscured he is scarcely able to identify those who attack him, and thus sometimes the parties are enabled to escape from the consequences, for although the story may be perfectly true which the prosecutor tells, although it may be vividly felt by him,—yet—he—is—obliged to—confess"—

These were the *last words* of the celebrated and highly esteemed

*J. A. Talfourd*

His Lordship's voice faltered, during the utterance of the last few words, and his head suddenly fell forward upon the cushion of the desk. Dr. Knight, Dr. Holland, Mr. Sansom, and Mr. Thos. Talfourd, his Lordship's youngest son, rushed forward to render assistance. They loosened the robes from about his neck, ordered water to be brought, and the windows of the court to be opened so as to allow free passage for the air. A solemn stillness for some moments prevailed in the court, disturbed only by the occasional loud breathing of the dying judge, whose face had assumed the deepest livid hue. At Lord Talbot's suggestion, the helpless body, still invested with the scarlet robes, was carried to the judges' house adjoining. One final moan escaped from his Lordship whilst being carried out of court, and when the body was placed on the judge's own bed, Dr. Knight and Dr. Holland pronounced life to be extinct. Not more than five or six minutes elapsed from the time when his Lordship uttered the last word of his then unfinished charge, to the moment when the vital spark had for ever fled!

### Mr. Justice Talfourd's Testimony corroborated by other Judges.

The following sentences are extracted from the addresses of other Judges to Grand Juries:—

#### JUDGE COLERIDGE

says,—"*There is scarcely a crime comes before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink.*"

#### JUDGE PATTISON.

"*If it were not for this drinking, you (the Jury) and I would have nothing to do.*"

#### JUDGE ALDERSON.

"*Drunkenness is the most fertile source of crime; and if it could be removed, the assizes of the country would be rendered mere nullities.*"—If all men could be dissuaded from the use of intoxicating liquors, *the office of a judge would be a sinecure.*

#### JUDGE WIGHTMAN.

"I find in every calendar that comes before me, one unfailing source, directly or indirectly, of most of the crimes that are committed—*INTemperance.*"

#### JUDGE WILLIAMS.

"Experience has proved, that *almost all crime* into which juries have had to enquire, *may be traced in one way or another, to the habit of drunkenness.*"

Do not these VOICES FROM THE BENCH solemnly say to parents and teachers—Let not "*THE ENGLISH VICE*" curse another generation? Train up your CHILDREN as ABSTAINERS from all intoxicating beverages.

\* The following most important portion of Judge Talfourd's address has been altogether omitted by nearly all the London and provincial papers. We are indebted to the STAFFORD newspapers for the following correct report of the learned Judge's dying words.





### NEW BOOKS, &c.

The Cold Water Boy. Illustrated. 1d.

Speak Kindly. Illustrated, 1d.  
TWEEDIE, Temperance publisher, 337, Strand.

These two little neatly illustrated books form part of the "Band of Hope Library," now in the course of publication by Mr. Tweedie.

We think that they will be valued by parents and Teachers as Reward Books for the Young.

Illustrated Hand-Bills. W. & F. G. Cash.

The warmest thanks of tract distributors will be awarded to Messrs. Cash for publishing these very attractive and valuable Hand-Bills. They are superior to anything of the kind we have yet seen. They embrace Religion, Sabbath Observance, Kindness to Animals, Temperance, Peace, Truthfulness, &c., &c. None will regret spending a shilling in these Hand-Bills.

### FREE LABOUR COTTON.

Emma.—Please, Mamma, will you let me wear clothes that are made from *Free Labour Cotton*?

Mother.—Well, Emma, my child, I should be glad if I could do so. The thought that I am using articles made from *Slave Labour Cotton* has caused me many painful reflections.

Emma.—Please, Mamma, Miss Brown took me, when in London, to the *FREE LABOUR DEPÔT*, at No. 22, Broad Street Buildings, Finsbury, and Mrs. Inglis shewed us such nice white and grey calicoes, muslins, lawns, prints, ginghams, sewing and knitting cotton, all made from American cotton, which has been grown in plantations where the negroes are *Free* and not *SLAVES*. And then, Mamma, there were such nice socks, made by the poor Irish children at Youghal.

Mother.—Indeed, I am glad to hear you say so. Unfortunately the *Free Labour Depôt* is too far off, or I would call and purchase some things for you.

Emma.—Oh, but dear Mamma, Mrs. Inglis said that she would gladly send patterns to any part of the country, by post.\*

Mother.—Well, Emma, then I will write to Mrs. Inglis by this post, as I feel it to be my duty to discountenance the horrors of slavery by every means within my power.

\* We are glad to corroborate little Emma's testimony. By enclosing a stamped envelope to Mrs. Inglis, at the *Free Labour Depot*, 22, Broad Street Buildings, London, she will forward patterns, with prices, to any address.

### NOTICES OF CORRESPONDENTS.

**PRIZES for Answers to Bible Questions.**—Any of the successful competitors who have not yet received their prizes are desired to write to Mr. T. B. Smithies, No. 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. The death of a valued friend, who assisted in this branch of labour, has occasioned a serious delay in some cases.

**THE Communications of Anonymous Correspondents** cannot have attention.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIAN.**—The Rev. W. Reid's "Temperance Cyclopædia," published by Mr. Tweedie, 337, Strand, and Mrs. Balfour's "Morning Dew Drops," published by Messrs. Cash, Bishopsgate Street, are the best Temperance works for Sunday School Libraries that have yet come under our notice.

WE are glad to find that the Sunday scholars at Wellsbourne, have presented Mr. Bettridge with a Bible.

**KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.**—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the following donations, with a request that they may be applied towards the purchase of a good woodcut illustrative of the importance of kindness to animals; Mrs. Smithies, York, 10s.; Miss Eliza Smithies, 2s. 6d. We have also handed the contribution, 10s. from "Mercy and Justice," to the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals. Will the writer of "Pleasure Van," favour us with her address? Had this been done earlier we should not have lost (what we can never regain)—two hours of valuable time.

IN consequence of having to go to press so early, communications should be with us at least two months in advance, to insure notice.

### THE GREAT PROBLEM.

A YOUNG man who had graduated at one of our first colleges, and was celebrated for his literary attainments, particularly his knowledge of mathematics, settled in a village where a faithful minister of the Gospel was stationed. It was not long before the clergyman met him in one of his evening walks, and after some conversation, as they were about to part, addressed him as follows:—

"I have heard you are celebrated for your mathematical skill: I have A PROBLEM which I wish you to solve."

"What is it?" eagerly inquired the young man.

The clergyman answered with a solemn tone of voice, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The youth returned home, and endeavoured to shake off the impression fastened on him, but in vain. In the giddy round of pleasure, in his business, and in his studies, the question still forcibly returned to him, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It finally resulted in his conversion, and he is now an able preacher of that Gospel which he once rejected.

### HONOURING PARENTS.

"HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER: THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG UPON THE LAND WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH THEE."

This is the fifth commandment.

"THE EYE THAT MOCKETH AT HIS FATHER, AND DESPISETH TO OBEY HIS MOTHER, THE RAVENS OF THE VALLEY SHALL PICK IT OUT, AND THE YOUNG EAGLES SHALL EAT IT."

Prov. xxx. 17. Eph. vi. 1.

My father and mother, how faithful and tender  
To me they have been, ever since I remember!  
I must hear their instructions and heed what they say,  
And all their commands I must strive to obey.

### GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND. COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Pentonville Prison.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall.  
MR. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury.  
REV. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.

#### BANKERS.

Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, and Co., 59, Lombard St.  
TREASURER.  
JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

The Treasurer thankfully acknowledges the following contributions to the special fund for the proposed grant of not less than 200,000 copies of the "Band of Hope Review," to the Committees of the "London City Mission," and "Country Towns Mission."

The sum of £300 will be required to carry out this important grant, and the Committee earnestly solicit the contributions of the Christian public in its behalf. H. E. Gurney, Esq., of Lombard-st., has kindly offered to contribute the sum of £25, provided the remaining £275 is raised.

	£	s.	d.	
Announced in last No. ....	59	12	6	for 39,750 copies.
J. H. Gurney, Esq., Norwich	10	0	0	" 7000 "
SIR JAS. TYLER, Pine House	1	0	0	" 700 "
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C. Fishwick, Esq., Scorton	1	10	0	" 1000 "
W. M. Christie, Esq., Kingston	1	0	0	" 700 "
A. Waterhouse, Esq., Clifton	1	1	0	" 700 "
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Rev. J. S. Lievre, Luttworth	0	5	0	" 170 "
Islington Green School (Add.)	0	1	6	" 50 "

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Jacob Post, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

From the Rev. JOHN GARWOOD, M.A., Clerical Secretary to the London City Mission.

A supply of the "Band of Hope Review" will be very popular with our Missionaries. They will be most serviceable. Indeed, I scarcely know any one publication which would be more serviceable. We shall be exceedingly obliged by a supply, and I trust the Divine blessing will follow their distribution.

From Rev. JOHN ROBINSON, Secretary, London City Mission.

I have always regarded the "Band of Hope Review" as extremely well adapted for the important objects you have in view. Our missionaries all express with what readiness it is received. I feel sensibly our obligations for the assistance you so liberally afford us.

Extracts from the Report of the London City Mission, 1854.

Ten thousand copies of the "Band of Hope Review" have also been granted as a gift by its directors, and a much larger grant has been determined on by them. The pictorial embellishments of these publications, and their especial adaptation to the working classes of cities and towns have rendered them very serviceable to the missionaries.

From SIR W. C. TREVELYAN, Bart., Wallington.

I enclose you a cheque for 30s. in aid of the Fund for the Gratuitous Distribution of the "Band of Hope Review," with best wishes for your success.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER REWARDED.

A LITTLE boy was taken by his Sunday school teacher, not long ago, to a Band of Hope meeting. The boy's father was unhappily given to intemperance. What the little fellow heard at the meeting, made him desire to be enrolled as a member of the "Band of Hope." His mother's consent was readily given, and she accompanied it with a prayer to God, that her lad might be kept by God's grace, not only from intemperance, but from every other sin. Not long after, the mother lay seriously ill. Still the father spent his nights at a low tap room.

One night, the poor lad's heart seemed ready to break with sorrow, when snatching up his cap, he hastened out of the house, and darted into the tap room. There, amidst about thirty drunken comrades, sat the father.

Regardless of every one else in the place, the child stood in front of his parent, and in the most touching manner intreated him to "come home!"

"Father! Father! do come home. Mother is ill,—do come father!—do—Oh, do come home! Don't stay drinking with these bad men, father!—but do come home!"

There is an eloquence in grief, which the hardest heart cannot always withstand. It was so in this case. The father put down his tankard, and amidst the silence of his comrades, took his boy's hand and accompanied him home. The next morning

the Sunday school teacher had the inexpressible joy of seeing the father walk into his shop, and request to have his name placed to the temperance pledge.

We have just been informed by this Sunday school teacher, that the once unhappy father is now, not only a sober man, but, what is far better, a new creature in Christ Jesus.





## THE POSTMAN'S PACKETS

## THE "BAND OF HOPE REVIEW."

MANY of our friends in the rural districts of England and Ireland, and the lonely Scottish Islands, appear to have considerable difficulty in procuring a regular supply of the *Band of Hope Review*. One clergyman writes, "I am forty miles from the nearest bookseller—how can I get a supply?"

We are glad to be able to state that the late postal arrangements afford us the gratification of supplying such parties, resident in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, (including the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles) with parcels PER POST (pre-paid) on the following terms, payable in advance:—

25 copies for 1s. 3d. monthly, or 15s. yearly.	
50       "      2s. 6d.       "      £1 10s.       "	
100       "      4s. 6d.       "      £2 14s.       "	

These packets will be despatched through the Post Office in sufficient time to reach their destination on or about the 1st of each month.



We look forward with considerable pleasure to the successful working of this new mode of communicating with many of our friends.

If we may judge from the letters before us, the postman with his monthly packets of the *Band of Hope Review*, will be a welcome visitant in many a country village, and at the door of many a "lone" house.

Orders, with remittances to be sent to the publishers, Messrs. Partridge, Oakley & Co., 34, Paternoster Row; or to Mr. George Watson, Printer, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

## THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

A GOOD old man, no matter where,  
Whether in York or Lancashire;  
Or on a hill, or in a dale,  
It cannot much concern the tale;  
Had children very much like others,  
Composed of sisters and of brothers;  
In life he had not much to give,  
Save his example how to live.

This good old man, who long had lain  
Afflicted with disease and pain,  
With difficulty drew his breath,  
And felt the sure approach of death.  
He still had lived an honest life,  
Kind to his neighbour and his wife;  
His practice good, his faith was sound,  
He built his hope on Scripture ground;  
And knowing life hangs on a breath,  
He always lived prepared for death.

He called his children round his bed,



And with a feeble voice he said:

"Alas, alas, my children dear,  
I well perceive my end is near;  
I suffer much, but kiss the rod,  
And bow me to the will of God.  
Yet ere from you I'm quite removed,  
From you, whom always I have loved;  
I wish to give you all my blessing,  
And leave you with a useful lesson;  
That when I've left this world of care,  
Each may his testimony bear,  
How much my latest thoughts inclined,  
To prove me tender, good, and kind!  
Observe that faggot on the ground,  
With twisted hazel firmly bound."

The children turned their eyes that way,  
And viewed the faggot as it lay;  
But wondered what their father meant,  
Who thus expounded his intent.  
"I wish that all of you would take it,  
And try if any one can break it."

Obedient to the good old man,  
They all to try their strength began:  
Now boy, now girl, now he, now she,  
Applied the faggot to their knee;  
They tugged and strained, and tried again,  
But still they tugged and tried in vain;  
In vain their skill and strength exerted;  
The faggot every effort thwarted;  
And when the labour vain they found,  
They threw the faggot on the ground.

Again the good old man proceeded,  
To give the instruction which they needed:  
"Untwist," says he, "the hazel bind,  
And let the faggot be disjoined."  
Then stick by stick, and twig by twig,  
The little children and the big,



Following the words their father spoke,  
Each sprig and spray they quickly broke:  
"There, father!" all began to cry,  
"I've broken mine!—and I!—and I!"

Replied the sire: "Twas my intent  
My family to represent!  
While you are joined in friendship's thong,  
My dearest children, you'll be strong!  
But if by quarrel and dispute,  
You undermine affection's root,  
And thus the strengthening cord divide,  
Then will my children ill betide.  
E'en beasts of prey in bands unite,  
And kindly for each other fight;  
And shall not Christian children be  
Joined in sweet links of amity?  
If separate, you will each be weak,  
Each, like a single stick, will break;  
But if you're firm, and true, and hearty,  
The world and all its spite, can't part ye."  
The father having closed his lesson,  
Proceeded to pronounce his blessing;  
Embraced them all, then prayed and sighed,  
Looked up, and dropped his head—and died!

## THE DUMB BOY'S EXAMINATION.



A CLERGYMAN once paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London, for the express purpose of examining the children in the knowledge they possessed of Divine truth. A little boy, on this occasion, was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took up the chalk, and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feeling into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of holy resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance, as he took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

Every moderate drinker could abandon the intoxicating cup if he would; and every inebriate would if he could.—J. B. GOUGH.





"And the books shall be opened."

### JOHN B. GOUGH.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, a little boy named John was born at Sandgate, in Kent, who afterwards left this country for America. When John became a young man, he mingled with gay and giddy companions, who spent their evenings in the tavern and theatre. From one step in evil to another John was rapidly led in his sinful career until life became a burden. He endeavoured to stifle conscience by the intoxicating cup, but in vain. A mother's prayers and the strivings of God's Holy Spirit ever followed him. By a singular chain of gracious providential leadings, he was induced to renounce his drinking habits, and he became, not only a total abstainer, but a decided Christian character. His extraordinary powers of speech, which had so often been employed for evil, were now consecrated to the service of God. He went forth throughout the United States, seeking not only to reclaim the intemperate to sobriety, but to tell of that "water of life," which may be had "without money and without price." The success which followed his labours was most extraordinary, until throughout the vast continent of North America the name of JOHN B. GOUGH became almost a household word.

The Committee of the London Temperance League have prevailed upon Mr. Gough to pay a visit to his native country, and we rejoice to learn from all parts of our land that the largest buildings are too small to contain the multitudes who throng to hear him. We hail his presence amongst us, and pray that God may long spare his valuable life, and that in the same humbleness of spirit which has hitherto marked his public career, he may go

on "blessed himself, and made a blessing to others." Fathers, Mothers, and Teachers! Go and hear Mr. Gough, and take your children with you.

### THE RAPIDS

I REMEMBER (said Mr. Gough,) riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"—"That," he said, "is Niagara river." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair, and glassy; how far off are the rapids?"—"Only a mile or two," was the reply. "Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show when near the Falls?"—"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"—"What is it?"—"The rapids are below you."—"Ha, ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there's no danger."—"Young men, ahoy there!"—"What is it?"—"The rapids are below you."—"Ha, ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man

ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."—"Young men ahoy!"—"What is it?"—"Beware!



*John B. Gough*

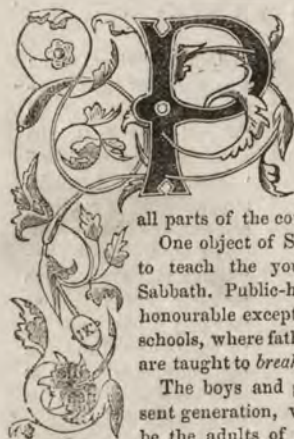
Copied by permission, from Mr. Holroyd's large lithographic portrait of Mr. Gough, published by Tweedie, 337, Strand.



Beware! The rapids are below you." Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!—quick! quick!—pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket!—hoist the sail! Ah, ah!—it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming;—over you go—(great applause). Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of evil habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up." The power of evil habit, I repeat, is fascinating, is deceptive, and man may go on arguing and coming to conclusions while on the way down to destruction.

From Mr. Gough's Lecture on "Habit" to the Young Men's Christian Association. Price 3d. Published by Nisbet & Co.

### CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES ON THE SUNDAY.



PETITIONS to Parliament in favor of closing Public-Houses throughout the whole of the Sabbath, are pouring in from all parts of the country.

One object of Sunday schools, is to teach the young to *keep* the Sabbath. Public-houses (with some honourable exceptions\*) are adult schools, where fathers and mothers are taught to *break* the Sabbath.

The boys and girls of the present generation, will very shortly be the adults of the next. Shall these ADULT SCHOOLS, placed as they are, at the corner of nearly every street, and increasing, as they are, in every direction—shall these schools be kept open from noon till midnight, on the Sabbath, *undoing* the work of the Sabbath school?

Sunday school teachers, this is a question which claims your serious attention, and decided action!

You are three hundred thousand strong, and representing, as you do, upwards of two million four hundred thousand of the youth of our land, your petitions on this important matter, will receive attention by the legislature.

The committee of the Lord's-day Observance Society have been much gratified by the number of petitions forwarded from Sunday school teachers, but they earnestly desire to have a petition from the TEACHERS of every school in the land.

Forms of petition, and every information, may be had on application to Rev. T. Baylee, M.A., Lord's-day Observance Society, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London.

\* In Islington, London, there is a publican who has not opened his house on the Sabbath for some years past. He has recently got up a petition to Parliament, signed by *thirty-six publicans* in his parish, asking for the entire closing of public-houses on the Sabbath!

### HOW TO HELP THE CIRCULATION.

A GENTLEMAN writes from Leigh, stating that sometime ago he desired his Bookseller to procure 12 copies of the *Band of Hope Review*, monthly, and endeavour to sell them, (by placing copies in his window, and on his counter, &c.) promising that if any remained unsold, he would take them, so as to save the bookseller from loss. Our welcome correspondent adds "The bookseller now sells 100 copies monthly!"

We hope that many of our friends will be encouraged to go and do likewise.

### FAMILY HYMN.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour  
Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.



### GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND. COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Pentonville Prison.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall.  
MR. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury.  
REV. WILLIAM TYLER, Pine House, Holloway.

#### BANKERS.

Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, and Co., 50, Lombard St.

#### TREASURER.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

### A CHALLENGE.

It will be in the recollection of many of our friends, that in the year 1852, a friend in Surrey offered to double whatever amount might be raised for the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund*, within a given period, which resulted in the sum of £282 being placed in the hands of the committee, for the purpose of making free grants in deserving cases. This amount has been expended in numerous grants to poor districts in all parts of the three kingdoms, more particularly in Ireland and London. City missionaries, foreign missionaries, and emigrant ships have also been extensively supplied, and the committee have received the most gratifying testimonies as to the benefits resulting from such distribution.

With the view of raising a new fund, four gentlemen have most liberally volunteered the following proposition to the Committee.

"If the friends of the 'Band of Hope Review,' will raise in contributions of FIVE SHILLINGS and UPWARDS, the sum of £100, for the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund*, prior to the 1st of January, 1855, we agree to double the amount, by handing to the Treasurer a similar sum of £100."

The Committee cannot but express their deep obligation for this noble offer, and they trust that many of our readers will take a lively interest in collecting subscriptions, and forwarding the same to the Treasurer. (For address, see above.)

### CITY MISSION GRANT, &c.

The Treasurer thankfully acknowledges the following contributions to the special fund for the proposed grant of not less than 200,000 copies of the "Band of Hope Review," to the Committees of the "London City Mission," and "Country Towns Mission."

The sum of £300 will be required to carry out this important grant, and the Committee earnestly solicit the contributions of the Christian public in its behalf.

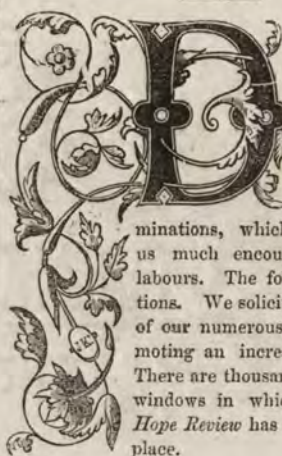
#### H. E. GURNEY, ESQ.,

of Lombard-st., has kindly offered to contribute the sum of £25, provided the remaining £275 is raised.

	£	s.	d.	
Announced in last No. ....	85	12	0	for 56,700 copies.
W. Janson, Esq. ....	2	2	0	" 1400 "
J. H. Tuke, Esq., Hitchin ..	1	1	0	" 700 "
Celia Warner .....	0	15	0	" 300 "
Miss E. R. Pumphrey .....	0	10	6	" 350 "
Rev. John Hall, Islington ..	0	6	0	" 200 "
Alex. Allen .....	0	5	0	" 165 "

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Jacob Post, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

### TOKENS OF APPROVAL.



URING the last few months we have received several gratifying letters from clergymen and ministers of various denominations, which have afforded us much encouragement in our labours. The following are selections. We solicit the co-operation of our numerous friends in promoting an increased circulation. There are thousands of booksellers' windows in which the *Band of Hope Review* has never yet had a place.

From the Rev. FRAS. CUNNINGHAM, M.A.,  
Vicar of Lowestoft.

If I did not think the "Band of Hope Review" admirably adapted to its object, I should, nevertheless, feel compelled to add my endorsement to the names of those excellent men who have already patronized it. I cannot, however, but add that I earnestly desire that it should be largely distributed in all classes of our young people, and its excellent spirit of social feeling, temperance and morality deeply inculcated amongst them. You are at liberty to use my name in any way you please in furtherance of its distribution.

From the Rev. T. P. HUTTON, M.A., Perpetual  
Curate of Lingfield, Surrey.

I have carefully perused many numbers of your "Band of Hope Review," and I am assured that it will be a most hopeful sign of the future improvement of the young in any parish, that their minds should be imbued with the principles which that publication brings so attractively before them. I trust that in my own parish it will have wide and lasting circulation.

From the Rev. R. WHYTEHEAD, M.A., York.

I have known and valued your interesting periodical "The Band of Hope" almost from its commencement, and my children not only anticipate the arrival of their new number every month with eager interest, and examine its instructive contents with evident delight, but they return again and again to the old numbers with unexhausted pleasure, and seem to recognize in its lively, earnest, and affectionate style, and well illustrated pages, a never failing friend.

From the Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.,  
Islington.

A more useful work could hardly be placed in the hands of young people. Its tone and temper, its simplicity and general information, its illustrations and homely truths, cannot fail alike to render it a most useful auxiliary to the spread of true religion.

From the Rev. W. ARTHUR, M.A., London.

I take more and more interest in the "Band of Hope Review." I am truly glad to hear of its immense circulation, and trust that its influence against the ruinous drinking habits of the country will daily become more apparent.

From the Rev. WALTER SCOTT, Airedale  
College, Bradford.

I have been in the habit of recommending the "Band of Hope Review" for some time past. I think it calculated to do good generally, as well as it regards its particular objects. I wish it were read by every child in the nation. I hope that its cheapness, its attractive appearance, and its intrinsic excellence, will secure for it a large circulation.

From the Rev. W. BROCK, London.

I thank you most sincerely for the preparation and publication of the "Band of Hope Review." Its influence must be invaluable. I bid it "God speed." You have my entire confidence in your really laudable endeavour to serve your generation according to the will of God.

From the Rev. JAS. STEUART RUSSELL, M.A.,  
Yarmouth.

Most cordially do I join in the testimony of approbation which your admirable and useful periodical has received from so many quarters. I should consider the cessation of so ably conducted a journal as little short of a public calamity.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

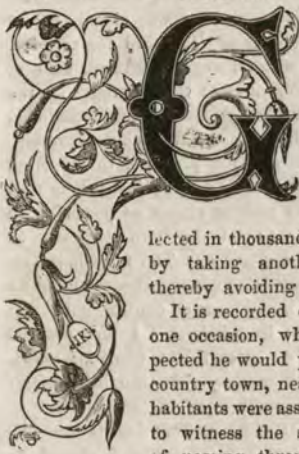
BIBLE QUESTIONS. We hope to be able to give the award on the almanac questions, in the next month's No.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, have received £1 from a "Worcestershire testotaller, as a thank offering to God for mercies received;" with a request that it be acknowledged in the "Band of Hope Review."

WE have about 250 letters from correspondents on our desk, many of which we have not yet had time, even to read, much less to answer. We must ask the indulgence of our friends.



## KING GEORGE III.



GEORGE III. loved retirement and disliked public processions.

He frequently disappointed his subjects, who had collected in thousands, to see him,

by taking another road, and thereby avoiding public gaze.

It is recorded of him that on one occasion, when it was expected he would pass through a country town, nearly all the inhabitants were assembled in order to witness the sight. Instead of passing through that town, however, he took a different route; and whilst thus travelling, he found every house, road, and lane deserted, except one field, where he saw a poor woman hard at work; he immediately went over to her, and, as he generally dressed very plainly she had no idea it was the king. He said, "My good woman, how is it you are not gone with your neighbours to see the king?" upon which she replied, "I should very much like to have seen him, sir, but I have a large family, and they require my utmost exertions to provide for them, so that I could not go:" upon which he put his hand into his pocket and gave her a five pound note, and said, "Tell your neighbours when they return, you have seen the king and they have not."

## THE QUEEN'S TABLE.

A British Peer when dining with the Queen, was challenged by a Royal Duchess to take wine with her. His lordship politely thanked her Grace, but declined the compliment, stating that he never took wine. The Duchess immediately turned to the Queen, and jocularly said, "Please your Majesty, here is Lord — who declines to take wine at your Majesty's table." Every eye was turned to the Queen, and not a little curiosity was evinced as to the manner in which the total abstainer would be dealt with by royalty. With a smiling and graceful expression Her Majesty replied, "There is NO COMPULSION at my table." — *Communicated by one of the guests.*

CAROLINE WILTON'S HALF-CROWN;  
OR, A KIND SISTER.

BY FANNY E. NICKLEN.

"WELL done, Caroline," said Mr. Wilton, glancing his eyes attentively through a copy book, which had just been brought to him by its owner, a little girl of nine years old, and who anxiously waited by his side for his praise or blame, "very well done indeed, especially these last few copies; come, I think you have tried to improve this time, have you not?"

"Oh yes, dear papa, indeed I have," replied Caroline, with a happy smile, "and mamma says I improve too."

"Well do you know, I think a little reward would not be amiss. If you had half-a-crown now, Caroline, what would you do with it?"

"Oh papa, how nice it would be! I know—I would buy that doll's parasol—Oh no, I think I would buy that cradle—no, there is the hat and feathers would just suit my doll—there is that!"

"Well, Caroline, suppose you run away to the school-room and decide, I am rather engaged just now," and he put the half-crown in her hand.

Caroline thanked her papa and ran away, eager

to shew it to mamma. Then she began to think how she should decide which she would have. The parasol was so uncommon, then the hat was so pretty and it would just suit Blanche, but the cradle! her doll had no cradle, and it would be so nice. She at last decided on the hat. "Blanche's old pink bonnet really is very shabby," she said, then she started up and ran into the garden, for she remembered it was the time she always carried some fresh roses to her little sick brother.

She was returning with some of the finest she could find, when she saw a boy going towards the house, but on seeing her he turned, and came towards her, at the same time opening his basket, which contained two very fine live rabbits. "Oh what pretty creatures," cried Caroline, as she put her hand on their soft coats, "what are you going to do with them? Sell them, miss," replied the boy. "Oh dear!" Caroline paused, then added "How much do you want for them?" "Fifteenpence each, miss," was the reply.

Caroline thought of her half-crown—of her doll's shabby pink bonnet—of the pretty hat—and then she thought of her sick brother, what pleasure such a present would give him, how delighted he would be to feed and attend to them, and then "Blanche's bonnet was not so shabby after all," and so Caroline told the boy to wait there a little while, and she hastened to fetch her



half-crown. She soon returned with it, gave one more thought to the doll, one more to the bonnet and hat, and yet one more to Albert, and this last decided the matter. The next moment the boy had the half-crown, and Caroline put the rabbits in a basket, and ran joyfully with her burden to Albert's room. And really he was delighted, his little pale face lighted up with pleasure as he passed his hand gently over their smooth soft coats, and thanked his kind sister over and over and over again for her kindness to him. Caroline felt very happy, and sat by his side on the sofa discussing with Albert the separate merits of oats, bran, cabbage leaves, and milk thistles. At dinner time Albert soon told the news, and how kind he thought it was of Caroline when he knew she had set her mind on having the doll's hat. "I am very glad, Caroline," said Mrs. Wilton, "to find it gives you more pleasure to gratify others than to spend your money on your own gratification." "And Caroline," said Mr. Wilton, "you shall have the hat after all, so here is another half-crown for you." "Oh thank you, dear papa," exclaimed Caroline, delighted; then pausing a moment, she added "But if you would let me, papa, I would rather buy a nice rabbit's hutch for Albert's rabbits than the hat—I have seen them marked up at the cooper's for half-a-crown."

Of course her papa could have no objection, nor her mamma either, so that very afternoon saw the rabbits in a nice hutch, but that very afternoon too Caroline found the very doll's hat she wished for nicely done up in paper, and directed to her by papa. Surely never was a happier little girl than Caroline Wilton was that day, and the next, and for many days to come. I wish some of

my young readers may follow her example, and "Be kindly affectionate one to another, with sisterly as well as brotherly, love, in honour preferring one another."

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND MISSIONS.



HERE are two million four hundred thousand Sunday scholars in our country. If each scholar contributed one half-penny per month to the Mission Cause, it would amount at the end of the year to the noble sum of

£60,000.

If in addition to this, each scholar had a missionary box and collected from others one penny monthly, the total sum raised by subscriptions and collections would be

£180,000,

A sum exceeding that of the income of any existing Missionary Society.

Oh how much children could do, if they would!

## INSCRIPTION FOR A MISSIONARY BOX.

Pray cast your eyes upon this box; but let not that content you; A portion surely you can spare, of what the Lord has sent you.

It is not for myself I beg, I've nobler ends in view, To christianize the heathen is the object I pursue. The smallest mite will be received with thankfulness by me;

A larger sum, if you bestow, more welcome it will be.

Give what you give with willingness, remem'ring that the Lord

Will bless the bounty of your hands, according to his word.

If then you feel the Saviour's love, and wish to spread his name,

If you would help his ministers that Saviour to proclaim;

If you would see the heathen sav'd from Satan and from sin,

Pass not my missionary box, but drop a trifle in.

## ILLUSTRATED TEMPERANCE PUBLICATIONS.

The Leather Almanac; or, Facts and Figures, for Working Men. With Illustrations. 1d.

The Sailor's Home, (in rhyme) 2 Illustrations. 1d.

The Press Gang; or, an Old Sailor's Advice as to the Right Side of a Public-house and Theatre. By Mrs. Balfour. 1d.

The Man in the Well. By Mrs. Gage. A Tale about the Maine Liquor Law. 1d.

Water is Best. By J. J. Gurney. With Portrait. 1d.

The Goose Club. An Amusing and Instructive Tale, in rhyme. 6 Illustrations. 1d.

The Ox Sermon. Addressed to the Makers, Sellers, and Drinkers, of Intoxicating Liquors. 2 Illustrations. 1d.

Let Every Man Mind his Own Business. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Illustrated Cover. Price 2d.

Two Christmas Days. By Mrs. Balfour. 6 Illustrations. Price 6d.



## THE HOME IN THE EAST.



NOT long ago a large placard was seen hanging up in front of the Lord Mayor's Mansionhouse in London, announcing that a meeting on behalf of THE HOME IN THE EAST was about to be held, at which Samuel Gurney, Esq., would preside.

Feeling assured that many of our young readers would be glad to know something about "The Home in the East," we made an effort to attend the meeting.

The newspapers were at the time full of accounts of the "War in the East," and perhaps some persons went to the meeting wondering what the worthy chairman, who is so well known as a man of peace, was going to say about the "Eastern question."

Mr. Gurney's opening address, however, soon explained that the object of the meeting had nothing to do with Turks and Russians, but with the thousands of poor and friendless boys of London, many of whom having been deserted or neglected by dissipated parents, have no home but the prison or police court.

In the East of London, abounding as it does with gin shops and hot-beds of vice, the number of such destitute children is most lamentable, and the "Home in the East" is an excellent Industrial School and Dormitory into which thirty-five poor lads have been received, and are there fed, clothed, and taught some useful trade. It was stated that upwards of 3000 thieves had



SAMUEL GURNEY, ESQ.

applied at Mr. Nash's Dormitory in Westminster during twelve months, begging for admission, but that for want of funds the door had been

reluctantly closed against them. One of these applicants was none other than Levi Harwood, who was shortly afterwards hung at Guildford for murder. The chairman urged the importance of providing more of these Refuges for the poor outcasts of society, and concluded his address by the following expressive words:—"I am prepared to say, from the experience of the institution that there is nothing exerts so powerful an influence upon the hardest hearts as *Christian kindness*. The most hopeless, the most abandoned, those whom no prison discipline could control, have been subdued by *kindness*. I feel assured that if we go on in this Christian effort, we shall have, by the Almighty's blessing, the most gratifying success."

We are desirous that Institutions like the "Home in the East," should be placed in the list of "London sights" by our country friends, who are contemplating visits to the metropolis. Not long ago, a party of visitors, who had been to see St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, the Tower, the British Museum, &c. &c., called at the Field-lane Ragged Dormitory, near the bottom of Holborn Hill. On leaving, one of the ladies was heard to say, "The visit to this Refuge for the poor, has given me more *real* pleasure, than all the sights in London put together."

The "Home in the East" is situated in Stepney Causeway, close to the Stepney Station, on the Blackwall Railway.

The BOY'S REFUGE in Commercial street, Whitechapel, is also a most valuable and interesting Institution. The industrious little inmates have made a stock of clothes, boots, and shoes. They now ask for purchasers.



## INTEMPERANCE.

From Chambers's "Infant Education."

I saw a little girl  
With half uncovered form,  
And wondered why she wandered thus,  
Amid the winter storm;

They said her mother drank  
What took her sense away,  
And so she let her children go  
Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man  
To prison for his crime,  
Where solitude, and punishment,  
And toil divide the time;

And as they forced him through its gate  
Unwillingly along,  
They told me 'twas Intemperance  
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep  
As if her heart would break;  
They said her husband drank too much  
Of what he should not take.

I saw an unfrequented mound  
Where weeds and brambles wave;  
They said no tear had fallen there:  
It was a drunkard's grave.

They said these were not all  
The risks the intemperate run,  
For there was danger lest the soul  
Be evermore undone.



WATER is very pure and sweet  
And beautiful to see,  
And since it cannot do us harm,  
It is the drink for me.

## A WISE ANSWER.

IN Western Africa the Church Missionary Society have a school for poor negro children. It is related of a little girl who attended that school that when one of her fellow pupils had beaten her, she was asked "Did you beat her again?" She answered, "No, I left that to God."

Let us thank God for such fruit from missionary labours, and let us seek to multiply Mission Schools a thousand-fold.





"Trust in the Lord and do good."

### DARE TO DO RIGHT.

BY MISS S. H. BROWNE.

"TAKE these papers into your desk, Grainger, and let them all be copied before to-morrow night," said Secretary Z — to a bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked youth, who stood at his desk one Saturday evening, in the act of putting it in order, to leave as usual till Monday morning. "Business has got behind-hand here I find, through the negligence of some of your clerks," he continued, looking round on some half-dozen young men; "and the matter must and shall be looked into.

I thought these documents were copied; they are very important, and must be finished in the best manner by the time I mentioned; they belong to your department, Grainger."

So saying, he placed them on the desk of the individual spoken to, and was turning away, when he met the young man's eyes fixed on him in some surprise; for the order was a very unusual one, and Grainger, though but an under clerk in the office, was known to be one of the most faithful and laborious of them all. The sabbath had heretofore been his own, to devote to those sacred duties which alone befit the day, in the estimation of every religious heart. Conscientious he

was, too, about the employment of time for mere worldly business on that day; and therefore, though the youngest in the office, he ventured, modestly and respectfully, to say, as the secretary was walking away in a very perplexed and dissatisfied manner—

"To-morrow is *Sabbath*, sir; perhaps——"

"I know that, sir," sharply retorted that gentleman, turning abruptly round, and gazing angrily at the youth. "Do you suppose I am not able to keep the day of the week as well as yourself, sir? Let this work be done without fail at the time I have specified, and don't spend any more time in remarks, if you please."—(See next page.)

### JACK, AND HIS HARD LUMP.



"HALLOO, Jack! Halloo! Won't you have a glass this cold morning?" cried a bloated-looking tavern-keeper to a jolly Jack Tar who was smartly stepping along the road.

Jack had formerly been a hard drinker, and had spent many a bright sovereign in the tavern he was now passing, but about a year ago he had signed the Temperance pledge.

"No, landlord, no! I can't drink: I've got a *hard lump* at my side." As the witty sailor said these words he pressed his hand against his side, adding, "Oh, *this hard lump!*"

"It's all through leaving off grog," replied the landlord:

"some good drink will take your lump away. If you are fool enough to keep on teetotal, your lump will get bigger, and very likely you'll be having a hard lump at your other side."

"True! true! old boy," with a hearty laugh, responded the merry tar, as he briskly drew out a bag of gold from his side-pocket, and held it up to the publican's gaze: "This is my hard lump. You are right in saying that if I drink, my lump will go away, and if I stick to teetotal I shall have a *bigger lump*. Good-bye to you, landlord. By God's help I'll leap out of your net, and try to get a *lump at both sides!*"



"I beg your pardon, sir," said Grainger, his face suffused with blushes as he spoke, and his manner embarrassed and confused by the uncommon asperity and ill-humour of his master; "I beg your pardon, sir, but really I would rather not write on the Sabbath. I'll stay to night and —"

"Very well, sir, very well," interrupted the secretary, without waiting to hear the conclusion of the sentence; "Do just as you like, by all means, sir; but if your conscience is so very scrupulous, somebody else must undertake the service; and henceforth you must find exercise for yours in some more congenial place and occupation. You will consider your time at your own disposal from this date."

These bitter and hasty words stung the young clerk to the quick, for he was keenly sensitive to disgrace or censure, and he felt in his heart that he deserved neither. But there were his fellow-labourers, listening and wondering, and winking as the conversation proceeded, saying plainly enough by every look how much they thought he was standing in his own light; and expecting every moment to see him yield from necessity or fear, as they were very sure it was prudent to do. And sorely tempted was the young man to comply with the unreasonable requisition, "just for once," rather than lose his place by resisting the will of his employers—a place, to be sure, not very lucrative, but desirable and desired by many an eager applicant; but he needed the income, moderate as it was, for he was poor; and his mother—oh! his mother's need had well nigh resolved him to do evil that good might come to her. But a better thought prevailed, through the spontaneous operation of those principles which had been sown in his heart by that mother's care, watchfulness, and wisdom. The spirit of true christian manliness had been infused into his young heart, that heroism which dares to oppose itself to evil, a heroism which thousands who stand unmoved at the cannon's mouth cannot claim, and dare not assume.

Yes, in the hour of temptation—though, as far as he could foresee them, the consequences would be peculiarly disastrous to his interest—he dared to be a Christian—dared to do right! And this is genuine manliness. How many young people, young lads like him, would in his situation, think it plainly their part to do the bidding of their employer, especially if there was any risk of their own interest in refusing! And others would reason, that if older and wiser people thought there was no harm in doing a little business on the Sabbath, particularly if it had very much accumulated during the week, why should they be over scrupulous? They would not be responsible for doing what they were obliged to do.

Those who would thus satisfy themselves have not Spirit-taught principles; have not such as will enable them to triumph over the besetting temptations of their period of life. They are never to violate the commands of God to obey a human master. Better, far better, it is, in such a situation, to suffer the wrong, than to do it. If your master tells you to take money out of a neighbour's drawer, you would scorn to obey him; and the same God who has said, "Thou shalt not steal," says also, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

[To be continued in the next No.]

## HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE British ship "Iphigenia" was stationed some years ago on the African coast, in order to prevent the slave trade. One day the officer on duty espied a slave ship in the distance. Chase was immediately given. The crew of the slaver hoisted their sails and made every effort to avoid being overtaken. At length, when escape was hopeless, they planned the horrid design of destroying, not only the slaves but their captors, and then betook



themselves to a boat in which they escaped to the shore. On taking possession of the prize, the coxswain observed a lighted match hanging on the bar at the top of the powder magazine, from which the scuttle, or cover, had been removed. The match made of tow, saturated with saltpetre, would have continued to burn (so the slaver's crew thought) just long enough to enable them to effect their escape: and when possession had been taken, would have fallen upon several barrels of gunpowder, one of which had been opened, and the contents strewed on the floor of the magazine. Thus, by an awful explosion, the crew of the "Iphigenia," and the six hundred poor slaves, who were found crowded in the hold of the slaver, would have been consigned to an untimely grave. In the good providence of God this fearful catastrophe was averted. With great presence of mind, the coxswain, very coolly turned the lighted match into his hat, and threw it overboard.

The six hundred re-captured negroes were landed at Sierra Leone, and there are, at this very time not a few of these Africans living in Sierra Leone, who through this merciful interposition of God, were rescued from the atrocious wickedness of the slave dealers.

## THE RE-CAPTURED NEGROES.

THE Rev. J. C. Brown, formerly a missionary in Sierra Leone, states that in one of the schools there, a teacher heard one day a little negro boy engaged in prayer. He was speaking in a low softened voice. He had knelt behind the school door, when all the other boys were out at play, evidently thinking that no one was taking notice

of him. Mr. Thompson, the teacher, listened, and he prayed as follows:—"My Lord Jesus, me tank de, dat wicked man come and catch me; and dat good King George's big ship come and catch wicked man's ship, and bring me here, and Massa Thompson teach me read and teach me know thee. Me one great favour to ask: send more wicked man, catch father and mother, and send good King George's big ship catch wicked man's ship, and bring father and mother here, and Massa Thompson teach them read, and teach

them know thee; and we all go to heaven together." For several weeks after this, the boy continued to go down to the beach to see if his prayer would be answered. At last, one day he came running to his teacher, dancing and clapping his hands with joy, and crying out, "Prayer answered, Massa, father and mother come!" and then, leading Mr. Thompson to the beach, he pointed out two aged negroes who had just been landed from the British vessel, after being captured from a slave ship.

THE saliva, or moisture formed in the mouth from the glands placed round the cheek, is of essential service in moistening the food, and preparing it for digestion in the stomach. I advise you not to waste it by the use of tobacco. Young men, abjure the pipe and cigar! —Dr. Ogilvey.

THE swelling flood of drunkenness rises on our schools and churches. We talk of national foes, and fortify our shores against distant dangers. But what sin curses, what danger threatens this nation, like intemperance? Intemperance costs our country more money annually than the whole British revenue, and more misery, more tears, more broken hearts, than we should suffer by fighting over again the Battle of Waterloo every year. J. P.

## THE BURST RESERVOIR.

"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water, therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with."

WHEN a reservoir, or canal, bursts its bounds, and floods the whole neighbourhood, no doubt the mischief began by a little stream trickling through the bank where it was the weakest. Had any one been on the watch, the bank might have been strengthened, or the water drawn off; but no one noticed the *little* stream. It grew larger and larger, and began to carry away the earth and stones, till at last the whole embankment gave way, and down rushed the mighty torrent, laying waste everything before it. Is not this just the way with the "beginning of strife?"

People think very little of giving way to a bad temper, occasionally using an angry word, a cross look or a sharp tone: they forget that every time they do this, the ties of affection are weakened, the drops are wearing away the embankment. If the habit be not controlled before it grows stronger, the flood of strife will soon burst all bounds, and sweep away the peace, comfort and enjoyment of HOME.

There is reason to fear that many homes which might have been happy and peaceful ones, are thus made miserable, because husbands and wives, brothers, and sisters, parents and children are not careful to "leave off contention before it be meddled with." C. S.



## THE LYNX.



THE Lynx is a very destructive animal of the cat tribe. It lives by hunting, and pursues its prey to the tops of the highest trees.

The fur is valuable for its softness and warmth, and is imported in great quantities from America and the North of Europe.

## WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I ASKED the glad and happy child,  
Whose hands were filled with flowers,  
Whose silvery laugh ran free and wild  
Among the vine-wreathed flowers:  
I crossed her sunny path, and cried,  
"When is the time to die?"  
"Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,  
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden; back she threw  
The tresses of her hair.  
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew  
Like pearls they glistened there;  
A flash passed o'er her lily brow,  
I heard her spirit sigh;  
"Not now," she cried, "O no, not now;  
Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed  
Her first-born in her arms,  
As gently on her tender breast  
She ushered her babe's alarms,  
In quivering tones her accents came—  
Her eyes were dim with tears;  
"My boy his mother's life must claim  
For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,  
Of proud and fearless air;  
His brow was furrowed not by time,  
Or dimmed by woe or care:  
In angry accents he replied,  
And flashed with scorn his eye—  
"Talk not to me of death!" he cried,  
"For only age should die."

I questioned age; for him the tomb  
Had long been all prepared;  
But death, who withers youth and bloom  
This man of years had spared.  
Once more his nature's dying fire  
Flashed high, and thus he cried—  
"Life! only life is my desire!"  
Then gasped and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian—"Answer thou,  
When is the hour of death?"  
A holy calm was on his brow,  
And peaceful was his breath;  
And sweetly o'er his features stole  
A smile, a light divine;  
He spake the language of his soul—  
"My MASTER'S time is mine."

ADJUDICATION ON THE ANSWERS TO

## THE PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS

IN THE

"BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC," for 1854.

NOT one of the numerous competitors has answered *all* the questions correctly, but it is evident that many of them have taken great pains, both in searching for the answers, and in writing them out. It is a gratifying fact that several have expressed themselves under obligations (even if they fail of success) for such an inducement to "search the Scriptures," stating that they have found "a prize" in the occupation itself. On a very careful comparison,

JOHN ALBERT PRITCHARD,

aged 14, of Gooch-street, Birmingham, is found to have given the largest number of correct answers, and to him therefore the prize is awarded, of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." Illustrated edition. Value £1 11s. 6d.

It would occupy too much space to print the names of all the competitors, but the following deserve commendation—and we shall present to each, a copy of the *Band of Hope Review* for 1853—John Edw. Marshall, Annie Wilson Evans, Mary Emmett Brice, James M. Hodgson, Emily E. Peter, Archibald Fletcher, Malcolm Lamont, Geo. Wm. Dodds, J. E. B. Lett, Geo. Whymark, and Francis Roberts.



The following are the correct Answers to the Eighteen Questions.

1.—I. Immediately after its composition it was deposited in the ark of the covenant. Deut. xxxi. 26. II. It was read every Sabbath day in the Synagogues. Luke iv. 16. Acts xiii. 15, 27; xv. 21. III. It was also read in the most solemn manner every 7th year. Deut. xxxi. 10—13. IV. The supreme ruler in Israel was obliged to copy it. Deut. xvii. 18, 19. V. The people were commanded to teach it diligently to their children. Lev. x. 1. Deut. vi. 6—9. And it has ever been preserved by the Israelites with the most vigilant care as the divine record or sacred deposit. VI. Our Saviour's frequent quotations from the Pentateuch, and declarations that he came "not to destroy the law, but to fulfil," yea, that "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Matt. iv. 1—10. Luke x. 26. Matt. xxii. 31—30. Matt. v. 17, 18.

2.—Jude v. 14, 15. From which it is evident that Enoch was a preacher of righteousness, and pointed to these solemn facts connected with "the last days," in that ancient period of the world's history.

3.—Ezekiel xvii. 3—5.

4.—"In vain is salvation hoped from the hills;" (Jer. iii. 23) for "all the high hills that were under the whole heaven, and all the mountains were covered." Gen. vii. 19, 20.

5.—"Then I restored that which I took not away." Psalm lxi. 4, and Isa. xlix. 6 and 7.

6.—"All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad." Ps. xlv. 8.—In the house of Simon at Bethany "there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head." Mark xiv. 3.—Eastern perfumes are carefully and closely sealed in boxes, ornamented on the top frequently (as among ourselves) with pictures of public buildings, palaces, &c.; such a box this woman "brake," i.e. opened, cracked the seal, and thence, "out of the ivory palaces," anointed Messiah with its odorous contents.

7.—"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" 1 Peter iv. 17, 18. "For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Luke, xxiii. 31.

8.—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Acts xx. 35

(The word "Genesis" signifies *creation*:—the Acts of the Apostles record the *creation*, or formation of the Christian church, as the first book in the Bible does that of the material universe.)

9.—Abraham, "Friend of God;" James ii. 23. David, "Man after God's own heart;" 1 Sam. xiii. 14. Enoch, "Walked with God;" Gen. v. 23. Noah, "Just and perfect in his generation;" Gen. vi. 9. Daniel, "Man greatly beloved;" Dan. x. 11. Abigail, "Woman of good understanding;" 1 Sam. xxv. 3. Deborah, "Mother in Israel;" Judges v. 7. Moses, "Servant of the Lord;" Deut. xxxiv. 5. Aaron, "Saint of the Lord;" Psalm cvi. 16. Jael, "Blessed above women;" Judges v. 24. Apelles, "Approved in Christ;" Rom. xvi. 10. Josiah, "While yet young, he began to seek the God of his fathers;" 2 Chron. xxxiv. 3. Jacob, "A plain man, living in tents;" Gen. xxv. 27. Gideon, "Mighty man of valour;" Judges vi. 12. Solomon, "Wiser than all men;" 1 Kings iv. 31. Job, "Perfect and upright;" Job. i. 1. Obadiah, "Feared the Lord greatly;" 1 Kings xviii. 3. Elijah, "The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof;" 2 Kings ii. 12. Balaam, "Loved the wages of unrighteousness;" 2 Peter, ii. 15. Esau, "Profane person;" Heb. xii. 16. Jeroboam, "Who made Israel to sin;" 1 Kings xvi. 26. Cain, "Of the wicked one;" 1 John iii. 12. Nabal, "Folly is with him;" 1 Sam. xxv. 25. Ahab, "Sold himself to work wickedness;" 1 Kings xxi. 25. Demas, "Loved this present world;" 2 Tim. iv. 10.

10.—THE "SEED" of the woman. Gen. iii. 15.

11.—The chamberlain of Ethiopia searched the Scriptures while on his journey from Jerusalem home: and the Divine Author of The Book sent him a teacher, who "preached unto him Jesus;" the man believed, was baptised, and "went on his way rejoicing" that he had found Christ the promised Saviour. Acts viii. 26—39.

12.—"Children of Fools" Job. xxx. 8.

"Pride" Job. xli. 34.

"Transgression." Isa. lvii. 4.

"Wickedness." 2 Sam. vii. 10.

"the wicked one." Matt. xxi. 33.

"this world." Luke xvi. 8.

"Iniquity." Hosea x. 9.

"Wrath." Eph. ii. 3.

"Disobedience." Eph. ii. 2.

"the Devil." 1 John iii. 10.

"Belial." 1 Kings xxi. 13.

"Generation of vipers." Matt. xli. 7.

"Cursed children." 2 Peter ii. 14.

"Lying children." Isa. xxx. 9.

"Rebellious children." Isa. xxx. 1.

"Seed of falsehood." Isa. lvii. 4.

"Sottish children." Jer. iv. 22.

Verdict, "The seed of evil doers shall never be renowned," Isa. xiv. 20.

13.—"And the Lord shut him in." Gen. vii. 16. "And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut."—See parable of the ten virgins. Matt. xxv. 10.

14.—"Whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" asked Abraham believingly:—"Whereby shall I know this?" said Zacharias in the opposite spirit; for which unbelief question he was immediately struck dumb. Gen. xv. 8. Luke i. 18.

15.—Ahab. "But there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord." 1 Kings xxi. 25. "And the rest of the acts of Ahab, and all that he did, and the ivory house which he made, and all the cities which he built, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Israel?" 1 Kings xxii. 30. These "acts of Ahab" are not recorded in our book of the Chronicles.

16.—"The house of the forest of Lebanon." 1 Kings vii. 2. 2 Chron. ix. 20.

17.—Shimei: on his return he was consigned by order of the king, to the sword of Beniah. 1 Kings ii. 39—40.

18.—Japheth. Gen. x. 21. The flood came in the six hundredth year of Noah's life. Gen. vii. 11; the command to build the ark was given 120 years previously (when Noah was 480 years of age) Gen. vi. 3: 1 Peter iii. 20; and his first child was born in the Patriarch's five hundredth year. Gen. v. 32. When therefore he "prepared an ark to the saving of his house," it was for a future family, "not seen as yet," but anticipated by that faith which realized the Divine threatenings and promises as alike sure.

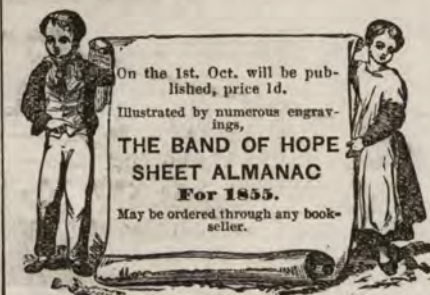
THE PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS for 1855, will be given in the "Band of Hope Almanac" for 1855, which will be published on the ensuing 1st Oct.

For the best answers to these Questions, a copy of the

PICTORIAL BIBLE,  
In 3 vols.

Value Four Guineas, will be given.

For conditions of competition, &c. see the Almanac.





### LIFE BOATS AND LIGHT HOUSES; OR, PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

MANY years ago, a number of kind hearted individuals subscribed a sum of money for the purchase of a life boat for one of the romantic fishing towns on the British coast. Many a fine ship, driven by contrary winds, had struck on the rocks at that place, and the dead bodies of hundreds of poor jack tars had been washed on shore.

When the life boat was procured a number of fishermen readily volunteered to form the crew. In many a storm did these brave fellows dash through the foaming billows, and in the course of a few years scores of lives were saved by the life boat. The joyous cry "They're saved—they're saved," often rang through the streets of that



fishing town, as the poor shipwrecked-ones were safely brought to shore. Notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of the life boat crew, many, very many lives were still lost.

In many a dark tempestuous night, when the fury of the howling storm prevented the cry of distress being heard, vessels were dashed to pieces on the rocks, and when in the morning the inhabitants of the place went down to the beach, they found it strewn with fragments of the wrecks, and the dead bodies of the crews.



"Cannot something be done to prevent vessels getting upon these rocks?" inquired a benevolent gentleman. A meeting was shortly afterwards called to discuss this important question, which resulted in the determination to build a LIGHT HOUSE, to warn the captains of vessels, of the dangerous rocks on that coast. The light house was speedily built. The life boat was still kept in good order, ready for use.

From the time that the friendly rays of the light house lamps began to shine on the dark waters, a vessel has rarely been wrecked there, and the life boat has seldom been wanted.

Those who provided the life boat, did well, but did not those who built the light house, do better?

In every part of our highly favoured land there are fearful rocks, on which for centuries past, thousands of our countrymen have yearly been wrecked, losing both body and soul; we mean the ROCKS OF INTemperance.

About twenty years ago, a life boat was launched at Preston, in Lancashire, in the form of a Temperance or Total Abstinence Society, which sought to save the poor sinking drunkards from their awful condition.

By God's blessing, thousands, yea tens of thousands, have been saved from the drunkard's grave. It has, however, been found, after all the efforts of those who have manned this moral life boat, that a far greater number perish than are rescued.

"Cannot something be done to prevent the

young ever becoming intemperate?" inquired a warm hearted and benevolent Irish lady, the companion, in prison visitation, of the celebrated Elizabeth Fry. "Let us train up the children to abstain. Let us form the boys and girls into Juvenile Temperance Societies, or 'Bands of Hope.'"

Only a few years have passed since this suggestion was made, but already these moral light houses have been established in many parts of our land.

Those who established the Societies for the reclamation of the intemperate did well, but are not those who are seeking to prevent the young ever becoming such, doing better?

During the past two months, numerous festivals of the "Bands of Hope" have been held in various parts of Her Majesty's dominions, and we trust that the day will yet dawn when the boys and girls of our nation, will efface the foul



blot of DRUNKENNESS, which the dying Judge Talfourd so appropriately styled

#### THE ENGLISH VICE.

The utmost enthusiasm prevails amongst the young in this great moral movement, and we rejoice to find that so many clergymen, ministers, and Sabbath school friends are lending their powerful help to this hopeful enterprise. Our hope is with the YOUNG.

\* See "What are Bands of Hope, and How to Form Them." Price 1d. Tweedie, 337, Strand, London.



THE LANDING OF RE-CAPTURED NEGROES AT SIERRA LEONE. (See page 82.)





"The righteous are as bold as a lion."

### EARLY CLOSING OF SHOPS.



WHEN walking down the principal street of a city in Scotland, one Saturday afternoon, we were much pleased to observe a number of men marching in a row, having boards on their backs, with placards, soliciting persons to make their purchases not later than five o'clock.

When the church clock struck 1—2—3—4—5,

scarcely a person was to be seen entering a shop, and in a short time nearly every retail shop was closed.

Sabbath desecration would be materially reduced if shop purchases were made *early* on the Saturday.

There are thousands of Sunday scholars employed as errand boys in shops, who never see their homes before eleven or twelve o'clock on the Saturday night, and in not a few cases it is even one o'clock on the Sabbath morning before the poor lads can lie down to rest.

Let this fact appeal to every parent, teacher, and friend of the young.

Those who are desirous of promoting the early closing of shops will do well to communicate with J. L. Wall, Esq., Honorary Secretary, Early Closing Association, 32, Ludgate Hill, London.

### A DRUNKARD'S TESTIMONY.

"TELL me," said a benevolent visitor to a poor drunkard when urging him to abandon the intoxicating cup, "where was it that you took your first steps in this intemperate course?"

"At my father's table," replied the unhappy man. "Before I left home to become an apprentice I had acquired a love for the drink that



has ruined me. The first drop I ever tasted was handed me by my now poor heart-broken mother!"

### DARE TO DO RIGHT.

BY MISS S. H. BROWNE.

(Continued from page 82.)

YOUNG Grainger waited but a moment, while the colour went and came in his boyish cheeks, in-



LANDING OF THE BISHOP ON RUPERT'S LAND, AT RED RIVER. (See next page.)



dicative of a painful conflict within; and then he said, in a low and respectful tone, but very firm and decided withal—

"I cannot write on the Sabbath, sir; I will occupy all the hours that do not belong to that day, between now and the time the office is opened on Monday morning, and have the work done in the best manner and shortest time I can possibly do it. I should be very sorry, sir, to disoblige you or to lose my place, but indeed I cannot write on the Sabbath day."

"Very well, sir; then, as I said just now, you and your conscience must seek occupation elsewhere," said the secretary, contemptuously. Your bill, sir, if you please; we will relieve you of such responsibilities as you have hitherto sustained among us, with as little delay as possible. You are resolved?"

"Yes, sir," said Grainger, deeply wounded by the taunting tone and manner of his master, but conscious that he was in the right, and determined bravely to abide the issue. The secretary fidgeted about while the money was being counted, for he was unwilling to lose so upright, regular, and conscientious a hand from his office; and he had not supposed it possible that he would sacrifice his place to his principles. But seeing matters had taken such a turn, he could not compromise his ill-humour and reinstate him for his integrity; oh, no! it would be a shocking precedent, and all the other clerks would be taking advantage of it; he must carry out his threatnings, though unwise and undeserved. So, with cold civility, he wished a good evening to Grainger, and turned to arrange the business with one out of several who had already volunteered to do it, without a scruple. Alas! for a hardened conscience; well may its possessor tremble, for it is the armour with which the arch enemy delights to invest his votary, while he lures him into danger and laughs to see him fall.

Our young hero felt sad enough as he walked homeward, revolving the affair in which he had just been an actor. What would his mother say, when she had been able to obtain the situation for him only by repeated efforts, negotiations, and delays? Say! Why, he well knew that she would lay her hand on his head and bless him, rejoicing over temptation, more than if he had won a casket of diamonds. But then she is feeble, old, infirm, and poor; and his young sister ought to be kept at school, in order to fit her to take care of himself. How sorely would they need the avail of his labour! it was their main, and many times their only, dependence; and now, which way should he turn? Perhaps they would think he had been rash and hasty; perhaps others would; and it might be very difficult to get employment in consequence. All these things passed rapidly through his mind, sometimes alarming him by their sombre colouring, and then again presenting a hue of satisfaction and hope. One thing he was sure of, he had acted *right*, and there he would rest the matter.

Full of these thoughts, he lifted the latch of his mother's lowly dwelling, and presented himself before her with as cheerful an aspect as he could possibly assume; albeit, not the most joyous he had ever exhibited.

"What's the matter, William?" inquired his sister, as she busied herself in preparing the simple viands which were to constitute their frugal supper. "You look gloomy and miserable to-night; worked harder than common, haven't you, to get things all square for Saturday night?"

"Not much; but I'll tell you about it by-and-by, Sarah Jane," replied the brother; get us some supper now, for I'm tired and hungry."

Sarah Jane quickened her preparations, and in a short time the widow and her son and daughter were seated at their wholesome board. William ate in silence, for he could not talk as usual and recount the occurrences, conversations, and duties,

of the day. His mother looked anxious, and his sister perplexed; but both forbore to question or remark, believing he would make them acquainted in the proper time with anything that occasioned him disquietude. The poor boy was not unwilling to tell them all, but he hardly knew how to begin. He feared his clear-sighted mother would conclude he had been rash or disrespectful, and thus brought upon himself and her the disappointment of their hopes; for they had flattered themselves that, by diligent and faithful attention to the duties of the place, he might gradually rise to a more responsible and lucrative post in the office, and, perhaps, to the very highest. This had been his own ambition, his mother's hope, and his sister's confident expectation. How could he cut them all off at one stroke?

(To be concluded in our next No.)

### A CHILD'S THOUGHTS ON WAR.



A GENTLEMAN in the north of England spoke to his family of the horrors of war. Not many mornings after, he heard his little boy talking to himself whilst lying in bed. The father listened, and heard his child repeat over and over again the following lines, the untaught production of his little poetic mind:—

"Awful! awful! awful!  
Murder! murder! murder!  
Lay down thy sword,  
Lay down thy spear;  
And help to fight no more.  
They have to die themselves,  
Thou need not kill them, then."

### LANDING OF THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND, AT RED RIVER.

IN the year 1832, the Rev. W. Cockran, of the Church Missionary Society, attempted to form a mission station at Red River. Many ridiculed the idea of preaching the Gospel to the savage Red Indians of America. But the missionary laboured on. In 1849 the Rev. Dr. Anderson sailed from England, as the Bishop of Rupert's Land. In two of the Hudson Bay Company's birch-bark canoes the Bishop and his party were landed at the mission station. The self-denying missionary, with many of the "seals to his ministry," came down to welcome them. What must have been the feelings of the Bishop when on the following Sabbath he beheld in the neat little church a congregation of 350 Christian Indians, devoutly joining in the worship of God!

The missionary had not laboured in vain; nor spent his strength for nought.

### THE WIDOW'S LAMP.

SOME years ago, there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the seashore. All around her the coast was rugged and dangerous; and many a time was her heart melted by the sight of wrecked fishing-boats and coasting-vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings.

One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning's light might disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea; might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon-light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp; many a crew were saved from perishing.

That widow woman "did what she could;" and if all believers kept their light burning as brightly and steadily, might not many a soul be warned to flee from the wrath to come? Many Christians have not the power to do much active service for Christ; but if they would live as lights in the world, they would do much. If those who cannot preach to the old, or teach the young, would but walk worthy of Him who hath called them to his kingdom and glory, how much would the hands of ministers and teachers be strengthened!

### GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND.

#### COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Pentonville Prison.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall.  
Mr. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury.  
Rev. WILLIAM TYLES, Pine House, Holloway.

#### BANKERS.

Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, and Co., 50, Lombard St.

#### TREASURER.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

IN the year 1852, a friend in Surrey offered to double the amount raised for the Gratuitous Distribution Fund, within a given period, which resulted in the sum of £282 being placed in the hands of the committee. This amount has been expended in numerous grants to poor districts in all parts of the three kingdoms, more particularly in Ireland and London. City missionaries, foreign missionaries, and emigrant ships have also been extensively supplied, and the committee have received the most gratifying testimonies as to the benefits resulting from such distribution.

With the view of raising a new fund, four gentlemen have most liberally volunteered the following challenge to the committee.

"If the friends of the 'Band of Hope Review,' will raise in contributions of FIVE SHILLINGS AND UPWARDS, the sum of £100, for the Gratuitous Distribution Fund, prior to the first of January, 1855, we agree to double the amount by handing to the Treasurer a similar sum of £100."

JONATHAN BARRETT, Croydon.

JOSEPH BARRETT, Waddon.

JOSEPH EATON, Bristol.

SAMUEL GURNEY, jun., Lombard Street.

The Committee cannot but express their deep obligation for this kind offer. They trust that many of our readers will take a lively interest in collecting subscriptions, and forwarding the same to the Treasurer.

The Treasurer thankfully acknowledges the following contributions to the special fund for the proposed grant of not less than 200,000 copies of the "Band of Hope Review," to the Committees of the "London City Mission," and "Country Towns Mission."

	£	s.	d.	
Announced in Aug. No. ....	90	11	6	for 60,815 copies.
Robert Hanbury, jun. Esq. ....	5	0	0	" 3800 "
J. E., per Josh. Tritton, Esq. ....	3	0	0	" 2000 "
A Friend, Cockermouth ....	2	0	0	" 1300 "
Jno. D., Croydon .....	1	10	0	" 1000 "
R. R., ditto .....	1	10	0	" 1000 "
Rebecca Lucas, Wandsworth .....	1	10	0	" 1000 "
Margaret Pope, Staines. ....	1	10	0	" 700 "
Miss Julia Peek, Blackheath .....	1	10	0	" 700 "
H. L. Marshall, Esq. Highgate .....	1	10	0	" 700 "
Thos. Riddell, Esq., Gibson-sq. ....	1	10	0	" 700 "
R. S. T. Todmorden .....	1	0	0	" 650 "
Sarah Harris, Bradford ....	1	0	0	" 650 "
Miss Gurney, North Repps .....	1	0	0	" 650 "
Mrs. S. Babington .....	0	10	6	" 350 "
Miss Post .....	0	10	6	" 350 "
Mrs. W. H. Leatham, Hems- worth Hall .....	0	10	6	" 350 "
Mr. Geo. Marshall, Highgate .....	0	10	0	" 350 "

Anonymous, York, 4s. 6d. extra, (published 10s. 6d. in July No. in mistake for 15s.) Saml. Fennell, Bury St. Edmunds, 5s. Alice Staples, Marr, 2s. A Reader, Birmingham, 1s. S. Moffatt, Ortoa, 3s. 4d. Mr. Tolman, Hobart Town, 5s. H. D., Liverpool, 5s. A Friend, 5s. Mrs. Harston, Bognor, 5s. R. Perrott, jun., 5s. A Friend, Queenstown, 2s. 6d.

Contributions, by post-office orders or postage-stamps, will be thankfully received by the treasurer, Jacob Post, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.





## PRIZE ESSAYS.

THE two gentlemen who offered the prizes of £5 each (in the May No.) hope to award the prizes in the No. for January, 1855. One hundred and twenty Essays on "Smoking," and forty-one on the "Means possessed by the young for doing good," have been received.

## SMOKING.

## SECOND PRIZE OF £5.—OPEN TO FEMALES ONLY.

WE are glad to perceive that Dr. Lee, of Hartwell Park, has offered a prize of £5 for the best Essay by a Female, (under 20 years of age,) against Tobacco Smoking.

Every information may be had by enclosing a stamped envelope to Mr. Thos. Reynolds, Secretary of British Anti-Tobacco Society, 10, Camden Square, London.

## A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The following communication has been received from the REV. A. M. W. CHRISTOPHER, M.A., of St. John's, Richmond, Surrey:—

Our forefathers seem to have had too little sympathy with children. Their way of giving instruction was often dry and uninteresting. One of the most important features of the Christian activity of the present day, is an earnest endeavour to adapt instruction to the capacities of children; to use the best methods which reason, enlightened by Scripture, and observation quickened by love, can discover, of stamping with power good impressions on young hearts, and of clearing away the mists with which ignorance and bad example impede the dawn of truth on the youthful mind. The "Band of Hope Review" is an example of this endeavour. I rejoice in its large and increasing circulation. It is edited by a man whom I am persuaded the love of Christ constrains.

Those who long to employ every aid to win inattentive listeners to give heed to the truths which form the only safeguard of the young,—who wish to use every means of making them hate sin, and pray and strive for the conversion of sinners, will do well to examine this interesting paper to see whether it will not help them. In this day, means are made ready to our hand of doing much good by a very little effort. How great our responsibility to make many little efforts!

A half-penny gift of one copy of the "Band of Hope Review" to a little girl, leads her to take it in monthly. Her ungodly father one day puts down his Sunday newspaper to look at the pictures. He reads the print about them. Some spark of God's truth contained therein strikes his mind. He is convinced of sin by the Spirit of God. He searches his neglected Bible. He finds a Saviour. The lost one is saved.

ALFRED M. W. CHRISTOPHER.

St. John's Parsonage,  
Richmond, Surrey.  
9th June, 1854.

PRIZES  
FOR THE BEST ANSWERS TO  
BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Owing to the lingering illness and lamented death of a valued friend who aided in the examination of the answers to Bible Questions, we have been unable to publish the following awards on the questions for four months of 1853, at an earlier date.

QUESTIONS ON INTEMPERANCE. FEB., 1853.  
Answers.

1. Elah. "As he was in Tirzah, drinking himself drunk in the house of Arza, &c.—1 Kings xvi. 8-10.
2. They are "not wise." Prov. xx. 1.
3. That of Benhadad and his companions. 1 Kings xx. 16.
4. Solomon. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Prov. xxiii. 31.
5. Proverbs xxiii. 29-32.
6. "The Lord will not spare him," &c. Deut. xxix. 20.

## Award.

James J. Phillips, aged 11.	Cork.
Thomas Morgan, aged 14.	Wandsworth.
Sam. Alfred Hillier, aged 15.	Southampton.
Emile D'Elboux, aged 15.	Southampton.

## COVETOUSNESS. MARCH, 1853.

## Answers.

1. "The Covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth." Psalm x. 3.
2. The Apostle Paul. 1 Cor. v. 11; 2 Tim. iii. 3-5.
3. Ephesians, v. 5, and 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.
4. Peter (2nd epistle) ii. 14.
5. "He that hateth covetousness shall prolong his days?" Prov. xxviii. 16.
6. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Heb. xiii. 5.
7. Habakkuk ii. 9. Prov. xv. 27.
8. The character, "Thou fool." The sentence, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." Luke xii. 19. The necessary caution, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness." Luke xii. 15.

## Award.

M. Thomas Pitts, aged 12.	Sowerby.
James J. Ballard, aged 12.	St. John's Wood.
Wm. Thos. Guyatt, aged 14.	London.
Geo. Wm. Driver, aged 14.	Milnthorpe.

## THE SCRIPTURES. MAY, 1853.

## Answers.

1. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Matt. xxiv. 35.
2. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever." Isaiah xl. 8.
3. "But the word of the Lord endureth for ever." 1 Peter i. 25.
4. Of Israel. Hosea viii. 12. Zech. vii. 11-14.
5. David. "This is my comfort in my affliction." Psalm cxix. 50.
6. "Thy word is a light unto my feet, and a lamp unto my path." Psalm cxix. 105.
7. "The key of knowledge." The "voce" denounced by Christ on those who take it away shews that this is an unrighteous practice. Luke xi. 52.
8. "To the law and to the testimony," &c. Isa. viii. 20.
9. 2 Tim. iii. 15-17.
10. Isaiah xxix. 11, 12.
11. Apollon—he was "mighty in the Scriptures." Acts xviii. 24-28.

## Award.

Not any competitor has answered all.

Elizabeth Herbage, aged 10.	London.
Mary Eyre Burn, aged 10.	Epsom.
Edw. Dengate Lock, aged 11.	Norfolk.
Josh. Hayward, aged 11.	Wotton-under-edge.

## INSTRUCTION. JUNE, 1853.

## Answers.

1. "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth." Jer. ix. 23, 24.
2. "For vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt." Job xi. 12.
3. The Scriptures. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for instruction in righteousness." 2 Tim. iii. 16.
4. Job. "Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living." Job xxviii. 13.
5. The only wise God." 1 Tim. i. 17.
6. "A God of Knowledge." 1 Sam. ii. 3.
7. "His understanding is infinite." Psalm cxlvii. 5.
8. "Perfect in knowledge." Job xxxvii. 16.
9. In the book of Job xxi. 14. "Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways."—"And thus is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." John iii. 19.
10. And unto man He said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." Job xxviii. 28.
11. In the prophecy of Hosea iv. 6. "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge: because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest to me: seeing thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I will also forget thy children."

## Award.

Not any competitor has answered all.

Joseph Whimster, aged 13.	Stirling.
Julia Maria Rutledge, aged 16.	Clapham Common.
Jas. Thos. Appleyard, aged 10.	Derby.
James Firth, aged 13.	Huddersfield.

## HOW TO RUIN A SON.

1. Let him have his own way.
2. Allow him free use of money.
3. Suffer him to wander where he pleases on the Sabbath.
4. Give him full access to wicked companions.
5. Call him to no account of his evenings.
6. Furnish him with no fixed employment.

Pursue any of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance if you have not to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone sorrowing to the grave.—*Christian Treasury.*

## SHIPWRECK.

THE frown of the night-storm had scarcely blown by,  
And the ocean was still in its roar;  
The wind had not ceased from disturbing the sky,  
When I ventured to walk on the shore.

I look'd to the sea, and a wreck had been toss'd  
On the breakers that foam'd from beneath;  
And bodies still throbbing were wash'd on the coast,  
And lay group'd in the stillness of death.

I sought from among the pale corpses around  
For some symptoms of life, but in vain:  
When I heard from a distance, an indistinct sound  
Of a voice that seem'd utter'd in pain.

"Farewell, giddy world," it exclaim'd with a sigh,  
"Disregarded and slighted by thee:  
For my country I've fought, for my country I die,  
But that country has cared not for me.

"For thee, native England, my life I have spent,  
And have spilt my best blood in thy wars;  
And yet tho' your missions so far have been sent,  
You've neglected the souls of your Tars.

"We were left on the brink of destruction to sleep.  
And no voice has aroused us away;  
No arm has outstretch'd to collect the poor sheep,  
That had wander'd so sadly astray.

"And now I must go to the doom that I dread,  
For ages that ever must roll;  
With a life of iniquities heap'd on my head,  
For there's no man has cared for my soul!"

He ceased—and I sought him amongst the pale dead,  
While he yet had the hour to repent;  
When a heart-rending groan, that yet thrills thro' my head,  
Was the close of this hopeless lament.

On the cold shore extended I found him at last,  
But his spirit hath ceased to be there;  
His brow was still frowning, his hands were still clasp'd,  
And he look'd the mute form of despair.

Not far from his side lay a corpse on the sands,  
Of a negro, yet wet with the foam;  
Once a captive in yonder frail wreck, by his chains,  
A poor slave torn away from his home.

But a smile had been left on his African face,  
Of a soul that had gone to its rest;  
His arms were still cross'd in the lifeless embrace  
Of a volume that lay on his breast.

'Twas a Bible—that Christians of England had sent,  
And the Missions of England had giver;  
'Twas that which had taught him the need to repent,  
And directed his spirit to heaven.





## J. B. GOUGH.

MR. GOUGH's visit to London in August was attended with the most cheering results. At the Annual Fête of the London Temperance League there were upwards of 14,000 persons assembled in the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The scene during Mr. Gough's address was truly imposing, but the most interesting sight was when Mr. Gough was presenting a copy of his "Address to children," \* to each child in the gardens. Many mothers with their little infants in their arms, held out their hands for "one for my baby." May God bless the "little ones."

Mr. Gough is now taking another tour in the provinces. Many of the clergy and ministers of various denominations are giving him a hearty welcome, and cheering him on.

\* Published by Tweedie. Price 1d.

## A GOOD HARVEST.

How much cause have we to thank God for the good harvest with which we have this year been providentially

I grieved at the contrast—the slave that lay there,  
With a smile of sweet hope on his face;  
And the sailor, still black with the frown of despair,  
Beyond even death to erase.

One prayer, one desire, my full heart seem'd to have,  
That while England continued to look  
To the ignorance and guilt of the negro and slave,  
She would think on her own "hearts of oak."



## "THE CLOCK STRIKES TEN."

*Policeman.* "Come, gentlemen, no more drink. It is Sunday night, and the clock is striking ten."

The Act of Parliament for closing public houses, except between the hours of one and half-past two on the Sunday afternoon, and from six to ten at night, came into operation on the 13th August last. One of the London City Missionaries informs us, that in his district, where rioting and drunkenness were formerly most fearful at the midnight hour of the Sabbath, it is now comparatively quiet a few minutes after ten o'clock.

It will be a good thing, even for publicans and their families, if Parliament shuts up the public houses entirely on the Sunday."

## A HAPPY SABBATH SCENE.

"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him and bless His name."—PS. C. 4.

"Do you see that happy looking family," enquired a friend, pointing to an interesting group



who were entering God's House on a recent Sabbath—"A few years ago that was a most miserable family, occupying a wretched garret in —. The father was a sad drunkard. Some of the temperance men visited him one Sunday morning and prevailed upon him to sign the total abstinence pledge. He sought, by prayer, God's help to keep it. He has done so, and has risen step by step. He is now the proprietor of several houses; he is a liberal contributor to many benevolent societies; and, I believe, is a God-fearing man."

## THE LEOPARD.

THE interior of Africa abounds with leopards; from whence they come down in great numbers, and make dreadful havoc among the herds that cover the plains of the Lower Guinea.

"From the mountains of the leopards."—Song iv. 8. "The leopard shall lie down with the kid."—Isaiah xl. "A leopard shall watch over their cities."—Jer. v. 6. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"—Jer. xiii. 23. From "Children's Guide to British Museum."



blessed! If, in addition to the curse of WAR, we had been visited with a bad harvest, the ruin to thousands of families would have been fearful. The precious grain, however, has been gathered; thousands of bushels of it have already been ground by the miller into flour, and not a little has been made into bread, and brought by the baker to our doors.

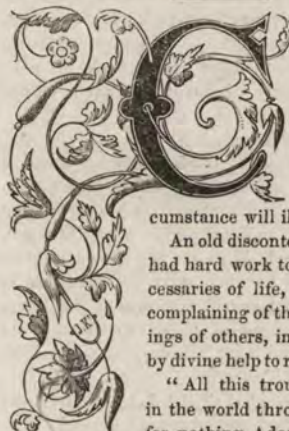
"Let us now fear the Lord our God, that giveth rain, both the former and the latter, in his season; he reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest." Jeremiah v. 24.





"He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all."

### THE DISCONTENTED COUPLE.



CONTENTMENT will make us happy—whatsoever else we may have without it, will fail to do so, as the following circumstance will illustrate:—

An old discontented couple who had hard work to procure the necessities of life, were constantly complaining of the faults and failings of others, instead of seeking by divine help to rectify their own.

"All this trouble and sorrow in the world through that good-for-nothing Adam and Eve," the

old man would frequently exclaim. "If I had been Adam I would never have allowed a woman to lead me into such a scrape."

A rich lady lived near, who had frequently relieved the old man and his wife. One day when passing she overheard them grumbling as usual, about Adam and Eve. Being a pious lady she felt anxious to show them the importance of being contented with the station in which Providence had placed them, and how wrong it was to be thus constantly murmuring at their lot in life.

The next morning the lady's servant, in smart livery, came to the mud cottage, with a message from his mistress, requesting that the old couple would go up to her mansion.

The looks of discontent vanished, for once; as the old folks were delighted by such a mark of attention from one so rich.

On arriving at the hall, the lady received them most kindly, and thus addressed them:—

"I have set apart two rooms in my house for your use, and so long as you attend to my wishes, you will be allowed to remain here, and have everything needful for your comfort. But if you disobey any of my rules, you will be immediately turned out, and sent back to your mud cottage."

"Thank you! thank you kindly, ma'am!" responded the old man. "Never fear our doing anything against your wishes, ma'am, added the old woman.

"Very well," said the lady, "then you will find a home here for life."

Every thing necessary for their comfort was provided, and all went on well for some time. There was one thing that somewhat puzzled them.

For several days there was placed on the dinner table a covered dish which they were desired not to touch.

"My lady desires me to say that every dish is at your service except *that one*," said the servant.

On one sad day, having nearly finished their hearty repast, the curiosity of the old woman was greatly excited as to the contents of the forbidden dish, and she said to her husband, "Whatever can it be?"

"Never mind," said the old man, "we've a capital dinner without it."

"As the lady was doing, she might as well have let us taste every dish," added the woman.

wife about the strange dish. The temptation was strong, and the longer it was parleyed with the more irresistible it became.

"She'll never know we have *looked*," repeated the old woman, as she gently took hold of the cover and very cautiously raised it on one side, and stooped down to peep under. "Oh! Oh! Oh! exclaimed the terrified old woman as she started back and upset the dish cover on the floor.

*Out jumped a mouse!*

The uproar aroused the lady of the house, who suspecting what was the matter, was quickly at the door. "What! is this the return you make for my kindness? You who were so ready to blame Adam and Eve for eating the forbidden fruit, could not you obey my trifling request. You have now forfeited the privileges I conferred upon you, and must therefore leave my house immediately, and return to your mud cottage; and never blame Adam and Eve again, for what you evidently would have done had you been in their place.

### POOR, YET VERY RICH.

A RICH gentleman was one day showing a minister of the gospel over his beautiful gardens and extensive estate. On arriving at the top of a hill, the gentleman proudly pointed to several distant objects. "There," said he, "my estate extends as far as you can see."

The gentleman, although very liberal, was a stranger to the saving knowledge of salvation through Christ Jesus. The minister looking very seriously, pointed to an obscure cottage, "Do you see that humble dwelling," said he, "a poor old woman lives there, who can say more than you can—she is richer than you!"

"Impossible! Impossible!" responded the gentleman.

"Ah yes! my dear sir, she is. She can say CHRIST is mine and I am his." That is more than you can say, notwithstanding your fine estate, and great riches. "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Oh let Thy grace supply;  
The good unasked in mercy grant,  
The ill, tho' asked, deny.

ORIENTAL PROVERB.—With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin.



"Why, yes! she might as well have done it handsomely," rejoined the husband.

"There can be no harm in *looking*," continued the old woman. "The lady will never be any wiser for *that*."

The old man was silent, and silence serves to give consent. He was almost as curious as his



## FINE CLOTHES &amp; THE DEATH BED.



YOUNG LADY, about twenty years of age, had been born to a rich inheritance, and was the only child of parents who were exceedingly fond of her. Nothing was spared to complete her education as a lady of fashion. As she grew up she answered all her mother's hopes in making a display in the fashionable world; but the hour of sickness came—it was a dreadful hour, for it was the termination of all her hopes. The minister was called in; he talked of death, judgment, and eternity; she had never heard such language addressed to her, and she trembled. In her dying hour, she called for some of her fine clothes; when they were brought, she looked up to her mother, and said, "These have ruined me. You never told me I must die. You taught me that my errand into this world was to be gay and dressy, and to enjoy the vanities of life. What could you mean? You knew I must die and go to judgment. You never told me to read the Bible, nor to go to church, unless to display some new finery. Mother! mother! you have ruined me. Take them away, and keep them as a remembrance of your sin, and my sad end!" She died a few moments afterwards.

## THE SUNDAY SAIL.

ON the first Sabbath in May, 1854, five persons, bent on having a "day of pleasure" gaily stepped into a hired boat at the Quay in Belfast. Whilst in the Lough, a sudden squall caught the sail and capsized the boat. Two men and their wives found a watery grave. A boy was the only one of the Sabbath-breaking party who was saved.

The following extract of a letter from the survivor, supplies some painful details:—

MAY 7th, 1854.

"As I am the only survivor, I will doubtless be expected to relate the heart-rending scene, which is as follows:—On Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, William Gray, Ann Jane Gray, James Armour, Louisa Armour, and myself, left the Belfast harbour, in a small boat, with sail. We had got a little drink before we started, but were what might be called sober. Unfortunately, however, we carried with us a pint of whisky. The management of the boat being committed to Gray, who was a sailor, we thought ourselves safe. But not so. When we reached a point between Holywood and Whitehouse, the sea being rough, and Gray being in an intemperate condition, owing to a divide of the whisky previously, and being unable to manage the sail, sailor though he was, the boat capsized, and in a few minutes four of the company, after fruitless efforts to retain a hold of the boat, in its tossing condition, met a watery grave. I managed to preserve my hold as well as possible, for about twenty-minutes, when a ship's boat relieved me from a condition in which I hope never to be again.

"EDWARD INGLE."

May this painful event prove a warning to both Sabbath-breakers and whisky drinkers.

LET us have very much care for our moments, since some moment must land us in eternity, and no moment is so short as to be entirely free from responsibility.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher, who had to mourn over the late attendance of many of his scholars, observed that one little boy in his class was always in his place at the appointed time.

No matter how cold or wet the morning might be, there he was, with his clean rosy face, and well brushed hair, a pattern of order and neatness.

Having occasion to pass the house of the little boy's parents one Saturday evening, the teacher thought he would call. He soon found out the secret of the boy's punctuality.

The mother and daughter were busily engaged in taking from a drawer clean clothes for the Sabbath, and seeing that no buttons or strings were missing; the father washing and shaving after the day's toil, and the boy looking as happy as possible, cleaning the boots and shoes.

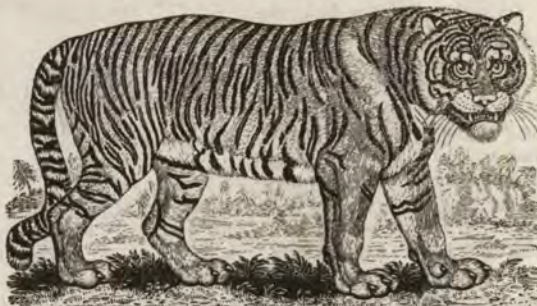
"What a pleasing picture!" thought the teacher. "There is no need to ask whether the Sabbath is regarded here. All appear to hail its approach with delight, and joyfully prepare for its sacred duties."



## THE TIGER.

It was proverbial among the ancients, that "as the peacock is the most beautiful among birds, so is the tiger among quadrupeds." Nothing can be more beautiful than this animal: the glossy smoothness of his hair, the extreme blackness of the streaks with which he is marked, and the bright yellow colour of the ground which they diversify, cannot fail of exciting the admiration of every beholder; while his slender, delicate, and truly elegant form, bespeaks extreme swiftness and agility. Unhappily, however, this animal's disposition is as mischievous as his form is admirable; for he is fierce without provocation, and cruel without necessity. In attacking a flock or a herd, he gives no quarter, but levels all indiscriminately, and scarcely finds time to appease his appetite, while intent upon satisfying the malignity of his nature. The beasts both wild and tame become the victims of his insatiable fury, and he not unfrequently ventures to attack the Lion himself.

The tiger's method of taking his prey is, in general, by concealing himself, and springing suddenly on his victim, with a voice or roar horrible beyond description.—Mr. Pennant relates "that a company seated under some shady trees near the banks of a river in Bengal, were alarmed by the unexpected sight of a tiger, preparing for its fatal spring; when a lady, with great presence of mind, unfurled a large umbrella in the animal's face; which, being confounded by so extraordinary and sudden an appearance, instantly retired, and thus gave them an opportunity of escaping."



## DARE TO DO RIGHT.

BY MISS S. H. BROWNE.

(Concluded from page 86.)

"Mother," at length he said, when the supper things were cleared away, and they were gathered round the single candle on the small worktable, "Mother, I know you wonder what ails me to-night, and I may just as well relieve your anxiety first as last. I've lost my place at the office."

Mrs. Grainger looked in his face with great surprise, and waited for something further. But William leaned his head on his hand, and the tears he could not repress gushed through his fingers; so he found it impossible to proceed.

"Indeed, my son," said his mother, calmly, while Sarah Jane opened her eyes wide in unmingled astonishment and alarm; "indeed, what can have happened? You have not forfeited it by misconduct?"

"No, mother," replied William, quickly; "not by what I think, or by what you have taught me to regard, as misconduct." He then related the incidents which have just been detailed, without addition or diminution, and felt that a burden was removed from his heart when his case was committed to her judgment.

A tear glistened on her faded cheek when he had finished the recital, but it was not a tear of grief or regret.

"My son," she said, "I thank God for this trial, this first trial of those principles which it has been my ceaseless effort and joy to sow in your young bosom, inasmuch as it has shown that they have taken vigorous root in a healthful soil. You have done well, William; you have done your duty; you have honoured God by obedience to his holy laws, and he will take care of the issue, according to his promise, 'Them that honour me I will honour, and those who despise me shall be lightly esteemed.'"

"But, mother, what shall I do?" inquired the youth. "We are poor and dependent, and I cannot see you toil in your feeble old age. We shall be sorely straitened if I cannot soon get employment again, and you know how difficult it is. I will go to Mr. B——, and see if he will not take me back into his establishment; but then he would think me such a fool for what I have done, and call me so, too, I dare say."

"No, William, don't go there again; he will only take you as a boy, and give you boy's pay, if he would consent to take you at all," advised Sarah Jane. "I will leave school and try to get some sewing, or some kind of work to help along; and that, you know, mamma, will reduce our expenses a good deal, and I can study at home by myself what time I can afford."

"Wait, children," said Mrs. Grainger; "wait a little; we will not be too hasty in our plans, but, after partaking the rest the Sabbath is about to offer us, with consciences void of offence, we will then deliberate and act. In the meantime we will try to forget all our worldly affairs, and 'remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.'"

And so they did. The services of the sanctuary, the Sabbath school, the bible class, were duly attended to, as well as those of the closet; and the



widow's family found themselves not only happy in the present, but trustful and quiet about the future.

Monday evening came, and no change had taken place in the prospects of the widow's boy. He had cherished an idea all along that he should be reinstated at the office when the secretary's passion had subsided, and he could perceive how valuable he really was, and how faithful he had been in the discharge of his duty there. But no tidings came to that effect, and he had made application for employment at several places without the least success. There were no vacancies in the mercantile houses, and no additional help was wanted, as it chanced not to be in the business season. Tuesday came and went in the same manner, and William began to be disheartened, notwithstanding the approving smile of his godly mother, and the castle-building of his light-hearted sister. He could not feel at ease, for every day was consuming his scanty earnings, and he was adding nothing, nor knew when or how he should. Sarah Jane had cheerfully left school, as she had proposed, though she was improving every advantage of tuition to prepare herself for a teacher; which office she had hoped to assume next year, that she might aid in defraying not only the expenses of her own incurring, but those of the family, which now came so heavily on her noble-minded brother.

Wednesday evening came, and found all the same. William had been diligent in his exertions to find business, but entirely unsuccessful, and his disappointment was imbibed by the jocose allusions which were on the lips of his fellow-clerks as he occasionally met them, and their inquiries whether the state of a man's conscience made any difference with the weight of his purse, &c., which species of pleasantry he was not in a mood to relish in the smallest degree. After supper he had gone out again on the same errand, but had not been long away when a loud knock on the cottage door aroused the widow from a train of anxious forecastings, and Sarah Jane from a difficult problem in algebra, which she was trying to study out. The knock was hastily repeated before she had a chance to get to the door, where a stout man was standing, who immediately inquired for William Grainger. Being told that he would be in directly, the stranger consented to await him within for a few minutes, and make his business known to his mother.

"I called, madam," remarked he, "to see your son, who, I learn, is out of employment for the present."

"He is, sir," answered Mrs. Grainger; "and he would be very grateful to any one for honest employment. Do you know—"

"Yes, madam," interrupted the gentleman; "I have no doubt he will suit us; none at all. A young man cannot have a better recommendation than your son has had this day, to fill the very responsible station in which we are desirous to place him." He then informed the widow that he was one of the directors of the — banking establishment, and that the sudden death of their cashier had made it necessary to find some one at very short notice to fill that office; that Secretary Z— had spoken to him in the highest terms of William Grainger, whom he had dismissed only a day or two before for refusing to comply with his requisition to attend to the ordinary business of the office on the Sabbath-day; adding, "He is just the man you want; though young and inexperienced, you can rely upon him." "And so I thought, too, madam," continued the director; "a youth like him, who does not fear to do right in the face of ridicule or contempt, and who dares set his own interest at naught to render obedience to the dictates of conscience, is indeed just such a one as we wish for. I congratulate you on being mother to such a youth; and I wish the young men who are coming on the stage of busi-

ness would learn that, to be ashamed of acknowledging that they fear God and regard his word and his institutions, is to be ashamed of what would raise them highest in the opinion of all whose opinion is valuable or desirable. It's a mistake, madam, a great mistake, in boys to think that a carelessness or contempt of these things makes a man. Pitiful ideas of manliness they have; and it makes scoundrels of them in the end instead of men; I wish they could see it before it is too late."

Much more the director said to the widow, and much did her heart and Sarah Jane's rejoice over the bright prospects that now opened before the son and brother. The bargain was speedily made; and William Grainger was next day initiated into the duties of his new office, which he filled for years to the perfect satisfaction of his employers, to the joy and comfort of his mother and sister, and to the mortification and envy of those who would have persuaded him to do evil that good might come.

### EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

A MAN was recently found on Swaffham Heath, burnt to death. It appears that he was returning home by night from a distance, and that he was intoxicated and smoking. It is conjectured that the sparks from his pipe set fire to him. The cart which he was driving was found five miles distant from the body, nearly burnt to pieces, but the pony was uninjured.—*Christian Times.*



### THE TRUSTY SERVANT.

IN the college of Winchester, is a curious old painting, very well represented by the accompanying engraving.

Its emblematic import is set forth in Latin verse, of which the following is a free translation:—

A trusty servant's portrait would you see,  
This emblematic figure well survey.  
The porker's snout—not nice in diet shows;  
The padlock shut—no secret he'll disclose;  
Patient the ass, his master's wrath will bear;  
Swift in errand the stag's feet declare;  
Loaded his left hand—apt to labor saith,  
The vest, his neatness; open hand, his faith;  
Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,  
Himself and master he'll protect from harm.

*Manner maketh man*, was the motto of William of Wykeham, the founder of this institution.

WISER is he who desires the praise of man than he who lives regardless of it; but wisest he who finds his happiness in the quiet calm of an approving conscience.

### AUNT JANE'S LITTLE LECTURE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"WELL," exclaimed Geraldine, with an impatient toss of her pretty head—"Well, I was never before taxed with want of generosity; I am sure I give away everything I have in the world."

"Excuse me—you do not."

"Indeed, aunt, I give up everything."

"Again, excuse me; there is one thing you never give up."

"What, aunty?"

"Your temper."

Geraldine pulled at the fingers of her gloves, one by one, and then tossed them on the table, while her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew bright, but not with pleasure.

"I am sure I give away all my money; is not that being generous?"

"You give away the thing, of all others, you want least, and which it gives you the least trouble to part with. All your wants and wishes are supplied to you, without money."

"I give away my books and my toys."

"They are constantly replaced by others—not at your own cost, but by the liberality of those whose love is, perhaps, injudicious."

"I even give away my pets."

"When you are tired of them."

Geraldine burst into tears. "I am sure," she said sobbing, "I am sure people seem to think they have done their duty when they give money; and I—gave—all—mine—yesterday—and uncle Richard—said—I was—so—good—I should—have—plenty—more—to-day."

"However necessary money is to us all," observed Aunt Jane gravely, "I often consider giving it is but a small evidence of generosity, particularly when certain of having it replaced. Let us look at this matter steadily, and with a gentle yet inquiring spirit."

"You gave a shilling to Dame Godfrey, the other morning; you did not want the shilling. Do you remember what she said?"

"Yes, aunt."

"She said, 'Thank you, my dear young lady; but, oh, how grateful I should be if you would read to me just one chapter in the New Testament.'"

"I don't like reading to old women," pouted out Geraldine.

"Your generosity did not extend to the sacrifice of doing what you disliked, but Mary Collier's did."

"Mary Collier," repeated the little girl, disdainfully; "poor little Mary Collier! how can she be generous?"

"Mary Collier's chest is weak, and heaves and pants when she reads aloud, and yet I often find her sitting beside Dame Godfrey's bed and doing—what you refused to do—though you can read and sing, without panting. Your shilling gift robbed you neither of ease nor comfort; Mary Collier sacrificed both—that was generosity. And there is that poor, aged woman, Alice Grey; Alice is one of the most truly generous women I ever knew."

"Alice!" exclaimed Geraldine; "Why Alice would not have had a dinner at Christmas, but for your kindness—how can she be generous?"

"There is one great gift, amongst many which God gives us at our birth, Geraldine, and which remains with us from the cradle to the grave—OUR TIME. We work it or waste it—we sell it and exchange it; but still it is our own—it is the only treasure the working man, or the working woman possesses; we have no right to squander or abuse it, or to lead others to do so. Now, Alice lives by her TIME—mind you, she lives by it—so she understands and appreciates its value."

(To be concluded in our next No.)





### FAMILY SECRETS.

THE foundry bell rang, and Matthews hastened home to his breakfast. The first sound that met his ears on opening the door of his house was the squalling children, while his other senses were regaled with a bad smell of ashes and steam, and the sight of his wife in the act of mopping up a puddle of brown and white slop, which was spreading itself over the floor. The character of poor Matthews' domestic comfort generally, might be seen in his wife's toilet on the morning in question. Her uncombed hair sticking out under the border of a dingy night-cap, her gown open behind, apron hanging by only one string, and boots dirty and unlaced, completed the appearance of the thorough slattern. Her husband was up to work regularly at six, but she lay in bed till the last minute, and then all was hurry to get breakfast ready in time. On this morning, as usual, she brought down the baby, which, for want of washing and dressing, lay

screaming in the cradle. A little boy, tired of being left alone, had crawled to the top of the stairs, and there sat crying in turn. Mrs. Matthews had made the coffee, and put the milk on to boil, and had only just run up to smack the noisy, undressed urchin on the stairs, when she heard the milk boiling over, and, hurrying to snatch it off the fire, she upset the coffee pot, and was mopping up the wasted beverage as her husband entered. She eyed him with an angry frown, meant to show she was not afraid. He said nothing, and looked round. On one side were the supper things of the night before—on the other, the extinguished fire—in front, the table covered with dust, and the sloppy floor. He turned on his heel, and went to breakfast at a coffee-house, which he had visited so often under similar circumstances, that he looked upon it as a much more comfortable place than his own house. Richard Cooper, also a workman at the same

foundry, went to his breakfast at the same hour. No sooner did he open the door leading into the kitchen, than a little girl, the picture of cleanliness, ran for a kiss, and a little boy, just able to crawl, seemed eager to jump from his mother's arms. Richard's wife was a tight and trim little body, always neatly dressed—never looking slatternly, even when at work. The room was cheerful and clean, breakfast quite ready, the bright coffee-pot stood steaming on the hob, and a dish of porridge and milk on the table for the children. Richard snapped his fingers to the little boy, kissed the girl, lifted them both into their chairs, and sat down opposite his wife, looking and feeling very happy. His half hour's visit to his family every morning sent him back to his work with renewed hope and confidence. The secret of his comfort and good temper lay in his wife's habits of early rising and prudent management.







"Naked, and he clothed me."

### THE END OF THE YEAR.

How rapidly time rolls on! We have now arrived at the *last* month of the year. In a few days 1854 will be numbered amongst the *past*. Let us ever remember the words of the Sacred Scriptures, "*Redeeming the time.*" Whether we be young or old, in a few years TIME will be ended, and ETERNITY begun with us. What preparation have we made for an eternal world?

Pass a few swiftly-fleeting years,  
And all that now in bodies live  
Shall quit, like me, this vale of tears,  
Their righteous sentence to receive.

But all before they hence remove,  
May mansions for themselves prepare  
In that eternal house above;  
And, O my God, shall I be there?

### THE SHOELESS SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

A BOY had been absent from his Sabbath-school class for several Sabbaths when the school was informed that the cause of his absence was, that he had no shoes; his parents being too poor to buy him a pair.

The next Sabbath, the scholars voluntarily contributed a sufficient sum to enable their schoolmate to appear among them on the following Sabbath, with *new shoes*.

The judicious Hooker used to say, "If I had no other reason and motive for being religious, I would earnestly strive to be so for the sake of my aged mother, that I might requite her care of me, and cause the widow's heart to sing with joy."

Oft as I have sickly lain,  
By my bed her watch she kept;  
And when she has seen my pain,  
Sweetly looked on me and wept.

"Despise not thy mother when she is old."

### SOWING AND REAPING.

THE late Rev. Joseph Entwistle was once walking down one of the streets of Liverpool, when a tall gentleman placed his hand upon his shoulder and said,

"Do you not know me, Mr. Entwistle?"

"No, sir, I do not remember to have seen you before."

"Do you not remember walking, many years ago, on the terrace of the Kingswood school, and teaching a little boy these lines—

Whate'er thy age would reap  
Thy youth must sow,  
For the great seed-time of thy life is now."

"Oh yes, I do remember it well."

"I am that little boy. Those lines were blessed to me. They led to my conversion, and I am now a minister of the Gospel." A word in season.

### THE DYING SOLDIER.

THE letter from which the following are extracts was addressed by one of our seamen now serving in the Baltic fleet, to his wife, near Boston, in Lincolnshire. It is one of the most remarkable descriptions of the horrors of war we have ever read. The writer begins by saying—

"My dear Wife,—Having just come safe out of action for the first time, I cannot better relieve my mind than by writing to you, for whilst I thank God for all his mercies, I seem to want some nearer friend than those around me (who are full of merriment and high spirits) to open my mind to."

He then proceeds to describe the affair at Ekness.

"At about five o'clock, a.m. a battery opened fire on us, and when the smoke cleared away, we could see the enemy; there appeared to be some hundreds of them on the hill close to the batteries. We sent a broadside of shot and shell amongst

them, and kept on our course. They stood to their guns well, though no doubt we did great execution. The firing was kept up briskly, and rifle balls dropped amongst us or whistled past us like hail. It was really wonderful so little damage was done. The balls cut the rigging, and went clean through the ship's side, but God Almighty had our lives in his keeping. I don't think there was a man aboard that knew what fear was. Two of our men were killed, and a few wounded; of course they

\* \* \* \*

were soon cleared away below.

In going down the river, a small battery again opened fire, and wounded one of our men, whereupon the captain ordered out a boat's crew to go ashore and take the guns. Every man on board volunteered, so the captain picked a crew,



THE DYING SOLDIER.

THE wise Lockman, when on his death bed, desired his son to approach, and then said to him, "My son, when thou hast a disposition to sin, seek for a place where God cannot see thee."

"Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord."—Jer. xxiii. 24.



and I was sent ashore with the marines. There were regular troops on the bank, who fired on us as we pulled to land, but the broadsides of the Hecla, what with the shell and what with the smoke, covered our landing. We dispersed at a few hundred yards' distance from the beach to keep the coast clear whilst the boat's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well, and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time a broadside from the Hecla went in amongst the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarce tell how. I felt as though I must go up to him, to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him lying so than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest, where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound and also from his mouth every breath he took. His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and stared at me—I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and-twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast was so full, as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell, but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak the blood poured out so, I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. His eyes were closing when a gun was fired from the Hecla to order us aboard, and that roused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the wood where the enemy was concealed—poor fellow, he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die and no one near him, when he had a something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face turned over, and, without a sigh, he was gone. I laid his head gently down on the grass, and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time. I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and the Russians, and the rest of them,—but all that seemed far off, and the dead man so near! When we rejoined the ship, we saw eight or ten of the artillery troop come out of the wood and carry the body away, with several others lying on the bank." \* \* \*

### AUNT JANE'S LITTLE LECTURE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

(Concluded from page 91.)

If she leaves her daily labour, even for an hour, she knows that she is depriving herself of a certain quantity of food, or light, or fire, or abridging the size or quality of her poor dress, miserably scanty as it is; and yet, Alice Grey gives that hour—ay, and many hours—to comfort the fatherless and the widow; she works for others—she thinks for others—she deprives herself of what to her is necessary, to serve others. That is generosity.

"I saw a little boy, the other day, go into a baker's shop; he was really hungry, and he was very fond of buns—all little boys are—but the great matter was, he was hungry; he bought a

large two-penny bun; he was so hungry that he turned all the marbles and bits of string, and odds and ends of queer boy-like things, out of his pockets, hoping to find another penny, to add a small bun to the large one, but he had not even another farthing; so he took a great, hungry bite out of his bun, and looked with pleasure at the piece in his hand, spotted over with little black currants. 'What a nice bun,' said the little boy, 'and I am so hungry!' When he looked up from the bun, he saw a pair of large blue eyes, staring from amid a shock of wild hair. Alas! the nose and lips, the very cheeks, of the child who gazed



so eagerly at his bun, were pinched and blue from starvation. My little friend saw it in a moment, and not a moment did he hesitate, but without a word, he walked up to the starving child, and placed the remainder of his bun in his thin hand. That was generosity. The boy who had the bun was hungry and poor, yet he remained hungry, rather than suffer one poorer and more hungry than himself to starve. Now, it is not enough for you to say, 'Well done, fine fellow!' but I want you to 'go and do likewise.' It is not enough for the heart to beat and the eyes to swim in tears, when a generous action is recorded; if it makes a proper impression, you will not be happy until you have done 'likewise.'

Geraldine looked straight before her. She hardened her heart sometimes, and when she did, you saw it in the expression of eyes turned almost to stone—eyes hard and tearless. She had a long time believed that she was very generous in giving her money; her aunt's observations had nearly convinced her that generosity was something more than giving what she did not care for or want, and it made her very uncomfortable; but she was too stubborn to confess she was wrong. God had not yet softened her heart. She knew but little of prayer, and had very seldom proved how a prayer is answered, when it is laid before the footstool of the Almighty in a pure and humble spirit. "Aunt Jane" loved her dearly, and the more dearly she loved her, the more anxious she became that Geraldine should conquer the evil and cultivate the good of her disposition; but that is what the young are slow to understand. They think—silly things—that those who love them most, will indulge them most.

"I will tell you," continued Aunt Jane, after a pause—for she was so wise, that she paused to let one thing sink into Geraldine's mind, before she spoke of another—"I will tell you of a boy, who had a very aggravating temper—it was not so very violent, but it was wilful, obstinate, unyielding; if he was told to read at one o'clock, write at two, and to do his Latin exercise at three, he would argue that it would be better to do his Latin at one, and read at three. Half his time was spent in contradiction. He was absurd enough to suppose that he knew better than his teachers; he would not, of course, say he did,

but he would act as if he did. He knew nothing of the generosity which yields a will to the will of others—he had not learned the duty of obedience, and did not see its advantages."

"Its advantages?" questioned Geraldine.

"Yes, its advantages. Is it not an advantage to have every thing provided, every thing thought of, every thing prepared, every thing that the experience and knowledge of age can suggest, done for youth—the thorns removed from their path, the whole business of life arranged, so as to prepare them for the future with the least possible outlay of trouble to themselves—and all required in return being attention and obedience?"

Geraldine's eyes were growing less stony, and she half muttered, in a low tone, "That is true."

"This boy, like many girls, wanted to learn only what he liked; and it would have been difficult to teach him even on those terms, for what he liked this week he did not like next; and such was his spirit of opposition, that if it were wished he should like *this*, he would be sure to rush at the belief that he liked *that*."

"If you are so contradictory," said his father, "no one will love you."

"I don't care for being loved," said the boy.

"Oh, very well," said his father.

The next morning, when he came down stairs, he looked round, and then offered his mother his morning kiss. She turned from him, and he saw she had been weeping.

"You do not care for being loved," said his father, "and so, as you do not care about being loved, you must try to live without love. Love has hitherto toiled for you; love has clothed you, love has fed you, love has educated you, love has had patience with you, love has rewarded you, love has watched over you, love has cherished you, love has found fault with you, love has wept for you, love has prayed for you—from your cradle you have been ministered to by love; but you do not care for being loved—so, now live without love."

The boy's heart was hard, and so he thought he could live without his father's work and his mother's blessing; he thought he could live without love. He had no GENEROSITY in his nature—if he had, he would have curbed his temper; he would have yielded all he had to yield—his will—to the will of those who loved him. He had nothing but that to give, in return for the years of love, of labour, of thought, of prayer, he had cost his parents. It never entered into his head to think, or into his heart to feel, that his obedience, his docility, his curbing himself, would have been generous."



"Aunt Jane!" exclaimed Geraldine, bursting into a flood of honest tears, "though not a boy, I am *that* boy. Oh, pray with me—pray for me—this New Year's day; pray that I may feel, and practice, and believe, that giving up what we most cherish, is the only true generosity."

Firfield.



## A PUBLICAN IN SUFFOLK.

A POOR man, of the name of Moody, on Thursday, November 11th, 1811, who conveyed turf from the fens to Mildenhall, in Suffolk, fell from his boat into the river, and was unfortunately drowned before any assistance could reach him. On the body being conveyed to a public house, near the water side in Mildenhall, the Landlord, who was standing at the door, peremptorily refused, with many horrid oaths, to receive it into the house; but scarcely had he uttered them, when he was seized with a paralytic stroke that deprived him of speech and the use of one side, and in that state he remained in 1813.

## A SOLDIER.

A FEW years since, two soldiers, at Chatham, laid a trifling wager which could swear most oaths. After one of them had uttered many shocking ones, he hesitated a short time, and said, he could think of one more, which should be his last, but was instantly struck speechless, and so remained for about three hours, when he died. His body was by order of his officers, made a public spectacle to the populace, soldiers, and sailors, as a warning to them.

## A BOATMAN.

A COAL-MERCHANT at Brigg, in Lincolnshire, had occasion to send a boat to Barton, with a cargo of coals, and ordered one of his men to take charge of it. As the boat was leaving the wharf, a person civilly accosted the man, asking where he was going. "I am going to hell," said he, with an oath. Awful to relate, he died suddenly, before he reached Barton!

Reader, have you ever been warned, and despised that warning? Remember, "he that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

## MRS. PRICE.

A WOMAN named Price, the wife of a soldier in an English Regiment, in a dispute with a neighbour, while both were in a state of intoxication, imprecated the vengeance of the Almighty, and made use of the words, "I wish that God may strike me dead if —." She said no more, but falling to the ground, instantly expired.

## A LABOURER.

I KNEW a man, says a correspondent of the *Tract Magazine*, in 1825, who was very much addicted to swearing, and attempts to convince him of the error of his ways were in vain; all reproof was lost upon him. He was a labourer in a stone quarry, and having one day fastened a stone to a rope, for the purpose of being hoisted up, the man at the top of the quarry said he thought the

## THOMAS MULLINS.

*The Hampshire Telegraph*, in 1824, stated, that Thomas Mullins, who resided with a person of the name of Jones, near Beaulieu, in Hampshire, signified his intention of changing his residence, and was asked by his landlady to settle her demand of nine shillings. With great vehemence he exclaimed, "Mrs. Jones, may God strike me dead if I owe you more than one shilling!" The words were scarcely uttered, before the liar dropped down and expired.

## A YOUNG GIRL.

A YOUNG GIRL was charged with stealing a silver spoon from her mother, who was blind, but repeatedly denied it. On being pressed with the charge, and in order to silence further inquiry, she exclaimed, "May God strike me dead, if I have the spoon!" She immediately fell down dead. On stripping the clothes from the body, to the astonishment of all present, the silver spoon she had so positively declared her ignorance of, was found upon her.

## TWO SCOTCH ROBBERS.

ONE day, as archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane, there happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder. He was observed, when at a considerable distance, by two men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him; but wishing to, fall on some method of extorting money from him, one said, "I will lie down by the wayside as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked man told the fabricated story; the archbishop sympathized with the survivor, gave him money, and

proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion, he found him really lifeless! Immediately he began to exclaim aloud, "Oh! sir, he is dead! Oh! sir, he is dead!" On this the archbishop, discovering the fraud, left the man with this important reflection: "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgments of God!"

EVERY time a man drinks a threepenny pot of beer, he swallows the value of a square yard of land, worth £60. 10s. an acre. Porter, the great

## "FRIEND, DON'T SWEAR!"



A PIOUS young tradesman, living in a low part of —, was constantly grieved by the unmanly habit of swearing which was practised by many of his customers. He at length hung up a board behind his counter, on which was printed the words,

"Friend, don't swear." On an oath being uttered, the tradesman would kindly direct the attention of his customer to the board, and in the most affectionate yet serious manner, point out the fearful consequences of breaking God's law: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

In a short time swearing was entirely abolished, not only in that shop, but in many of the homes and workshops in the neighbourhood.

A profane coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said to a pious traveller, "That horse, Sir, knows when I swear at him." "Yes," replied the traveller, "and so does your Maker. The coachman felt the rebuke, and immediately became silent.

Howard, the philanthropist, was standing one day near the door of a printing-office, when he heard some dreadful oaths and curses from a public-house opposite. Buttoning his pocket up before he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, "I always do this when I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain can also steal, or do any thing else that is bad."

No. 18.] "FRIEND, DON'T SWEAR."

The above is a specimen of the Illustrated Hand Bills published in sixpenny packets, by Messrs. Cash, 5, Bishopsgate st., London, by whom, five of the assorted packets will be sent, post free, on receipt of thirty postage stamps.

rope was not strong enough; the man below immediately replied, with a most dreadful oath, "Then let it crush me to atoms." The wretched man had hardly uttered these words, when the stone fell, and hurried his unprepared soul into the presence of his offended God.

We know if the affair be injurious, God can easily hinder it; and if it be good for us, he can easily promote it. "His kingdom ruleth over all." Every event is under his direction, and every character under his control.



statistical writer states, that the WORKING MEN of Great Britain spend twenty-five millions of pounds yearly in malt liquors. If so how many acres of land do they yearly swallow?

### THE COAL-PORTER.

AN intelligent and respectable looking working man stood up in a London temperance meeting recently and said, "I know what hard work is, I usually rise at four o'clock and frequently take my part in discharging ten tons of coals a day. After my day's work is done, I often walk five or six miles to speak at a temperance meeting. For ten years I have never tasted a drop of beer, or any intoxicating drink. With my tea, coffee, and good nourishing food, I am better in health and pocket than most of my beer and gin drinking comrades.



### DOG LAWS.

EVERY summer the poor dogs suffer in our cities and villages not merely from cruel boys, but by laws and ordinances which require all stray curs that are unmuzzled, to be killed. A correspondent, whose pet dog was a victim of such a law, takes part with the "doggies," and barks at the dog-killers, thus:—

If a cat may look on a king, a poor dog may drop a word to those in authority. Please, sirs, why am I chained? Why am I muzzled? Why is a death-writ issued against me? I am not mad, most noble fathers. I am only a poor little dog, but I can put my paw on my heart and declare that I have always tried to do the best I know how; and can folks with souls say that, I wonder? Because one dog bites a man and makes him crazy, and he dies, why must all dogs be hunted down, and muzzled, and murdered?

Now there are men with their two legs and souls who make folks crazy, and cause them to die awful deaths too—howling and raving and cursing; why don't you muzzle them, your honors? They don't bite, to be sure, but they sell and give drink, and drink that maddens; and what's the moral difference between a bite and a drink? What the moral difference between delirium tremens and hydrophobia, I should like to know? and which is there most of, I should like to know? Are not the effects about alike, and the symptoms pretty much so?

Don't they both hate water like poison? Well, your honors, why don't you muzzle them? Why

do they go at large, making a business of it, carrying death and disease and torment into family



after family, upon little children and grown-up men, and upon strong young men, making many a poor dog blush for his master?

Please your honours consistency is a jewel, a very big one; but I'm only one of the little doggies.—From the American Tract Society's monthly paper.

### THE BROKEN PIPE.

ONE of the London City Missionaries has forwarded us the following interesting fact:—

"In October, 1852, I gave to a hard working man a copy of that excellent tract 'The Leather Almanac, or Facts and figures for Working Men.'\* The Anecdote about smoking, entitled 'Penny Puffs,' interested him exceedingly. After some deliberation, he took his pipe from the side of the fireplace, and calling his wife's attention, he snapped the pipeclay over the edge of the table, exclaiming, 'There goes penny puffs.'"

"He then procured a wooden box, nailed down the lid, and bored a hole in it through which money could be dropped. 'Now,' said he, 'I



shall put into this box, the sum I have usually spent in tobacco; three-half-pence a day shall be dropped through the hole of this box."

\* The Leather Almanac; or, Facts and Figures for Working Men, with 4 illustrations. Published by Partridge, Oakley & Co. 1d.

"About fifteen months after, I received a very kind invitation to take a cup of tea with the man and his wife. After tea I read a portion of the Sacred Scriptures, and engaged in prayer. My worthy host then brought the heavy wooden box, and with a happy looking face said, 'The box is full, and I wish to have the pleasure of opening it in your presence.'"

"The contents were poured on the table, and we counted in pennies and halfpennies, the sum of £3. 0. 11d.!!"

### THE GLASS BLOWERS.

WE recently passed through a large bottle manufactory, when the overlooker pointed to a row of



men who were engaged in blowing bottles, and then handing them to lads, who carried them off to the ovens.

"Those men," said he, "never earn less than three pounds a week, and very frequently they receive as much as five pounds per week."

"How many of them do you suppose have got fifty pounds put by in the savings' bank against a rainy day," we enquired.

The overlooker smiled at the enquiry, and said, "I do not believe, that one of them has got even fifty shillings put by. They spend nearly all they get in drink. DRINK, Sir, is their great curse."

### DON'T DESTROY THIS PAPER.

It may do some good. There are many boys and girls so very poor, that they have not even a halfpenny to pay for this paper, yet many of these poor little children would be as glad to read this paper as you are; and they would understand it, and by God's blessing it might be the means of keeping them from much sin and sorrow.

Now, if you can do so much good by sending this paper to some poor child, who has no good books, and no pious parents or friends to teach him about Jesus Christ, and his love for poor sinners, ought you not to send it? I propose to all the little boys and girls who take this paper, that they never destroy it, but each month after carefully reading it, carry it, or send

it, to some neglected child who needs instruction. If, however, you wish to keep your papers so as to have them bound up at the end of the year, (a very good plan) then subscribe for a second copy, and send that.

M. R. F.





"Openeth the eyes of the blind."

# MITTIE, THE BLIND CHILD.

BY MARY IRVING.



DID you ever thank God for your eyes, dear children? Those two bright, clear, happy eyes, that He has given, to drink in the pleasant sunshine, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the rainbow, and the sweetness of your dear mother's smile! Listen, now, to the story of a child to whom He never gave eyes to look upon any of these beautiful things.

It was on a sunny morning—somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean—that a gentleman, whom sea-sickness had imprisoned in his state-room since the first roll of the ship, took courage, from a cup of coffee and the calmness of the sea, to crawl upon deck. As he stood at the head of the narrow stairway, clutching a rope to support his tottering steps, he heard a glad child's laugh. Looking up, he saw a little girl, about five years old, quite at her ease, on the turning and rolling floor, trying to "jump rope" with a knotted end of ship-rigging, which had been given her, by an old sailor. The brisk breeze had brightened her cheeks, and curled her flowing hair in no very orderly manner. Mr. L. thought of his own little daughter over the ocean, and his eyes filled.

"Come to me, my dear!" he kindly called, reaching his hand towards the child. She stopped her play, looked up as though half frightened, half astonished; and then began carefully to creep toward the outstretched hand. He lifted her to his lap and kissed her coral lips. "Whose little girl are you?" he enquired. "I'm nobody's little girl," she replied, in a touching tone. "Only God takes care of me—and sometimes Captain I—."

"How, where is your mamma?"

"Mamma is in Burrampooter, I'm not her little girl any more." Here a tear rolled down her cheek. "I'm going to New York," she said, to be uncle's

little girl. But New York is a great way off, isn't it, sir?"

"Not a very long way, my child—you will soon see your uncle!"

"I can't see, sir," she said, softly.

Mr. L. started, and looked down into those bright, dark, intelligent eyes. Alas! it was too true! they were darkened windows, through which the soul could never look!

"Mittie! hey, Mittie!" called a bluff voice, as the captain's varnished hat appeared from behind the mast. "Eh, birdie, what new nest have you found!"

With a start and a bound, Mittie jumped into his rough arms, and laid her cheek upon the shoulder of his shaggy coat sleeve.

"So ho, shipmate," continued the captain, addressing Mr. L. "you are aloft at last. Nothing like a stiff nor'wester for taking the starch out of you landsfolk;" and he laughed.

"But this little girl, Captain I—, how happens she to be alone on the wide world of waters?"

"Can't say," returned the captain, with a dubious shake of his shining hat. "She's a stray waif that I picked up on the Liverpool docks. Don't know her belongings; she was labelled for New York, it seems. Her name—what is it you call it, sea-bird?" he asked.

"Mittie Wythe Hamilton," lisped the child, who had already found her way back to her bit of rope, and sat against the ship's railing, tossing up her hands at every new dash of spray. I was named after Uncle Wythe, and he told mamma to send me." Her face clouded for an in-

stant, then brightened again in the sunshine.

"Poor blind pet! so far as I can make out her story," said the kind-hearted captain, "she is the child of missionaries in India. Poor creatures, they could not bring her over themselves, and I dare say she was getting no good in that heathenish land; so it seems they put her into charge of an English lady, name I've forgotten, who set out to join her husband, somewhere in Canada. But she sickened and died before the barque Sally reached England, and the poor thing was left friendless and helpless. What the captain and mate of the Sally were thinking of, I don't know; but they put the child on dry land, with the rest of the passengers, and set sail without so much as looking up a New York packet. Alone in Liverpool, and it's no place for a blind child, sir, to say nothing of one that's got eyes—I found her, amusing



MOTHER AND CHILD.

(See next page.)



herself pretty much as you see her now, with bits of chips, at the corner of a ship-yard! How the creature had lived, I can't say. I'll believe after this, shipmate, there's a God in the sky, who, as she says, keeps watch over children; if He don't over us grown-up sinners! It seems she had never wanted for a berth nor a mess. 'I want to go to New York,' she would say to every stranger who spoke to her. I couldn't leave the little thing—but I don't know where I'm taking her. If I can't anchor her safely, I'll keep her for first mate of the Down; hey, sea-bird!"

"What could you do with her in that terrible storm off Cape Clear? I shudder to recollect that night!"

"Well, sir, while you were lying flat on your back, and the rest of us were hurraing, hauling and pulling hither and thither, working for dear life against the winds and waves, the pretty creature was rolling about the cabin floor, clapping her hands as though she were in an apple-tree swing, and found it capital fun! When I tumbled down to my locker for five minutes' rest, I found her on her knees, in her little night-wrap, saying, 'Our Father;' and I felt sure that no storm would sink the ship with her in it."

(To be continued.)

### THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

BY RICHARD HUIE, ESQ., M.D.

*Child.* What can I do for Christ, mamma,  
Who does so much for me?

*Mother.* Give Him your youthful heart, my child,  
And from all evil flee.

*Child.* I think He has my heart, mamma,  
And I detest all sin.

*Mother.* Then end each day with prayer, my child,  
With prayer each day begin.

*Child.* I pray both morn and eve, mamma,  
And love God's word to read.

*Mother.* Act too, that all may see, my child,  
That you are Christ's indeed.

*Child.* All this I strive to do, mamma—  
Can I do nothing more?

*Mother.* Yes, tell that Christ has died for us,  
God's favour to restore.

*Child.* To whom can one so young, mamma,  
The Saviour's mercy teach?

*Mother.* To all you love, and all you know,  
And all your voice can reach.

*Child.* But there are dying souls, mamma,  
In many a distant land.

*Mother.* Well, send them men to preach the word,  
That they may understand.

*Child.* How can I send them men, mamma,  
Who am so weak and poor?

*Mother.* Help those who do, and that with prayer,  
A blessing to secure.

*Child.* If prayer could turn my pence to pounds,  
I fain your plan would try.

*Mother.* Elijah, and the widow's oil,  
My answer will supply.

*Child.* O yes! I see. I have not much,  
But what I have I'll give;  
And God may make some dying soul  
Through my small pittance live.

*Mother.* Do thus, my child, and you will find,  
When sun and stars are dim,  
That Christ regards what's done for men  
As if 'twere done for him!

### CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.

CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,  
Youthful days will soon be done;  
Cares and sorrows lie before us,  
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

O may He who, meek and lowly,  
Trode himself this vale of woe,  
Make us his, and make us holy,  
Guard and guide us while we go.

Hark! it is the Saviour calling,  
"Little children follow me!"  
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;  
Teach us all to follow thee.



### THOMAS MANN;

OR,

### HOW MANY DAYS DO YOU WORK?

A GENTLEMAN once asked Thomas Mann, the well known Thames waterman, "Do you make *seven* working days in a week?"

"No, Sir; I hope I know better than to do that," was the prompt reply.

"The Lord's-day is *not mine*, and therefore I never work on *that day*," continued the honest waterman.

The gentleman was as much pleased as surprised at what he heard, and enquired, "Can you read?"

"Yes, Sir; I thank God I *can* read."

"Where were you taught to read?"

"At one of the charity schools in the City,

from which I was apprenticed to a waterman. I was there taught to read the BIBLE, and from it I learned to value the Lord's-day."

No wonder that Thomas Mann prospered in life. He made more money in the six days than the majority of his fellow watermen did who worked on the Sabbath also. From poverty he was raised to comparative affluence.

"Them that honour me I will honour."

### TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

There are at the present time, above 20,000 prisoners confined in the castles and jails of the United Kingdom, the majority of whom have been led into crime through intemperance, and this intemperance, you well know, has been produced, *not* by drinking water, or milk, or tea, or coffee; but by the use of intoxicating beverages, such as gin, rum, brandy, whisky, ale, beer, and porter.

Magistrates are moreover talking of building new prisons, and enlarging old ones. We desire to have your help in turning many of these prisons into industrial Schools, hospitals, and other good institutions. Do you ask, how can *you* help to bring about this? We answer, "You can do this very easily! Let your motto be "From all intoxicating liquors we will **ABSTAIN!**" and in twenty years, the glorious work will be accomplished.

### THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

THE inhabitants of England, now so celebrated for their exertions in the cause of Christianity, were at the time of our Saviour's birth idolatrous savages; their religion was more cruel and more disgusting than that which is now professed by the heathen nations, amongst whom our Missionaries are at present labouring.

They were extremely numerous, living together in small towns, consisting of rudely built huts, thatched with straw, and feeding large herds of cattle. Their towns were situated in immense forests, the entrances to which, in time of war, were stopped up by huge masses of felled timber. The chiefs adorned themselves with feathers and glittering ornaments. What clothes they wore were usually the skins of wild beasts, but the common people were entirely naked, and painted themselves blue.—Their bodies were decorated with figures of the sun, stars, &c.

Their priests, who were called Druids, lived in



STONEHENGE.

Supposed remains of Druidical Temples, on Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire.



## DOING GOOD.

NONE are too young to do good to others. Do you ask, little friend, in what way you may do good? First, then, set a good example to those around you. Never speak an angry word to a brother or sister; for, remember that they may learn from you to do the same, and you will thus not only commit a sin yourself, but will induce others, by your wicked example, to be guilty of faults which will offend a just God. Can you not persuade some of your playmates to attend the Sabbath school? If so, you can do, perhaps, lasting good. I once knew a little boy who persuaded a very wicked boy, whom he heard swearing in the street, to go with him to church and to Sabbath school; and that boy, by the blessing of God on these means, became pious, and is now himself a teacher. You, my little friends, may do likewise.

## "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

"A HAPPY new year to you." How often these words cross our lips, on the departure of the old and the arrival of the new year.

Let us not only give expression to the words, but also seek to promote each other's temporal and spiritual happiness, so that it may prove "a happy new year" indeed. It will probably be a year of severe trial, but let us each take refuge in HIM who is a "present help in every time of need."

## THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Child.

I HEAR thee speak of a better land,  
Thou call'st its children a happy band;  
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?

Mother.

Not there, not there, my child.

Child.

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?  
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?

Mother.

Not there, not there, my child.

Child.

Is it far away in some regions old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the golden mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?

Mother.

Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
Sorrow and death may not enter there,  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,

It is there, it is there, my child!

## GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND.

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HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall.  
MR. T. B. SMITHIES, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury.  
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Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, and Co., 54, Lombard St.

## TREASURER.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.

The Committee have had many interesting and important applications for free grants of the *Band of Hope Review* to Missionaries, Sailors, &c., &c., in the Crimea, Africa, Australia, Nova Scotia, the Shetland Isles, and numerous poor districts in England and Ireland, which, for want of funds, they have not been able to supply. They solicit further pecuniary help. At present the Treasurer is in advance on the General Account.

The Treasurer thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions towards the proposed grant of 200,000 copies to the London City Missionaries, and Country Towns' Missionaries.

Previously announced				£116 5 0 for 77,500 copies.	
Edward Smith, Esq., Sheffield	5	0	0	3,800	"
Mrs. Fleureau, Highgate	1	1	0	700	"
C	1	1	0	700	"
Mrs. Massee, Sheriff Hutton	1	0	0	675	"
Mrs. Carlisle, Dublin	1	0	0	675	"
Atkinson, Esq., Dublin	1	0	0	675	"
Ann Tweedie, Cornwall	1	0	0	675	"
Josh. T. Foster, Esq., Stamford Hill	1	0	0	675	"
Geo. Pelle, Esq., Whitehaven	1	0	0	675	"
In Memory of the late Wm. Dickson, of Hull	0	10	6	350	"
Jno. Bellerby, Esq. and Family, York	0	10	6	350	"
H. Armstrong, Esq., Islington	0	10	6	350	"
W. Kilner, Esq., Dewsbury	0	10	6	350	"

Two Ladies, Hull, 5s.—Mr. Earle, High Roans, 5s.—R. Morrell, Esq., Selby, 5s.—The Ladies of the United Society, Edinburgh, 5s.—M. A. Wilkinson, Dumfries, 5s.—Miss V. Martin, Cleckheaton, 2s. 6d.—Mrs. Pearson, Hull, 2s. 6d.—Mr. Josh. Lee, Red Brook, 2s. 6d.

We have peculiar pleasure in owning the receipt of £1 1s 6d collected by two little girls at "Ennisworthy" for supplying poor children with copies of the *Band of Hope Review*. We have sent off parcels to Ireland, and to one of the most dissipated Colliery Districts of Scotland, in consequence.

Contributions, by post-office orders or postage-stamps, will be thankfully received by the treasurer, Jacob Post, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London, or by any of the committee.

## "NAKED AND YE CLOTHED ME."

THERE are, during this season of the year, many poor half-clad creatures in this country to whom we should like our readers to say "We will try to make this a happy new year to you."

Thousands of old coats, trousers, stockings, boots, gowns, and flannels are lying idle in drawers and wardrobes, which would more than clothe the poor boys and girls to be found in all our ragged schools.



"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."—Proverbs xix. 17.

## THE LITTLE SHOVEL.

A POOR woman had a supply of coal laid at her door by a charitable neighbour. A very little girl came out with a small fire-shovel, and began to take up a shovelful at a time, and carry it to a sort of bin in the cellar. A friend said to the child,

"Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?"

Child, (quite confused by the question) "Yes, sir, if I work long enough."

There is no labour too great for industry and perseverance to accomplish, and it is not so much the tools we have to work with, as the spirit with which we use them, that gives us success.



caves, woods, and hollow trees; their food was acorns and berries, and their drink, water. They taught the people to worship the sun, moon, and stars, the ocean, rocks, mountains, and other beautiful objects of nature.—Amongst other inhuman ceremonies, they sacrificed their prisoners of war. They also made images in the shape of men, of a prodigious size, constructed of wicker-work, platted in the same way as our willow baskets. These they filled with children and sometimes with men and women; after which they were publicly set on fire, and all who were within them, burnt in honour of the goddess of victory!!

Such was England once, and such she long remained; without God, without Jesus Christ, without the Bible, and without Sunday Schools;—though now by the blessing of the Most High, she possesses all these, and has become a land distinguished, above all others, for her civil and religious privileges. How happy is the change which has taken place, since those days of ignorance and barbarous superstition! In the blessings arising from the spread of Christianity, Sunday Scholars participate, perhaps, more than any other class of persons. They may with peculiar propriety adopt the sentiment of Dr. Watts:

"Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace,  
"And not to chance, as others do,  
"That I was born of Christian race,  
"And not a Heathen, or a Jew."

Sunday Scholars! let your gratitude be seen in your actions; and so exert yourselves in the cause of Missions, that the name of Jesus may be lisped by every child upon the earth, and Sunday Schools erected in every kingdom of the habitable globe!

## THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW,

(FROM THE COMMENCEMENT) FOR THE YEARS

1851, 1852, 1853, and 1854,

May be had through any bookseller, in uniform Illustrated stiff covers.

Price One Shilling for each Yearly Part.

By enclosing fifty postage stamps to Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, the four Yearly Parts will be sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom. A single copy for fifteen stamps.





### PRIZE ESSAYS.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that the prize of £5 offered by Samuel Gurney, Jun., Esq., of Carshalton, for the best Essay on TOBACCO SMOKING has been awarded by that Gentleman to Thomas Neatley of Cheapside, Barnsley.

Also, that the prize of £5 offered by Richard Barrett, Esq., of Waddon, Croydon, for the best Essay on the "Means possessed by the young for doing good," has been awarded by him to George

C. Hill, of Bridge Street, Peterboro'.

Considerable merit has been evidenced by several other competitors, and it is probable that Mr. Barrett will award to some of them a small prize.

In our next, we hope to publish a portion of the latter Essay.

### UNFASHIONABLE BOW.

WHEN Sir William Johnson returned the salute of a negro, who had bowed to him, he was reminded that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," said Sir William, "but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro."

### THE FATHER'S PRAYER.

A PIOUS young man told a worthy clergyman, that he had once disobeyed his father, on which the good man retired into his room and shut the door. Curiosity led the boy to look through the keyhole, and he saw his father on his knees in prayer. The boy listened also, and he heard his father praying for him. This struck the youth to the heart; he went away and prayed for himself; his prayer and his pious father's prayer were heard; the young man turned to God, and became a christian indeed.

He who serves God hath the best master in the world.

### SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

SOMETIME ago we had an application from a sailor, on board one of Her Majesty's men-of-war, for a few hundred copies of the *Band of Hope Review* for distribution amongst the Crew. He said they were "*just the kind of reading to suit sailors.*"

We have now an application for a grant of copies for our poor soldiers and sailors who are likely to spend a tedious and trying winter in the Crimea and Black Sea.

We purpose making up a parcel in the early part of the month. Some of our readers will be glad to join in sending copies, particularly for the poor wounded soldiers in the hospitals, to many of whom a good book or paper will be a comfort.

One of the assistant chaplains has just written to England that tracts and books are much prized in the hospital at Scutari.

For every three shillings sent to the treasurer, we shall distribute either one hundred assorted copies of the monthly numbers, or four yearly parts, amongst soldiers and sailors.

The following contributions have been promised for this special object:—

Josh. Tritton, Esq., Lombard-st.	£5 5 0
Saml. Gurney, Esq. ....	5 5 0

We have sent a packet to the Lewes gaol for the Russian prisoners, many of whom are now able to read a little English.

We trust that the principles of the Gospel of Christ which we have sought to inculcate will find a lodgment in the hearts of both friends and foes.

Contributions can be forwarded to the Treasurer, Jacob Post, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London, or to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. Sums above £1 can be paid (if more convenient) to Messrs. Bevan, Barclay and Co., Bankers, Lombard Street.



### THE BIRDS' PETITION.

THE Blackbird and the Thrush are amongst the first of the pretty feathered tribes that announce by their sweet warbling the approach of spring.

When the snow covers the trees, and the ice is on the ground, they have hard work to get a meal. As we look upon these pretty creatures they seem to say to us—

"Please remember the poor little birds these

cold winter mornings. Our Creator blessed you with a good harvest last year, and we shall be glad if you will spare us a few grains. When the spring comes round we will make the woods ring with our songs, and thus thank you in the best way we can. It is true that we sometimes get blamed for tasting the ripe fruit, but remember how many slugs and vermin we clear away, which would soon destroy ten times as much as we eat! Please do not waste the crumbs on your break-

fast tables, but throw them out for the blackbirds, the thrushes, the redbreasts, the poor sparrows, and all the little birds that love to stay in Old England "the whole year round."

Will the Secretary of each Band of Hope oblige us by sending, in the month of January, a statement of the number of members, with names of officers. Address to 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. We thank our correspondents for their expressions of good will. We invite their efforts in trying to increase our circulation.





"He gathereth the lambs in His bosom."

# MITTIE, THE BLIND CHILD.

BY MARY IRVING.

(Continued from page 98.)

**R**OOB mother of Mittie! how her heart was wrung at sending her blind, trusting child from her arms! But her brother in America had written telling her that he would provide for Mittie—poor sightless Mittie, who could learn little in that uncivilized land. So with many tears and prayers, that missionary mother had packed her Mittie's small trunk, and placed her in the care of a friend—the English lady before mentioned—to be transported to America. What but answers to a mother's prayer guarded the helpless darling in her lonely wanderings!

On arriving at New York, Captain I—— and Mr. L—— made inquiry everywhere for Mr. Wythe. Directories were searched, streets ransacked and questions repeated hundreds of times,

to no purpose. No relative of the poor blind Mittie could be found.

"Leave her with me, captain," said Mr. L—— "I am soon to return to London, but before sailing, I will place her in an asylum for the blind, and see that she is comfortably cared for."

Instead, however, of placing Mittie in the state asylum of New York, her friend took her to a southern city, where he had business connections and left her in one of those beautiful retreats which nature and art have combined to adorn for those whose eyes tell not night from day, nor beauty from deformity.

Kind voices welcomed the little stranger, but they were voices she had never heard, nor hoped to hear. For the first time since she sobbed "good-by" on her mother's lap, her hope and faith faltered. She felt that she was alone in the world, and she sought out a corner to cry. Had the superintendent particularly interested himself in the child, he would have found out her history, and probably have sought some communication with her parents. But setting down her name as a charity scholar, he forgot that she was not an orphan.

And Mr. L——? His sympathies had been strongly enlisted, and he really intended to find out the mystery. But he was a man of the world and immersed in its busy cares. Having placed a sum of money for her use in the hands of the director, with permission to apply to him in any emergency, he returned to his English home—and only remembered the blind child of the voyage at moments when his own laughing Carrie climbed into his lap.

One among a hundred children, Mittie was well educated in all that the blind can learn. She was taught how to read the Bible, from which her mother had read to her, by passing her small fingers over the curiously raised letters. She learned to sew, to braid, and to write. Strange thoughts that young head used to frame, for that unsteady hand to jot down in its crooked wanderings over the paper. She learned to sing the sweet hymns of her schoolmates, and to touch for herself the keys of the piano, whose melodies had almost made her fancy herself in Heaven, only that she had been told, in Heaven she should see like other children! Sometimes, in her dreams, she would find herself



THE FUNERAL. (See next page.)



on a soft couch, with strange perfumes and sounds about her, and would feel warm tears dropping one by one, on her forehead, while a dear arm pressed her closely.

"Mother! dear mother!" Mittie would cry, and wake—to find no mother.

Years had passed—when again a ship was nearing the forest of masts in New Yorkharbour. On the deck sat a pale lady in deep mourning, with traces of tears upon her cheeks. Her children elung about her with wonder in their faces.

"Oh, beautiful America! the America you have so often told us about," cried a sweet voiced girl of twelve. "Mamma, does it look as it did when you went away?"

"Mamma, did you live in any of those great houses?"

"Ma, ma! plenty *Pagodas* here!" chimed in the youngest boy, whose eye had taken in the numerous church spires. All spoke at once, but the mother answered neither. Her heart was full. She had gone from that shore, a happy bride, and hopeful; she was returning, a widow, broken in health and spirits, to place her children with her relatives, and then, as she believed, to lay her bones in the tomb of her kindred. One hope only, made her heart bound, and her pale cheek grow paler, as she looked on that shore of her nativity, for the first time in twenty years.

"Oh, God! could I see *all* my children before I die!" she faltered.

I pass over the scene of her landing, and welcoming to the house of her brother. I will not stop to tell you how many wonders the India-born children found in American city customs and sights; for I must hasten to the end of my story.

"It is impossible, sister," said her brother to the pale lady, one morning, in answer to some expression. "The child could never have reached this country. We never, as you know, have traced her farther than England, and if she had been brought here, she could not have failed to find me, or I her."

(To be continued.)

### THE FUNERAL.

It was a touching sight to see poor Abraham Pearce, the miner, following his two children to their early grave.

Little Lucy Pearce's happy hours at the Sunday school were ended.

Whilst gathering some flowers on the banks of the river, to take to her poor sickly mother, who was confined to her bed, poor Lucy ventured too near the edge of the water; her foot slipped, she fell in, and was drowned.

Lucy might probably have been saved by Jonathan Rutherford, but he, having had a quarrel with Abraham Pearce about the "Strike" amongst the colliers, cruelly allowed her to perish without making proper efforts for her rescue.

The same week in which Lucy was drowned, her little brother died; so they were both laid in the same grave.

'Tis Jesus speaks! I fold, says he,  
These lambs within my breast;  
Protection they shall find in me,  
In me be ever bless'd.

Abridged from "JANE RUTHERFORD, OR THE MINER'S STRIKE."  
Published by Clarke, Beeton & Co., London.  
This book deserves to be widely circulated in the colliery and mining districts.

### A CHILD'S FAITH.

As intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten summers sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the young mind. His father approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book. "George, what have you there?" The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, as though his

young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the author of his dangerous companion. His father gently remonstrated, and pointed out the dangers of reading such books; and, having some confidence in the effect of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light in an adjoining room, and on inquiring the cause, it was ascertained that the little fellow had consigned the pernicious book to the flames. "My son, what have you done?" "Burnt that book, papa." "How came you to do that, George?" "Because, papa, I believed you knew better than I what was for my good." "But would it not have been better to save the leaves for other purposes, rather than destroy them?" "Papa, might not others have read and been injured by them?"

Here was a *three-fold act of faith*, a trust in his father's word, an *evincing love and obedience*; and *care for the good of others*. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parent, how much more should we, like little children, exercise a simple, true-hearted, implicit faith in our heavenly Father, who has said, "He that believeth shall be saved."



### "GOD BLESS YOU, MY LITTLE FELLOW."

A CRIPPLED beggar in — was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown him from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up." He did so, and a lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow—God will bless you for that." The lady was the wife of a man so distinguished among the great men of this world, that every one of those boys would have been proud to obtain her approbation; and when she wrote down his name as one she wished to remember, he felt more than paid for what he had done. As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; then of the lady's smile, and her words of approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his Heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Little reader, when you have an opportunity to do good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the little "boy with the straw hat."

### THE SABBATH DAY.

ARTHUR.

WHILE the Sunday bells are ringing,  
Let us wander wild and free;  
While the flowers around are springing,  
Come and play along with me.

BENJAMIN.

What! and mock the God who made us,  
Scorn what His commandments say!  
God is mighty, and he bade us  
Keep aright the sabbath day.

ARTHUR.

Ay! but who would mourn and sorrow,  
When he might some pleasure see?  
Perhaps there may be rain to-morrow:  
Come to-day and play with me.

BENJAMIN.

The Gospel is the greatest treasure,  
Shall I cast it all away?  
Not for every worldly pleasure  
Will I break the sabbath day.

ARTHUR.

While our frames are strong and hearty,  
Let's be happy: come, agree!  
Let us join a pleasant party;  
Spare an hour to play with me.

BENJAMIN.

Duty loudly bids me stay not;  
Bids me hear not what you say;  
Life goes quickly, and I may not  
Live another sabbath day.

ARTHUR.

Thus to leave me, how provoking!  
Duty is your constant plea:  
But I know that you are joking;  
Come, one minute play with me.

BENJAMIN.

All temptations are distressing,  
Here I will no longer stay:  
How can I expect a blessing,  
If I break the sabbath day?

ARTHUR.

Sure you have not lost your reason;  
Why should children churlish be?  
Only for a little season,  
For one moment play with me.

BENJAMIN.

Not a moment; grace is stronger  
Than the snares the wicked lay,  
Sin it is to linger longer;  
I will keep the sabbath day.

ARTHUR.

Serious thoughts will do to-morrow,  
I will spend a merry day;  
Children need not dwell on sorrow,  
They should now be brisk and gay.

BENJAMIN.

Boast not: here there's no abiding,  
I would seek the Lord to-day;  
And in Christ alone confiding,  
Spend aright the sabbath day.

ARTHUR.

Haste away, then, since you dare not  
Take your pleasure: bend your knee  
When and where you will, I care not,  
You shall never play with me.

BENJAMIN.

I can pardon bad behaviour;  
Nor will I neglect to pray,  
That we may, with Christ the Saviour  
Spend an endless sabbath day.





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worth."—*Mother's Magazine.*

## ESSAYS BY JUVENILES.

[No. 1.]

*On the means possessed by the young for doing good.*

By GEORGE C. HILL, of Peterboro'.

WHEN our hearts are first touched with sympathy for any person or thing, the question which naturally arises in one's breast is, "What can I do?" but too often we rest satisfied with merely making the enquiry, without attempting to do what is in our power.

Whether rich or poor, we each have a work to do, and there is scarcely a case of distress or misery, in which, even children may not be of some service. It would be well for us to remember the Saviour's parable of the talents.—Matt. xxv. 28-30. If but only *one* talent be entrusted to us, it should be used and improved, or we shall, before the assembled world, be denounced as wicked and slothful servants.

It is the object of this essay to shew children that they are not too young to help in works of christian usefulness.

I. By suggesting to them plans in which all may assist in alleviating the evils existing in the world.

II. By shewing them that it is their duty to assist when they can.

III. By shewing them the benefits arising therefrom.

1st. I would suggest to my young friends that they avoid *evil companions*, bad habits, (Prov. iv. 14 and 15) and never frequent those places where God's name is taken in vain. To shew by their *conduct* and *habits* that their great desire is to love and know Jesus Christ. Persuade others to do so too. Remind them of the little captive maid in Syria, (2 Kings v.) by whose instrumentality Naaman was cured of his leprosy. Many a soul in heaven can trace its deliverance from the more dreadful and deep-rooted leprosy of sin, to the instrumentality of children. Again, persuade those who do not know anything about the Saviour to attend a Sabbath school. Although you cannot go into foreign lands to preach the gospel to the poor heathen, you can assist by giving your halfpence, in providing Bibles and missionaries for the heathen at home (for there are thousands of such) as well as abroad. Many young people buy the 'Band of Hope Review,' or the 'Alliance,' to lend, give away, or read, to their parents and poorer neighbours. The former is a capital little magazine for young people, because it gives them such excellent advice on many important subjects; and it points out to them how they may become good and useful members of society. The latter is more suited for adults—for it warns them of the great evils resulting from going to the public-house or beer-shop. I need scarcely remind you that there are no drunkards in heaven, and God has pronounced a judgement against the man who entices another to become a drunkard, see Habakkuk ii. 15. Therefore avoid intemperance.

In order that you may do much good, it becomes you to be very careful with your money, and the

use to which you apply it. I remember reading of a little girl, who, the first time she had pocket money given her, was sorely tempted to buy many pretty things; she, however, remembered that she did not need them, and by this little thought she saved her money from being spent in trifles. She adopted this as her motto, "*I can do without it,*" so she always had money to spare to give to her poor neighbours, and to apply to some useful purpose. On one occasion she practised some self-denial and bought a Bible, worth 3s. 6d. to give away, instead of buying lace for herself.

(To be continued.)

## HAVE YOU A WINTER-GARDEN?

"THIS is almost my last nosegay from my dear garden," said a boy, pressing close to his mother's side, with a bunch of flowers in his hand. "Oh, it seems but a little while since I planted the seeds, and watched and watered and weeded them; and



what splendid flowers I had, and how I loved my garden, and how I never was tired of it. And now it's all over, this is my last nosegay. Oh, winter, winter, winter! it has no flowers, nothing beautiful; it is almost horrid."

"No, no, my child; winter is not so horrid as you suppose; it can be made very pleasant. What do you think of a *winter-garden*?"

"A conservatory, do you mean, mother, with glass on the top and all round—a hot-house?"

"No; something far less costly than that: every child can have a winter garden. It will be necessary for you to work in it very diligently and carefully every day; for the weeds, perhaps, will be more forward and meddlesome than they are in your summer-garden; but then it will be sure to reward all your labours, and make you very happy. Would you not like a winter-garden?"

"But would not Jack Frost or the biting north winds hurt it?"

"Oh, no; they cannot do it the least harm."

"But where can it be, mother?"

"Around our own fireside, my boy. In the first place, there must be the 'good ground,' and the 'good seed' to be sown in the good ground; then there must be the labours of love, and the dews of sympathy, and the Sun of righteousness; then there will be buds of promise, and flowers of affection, and fruits of holiness; and if it be all

fenced in by watchfulness and prayer, nothing can nip, or blight, or destroy it. It will bud and blossom like the rose all the season through. Will you not have a winter-garden? They are planted in many homes, and it is so beautiful there; other homes have them not, and it is all winter in their homes, both within and without.

Will you not make a winter-garden?"

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The Committee have had many interesting and important applications for free grants of the *Band of Hope Review* for Missionaries, Soldiers, Sailors, &c., in the Crimea, Africa, Australia, Nova Scotia, the Shetland Isles, and numerous poor districts in England and Ireland, which, to the extent of the funds at the disposal of the committee, have been gladly supplied.

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## "LET ME SMASH THEM, PAPA."

"PAPA! papa," said a bright-eyed little fellow of twelve years, the son of a gentleman of considerable influence in S—, "do let me join the temperance society. If you please papa, do allow me."

"Why, my boy," replied the father, "you are so full of Mr. Gough's lecture, you can think of nothing else—go off to bed, and we can talk about the matter in the morning."

The obedient son immediately retired to rest.



The father thought that a night's sleep would abate his boy's zeal.

Early in the morning, however, the father was entreated as earnestly as before. "I never knew until I heard Mr. Gough, that so much sorrow and crime are caused by strong drink, papa, and I wish never to have anything to do with it again. Please, papa, may I sign?"

The father's heart yearned over his boy; he was afraid to deter his child from taking a step which, if adhered to, would preserve him in after life from many snares. Consent was given, and the Declaration Paper of the London Temperance League was joyfully signed.

This was scarcely done, before the youthful member of the temperance society seemed absorbed in thought. "Papa," said he, "what shall I do



when I go back to school, with the bottles of ale that you sent me?"

"Give them to the nurse," replied the father.

This did not satisfy the youthful enquirer, for after a moment's hesitation he exclaimed, "Let me smash them, papa! Let me smash them!"

The father was so impressed with the decision of character thus evinced by his son, that he added his own name to the temperance pledge!—Communicated by the father.

### THE LIBERATED SLAVE.

DR. HOPKINS, an American minister, seriously remonstrated with the celebrated Dr. Bellamy, of Connecticut, who was the owner of a slave.

After many arguments in defence of slavery, Dr. Bellamy spoke in the highest praise of his slave, adding, "He is so happy in his servitude that I believe he would refuse his freedom, were it offered to him."

"Will you consent to try him," asked Dr. Hopkins.

"Yes," said Dr. Bellamy, "I will."

On the slave being called, he was asked by Dr. H. "Have you a good master?" "O yes, massa; he very good."

"Are you happy in your present condition?"

"O yes, massa; me very happy."

"Would you be more happy if you were free?"

"O yes, massa; me would be much more happy."

"Then from this moment you are A FREE MAN," exclaimed Dr. Bellamy.



### FREE LABOUR PRODUCE.

"PLEASE, Mama," said little Louisa, "do take me to Mrs. Inglis's Free Labour Store. It will be so pleasant to know that the cotton of which my socks are made, is free and not slave labour produce."

Let all our young readers be like Louisa, little anti-slavery advocates.

We rejoice to learn that many poor girls in Ireland are now busily employed in the manufacture of Hosiery from free labour cotton.

Those who are desirous of giving encouragement to this interesting and hopeful movement should correspond with Miss Deborah Fisher, Springfield School House, Youghal, Ireland, or to Mrs. Inglis, 22, Broad Street Buildings, City, London.

"When the English people refuse to use slave-grown cotton," said an American planter, "I will then believe that they are in earnest in their desire to put down slavery, but not till then."



### THE PORTER AND FISHERMAN.

A NOBLEMAN, resident at a chateau near Pisen, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements seemed propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous, as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish.

On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large turbot. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered into the saloon, where the nobleman in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him.

"One hundred lashes on my bare back," said the fisherman, "is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip-cord on the bargain."



The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished; but the fisherman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humourist; the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence." After fifty lashes had been administered.

"Hold, hold," exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share."

"What, are there two such madcaps in the world?" cried the nobleman; "name him, and he shall be sent for."

"You need not go very far for him," said the fisherman, "you will find him at your own gate, in the shape of your porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have half of whatever I got for my turbot."

"Oh, oh," said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly; he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice." The ceremony being finished, the nobleman discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

Rob not the poor, because he is poor: neither oppress the afflicted in the gate: For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them. Proverbs xxii. 22, 23.

Published on February 1st.

No. 1. of  
**THE BRITISH WORKMAN,**  
AND  
FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL

This penny illustrated broad sheet is intended to be for ALBERT, what the "Band of Hope Review" is for the young.

Eighteen copies sent, post free, by enclosing Eighteen penny worth of postage stamps, to Messrs. Partridge, Oakley and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.





"The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him."

### MITTIE, THE BLIND CHILD.

Concluded from page 102.



HE widow sighed. "God's will be done!" she murmured. "But it is hard to feel that my little helpless innocent, my eldest born — was sent from me to perish alone. Often I feel as if it could not be — as if she were yet alive, and I should find her at some day." Providentially, as it proved, the mother was led to search the catalogues of various institutions for the blind; long in vain. At length she obtained a circular from a distant city, and glanced over it indifferently, so often had she been disappointed. Her heart sprung to her lips as she saw the name of "Meta W. Hamilton."

"Brother," she gasped, extending the paper to him.

He looked and shook his head. "I'm afraid you are expecting too much, my poor sister, Matilda was your darling's name, and then, how should she stray to that corner of the United States?"

But the mother's hope was stronger than her fears. She scarcely ate or slept, weak though she was, until she reached the southern city whose name the catalogue had borne.

"Hamilton? yes, we have one pupil by that name," replied the bland superintendent, in answer to her first question of trembling eagerness. "But she is an orphan, madam."

"Are you sure, sir. Oh, I must see her at once!"

She followed him to the door of a large room, where fifty girls sat, busied with their books and needlework. The buzz of conversation died, as they heard the sound of strange footsteps — and a hundred sightless eyes were turned towards the door.

Near a table, on which lay a bunch of delicate straw filaments, sat Mittie Hamilton. She had been braiding a bonnet, but her fingers had ceased their work, and

buried in a sort of reverie, she was the only one who did not notice the entrance of a stranger.

"Was there any distinguishing feature, by which you would recognize your daughter, my dear madam?" asked the gentleman.

The mother's eyes wandered over the group, as

though she dreaded the confirmation of her fears to lose her last hope.

"Show me the child of whom you spoke," she faltered.

"Meta Hamilton" — but he stopped, for at the lady's first word, Mittie had sprung from her





position; and, throwing back the curls from her face, turned wildly from side to side.

"Who is that?" she cried, with outstretched arms. "That voice—speak again!"

"Mittie, my child!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, springing to her side, and sinking, overpowered, upon her knees.

"Mother, oh mother!"—and Mittie fell into the arms that had cradled her in infancy.

*That was a moment never to be forgotten!*

Uncle Wythe Harris (for the mistake which had clouded so many years of the lifetime of mother and child, was that of Mittie in substituting—child that she was—the first name of her uncle for the last) found a pleasant cottage on the banks of the Hudson for his sister and her now happy family. What a loving welcome the dear girls and boys, whom Heaven had blessed with the power of seeing their sister, gave to the wanderer Mittie!

How she comforted her mother's heart, making her forget her great bereavement—making her even forget to sorrow that she had a blind child, in her joy at feeling that she had another living darling.

The sunshine of Mittie's girlhood came back to her spirit. The dear blind girl was the joy of the house. How could any body cherish a feeling of discontent or peevishness, when that glad voice was pouring out its songs of thankfulness from morning until night! Oh, dear blind Mittie, never more—happy child that she was—mourned that God had not given her eyes to see. "He has given me back my mother," she once said, "and these precious brothers and sister, and He will let me see them all, in Heaven!"

## WEBSTER AND THE WOODCHUCK.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Traveller says: I well remember hearing my father tell the following anecdote, illustrative of the early genius of that great man whose loss a mighty nation mourns.

Ebenezer Webster, the father of the celebrated Daniel Webster, of America, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden had suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole and habitation was near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his older brother Ezekiel, had set a trap, and finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal, and end at once all further trouble from him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him again go free. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case.

"Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be the judge. There is the prisoner, (pointing to the woodchuck,) and you shall be the counsel, and plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done: said that much time and labour had been spent in his capture, and now if he were suffered to live and go again at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to suffer himself to be caught again; that his skin was of some value, and that, to make the most of him they could, would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood.

"Now, Daniel, it is your turn: I'll hear what you have to say."

It was his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge; and as his large, brilliant black eyes looked upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and



as he saw it tremble with fear in its narrow prison-house, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; he made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunlight, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God had not made him, or anything in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to life as any other living thing; he was not a destructive animal, as the wolf and the fox were; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had plenty, and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little "food he needed to sustain his humble life;" and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food upon his mother's table. God furnished their own food; he gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature, who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty as they themselves had to their portion? Yea, more, the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did; but strictly followed the simple, harmless instincts he had received from the hand of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hand, he had a right, a right from God, to life, to food, to liberty; and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him, as their own was to them; and the just judgment they might expect if, in selfish cruelty and cold heartlessness, they took the life they could not restore again—the life that God alone had given.

During this appeal the tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks: every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes; he felt that God had blessed him in his children beyond the lot of common men; his pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion, and the strong appeal for mercy; and forgetting the judge in the man and father, he sprang from his chair, (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case,) and turning to his older son, dashing the tears from his eyes, exclaimed, "ZEKE, ZEKE, YOU LET THAT WOODCHUCK GO!"

The voice of conscience is so delicate, that it is easy to stifle it; but it is so clear, that it is impossible to mistake it.

## THE AZTECS.

MANY of our readers no doubt have seen these extraordinary little creatures during their travels through our country.

Whether the statement of the American exhibitor as to the Aztecs having been stolen from Iximaya, a fortified Indian city in Central America, be true or false, we do not presume to decide. We bring them before our readers in consequence of having witnessed, a few evenings ago in Leicester Square, a pleasant incident in their conduct, from which we desire all our young friends to learn a lesson.

On presenting to Bartola (the female, aged 13 years, who weighs 21½ lbs.) a new bright penny piece, she looked smilingly upon it, and immediately handed it to Maximo, (the male, aged 19, who weighs 23 lbs.) On expressing our pleasure at the apparent absence of selfishness, the Exhibitor remarked, "Whatever is given to them, they always cheerfully divide or share it with each other."

O that all little boys and girls born in Christian England, would display the same noble spirit as Bartola and Maximo, we should seldom hear of any angry quarrels between brothers and sisters.

On Maximo dropping the penny into a money box, we remarked, "Take care of your pennies, Maximo, and you will soon have shillings." "Yes," rejoined a gentleman, "and pounds too, for since the Aztecs landed in England, the sum they have had given to them in pennies and half-pennies amounts to between £400 and £500!"

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JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.  
During the months of December and January last, grants of 100,000 copies were made to the London City Mission, Country Towns Mission, Soldiers' Friend Society, &c., &c.  
The Treasurer has to acknowledge the following contributions, with thanks:—

### For City Missionaries, &c.

A Reader, Orton, 5s. Miss Gurney, North Repps, 11. Caroline Norton, per Lucy Betts, 14. Thos. Jas. Backhouse, Esq., 11. 1s. Sarah Fox, Palmouth, 11. 1s. N. Allbright, Esq., 10s. Mrs. Lowe, 10s. R. Broadhead, Esq., 10s. S. Gurney, Jun., Esq., Carshelton, 25s. J. W. Pye Smith, Esq., 10s. G. Startin, Esq., 11. Jno. Everett, Esq., 11. R. H. Smith, Esq., Birmingham, 11. Dani. Doncaster, Esq., 11. 1s. J. Garside, Esq., 10s. Josh. Eaton, Esq., Bristol, 25s. Richard Barrett, Esq., Waddon, 25s. Mr. and Mrs. Mosley, York, 10s. Hy. Barrett, Esq., 11. Miss Eliza Bell, 5s. A. W. Penrose, Esq., 11. 1s. A. Hater of War, 10s. Young Ladies at Miss Fleet's, Shatcham, 2s. 6d.

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Contributions, by post-office orders or postage-stamps, will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Jacob Post, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London, or by any of the committee.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC. As many of our readers have been disappointed in not being able to procure the almanac for 1855, we have re-printed it, and it can now be had through any bookseller. Orders should be given immediately.



## ESSAYS BY JUVENILES.

[No. 1.]

*On the means possessed by the young for doing good.*

BY GEORGE C. HILL, of Peterboro'.

(Concluded from page 103.)

If there is a missionary box in your school, spare what you can for it. If there is not one, ask your teacher to take your money, and send it to teach those who are in spiritual darkness, both at home and abroad. If you know any sick schoolfellows, or aged persons, destitute of the bodily comforts of life, what a satisfaction it will be to you, if you are able to provide these comforts. Recollect, he that giveth to the poor, only lendeth to God, &c., that which he hath given will he pay him again. Prov. xix. 17.

A little girl named Mary Anne, whose parents were very poor, and could not give any money, wanted to do something for the heathen, so she began to collect old bones; she gathered up any she found in the road, or on the common, and got her mother to beg some at the houses where she went to wash; she then sold the bones, and in this way added money to her missionary box, and never ceased to do so until her death.

Let all poor children remember what Christ said of the poor widow who cast into the treasury two mites. Mark iv. 41 to 44.

Do not be discouraged because your offerings are small, but let your conscience testify you have done what you could. The young possess another important means of doing good, I mean "Prayer." God is pleased to have his children ask him for what they need; Matt. vii. 7, Jesus says, "Ask and ye shall receive." Therefore never neglect the duty of prayer. Pray God to enable you to overcome the temptations, allurements, and lusts, which so easily beset you on every hand, and you will finally conquer the great enemy of souls. Never give way to BAD TEMPER; Speak kindly to all, and let brotherly love continue. O that this principle were acted upon by all mankind, we should then cease to hear of the horrors of WAR.

It is our duty to assist in doing good whenever we can. Christ left us a golden rule—"Do unto others, as ye would they should do unto you." This, carried out, embraces a wider scheme of benevolence, than ever did or can occupy the thoughts of man. If you were in misery, would you not desire relief; were you ignorant, would you not wish to be taught? go then and do your best to relieve and teach others. Another reason why we should act thus, is, because of the love that CHRIST has for us; We can never repay him, who left heaven and all its glories to die upon earth for us.

Forget not, my dear friends, the benefits arising from the discharge of these duties. We are told in the Holy Bible, that those who help the poor, shall be blessed; Ps. xli. 1; Prov. xiv. 21. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," says our Saviour; Acts xx. 35.

And now, my dear young friends, for your own sakes; for the sakes of those who are perishing day by day without the knowledge of God, both at home and abroad; for the sake of those who are in distress and misery, and for the sake of Jesus

Christ, who loved you, and gave himself for you, let me entreat you to consider well your means of doing good; look upon them as privileges, or talents, for which you must give account at the day of judgment. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven."

## NEW BOOKS.

*Irish Stories.* RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

This is a deeply interesting book, and deserves a place in every Sunday School Library.

*What are Bands of Hope, and How to Form them?* With nine woodcuts.

*Our Bands of Hope.* BY J. H. ESTERBROOKE.*Address to the Children of England.*

*What can I do?* A friendly address to the Band of Hope.

These four little penny books, issued by various authors, are published by Mr. Tweedie, of 337, Strand, London. Many of our correspondents will do well to order them through their booksellers, and thereby save us the herculean task and expense of answering hundreds of letters.



LITTLE SHOEMAKERS IN THE BOYS' REFUGE.

## THE BOYS' REFUGE.

WINTER is a happy time to some little boys, who have kind parents and comfortable homes. They like to run along the hard ground with the cold fresh air blowing round them, or to skate and slide on a frozen pond. Then how pleasant to come home to a blazing fire, and to spend the evening in merry games with their brothers and sisters. When it is bed time, how soon these little boys fall asleep, in their warm, snug, cribs!

Winter is a sad time to little boys who have no parents, and no home, who have nothing to do all day long, but to wander about the streets, half frozen and famished with cold and hunger. The cold wind blows through their tattered garments, and their little naked feet ache as they press the hard ground. Then when night comes, and it gets dark as well as colder and colder, where can these poor little boys go?

Some of them lie down, crouched close together, on what are called "hot stones," where the pavement is heated by being near a sugar bakery. Others find but a hard resting place on some straw, covered with an old sack; there they stay all night, and then get up again to find their food as they can. Who can wonder if they are ignorant and wicked? It has pleased God to put it into the hearts of some of his servants, to build a home for these wretched little outcasts. It is called "The Boys' Refuge" and is situated in Whitechapel, London. On Christmas day in the year 1853, twelve little boys were eating their

Christmas dinner there by a warm fire. On Christmas day in the year 1854, sixty little boys were eating their Christmas dinner in the same school room, with looks much more comfortable with such a large happy party.

How many more little boys are still wandering about with no Christmas dinner, no fire, no home, to go to? Let me ask how many more shall we be able to bring into the Boys' Refuge, to eat their Christmas dinner in that school-room, on Christmas day, 1855? Will you help?

If twenty-six little boys, who live with kind parents in comfortable homes, would each give ten shillings a year, that would come to £13 altogether, and this would pay for one poor boy at the Refuge. Or if fifty-two little boys would each give five shillings a year, out of the money their parents let them have to spend as they like, they could put a poor boy into the Refuge. What a pleasure for these little boys, to know that a homeless, friendless orphan has found a home and friends, and is warm, and happy, and comfortable, in the Boys' Refuge! What a pleasure

too, for a little boy who loves the name of Jesus, and kneels to say his evening prayer, to know that a poor outcast is being led to the same Saviour, and taught to pray to the same God of whom we read in His own word,—"Even so it is not the will of your Father, which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

Contributions can be forwarded to the Governor, Mr. Hector Maiben, Boys' Refuge, Whitechapel, London.

Orders for boots and shoes to be made by the boys, will be of great service to the

Institution, it being very desirable to render it as far as possible self-supporting.—A VINTOR.

## WHAT A PENNY POSTAGE STAMP WILL DO.

It may not be generally known to our readers that single copies of the *Band of Hope Review* can be forwarded (provided they are put up in wrappers, open at the ends, and with no writing thereon, except the address of the party to whom sent) to any of their friends in the United States of America, in France, Belgium, Prussia, Hamburg, Bremen, and Holland, for a penny postage stamp. The following letter was received by us some time ago in reply to an application made to the Postmaster General. We trust that many of our readers will avail themselves of the privilege thus afforded of transmitting the monthly numbers to their friends and acquaintances residing in the countries and places here named.



General Post Office, 8th May, 1854.

SIR,

In reply to your application of the 25th ultimo, I beg leave to inform you that the *Band of Hope Review* can be forwarded to France, Belgium, Prussia, Hamburg, Bremen, and Holland, as well as the United States, for a postage of one penny.

It can only be sent to Hamburg, Bremen and Holland, for this postage by private ships.

I am, Sir, yours, &amp;c.,

M. W. BOYD, for the Secretary.

To the Editor, &amp;c.

Any of our readers desiring to forward the YEARLY PARTS to their friends in the British Colonies will find, on application at any post office, that the recent book postal arrangements enable them to send any one of the shilling parts, (or any printed book under 4 lb. in weight) to the British West Indies, Canada, Nova Scotia, Bermuda, Newfoundland, Malta, Gibraltar, Heligoland, Cape Town, The Mauritius, St. Helena, The Gold Coast, Prince Edward Island, New Zealand, and New South Wales, for six penny stamps: or to the East Indies for 8d.



## LADIES' TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATIONS.

OUR fair friends are at last taking up the Temperance cause in good earnest, and the "Ladies' Temperance Associations" are now at work in various parts of the country.

A central Committee has been formed in London, and we are glad to observe that the well-known authoresses, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Ellis, and Mrs. Balfour, together with many ladies of influence, are lending their aid to this hopeful movement.

There are thousands of females in this highly favoured land suffering worse than West India slavery, through the woes of intemperance, and it is right that the



one of the London prisons, and he there found no fewer than forty men undergoing punishment for wife-beating.

If one prison tells so sad a tale of intemperate husbands and suffering wives, what a melancholy amount of British slavery must the numerous prisons and police-courts of our land unfold? Go on, fair friends, in your good work; fold your tracts, direct, stamp, and post your envelopes and letters, and may God bless

hands of their sisters should be extended for their rescue.

Geo. Cruikshank, Esq., recently paid a visit to

the labour of your hands. Ladies desirous of lending their aid, will do well to correspond with the Secretaries, 66, Bishopsgate Within, London.

## TESTIMONY of a GIN SHOP KEEPER.



"THE Cholera has taken off one-half of my best customers."

These expressive words were heard to fall from the lips of a dramseller, whose gay and gilded shop is situate in the midst of one of those densely crowded and filthy districts where the cholera hurried so many to the grave in 1854. How significant is this testimony!

REV. R. G. MASON.—We have received very interesting accounts of Mr. Mason's addresses to large assemblages of Sunday Scholars, at Kidderminster, Salisbury, &c., &c.

We regret our limited space will not allow us to give any details. We hope to give our readers, before long, a portrait of this worthy and popular advocate of the temperance cause.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

## MAN AND DONKEY.



"My good man, I am very much pleased with the healthy and clean appearance of your donkey—it is evident that you use him kindly and feed him well. Allow me to give you this (handing him a piece of silver) as a small expression of my gratification."

These words were addressed by a lady who takes a deep interest in promoting kindness to animals, to a poor but industrious costermonger.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," replied the man. Kindness is always better than cruelty. My donkey repays me well for being properly treated. I need no whip."

Worthy of imitation.



Just Published, price One Penny,  
No. 2 of the  
**BRITISH WORKMAN,**  
AND  
**FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL.**

THE "British Workman" has been issued with an earnest desire to promote the health, wealth, and happiness of the Industrious Classes. It is intended to be for ADULTS what the "Band of Hope Review" is for CHILDREN. Will our friends kindly introduce it into Factories, Workshops, Collieries, &c.





"A brand plucked from the burning."

### THE PERSECUTING FIDDLER.

JOHN SKINNER, of Houndscroft, Gloucestershire, was a strolling fiddler, going from fair to fair, collecting money from those who frequented such places, and were fond of music.

On one occasion he was staying on the Sabbath in the town where the celebrated George Whitfield was to preach. John readily joined in a wicked plot for disturbing that eminent minister during the service. A ladder was raised against an open window, and John ascended step by step, until he could just see Mr. Whitfield's head. The earnest prayer of the minister arrested John's attention, and he felt half-unwilling to interrupt him; but his comrades in sin looked on and urged him to 'begin.' When Mr. Whitfield was about to announce his text, John commenced putting his violin in tune, intending at once to strike up a lively air. The solemn words which the minister read from the Sacred Volume as his text, accompanied by the Divine influence, came with irresistible power to the man's heart. The burning eloquence with which Mr. Whitfield proclaimed a Saviour's love so powerfully overcame him that he gradually raised himself, and at length knelt on the window sill. There, with eyes riveted upon the minister, he listened to every word, and by Gods'

mercy that sermon led to John Skinner's conversion. He went to *mock*, but remained to *pray*!

YOUNG people should reverence their parents when at home, and attend to the instructions of their teachers when at school.

CUSTOM in youth, becomes nature in old age.

### LITTLE HENRY & THE SAIL BOAT.

"Be still, George, father knows just what to do," said little Henry Bell, to George Stacy, as the boat in which they were sailing was seemingly about to be capsized, much to the alarm of George, and not a little to the jeopardy of them all.

And that word of Henry's was a word of wisdom, in it breathed the spirit of a true, genuine faith; not exactly Christian faith, since it wanted the proper object for that. Nevertheless it was true and genuine faith.

One bright June morning, Mr. Bell told his little boy, that he might go out for an hour's sail with him in his boat. Henry was alive with delight at this announcement for he dearly loved to be upon the water though he never went alone, or ventured into a boat except his father was with him, or had given him permission to go.

Henry was ready in a minute, and taking his father's hand, trudged along full of glee

asking twenty questions before his father could answer one. He did not think of danger; for so great was his confidence in his father, that it had perhaps never entered his mind that any harm could befall him while he was under his father's care.

They were presently at the wharf where the boat lay, and Henry jumping in began pulling at



JOHN SKINNER, THE STROLLING FIDDLER.

#### On the Death of a Friend.

By all beloved, and full of love to all,  
Death pained her friends, but could not use appal:  
She passed serenely to the realms above,  
Upborne by arms of everlasting love.



the sail and ropes, as any little boy would, in the attempt to hasten the pleasures of the excursion. While his father was getting ready, George Stacy, one of Henry's schoolmates, and about his age, came down to the wharf. "Come George," said Henry, "get in and go with us." George said he would like to, but he could not go without his father's permission. Mr. Bell said if he would run some and get permission he might go. George's father had great confidence in the skill and prudence of Mr. Bell, and knowing that he would take good care of his child, consented that he might enjoy the sail.

They were soon off, and with the fine breeze were dancing along in beautiful style. The boys were delighted with the gentle rolling of the boat, the rippling of the waters, and the smooth, foamy wake they left astern.

All went on well and pleasantly, until, as they were coming "in stays," as the sailors call it, the boom sweeping over chanced to hit Mr. Bell's hat and knocked it overboard. In his sudden attempt to catch it, he let go the helm, and threw himself on the side of the boat. At the same time the wind struck the sail aback, the main sheet became entangled, and the boat was so near capsizing, that for a moment they were in imminent peril.

Little George was sadly alarmed as he saw the boat careening down so that the water came over the gunwale, and he began to cry bitterly. Nor, indeed, was he to blame for being frightened, for there was serious danger, though to be sure it did no good to cry.

"Be still," said Henry, "don't be afraid, father knows just what to do." And he sat there as calm as a philosopher, holding fast to his seat, so as not to be tumbled off, in the confusion of the moment, and evincing no fear at all. His words to George exposed his secret confidence. "Father knows just what to do." Why then should he be afraid. Indeed he would not.

His father did know just what to do. In a moment all was right. Mr. Bell had his hat, the boat righted, the main sheet was cleared, and they were gliding along homeward as pleasantly as if nothing had happened. George had wiped his tears and was as merry as ever. Henry was just the same, for his composure had not forsaken him;

and Mr. Bell said, smiling, "We ought to be thankful we have got no harm, not even a wetting; it might have been much worse."

"Be still, don't be afraid; father knows just what to do!" Now change it a little—a very little; take another object for that confidence, let the subject of the remark be different—say "Our Father who art in heaven," and what a beautiful

to cast you off, and not to spare. Your heart faints, your faith fails, and in agony you pray, "O deliver not my soul unto the multitude of the wicked. Here, be not afraid now; God has not forgotten you; your father knows just what to do."

Perhaps afflictions come upon you, and the mysterious dispensations of Divine wisdom over-

whelm you with bereavements. "Friend after friend departs," one by one the ties that bound you to the world are broken, the treasured hopes and joys of life laid in the tombs; stricken, you bow beneath the hand of God. "Why does God deal thus with me? Why was it needful to take this joy and support from me? What is the meaning of this dark dispensation? Wherefore did he do it so? If the sacrifice must be made, was it needful to select so painful a method to accomplish it? Could not some means less afflictive to me, have answered just as well? Did you murmur? Did you complain? Did you question?"

"Be still, now!

Don't be afraid, your Father knows just what to do!"

#### GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND. COMMITTEE.

REV. JOSEPH KINGSMILL, M.A., Pentonville Prison.  
HUGH OWEN, Esq., Whitehall.  
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#### BANKERS.

Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, and Co., 54, Lombard St.

#### TREASURER.

JACOB POST, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London.  
During the month of February last, grants of upwards of 40,000 copies of the "Band of Hope Review" were made to the London City Mission; The Militia, Cadmen, &c. and the Pure Literature Society for the Soldiers in the Hospital at Scutari, the Crimea, &c.

The Treasurer has to acknowledge the following contributions, with thanks:—

#### For City Missionaries, &c.

J. N. R. Lisburn, 5s. Mrs. Lister, Upton, 10s. W. Ellice, Esq., 2s. Lady Jane Ellice, 1s. M. H., 8s. Two Friends, 1s. From some Young Children, 2s. A Reader, Liverpool, 2s. 6d. Mr. Glissing, 1s.

#### For Soldiers and Sailors.

Collected at Inkham, near Newbury, 9s. 2d. R. Waller, Esq., Dublin, 6s. R. Farrer, Esq. York, 1s. 1s.

The Treasurer has also to acknowledge with thanks the very acceptable donation of 25s. from Jonathan Barrett, Esq. of Croydon, in reply to the Challenge made in August last. The three similar donations from Richard Barrett, Esq., Joseph Eaton, Esq. and Samuel Gurney, Jun., Esq. were acknowledged last month.



expression of Christian faith, in every time and scene of earthly vicissitude and trial! "Don't be afraid, Father knows just what to do!"

So that spirit of child-like filial trust whispers cheerfully to the soul, like an angel's voice from heaven. "It is I, be not afraid," the Master answers back to the agitating fears or the confident faith of the disciple. And how that sweet spirit of the child seems like a sun-beam reflected from the Saviour's heart!

Perhaps you are anxious and troubled about many things; your expectations disappointed, your schemes frustrated, your plans overturned, your designs crossed, all seems dark before you, discouragement like a flood overwhelms you, hope almost dies out from your heart, and thinking all things are against you, you yield to the uncontrollable side of despondency and grief. Softly now—gently, don't be afraid, your Father knows just what to do.

Perhaps temptations assail you, and long and bravely you withstand the fiery onset; but so furious grows the fight, so wary, so fierce and so strong the foes that encompass you, it seems as if God had forgotten to be gracious, and his mercy was clean gone for ever—as if God himself meant

### Reading

#### FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

THE Committee have forwarded upwards of £30 worth of the monthly numbers and yearly parts of the "Band of Hope Review" for the Soldiers and Sailors in the Crimea. The Secretary of the Soldier's Friend Society has also solicited a supply for several of the Home Barracks. The grants already made exceed the amount received by the Treasurer, but the Committee hope that the needful funds will be raised for materially increasing the grants for Soldiers and Sailors. Contributions will be thankfully received by the treasurer, Jacob Post, Esq., Church Street, Islington, London, or by any of the committee.





## ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?

WHO guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling drink to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother, your own dear mother? Now let me ask you, "Are you kind to your mother?"

## "LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

A GREAT boy in a school was so abusive to the younger ones, that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him, except one, who was scarcely five years old. Yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him. "Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher. "Because, if he is expelled, perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still." "Do you forgive him then?" said the teacher. "Yes," said he; "papa, and mamma, and you, all forgive me when I do wrong; God forgives me too; and I must do the same."

## THE SCHOLAR'S COMFORT.

"I HAVE taken much pains," says the learned Selden, "to know everything that is esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me at the close of life. But this passage of St. Paul, 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;' to this I cleave, and herein I find rest."

## A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

THE following letter has been received from the Rev. B. PRICE, of Christ Church, Ilfracombe:—

DR. SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to those you have already received to the excellence and efficiency of the "Band of Hope Review."

I have been a subscriber from the commencement, and can truly say, that, among my children, no periodical is looked for with greater interest; and they do what they can in recommending it to others. They have several monthly subscribers to whom they carry the paper regularly, and receive the money.\*

The object and execution of the work are admirable,—it has my unqualified approbation.

Yours &c. B. PRICE.

\* If generally adopted would increase our circulation.

## EVIL THOUGHTS.

EVIL thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive and pray  
To drive all wicked thoughts away.

WHEN did Jesus go into the fire to be with his three faithful servants? Any little boy or girl can tell me this, but there is no little boy or girl in the world who can tell me of one place where Jesus will not go to be with His own people. "Lo I am with you always, even to the end." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." C—H—



## THE PRODIGAL SON.

"AND when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee." Luke xv. 18.

"BLESSED are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."—Matt. v. 4.

Blest are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.

"GODLY sorrow worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death."—2 Corinthians vii. 10.

Our only safety is in serving God.

## DON'T HURT THE BIRDS.

SPEAKING of birds, I hope you will not consider them as enemies, nor let your children think them so. True, they are sometimes very annoying in a garden, but they generally prefer animal food to vegetable, and devour many more insects than seeds. A few ingenious contrivances will soon prevent them doing serious mischief, and if they do get a small share of ripe fruit, it is only what a kind Providence intended them to have. They are a beautiful part of the creation, and on the whole much more beneficial than injurious to a garden. Teach your children to look upon them as friends, to study their habits, and observe their peculiarities. This will improve their minds and soften their tempers, and make them more inclined to love one another. A bird-nesting, bird-tormenting boy seldom grows into a humane or good man.—Address to Cottagers, by the Rev. W. Whitworth, M.A.

## GOLDEN PILLS.

A POOR woman understanding that Dr. Goldsmith was a physician, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him by letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking with sickness and poverty. The doctor told the honest pair that they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send him some PILLS which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten sovereigns into a chip box with the following label:—  
"These must be used as necessities require; be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourners who found it contained a remedy superior to anything Galen or his disciples could administer.

## TWO TO SEE.

"WHY did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see." "Yes there was; I was there to see myself, and I don't ever mean to see myself do such things." I looked at the boy who made this noble answer; he was poorly clad, but he had a noble face, and I thought how there were always two to see your sins, yourself and your God; one accuses, and the other judges. How then can we ever escape from the consequences of our sins? We have a friend in Jesus Christ. He says, "Come to me; cast your sins at my feet; I have died to save you. Trust in me, and I will plead for you, and befriend you." Will you not prize such a friend, and feel that he is indeed "One above all others?" Jesus is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."



## THE SAILOR BOY.

AN American boy living at Vermont fell sick, and an elder brother brought him to the sea-side in quest of health and strength. To secure these a sea voyage offered the greatest advantages, and Eben, (for that was the lad's name) was shipped 'before the mast.'

The vessel in which Eben sailed, soon after put to sea, and in due time arrived at Liverpool, a port where temptations in almost every form, beset the sailor as soon as he lands; and though Eben was exposed to them all, he resolutely held fast to the principles which had been taught him by his pious parents. When the Sabbath came, instead of spending the day, as his comrades did, in carousing or idleness, he determined to attend church. He was laughed at, but this did not deter him from his purpose. He went in search of a place of worship. Passing down several streets he at last came to a church, which he entered. The young sailor stranger, with his checked shirt and tarpauling hat, at-



tracted some attention; a gentleman kindly invited him into his pew, among the silks and satins of wealth. When the service was over he was invited to come again in the afternoon, which he did, and thus passed his first Sabbath in Liverpool.

The gentleman's kindness had strengthened the sailor boy's good resolutions.

From Liverpool the vessel was bound to New Orleans. How much or how tenderly the young sailor boy thought of his father and mother we do not know; but the first thing he did in New Orleans was to send them half of his wages, (upwards of four pounds) in order to administer to their wants.

Such was the beginning of this sailor-boy's life, who was afterwards CAPTAIN EBEN KNIGHT, one of the most distinguished seamen that America has produced. He died a few months ago.

"Early cut off," writes a minister, "he did not depart without fruit. He lived long enough to achieve great good, and above all, to set an example to man that there is no station however unfavourable to virtue and religion, that may not be converted to the purposes of both, by a heart animated by the grace of God."



## THE SABBATH BREAKERS.

"WONT you let your boys come to the Sunday School," said a clergyman to a Sabbath-breaking parishioner many years ago. "If you will not come to church, do let your boys, or they will probably grow up to be a curse, even to yourself."

The kind invitation and admonition were both unheeded.

Within twenty years, the two sons were transported for highway robbery, and the Sabbath-breaking father died in the workhouse!

## CROSSING AN AFRICAN RIVER.

MISSIONARIES who go to Africa and other parts of the heathen world have frequently great difficulty in travelling from place to place, and particularly in crossing rivers where there are neither bridges nor ferry-boats.

The Rev. H. Townsend, whose success in preventing wars amongst the African tribes has been most blessed, wanted to cross the river Ogun. His wife and coloured servant were with him.



Three of the natives brought out their round tubs called calabashes, and in these, as shown in our engraving, the missionary party were safely paddled over the river. Mrs. Townsend, in writing to a friend in England, says, "The usual way of crossing the river is for two persons to stretch their arms around the calabash and paddle themselves across. I sat in it and held fast by the man's arms behind me. "You would have been highly amused could you have seen Mr. Townsend, our servant girl, and myself, all crossing at once, in three calabashes."

## A MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

A GENTLEMAN visited a poor unhappy prisoner in his cell, who had been sentenced to death for the murder of his wife.

Amongst other things, the gentleman enquired, "Whatever could have induced you to kill your wife?" "Oh sir," replied the murderer, "when I was sober I loved my wife,



but it was the drink — the drink, sir, — I did it when I was in liquor. Had I never touched drink I should not have been here."

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"Pray for them that despitely use you."

### THE PRAYING SLAVE.

AN American planter, who had led a gay and wicked life, was suddenly seized with serious illness. The physician was sent for, and he pronounced the case to be a hopeless one.

Amongst the numerous slaves on the estate was one named Ben who on account of his piety had frequently suffered much persecution from the planter. Ben was one of the blessed fruits of Christian missions. When the doctor informed the sick man of his dangerous state, for whom did he call?—Did he ask for his drinking, swearing, and gambling companions?—Oh no! He cried out 'Send for Ben.' The poor but pious slave was speedily at his master's bedside. 'Ben,' cried the dying man, 'Can you forgive me,—can you pray for me?' 'Oh yes, massa, me always forgive you, and me will pray to massa Jesus for you.' The earnest-hearted negro then knelt down and in his simple, but sincere language, pleaded with God for his despairing master. The death-bed repentance of a sinner is rarely satisfactory, but let us hope that in this case Ben's prayer was mercifully answered.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John i. 9.

### THE DEAF WORKHOUSE BOY.

FIFTY years ago, in December last, there was born at Plymouth, a little boy who was named John. His father was a jobbing mason: and in this business little John's help was required when very young. One day while thus occupied when

years old, his parents were unable to maintain or find suitable employment for him, and he was placed in the workhouse. In his seventeenth year John was removed from the workhouse to be apprenticed to a shoemaker. His master was cruel, and the poor boy appealed to the magistrates. His written statement was marked by

great propriety of thought and expression. The indentures were cancelled, and he returned to the workhouse—to him a welcome refuge. John was not idle there, in two years after he was enabled, by the kindness of two gentlemen in the neighbourhood, to publish a small volume of essays and letters and was placed in a position more favourable for self-improvement.

The next ten years of his life were spent in travelling over a large part of Europe and Asia; where he acquired that familiarity with the scenery and customs of the East, which was afterwards of such signal service to him in illustrating the sacred Scriptures, to which his labours were

chiefly devoted. In 1833 he returned to England and commenced a course of literary labour, which was continued, without interruption till within a few months of his decease. His exertions seem to have been prompted, from an early age, by a strong sense of duty; the duty of self-improvement, and of doing some service to the world. And his laborious diligence was probably stimulated by



only twelve years of age, he fell from the top of a house. It was a sad fall, for it totally destroyed the sense of hearing; from that day John never again heard the happy sound of human voice. He had previously received a little education, and acquired the love of reading, and this now became the solace of his loneliness, and the foundation of his attainments. When he was fourteen



the claims of an aged mother and an increasing family. It is feared he fell a victim to hard work, and overpowering anxiety. The life and labours of the Deaf Workhouse Boy ended on the 25th of November last—but the well known, and highly valued writings of DR. JOHN KITTO will remain to instruct and edify for ages to come. And his memory will stimulate and encourage many a deserving youth in "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." G. B.

### "MY MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

A PARTY of little girls stood talking beneath my window. Some nice plan was on foot; they were going into the woods, and they meant to make oak-leaf trimming, and pick berries, and carry luncheon. Oh, it was a fine time they meant to have. "Now," said they to one of their number, "Ellen, you run home and ask your mother if you may go. Tell her we are all going and you must." Ellen, with her green cape bonnet, skipped across the way, and went into the house opposite. She was gone some time.

The little girls kept looking up to the windows



very impatiently. At length the door opened, and Ellen came down the steps. She did not seem to be in a hurry to join her companions, and they cried out, "You got leave? You are going, are you?" Ellen shook her head, and said that her mother could not let her go. "Oh," cried the children, "it is too bad! Not go! It is really unkind in your mother." "I would make her let you." "I would go whether or no."

"My mother knows best," was Ellen's answer, and it was a beautiful one. Her lip quivered a very little, for I suppose she wished to go, and, was much disappointed not to get leave; but she did not look angry or pouting, and her voice was very gentle but very firm, when she said—"My mother knows best."

There are a great many occasions when mothers do not see fit to give their children leave to go where, and to do what they wish; and how often are they rebellious and pouting in consequence of it. But this is not the right way, for it is not pleasing to God.—The right way is cheerful acquiescence in your mother's decision. Trust her, and smooth down your ruffled feelings by the sweet and beautiful thought, "My mother knows best." It will save you many tears and much sorrow. It is the gratitude you owe to her, who has done and suffered so much for you.

### NOTICES.

CONTRIBUTORS for the Gratitude Circulation Fund received up to the 1st April, will be acknowledged in the next No. A VALUABLE letter from the Rev. R. B. Balmagne on the formation and management of Bands of Hope will appear in our next. Medals, &c. may be had of Mr. Tweedie, Temperance Publisher, 337, Strand.

### MAKING A BEGINNING.

BY MRS. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.



YOUNG people are often talkers but they are very seldom thinkers. Now, thoughts in the mind are better than words on the lips. Children learn by hearing, seeing, reading, and thinking, not by talking. When people talk they are giving out from their mind, but when they hear, read, and think, they are taking instruction into their mind. So, young reader, however pleasant a talker you may be, try most of all to become a good thinker. I'll tell you some of the thoughts that once came into the mind of a little girl, and made such an impression on her, that they influenced her whole life. This child, whose name was Lydia, lived in a farm-house in the New Forest, and in the autumn she delighted to pick up, and make playthings of, the acorns that fell from the great oaks in the Forest; she thought them very pretty, but no one had ever told her that the acorn was the seed of the oak. One day her uncle (with whom she lived) said that the grand old trees she loved so well grew at first out of a little acorn. Lydia hardly thought at first her uncle could be serious; when he said he was, she had a sly, little silly thought popped into her head, that perhaps he had made a mistake. She took an acorn in her hand and went out one day under the branches of a wide spreading oak, and, looking first at the acorn and then at the tree, she was quite puzzled. "How can it be possible?" she thought, one is so great and the other so small; and besides they are not at all alike. Then she reflected how flowers grew from seeds, and how she had seen the sower sow the corn that afterwards covered whole fields, and many thoughts came into her mind, though I dare say she could not express them then, of how wonderful it was that

"A world's support depends  
On the shooting of a seed."

Her uncle came to her just as, with the acorn in her hand, she was gazing with earnest eyes at the oak; without speaking many words he took the acorn, and, going into the house, suspended it by a thread in a glass bottle three parts full of water, and put it in the window; and there Lydia, day by day, for many months, watched it and thought about it. First, the acorn burst its sheath and put out fibres that grew down into the bottle; and when these were getting long, and strong, and many, then the little stem began to shoot upwards, at last there were buds, and these opened, and to Lydia's joy there were three fine oak-leaves over the top of the bottle. By and by the root was so long that it required planting out; and Lydia noticed, that though the stem and leaves were yet quite short and small, the hole in which it was set required to be dug deep, so as to allow the main, or "tap" root, as it is called, room to expand. The reason the oak is so strong and firm, and spreads so far and wide, is because its roots are so very deep. You may be sure that Lydia often visited her young oak, and thought it grew very slowly; she did not get tired of noticing it, nor had she any more doubts about oaks really growing out of acorns.

(To be continued.)

### THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

TRUE faith, producing love to God and man;—  
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?

Echo—*The Gospel plan.*

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show,  
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?

Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,  
Must I return him good, and love him still?

Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal,  
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?

As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast,  
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;  
And if I sorrow and affliction know,  
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;  
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,  
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?

Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive,  
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?

Be patient still, and still forgive.

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove,  
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love!

Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart, then be it so,  
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know,  
And now to practise I'll directly go.

Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,  
My gracious God me surely will protect.

Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on Him my every care,  
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.

Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done,  
Must I, in point of merit, them disown,  
And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?

Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough, thy counsels to mine ear  
Are sweeter than to flowers the dew-drop tear,  
Thy wise instructive lessons please me well:  
I'll go and practise them. Farewell, farewell.

Practise them. Farewell, farewell.

### A PLEASING FACT.

THE following interesting communication from a gentleman in London, has afforded us both amusement and gratification. It will be read by fathers and mothers, with a smile:—

ESTEEMED FRIEND,—Many thanks for your last Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review." My children were so much pleased with it, that the one of six years old, would take it to BED with him. When remonstrated with by his mother as to that not being the place for a book, he begged that he might take it, so that his little brother Franky might look at it in the morning. To my surprise on going to look at them asleep in bed, (as I do every night) I found that he had placed the book under his pillow, and there he lay with his little hand upon it. Be assured, the best judges of such books are the children themselves, if only, when very young, they are properly brought up.  
Yours faithfully, A FATHER.





## CAUSES OF CRIME.

WE have to acknowledge with thanks the following important testimony from the Rev. J. COHEN, Chaplain of the London Prison.

CITY PRISON,  
16th Dec., 1854.

DEAR SIR,

If I were asked to mention the chief causes of crime, and of the ruin of young people, I should at once say, the neglect of the fourth and fifth commandments ruins many, and the indulgence in intoxicating drink ruins more. Your excellent little paper aims a blow at the root of *all* these, and in so effective a manner and withal in so kindly a spirit, that I cannot help anticipating great benefit from your efforts. May the God of all grace make your work a blessing to many, both old and young. Yours very truly,

JAMES COHEN.

THERE IS A BURDEN of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.—*Rev. Matthew Henry.*

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in soft cobwebs, and ends in iron chains.

It is good to know much, but better to make good use of what we know.

PRAY  
WITHOUT  
CEASING.

2 Thess. v. 17.

## EQUAL LAWS.

IN the almanac of Benjamin Banneker, the black astronomer, published about the year 1794, the following story is told.

A black man was arrested and taken before a magistrate, on suspicion that a knife and corkscrew which he had in his possession were stolen. On his examination he asserted that he *bought* those articles of Tom, a negro slave, and paid him honestly for them. "But," said the magistrate, "where did Tom get them?" "I believe," said the prisoner, "Tom *stole* them." "You black rascal," exclaimed the magistrate, "you shall be severely whipped for buying things which you believed to be stolen." "Would a white rascal," asked the black man, "be whipped for buying stolen goods?" "Yes," said the magistrate, "all colors would be treated alike." "There," added the poor prisoner, "is Tom's master, catch *him*, constable, he bought Tom, who was stolen from his father and mother. But the knife and the cork-screw have no father and mother!"

Can the holders of slaves, or the purchasers of

the produce of their labour, furnish a more valid title to the property thus held or purchased, than the black man did to the knife and cork-screw?

## GRACIOUS INVITATION.

"RETURN, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings."—Jer. iii. 22.

Proned to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Proned to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
Seal it from thy courts above.

"Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee."—Psalm lxxxvi. 5.

## THE KIND LITTLE GIRL.

A VERY little girl, who often read the Bible, gave proof that she knew how to obey its precepts. One day she came to her mother, much pleased, to show some apples which had been given to her. Her mother said the friend was very kind, and had given her a great many. "Yes," said the child, "and she gave me more than these; but I have given some away." Her mother asked to whom she had given them; when she said, "I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path, and makes faces at me." On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied, "Because I thought it would make her know that I wished to be kind to her, and she will not perhaps be rude and unkind to me again." A tear stood in the eye of

her brother Charles, who heard this story, and he promised his mother to try and do so too. Will my little readers, under similar circumstances, "go and do likewise?"

PRIDE frequently keeps people in ignorance. A wise man was once asked how he gained so much knowledge. He replied, "By not being hindered by pride from asking questions about things of which I was ignorant."

MANY have suffered by talking, but few by silence.

"The tongue is an unruly member."

QUENCH  
NOT THE  
SPIRIT.

2 Thess. x. 19.

## HINTS FOR BOYS.

SEVEN kinds of company to be avoided:—

1. Those who ridicule their parents, or disobey their commands.
2. Those who scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane or filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those that are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into difficulty with others.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those who are of a

cruel disposition, who take pleasure in torturing and maiming animals and robbing birds of their young, &c.

All these sorts of company are to be avoided, for if you associate with them, they will soon make you like themselves; and "The companion of fools shall be destroyed."

A LITTLE WRONG, done to another, is a great injury done to ourselves. The severest punishment of an injury is the consciousness of having done it.



## THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"AND he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." *Luke xv. 20.*

## GLAD TIDINGS FOR SINNERS.

COME now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. *Isaiah i. 18.*

For Him who washed you in his blood,  
Ye saints, your loudest songs prepare,  
He sought you wandering far from God,  
And now preserves you by his care.

Now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. *Eph. ii. 13.*





### A PATRIOT'S RESOLVE.

A VENERABLE American minister, of more than three-score years and ten, afflicted with a bodily infirmity, for which he had been advised by his physician to use ardent spirit as a medicine, was presented with the total abstinence pledge. After reading it, he said—

"This is the thing that will save my country from the desolating scourge of intemperance. I will sign it!"

"No," said one of his friends, "you must not sign it, because ardent spirit is necessary for you as a medicine."

"I know," said he, "I have used it for many years; but if something is not done, our country will be ruined; and I will not be accessory to its ruin. I will sign it." "Then," said ano-

ther, "You will die."

"Well," said the noble-minded old man, "for my country I can die."

The pledge was signed, the medicine given up, and strange to say, the disease for which it had been prescribed, fled away.

It was the remedy that had kept up the disease; and when he renounced the one, he was relieved of the other. So it probably would be in nine cases out of ten, where this poison is used even as medicine. — From *Cash's Illustrated Hand-Bills*.

### WHAT I WAS MADE FOR.

God made the little Bird to sing  
Up in the tree so tall;  
He made the castled Snail to cling  
Close to the garden wall.

He made the Flower to charm the eye,  
And scent the air around,  
He made the Tree so broad and high,  
To shadow all the ground.

He made the Stars to cheer the night,  
And yon dark sky adorn;  
He made the Sun, so warm and bright,  
To ripen well the corn.

I cannot twinkle like a Star,  
Or blossom like the flowers;  
But God hath made me greater far,  
And given me nobler powers.

Affection, reason, knowledge, will,  
Lord, thou hast given to me;  
Then shall not each thy law fulfil,  
And all be used for thee? S. W. P.

### DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

THE little painted songsters follow man, and attend upon him. It is their mission to clear his ground and trees of insects, which would otherwise destroy his fruit and grain. What would the country be without its birds? Their innocent notes gladden the ear, and their beautiful forms and plumage delight the eye. A pair of robins have been supposed to consume two thousand caterpillars in one week, and what amount of service to that farm was that one week's work? The farmer who shoots the small birds that confidently surround his dwelling errs both in economy and benevolence. But if the songsters take tithe of the ripening produce of the field and garden, it is nothing but their due. They present their bills some months after the labour is performed and are fully entitled to their living. Honesty, in this as well as other matters, is always the best policy; and it has invariably been found that the farmer who encourages, instead of repelling, the visits of these tiny workmen, is more than repaid for his forbearance.

### THE DESPISED TRACT.

"WILL you kindly accept this tract," said a well dressed and amiable looking lady, one Sabbath day to a man whose appearance indicated that he was not one of the best tempered of mankind. With curses had he frequently rejected tracts from other distributors, but the kind words of this lady overcame him, and he held out his hand for the offered paper. As the man wended his way to the public-house he looked upon the little gift, in so scornful a manner that there seemed little hope of its being read by him.

"Lord, incline that man to read it," silently ejaculated the lady as she proceeded on her mission of good. The tract was read—it proved by God's blessing, a "nail fastened in a sure place." The man became a regular attendant on God's house, and gave evidence of being a converted character.

"In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand." Eccl. xi. 6.

"And whatsoever ye do in word and deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—Col. iii. 17.



AN ILLUSTRATED PENNY MONTHLY PAPER.

By the Editor of the "Band of Hope Review."

## The British Workman,

AND  
FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL.



The "BRITISH WORKMAN" has been commenced with the earnest desire of promoting the  
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OF THE  
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From the Rt. Hon the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

"I heartily wish you success with your new undertaking, 'The British Workman.' It seems admirably calculated to produce the best effects among all the operative classes. I trust that every MASTER, MANUFACTURER, and EMPLOYER of Labour will give you the support and encouragement that you so well deserve.  
Yours very faithfully, SHAFTESBURY."







"Let the oppressed go free."

### JACK AND THE BIRDS.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

AN English Sailor who had been confined for several years in France as a prisoner-of-war, was passing over Blackfriars Bridge shortly after the restoration of peace, when he came up to a man who had a number of birds in a cage for sale. Jack could not bear to see the little creatures thus confined, so he bought the cage and all the birds! He then opened the cage door and commenced taking out the birds one by one, and then letting them fly away.

The bird-seller, with the utmost amazement, began to remonstrate with Jack, but the jolly tar went on until every bird was on the wing.

"I tell you what, old boy," said Jack, "if you had been shut up within the bars of a prison as long as I have, you would love freedom all the better, and not be surprised at my setting these bonny little birds free to enjoy the sweets of LIBERTY!"

Jack's conduct taught uncle John a lesson which led him to take an increased interest in the cause of Christian Missions, both at home and abroad, and he hopes that it will have the same influence upon the minds of his young readers. If Jack was willing to make a sacrifice of his money for the sake of the poor birds, should not those who

have tasted of "the LIBERTY wherewith Christ makes his children FREE," be much more willing to make many sacrifices, to practise much self-denial, that the Gospel missionary may be sent to those who are imprisoned in sin and darkness, and proclaim "liberty to the captives and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound."



"The Lord God is a sun and shield;  
the Lord will give grace and glory;  
no good thing will he withhold from  
them that walk uprightly."

Psalm lxxiv. 11.

### MAKING A BEGINNING.

Concluded from page 114

Some time after when Lydia went to visit Southampton she saw a shipbuilder's yard, and heard how the principal parts of the ships were made of oak, because it is so strong and durable. You may be sure she

thought of her young oak, and how wonderful it was that the ships sailing on the mighty ocean were once growing in the forest, and that a little acorn was the beginning of them.

Now this lesson of the acorn was very useful to Lydia. When she was learning a hard lesson she would think to herself, I know very little now, but if a great oak grows out of a little acorn wisdom may grow even out of my little mind; and so she would go patiently on with her lesson.

Then sometimes when she was required to do things that she did not very well like, and a murmur was just rising to her lips, she remembered that a child's first

duty is obedience, and that goodness is to the character what the root is to the oak. There must be right principles deep down in the heart, or there will be no verdure of moral loveliness in the mind and manners. Thus Lydia learned from noticing an acorn, to be persevering, patient, and hopeful.

There was a small town on the borders of the



forest, about three miles from Lydia's home; and though there were many good people lived in the town, yet most of the inhabitants were fond of drinking, and there were many more public houses in that town than there were bakers' or butchers' shops. One market day, Lydia heard people talking and laughing about a lecture on temperance, that was to be given that night. Lydia did not talk or laugh, but she thought about the meeting, and prevailed on her uncle to stay in the town and take her to hear the lecture. When the lecturer appeared in the Town Hall, there were but a very few poor people there,—and some rude boys who seemed inclined to jeer and laugh. It was very discouraging to the speaker, but he did not seem depressed; he spoke with as much zeal and took as much trouble to explain his principles, as if there had been hundreds of intelligent hearers before him. When he had done, Lydia clearly understood, as doubtless did many others, what a blessing it would be if all the residents in that town determined to become strictly sober. Her uncle, as he went out of the meeting, heaved a sigh and said, "Ah! there will never be a total abstinence society here, the people are all too fond of drink; it is a hopeless case."

"But, uncle," said Lydia, "out of all the people who see the evils of drunkenness, is there not one who will try the remedy?"

"Yes! there is one, my dear—Mrs. Saunders, the widow, who, poor thing! is too lame and weak to attend the meeting;—it was her invitation that brought the lecturer here, and her letter to the Mayor that obtained the Town Hall."

"Dear uncle, may not true temperance take root in this place, from that one poor woman; just, you know, as the acorn takes root and grows to be a great tree?"

"Ah Lydia, I'm glad you apply the lesson you have learned; you make a better use of it than I do. But as this poor afflicted widow has been the means of bringing this lecturer here, I think, to encourage her, and make her good cause grow, you and I, Lydia, will sign the pledge."

"Oh, that was just what I wished, uncle; we will not wait for others, let us make a beginning."

So they went and signed at once; and Lydia could hardly help laughing and crying in a breath, to think that her uncle and herself and the poor widow—a child, a cripple, and an old man, formed a society against the drinking habits of a whole town! But she thought of the acorn and oak, and said every thing must have a beginning. Those three set to work: they sent for Temperance tracts and lent them out; the first week, five more signed; others followed; so that soon after, they had the same lecturer, and the Hall was full of hearers, and before a year had passed over, there were more than THREE HUNDRED MEMBERS added to the first three. "The cause has taken root, uncle," said Lydia gaily; "and I am glad it was planted first deep among the poor, in the lowly places of the earth. For if the root is far down, the tree will be strong, and its branches will spread wide and high. May it be so, my sweet Lydia!" said her uncle, "and may we never any of us despise the day of feeble things!"

### GOLDEN RULE.



and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

UT it is so cruel, mamma, so shamefully cruel, and so wicked, and so good-for-nothing," cried little Harry Lester, panting with rage, and stamping his foot between each passionate word. "And I'll never love him again,—never,—never."

"Oh yes you will, Harry."

"No I shan't—I know I shan't. I shall hate him all my life, and I'll go up to the Hall and let his rabbits out directly, that I will."

As the child said this, he raised his eyes from the dead bodies of the long-eared pets which lay before him, to the countenance of his mother, which full of pity and sorrow, looked down tenderly upon him. At any other time Harry's temper would have yielded at once to the influence of such a look, but now he only burst into tears again exclaiming,—

"It is cruel, mamma, it is cruel, and it is too bad of you to take his part."

"I do not take his part, Harry; I think he has been very negligent and very cruel; but that is no reason why you should be wicked."



"It is enough to make any body wicked, to be used so. My poor dear darling rabbits, that I loved so very very much, and to die such a horrid, horrid death, while I was happy away. I do hate him, mamma, I can't help it; and it would serve him just right if I were to go and let his rabbits loose now, this very moment."

There was a silence; for even in the heat of passion, Harry knew that he was saying and doing wrong; and although he spoke loud and naughty words, he was ashamed of them even as he did so. Quietly, therefore, he stood beside his mother, his eyes fixed upon his favourites, and his little heart swelling with sorrow, until at last passion and pride gave way, tears of sorrow replaced those of rage, and laying his head suddenly upon Mrs. Lester's shoulder, he sobbed out:

"Don't be angry with me, mamma. I am very sorry for going into such a passion; indeed I am."

"I am glad to hear it, Harry, for you have grieved me sadly. I did not think that any temptation could have made you so unlike yourself, and so wicked."

"But I was very unhappy, mamma, and I am sorry. Do, do forgive me."

"Willingly, when you can tell me that from your heart you have forgiven Arthur, and have truly repented of your revengeful feelings towards him."

Again there was a silence, for Harry was an honest boy, who would not, even to gain his mother's pardon, tell her a falsehood, and she had asked him a hard thing, harder than any task or lesson he had ever yet learned, and one which it seemed impossible for him to perform. Had it been any thing that he had lost, or had any one else been to blame, the injury, he thought, would have been easier to forgive; but now that it was his darling rabbits that were dead, his very dearest best-loved pets which had been killed and by the faithlessness of his favourite friend, forgiveness was too much to ask—he could not bestow it. His mother saw and understood the trial, and said, after a little pause:

"Can you repeat that verse which Fanny taught you last week, Harry?"

"Yes, I think so. Is this it."

"Be to others kind and true!

As you'd have others be to you;

And neither do, nor say to men,

What you would not take again."

"I'm sure, Arthur has done to me what he wouldn't like me to do to him," said Harry, moodily, when he had repeated the verse.

"Yes! but have you never done the same? When you broke Fanny's little tea-pot, would you have liked her to break your silk-worms' house? And the other day, when you upset that glass of water over Miss Ryall's painting and spoiled it,

what would you have thought if she had gone to the tray of beads you had been sorting for your sister's bag, and shaken all the colours together again? Would you have liked it?"

"No."

"And yet that would have been doing to you as you had done to them."

"But I did not hurt their things on purpose—they were accidents."

"Yes, but very careless ones; the very least attention would have prevented them: and what people will not take the trouble to prevent, is almost as bad as what they do on purpose."

"Oh, mamma!"

"It is true, Harry; and you can easily understand it, by what has happened to-day. Arthur has not beaten your rabbits and so wilfully killed them, but he has not taken the trouble to prevent their dying, by feeding them properly, and therefore he is equally blamable. You are very unhappy about it, for besides that you were fond of the poor creatures, you know that they must have suffered a great deal of pain and misery before they died; and though you would not be so cruel as to make Arthur's pets suffer in the same way for his fault, you would like to punish him by taking them away from him and so making him suffer. In short, you would like to revenge yourself."

"You are very hard, mamma. I don't want to revenge myself, but I do think he ought to be punished. He had no business to promise he would take care of the rabbits."

"Certainly not. Your cousin has been very naughty, and if I were talking to him now instead of to you, I would tell him so, but I am not, and therefore it is of little consequence whether his conduct has been good or bad. God will not judge you according to Arthur's sin, but according to your own."

"Yes but—"

"But what, Harry," asked Mrs. Lester after a while, seeing that her son did not proceed. "You seem in a very uncomfortable state of mind. Tell me honestly what is the cause of it. Is it because you cannot make up your mind whether you shall obey God, and deny yourself, or whether you shall obey Satan and please yourself? If so, suppose I try to help you in your choice. You would like, of course, to choose that which would make you the happiest. Well then, putting all the difficulties of duty aside, do you think you would be happier if you were to go to Arthur's hutch and let his rabbits loose, so that he would never have them again?"

"He ought to be punished."

"That is not the question. The question is, whether you would be happier by making him as unhappy as he has made you. Would his losing his rabbits make you forget losing yours, or would seeing him sorrowful make you joyous? I do not think that killing his pets would bring back life to yours; but that is of no consequence, if you can be made happy by seeing Arthur miserable, could you?"

"Mamma, how can you ask such a thing? you know I couldn't."

"Then of what use would your revenge be to you? If it wouldn't make you happy, what would it do?"

"Nothing," answered the boy in a low voice.

"Then you lose nothing by giving it up, because you would gain nothing by taking it. If I were to give you leave now to release Arthur's rabbits, you would not do it?"

"No."

"And why, Harry?"

"Because it would not be right, and you would be angry."

"What, if I gave you leave?"

"Yes, because you would not give the leave with all your heart. You would only say so to try if I'd be naughty."

"But if I did give you leave with all my heart, would it make you happy to take it?"

"No, I don't think it would."

"You may be sure, my child, that it would not. Sin can never make any one happy, and revenge is a great sin. Many men have died to obtain it, but I never heard of one who, having obtained it, was satisfied or happy with it. God has told us to forgive our enemies, and to do to all men as we wish them to do to us, and we may be very certain that if we do not, but disobey HIM, and follow our own will instead of His, we shall be miserable instead of happy."

"Yes. I am glad now I did not open Arthur's hutch; but it was very cruel, mamma, wasn't it?"

And the tears came into Harry's eyes—he was



but seven years old, remember, and so may be forgiven for crying so often over his poor little pets—and trickled slowly down his face.

"Yes, Harry, very: so cruel and so careless, that we will not judge Arthur until we have seen him, and heard what account he can give of the matter—(I have been so busy since you went, that I have seen no one from the Hall)—and see, here he comes on his pony. Now remember your verse my boy."

With a powerful effort of self-control—for Harry was a child of strong affections, and far more ready to resent an injury to anything he loved, than to himself—he went forward and held out his hand to his cousin, who stooped gaily from his pony, and shaking it heartily cried—

"Well, so you're home first, Hal, after all. I thought I'd be, so I rode round this way from the station, instead of taking the near cut across the fields."

"Why, where have you been? Have you been out too?"

"Ah, haven't I. Do you think you're to be the only traveller? No, I went to uncle Edward's with papa the day after you went to Hertford, and a jolly time we have had, boating and fishing and—but hullo! what have you been doing with your rabbits, Harry?"

"Nothing. I found them so when I came back to-day. They have been starved to death"—and the child turned away to hide his quivering lips.

"Starved!" repeated Arthur, springing from his saddle and snatching up one of the poor dead rabbits—"how?"

"I don't know, I left them to you."

"And I—Oh, Harry," cried the lad, going up warmly to his cousin, and taking his passive hand, "don't think hardly of me, don't blame me for this, for indeed, indeed it is not my fault. When I knew that I was to go with papa, and found that I had not time to come here and say so, I went to Jem, our gardener's son, and promised to give him twopence a week to attend to your hutch and mine; he was very glad, and promised faithfully to feed and clean them out regularly—so of course I trusted him. I did all I could, Harry, indeed I did; but I am very, very sorry, and if my rabbits are not dead too, you shall have

really been to blame. Harry trusted his pets to you, as the person in whom he had the greatest confidence, and you, leaving home suddenly, gave over your charge to a boy upon whom you had every reason to depend, and who I have no doubt would have fulfilled his duties faithfully if he had been able; but about ten days since he was attacked with brain fever, and although much better now, has been far too ill to think of rabbits or anything else."

"Poor Jem! This is bad news indeed, worse than the rabbits, Harry. But brain fever isn't infectious, aunt; mamma wouldn't mind my going to see Jem, would she? And now she is out and papa, perhaps his mother won't like to send up to the Hall for things for the boy, unless she is told, and I know mamma would wish that Jem should be attended to. I may go, mayn't I?"

"Yes Arthur, I think you may, but you had better not go into the cottage; Jem must be kept very quiet."

"Very well, I'll take care. Good-bye, Hal; get the hutch ready, for I shall send down the bunnies soon, and if I can, I'll run over to-night to see how they look."

And saying so, the boy sprang upon his pony and cantered off.

"Now, Harry," said Mrs. Lester, when her nephew was out of sight, "are not you glad that you did not revenge yourself upon your cousin as you wished? If you had you would have been very sorry now." What Harry answered I do not know, though my little readers may easily guess, for I can assure them that never since, under any provocation, has he been heard to utter a passionate or revengeful wish, or known to do to his companions differently to what he would like them to do to him.

E. J. B.

### AN AFRICAN BAND OF HOPE.

THE pastor of the negro Baptist church at Sierra Leone, who is a NATIVE AFRICAN, has written to Mr. T. Nicholson, of Sydney, Gloucestershire, as follows:

"Amongst the lot of books you sent us, dear brother, I am highly pleased with the *Band of Hope Review*. I would be glad to know how a Band of Hope is formed, as I think that one might be formed here, which would, I believe, be of great service, and it will afford you pleasure to know that there is a little band of hopeful children in Sierra Leone."

A better reply to this interesting enquiry from Africa cannot be given than by inserting the following letter from the Rev. R. Bagnall, of Scarborough, addressed by him to a brother Minister of the Gospel, which we extract from a little book recently published by Mr. Tweedie.\*

SCARBOROUGH,  
29th September, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

At your request, I now briefly communicate to you a statement of the beginning and success of the Bar Church Band of Hope, trusting that you may be able to institute one in connection with your own congregation.

I should tell you that I have not been long a total abstainer. Like yourself, I was under the impression that "a little wine" was a good thing after the fatigue of Sunday duty, but when one or two young men of my congregation asked my co-operation in the promotion of a Band of Hope, I immediately resolved to give total abstinence a fair trial, and to throw my entire influence into such a hopeful movement. The result has been highly satisfactory, in every respect.

The plan adopted for its formation was as follows: It was intimated in the Sunday school on the previous Sunday, and announced by public card, that a meeting of the young people of the congregation and of the town, would be held in the school-room on the following evening. At the first meeting a goodly number was present; having sung a hymn, read the scriptures and offered prayer, I intimated the object for which they had been brought together; pointed out to them the ruin both to the bodies and souls of men that intoxicating drink produces—dwelt on the difficulty of reclaiming a drunkard from the vice of intemperance after his habits are deeply rooted, and then declared that the only hope of remedying the evil was to prevent the formation of these bad habits—to abstain altogether from that which was so injurious—in short, that the hope of the

church and of the world in arresting the progress of drunkenness in the land, was turned towards the young, hence the society about to be formed was to be called "*The Bar Church Band of Hope*."

I took care, however, to remind them, that, as they were all young people, and dependent upon their parents, it was their duty first to consult them and to ask their permission to join the society. On the following week I engaged to meet them again to receive their names. About 300 gave in their names, together with several of the teachers, and as an example, I placed my own name at the head of the scroll, as President of the Society. Since then (which I should say was only last March) we have met every fortnight, and have received accessions on every occasion, so that our number already exceeds 700. The scroll in which the names are inscribed is in double column about twelve yards in length, it is fixed in a frame at the end of the school-room, and is unrolled, like a window blind, by means of a pulley. At the meetings this immense scroll is generally drawn out to its full length, by some of the boys, while I at random read off a few of the names to find out if any are absent.

I think it of the greatest importance that these meetings should be conducted as religiously as the Sunday-school—singing and prayer, and reading the Scriptures are therefore parts of the introductory and closing exercises. I have published a selection of melodies for them to sing and commit to memory, and during the interval of short addresses one or two melodies are sung.

Sometimes a prize is given for the best recitation, which is keenly contested for by most of the senior boys and girls. The meetings seldom exceed an hour, and the *Band of Hope Review* is distributed amongst them as they separate.

Such is a brief outline of our efforts. Societies like this, I believe to be of incalculable value, not only in training up the young in the principles and habits of sobriety, but in bringing them under your influence for higher purposes. It forms a base of operations for all other religious institutions in connection with your church. If you get them under your influence at the Band of Hope, you will get them to come to your Sunday-school, or to attend some one in their immediate neighbourhood. Both our Sunday schools and Bible classes have been improved by the movement.

I have no faith in the success of these societies, except in connection with a church or congregation. I mean that they should be as much part of the machinery of the church, as the Sunday-school, and if possible should be watched over by the minister. If the society be a general one, and the committee composed of men from various churches, there is danger of jealousies springing up to retard the work.

In some societies the pledge extends to tobacco, snuff, and opium, but we have deemed it advisable to confine ourselves to the one article—intoxicating drink—To complicate the pledge is only to multiply the chances of failure.

I trust your intention to form a Band of Hope at — will be speedily executed. It is a work which brings about an immediate reward, and it entails scarcely any mental preparation or pecuniary expense.

I hope the time is coming when every minister of Christ will see it his duty to lift up his voice against the national sin of intemperance, and from personal experience, I may add, in no way can he more successfully and less offensively, do so, than by instituting CONGREGATIONAL BANDS OF HOPE.

I remain, yours very sincerely,

ROBERT BAGNALL,

Minister of the Bar Church.

P. S. We have a secretary and Committee, selected from the adults.

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THE following contributions received between the 1st of March and the 1st of May, are thankfully acknowledged, as they have enabled the committee to complete the large grants of the "*Band of Hope Review*" to the LONDON CITY MISSION.

E. R. S., 3s. J. J. Driscoll, Esq., 2l. Hugh Owen, Esq., 2l. Jos. Payne, Esq., 10s. John F. Taylor, Esq., York, 2l. Rev. M. C. Taylor, 2l. Mrs. Carille, Dublin, 2l. Mrs. Gurney, Burlington, New Jersey, America, 2s. H. N. F., 2s. 6d. Raymond Pelly, Esq., 4l. W. H. Scrivenor's Class, Hackney Road Sunday School, 6s. Henry Ford Barclay, Esq., Walthamstow, 2l. Messrs. Maxwell and Co., 47. 7s.

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them all, which is but fair. Don't turn away, Harry; you must forgive me, though its enough to make you very angry, I acknowledge."

"Yes, but not with you. Oh, Arthur, I have been so naughty. I thought you had killed my rabbits, and I was so spiteful and wicked against you."

"I killed the rabbits! Oh, Hal, how could you think so? And yet when you found them dead, after leaving them in my care, what else could you think? Well never mind, only say you forgive me, and it will be all right. If Jem has not starved my hutch empty too, you shall have the long-ears."

"No indeed, indeed I won't."

"But you must, Harry. It is but fair, for if I did not kill yours, it was in trusting to me that they died. It was my deputy's fault if it was not mine."

"No, Arthur," said Mrs. Lester, who had been anxiously watching the changes upon her son's face during his cousin's speech, "this appears to have been a most unfortunate combination of circumstances, but I do not think that any one has

\* What are Bands of Hope and How to Form them? Published by Tweedie. Price 1d. With Illustrations.





### PRESENCE OF MIND.

A SHORT time ago, one of the wooden bridges on the Baltimore railway was burnt down, and this disaster would have been followed by a fearful loss of life, but for the presence of mind of a boy.

It is supposed that the bridge took fire from the luggage trains, which passed about half-past seven o'clock in the morning; and the structure was totally enveloped in flames before it was discovered by the residents in the vicinity. At about nine o'clock the framework of the bridge fell through, and among the spectators, some twenty in number, was a little boy about twelve years of age, named Eli Rheem; who, remembering that the express passenger train was then about due, started off at the top of his speed to endeavour to stop the train, which he knew must be close at hand. As soon as he reached the curve, about two hundred yards from the bridge, he observed the train coming at full speed; and, fearing that he would be unable to stop it unless by the use of extraordinary means, the noble little fellow took his position on the track, and, running towards the approaching train with his hands raised, caught the attention of the engineer, who immediately reversed his engine, and was only able to stop within a few yards of destruction. The piers were some twenty feet from the rocky bed below, and the gap above sixty feet wide! Had the boy not placed himself on the track, he would doubtless have failed in his noble effort, as the engineers are so often cheated by mischievous boys, that they seldom pay attention to them. Even when he stopped, the driver thought he had been cheated by a youngster with more daring than his associates; and was surprised to see the little flaxen-headed fellow stand his ground, and, endeavouring to recover his lost breath, to answer his questions as to the cause of his interruption. The passengers, when they ascertained the cause of the stoppage of the train, and viewed the precipice over which they had nearly been dashed, liberally rewarded the boy for his presence of mind and daring. Eli Rheem, a boy but twelve years of age, was the only one of twenty persons present, most of them men, who had presence of mind sufficient for the occasion.

ply of fresh sparkling water always at hand in their counting houses, warehouses and workshops, they would not only prevent many a visit to the gin palace and beer shop, but would enable their hands to do more work, and with much greater ease and comfort than they could otherwise. Dr. ELLIS.

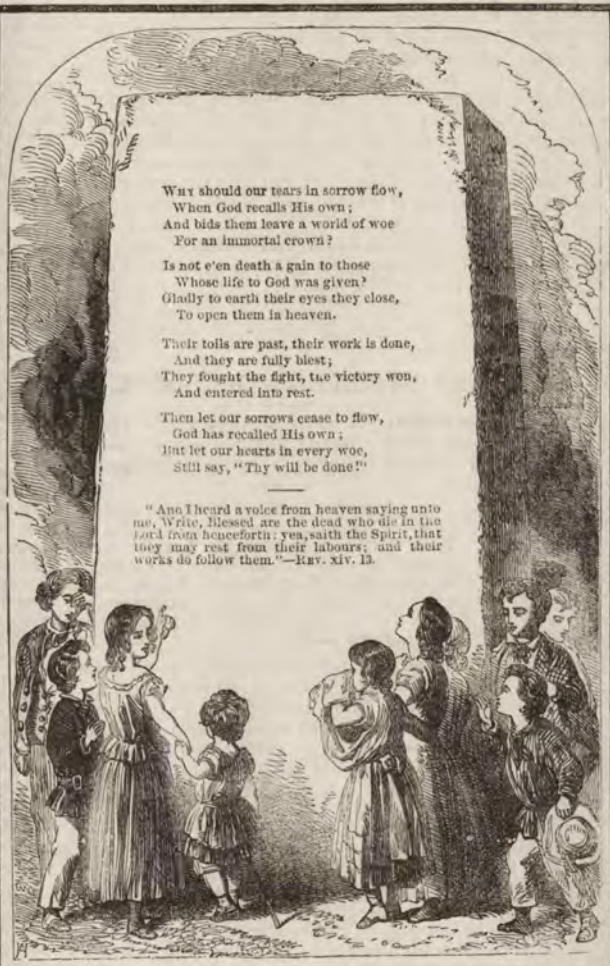
### WHAT A SAILOR CAN DO.

WE have been highly gratified by the fact that some of the coal-whippers and sailors, who throng the decks of vessels in the Thames, are first-rate "Home Missionaries." The following is an extract from a letter, sent to us by a sailor, which will afford pleasure to many of our readers:—

SIR,—In May, 1853, Mr. Groves, a coal-whipper, made me a present of a number of tracts to distribute among my shipmates and friends. Amongst them was a copy of your *Band of Hope Review*. I thought much of it, and took it home, and after reading it to my wife and children, we said we would take it in monthly. I then sent it round to my neighbours, promising to bring copies from London on my next voyage, for those that would take them in, for I was sure they would do good, and I felt as if this was a work I had to perform. Two only agreed to take them. When I got to London I went to the publishers for the back numbers for the year, and as many as I could afford to buy for giving away. I took them home, and while I was making another voyage, my wife and children gave them all away, back numbers and all! In telling me about it, my oldest boy, nine years of age, says, "Father, I know they are doing good, for Johnny and another little boy go to Sunday-school now, and you know they never used to go until I gave them my *Band of Hope* paper." My wife told me they were doing good amongst adults. Right glad I was to hear it you may depend, Sir. I then bought a little book, lined it for each month, and entered the few names I had as subscribers in it; and in January I said I would try for one hundred, and get them, yes, if I lost twenty shillings by them. I was laughed at by many; they said, "You are a poor man and cannot afford it." No matter,—I went on getting them. When I left home ten days ago, I had EIGHTY-TWO names down, and I hope to make up the hundred before the new year!

I shall for ever be truly obliged to you, and shall do my utmost to increase the circulation. I remain, your humble servant,  
JAMES F. BASHAM,

5, Henderson's Lane, South Shields



Why should our tears in sorrow flow,  
When God recalls His own;  
And bids them leave a world of woe  
For an immortal crown?

Is not e'en death a gain to those  
Whose life to God was given?  
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,  
To open them in heaven.

Their toils are past, their work is done,  
And they are fully blest;  
They fought the fight, the victory won,  
And entered into rest.

Then let our sorrows cease to flow,  
God has recalled His own;  
But let our hearts in every woe,  
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—REV. xiv. 13.

In affectionate remembrance

OF  
JACOB POST

AND  
RICHARD BARRETT,  
ESQUIRES.

THE FORMER OF WHOM YELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, ON THE 1ST  
OF APRIL, 1855, AGED 80 YEARS, AND THE LATTER  
ON THE 4TH APRIL, AGED 70 YEARS.

Thus, within four days, the hand of death has removed two of the earliest and best friends of our little paper.

There are few men who have served their day and generation with greater sincerity than the departed.

It has been our privilege during the last few years to enjoy their friendship, and the many occasions in which we have held sweet converse with them are amongst the happiest recollections of life.

Mr. Post was not only Treasurer to the Gratuitous Distribution Fund, but his valuable pen was frequently employed in aiding to fill our pages. The youth of our land, and more particularly the fatherless and motherless children in our various Orphan Institutions have lost one of their best earthly friends.

Mr. Barrett was one of the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and it may be truly said of him as of his Divine Master, "He went about doing good." A few hours before he died, he penned a letter to a friend in Suffolk, in furtherance of a benevolent project—so that,

"HE CLEARED AT ONCE TO WORK AND LIVE."



### A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

If Employers would arrange to have a good sup-







"Train up a child in the way he should go."

# ROBERT, THE STONE THROWER.

SHAME upon you, George! you grieve me exceedingly by throwing stones at the poor little birds; and then to do it on the Sabbath day! It is very sad."

Mrs. Wilson turned towards her husband, after having addressed these words to her little son, and with a sigh which evidenced a mother's deep concern, she said, "I fear that something sad will happen to George some day on account of his cruelty."

"Lads will be lads," replied Mr. Wilson, who was one of those good natured but injudicious fathers who so frequently cover the faults of their children when they ought to punish them.

There would be fewer heart-broken parents in the world if the counsel of the Wise Man were better attended to;—"Chasten thy son while there is hope." Prov. xix. 18. "He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Proverbs xiii. 24

"Withhold not correction

from the child."—Proverbs, chap. xiii. 13th verse.

George overheard the words of his father, and he gave a very disobedient look to his mamma. When he returned from church he went into the

garden, and whilst his mamma was dressing for dinner, he threw several stones at the birds, one of which lamed a pretty little sparrow, so that it could never fly about as it had done before.

Although Robert's mamma did not see this act of wicked cruelty and disobedience, HE who said "not one of them (sparrows) is forgotten before God" did. Oh yes, GOD saw it, and let all disobedient boys and girls who read this ever remember those solemn words of sacred Scripture, *Be sure your sin will find you out.*

As Robert grew older, his cruelty increased. Flies, birds, dogs, donkeys, and horses suffered from his hard hearted ways. Bad as this was it is not the worst that I have to tell. It has been frequently observed that children who practise cruelty to the dumb creation generally grow up to be bad and cruel men and women, and in not a few instances has it been found to be the case that those parents who have refused to properly correct their offspring for





acts of cruelty, have in after years, been the greatest sufferers by the ingratitude of their children.

It was so in this instance. When Robert grew up to be a young man he was noted for his wicked conduct. On one occasion in a fit of passion, when his parents would not give him money to squander in sin, he actually struck his father!

That father now lies in the church yard. He died broken-hearted. What earthly friend will continue to love like a MOTHER? Long did Robert's mother bear with her son's dissolute and cruel conduct; but at length her strength and spirits failed, and she, too, was laid in the silent tomb.

Whether Robert still lives or not, I do not know. It is now several years since I saw him. He was then walking on crutches. His leg had been injured by a stone, and notwithstanding all the skill of the doctors he was pronounced to be a cripple for life. As I looked upon him I thought of his boyhood, and the stone which broke the poor sparrow's leg, and of those impressive words of our Saviour, "*With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.*" Matt. vii. 2.—UNCLE JOHN.



#### DON'T GO IN THERE.

A LITTLE boy, seeing a man sauntering about a public-house door, counting some money which he held in his hand, and evidently intending to go into the public-house, stepped up to him and said, "*Don't go in there.*" The man put his hand with the money into his pocket, thanked the little boy for his advice, and did not go in.

Follow the brightest examples, and never be afraid of fixing upon too high a standard of character.

#### MY HOME IS IN HEAVEN.

BY ELIZA R \* \* \* \* \* AGED 10 YEARS.

To an everlasting home  
Of peace and joy and love,  
My happy spirit soars away,  
To sing with saints above.

Come brothers, sisters, come,  
O! pray do come away,  
Do leave those tawdry things,  
And even leave your play.

Come brothers, sisters, come,  
O! pray do come away,  
Come to this happy place,  
You cannot be too young  
To seek your Saviour's face.

#### FORGIVENESS.

A BEAUTIFUL gem of Oriental literature is quoted by Sir William Jones, from the Persian Poet, Sadi:—

"The sandal-tree perfumes, when riven,  
The axe that laid it low;  
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,  
Forgive and bless his foe."

#### CHARLIE AND HIS DOG.

A good while ago, a boy named Charlie had a large dog which was very fond of water, and in hot weather he used to swim across the river near which the boy lived. One day Charlie tied a string to the dog's collar, and ran down to the water's



edge, where he took off all his clothes; and then, holding hard by the dog's neck and the bit of string, he went into the water, and the dog pulled him across. After playing about on the other side for some time, they returned in the way they had come; but when Charlie looked for his clothes he could find nothing but his shoes. The wind had blown all the rest into the water. The dog saw what had happened, and making his little master let go the string, by making him believe he was going to bite him, he dashed into the river, and first brought out his coat, and then all the rest in succession. Charlie dressed, and went home in his wet clothes, and told his mother what fun he and the dog had had. His mother told him that he had done very wrong in going across the river as he had done, and that he should thank God for making the dog take him over and back again safely; for if the dog had made him let go in the river, he would most likely have sunk and been drowned. Little Charlie said, "Shall I thank God now, mamma?" and he kneeled down at his mother's knee and thanked God; then, getting up again, he threw his arms round his dog's neck, saying, "I thank you too, dear doggie, for not letting go." Little Charlie is now Admiral Sir Charles Napier.—*Preston Chronicle.*

#### "WELL DONE, PONT!"

#### OR THE SINGULAR RESCUE OF MAIL BAGS.

LAST winter the communication by ferry between Prudhoe station and the north of the Tyne having been cut off by the breaking up of the ice, the letter bags of Ovingham and the neighbourhood were conveyed on horseback. One day, as the carrier was crossing the Whittle Dean Burn, his horse became restive, plunged, and speedily threw his rider and the two sacks containing the mail bags into the water. The former scrambled out, but the bags were carried rapidly down to the Tyne, and would soon have been beyond recovery. Fortunately however, a powerful Newfoundland dog called "Pont," belonging to the Rev. W. T. Shields, of the parsonage close by, saw the affair, and the noble and sagacious creature dashed into the river, and in a few moments returned to the shore with one of the bags of letters; no sooner had he landed the same than he swam back for the second bag. To complete his work, he breasted the flood a third time and brought out the rider's hat! Noble fellow! well might he wag his fine

bushy tail as he was warmed, patted, and received the well earned praise, "Well done, Pont, well done, Pont!" The first letter delivered after this accident contained a considerable amount of money, the owner of which, in gratitude for Pont's gallant conduct, presented him with a smart collar. Will any of our readers after this ever treat a dog with cruelty? Shame upon them if they do.

#### ALE AND BEER MEASURES.

AT school, little girls and boys learn lessons about how many inches make a foot; how many ounces make a pound; and how many farthings make a penny. One day, when the lesson was the table called "Ale and Beer measure," a little boy, remarkable for the correct manner in which he usually said all his lessons, was quite unprepared. "How is this, John?" said his teacher. "I thought it was no use, sir," said John. "No use!" interrupted the master. "No, Sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John.

"I know it is," said the master. "Well, sir," said the little boy, "father and I both think it is no use to learn about ale and beer, as we never mean to buy, sell, or drink it."

A FEW months ago I wrote on a number of slips of paper the following question; "If you could remember only one text of scripture, which would you like to remember best? I gave these to a class of boys of eleven or twelve years of age, requesting them to bring me an answer in writing on the following Sabbath. The following are the answers I received.

1. Prepare to meet thy God. Amos vi. 12.
2. God so loved the world, &c. John iii. 16.
3. The Lord is my shepherd, &c. Ps. xxiii. 1-3.
4. But it shall not be, &c. Matt. xxvi. 31-40.
5. The Lord is my shepherd, &c. Ps. xxiii. 1.
6. A man's pride shall bring him low, but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit. Prov. xxix. 23.
7. I thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth. 1 Kings xviii. 12.

On enquiring of the boy who selected the last, why he chose that one in particular, he replied, "Because, teacher, that's what all the boys ought to be able to say when they grow up."

A TEACHER.

#### JUGGERNAUT.

THE celebrated idol of Juggernaut is a carved block of wood with a hideous face painted black, and a large mouth painted red. This idol at the annual festival is placed in a huge car, formed like a large castle; thousands of the deluded Hindoos drag it along, and tens of thousands shout his praise with dancing and singing. In one part of India the children are taught to join in the service of this idol, and small idols and cars are made for their special use. Let English children take an increased interest in the cause of missions, so that the day may soon arrive when the Heathen shall destroy their false deities, and worship God.





## CUSTOM.

ILL customs, by degrees, to habits rise;  
 Ill habits soon become exalted vice.  
 Ill customs gather by unseen degrees,  
 As brooks make rivers, rivers swell to seas.  
 Let the best course of life your choice invite,  
 For custom soon will turn it to delight.

## OLD BLANKET AND COAT.

AN Indian and a white man, being at worship together, were both brought under conviction by the same sermon. The Indian was shortly after led to rejoice in pardoning mercy. The white man, for a long time, was under distress of mind, and at times, almost ready to despair; but at length he also was brought to a happy experience of forgiving love. Some time after, meeting his red brother, he thus addressed him: "How is it that I should be so long under conviction, when you found comfort so soon?" "Oh, brother," replied the Indian, "me tell you: there come along, a rich prince, he promise to give you a new coat; you look at your coat and say, I don't know; my coat pretty good, I believe it will do a little longer. He then offer me new coat; I look on my old blanket; I say, This good for nothing: I fling it right away, and accept the new coat. Just so, brother, you try to keep your own righteousness for some time, you loath to give it up; but I, poor Indian, had none: therefore, I glad at once to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."

## MATERNAL TENDERNESS.

THE Mother honour—for her arms  
 Secur'd thee from a thousand harms;  
 When helpless, hanging on her breast,  
 She sooth'd thine infant heart to rest:  
 Thoughtful of thee, before the day  
 Shot through the dark its rising ray;  
 Thoughtful of thee, when sable night  
 Again had quench'd the beams of light;  
 To heaven in ceaseless pray'r for thee,  
 She rais'd her hand, and bent her knee.  
 Neglect her not, when feeble grown;  
 Oh! make her wants and woes thy own.  
 Let not thy lips rebel; nor eyes,  
 Her weakness, frailty, years, despise.  
 From youthful insolence defend;  
 Be patron, husband, guardian, friend.  
 Thus shalt thou sooth, in life's decline,  
 The mis'ries, that may all be thine.

**CARDS TO INSTRUCT AND PLEASE.**—We have much pleasure in recommending to our young friends a series of nineteen sets of cards, entitled "Biblical Exercises." One set contains the Kings of Scripture, another the Queens, another the Mountains, &c. Each set is complete in itself, and contains twenty-four cards, with book of directions, in a neat case; and we think sixpence well spent in purchasing a set, from which a large amount of scriptural knowledge may be obtained in the most inviting form.

We sincerely hope that these cards may be the means of redeeming a portion of that precious time, which we regret to think, is often lost on those of a foolish tendency.

Published by Partridge, Oakley, & Co., London.

**MORNING DEW DROPS.**—We are glad to announce that a new edition of this valuable temperance work by Mrs. Balfour, has just been issued at the reduced price of 3s. 6d. We shall notice it at greater length in our next.

Published by W. & F. G. Cash, 5, Bishopsgate Without.

**ALMANAC PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.**—Upwards of 500 packets of replies have been received, sufficient to fill a couple of large wheelbarrows! We regret that we have had to refuse many letters owing to their not being properly stamped; one morning the postman demanded 2s. for deficient postage. We have been taxed by our friends during the last five years to the extent of so many pounds for postages, that we shall in future refuse all unpaid letters. The request made by some that we should return their communications is really too bad.

## HOPE FOR THE LOST.

COME now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.—Isaiah i. 18.

For him who wash'd you in his blood,  
 Ye saints, your loudest songs prepare;  
 He sought you wandering far from God,  
 And now preserves you by his care.

Now, in Christ Jesus, ye who were sometimes afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ.—Eph. ii. 13.

## POOR OLD SAMUEL, THE JEW.

WE extract the following interesting fact from "The Children's Jewish Advocate," an interesting



magazine published by the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, which is well worthy of extensive circulation. The Rev. A. Stackhouse who went from this country to Van Dieman's Land as a Missionary of the Gospel, found there a poor old Jew, in whose welfare he was led to take a deep interest. At first, the old man was unwilling to listen to the Missionary's message. At length the truth went to his heart; the words spoken were blessed by the Holy Spirit, and the old Jew confessed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. That old man was Samuel Hymus.

Old Samuel now felt anxious to be useful to others, and he asked Mr. Stackhouse to allow him to become a Collector for the London Society.

One day Mr. Stackhouse was greatly surprised to find that Samuel had brought so much money for the Society. So he said to him, "Where have you got all this money, Samuel?"

"Oh! sir," said the old man, "I give a little myself, and I get a little from other people."

"But," replied Mr. Stackhouse, "you are so poor, I do not know what you can find to give. Now, tell me, how much do you give?"

"I give sixpence a week, sir."

"Sixpence a week, Samuel! That is a great deal for you to give."

"Well sir," replied Old Samuel. I will tell you how I manage. I used to follow the bad habit of smoking tobacco. I wished to give it up. So I promised the Lord that if he would give me grace to give it up, I would send all that it cost to the Jews' Society. And the Lord did enable me to do this, and so I gave my sixpence every week to the good cause."

And Samuel has persevered in his course of self-denial, and his labour of love. Indeed he seems to increase in these good works, for we learn that his zeal and his collections increase.

He has got a little cart, and he goes about the country selling things to support himself. And wherever he goes, he collects what he can for the London Society. Whenever he picks up horse-shoes in the road, or people give him empty bottles, or he has any extra cabbages, onions, &c.—he sells them all for this purpose. He continues to give, moreover, his sixpence a week, as he has done from the time he gave up the smoking of tobacco.

But we wish to speak of another way in which Old Samuel shows his sincerity. He cannot read himself, so his wife always reads to him. But, there are many Jews who live in Van Dieman's Land, and Samuel would like much to lead them in the same happy way, in which he is now walking. But he cannot read to them, and he knows that it is not easy to get them to read for themselves.

And so, he is in the habit of going to them with his Bible, and saying, "Will you be so kind as to read this chapter to me? I cannot read, although my wife can; but if you will do so also, I shall be able to tell whether she reads correctly." It is easy to suppose that Old Samuel often meets with insults, and is very frequently laughed at. But he does not mind this. He is doing the work of a missionary. He may get some of his brethren to read the Bible, and this may be the means of turning their hearts to the Lord. The conduct of this converted Jew, seems to remind us of that beautiful text in Isaiah, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

BE kind to your friends, that they may continue such; and to your enemies, that they may become your friends.

OUR being ready for death will make it come never the sooner, but much the easier; and those that are fit to die are most fit to live.

## GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND.

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## BANKERS.

Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, and Co., 54, Lombard St.

The committee having made such large grants for the London City Mission, Country Towns' Mission, and the Crimea, which have left them above £50 in debt, they regret that the applications from missionaries at Cradock, South Africa, York in Western Australia, Hamburg, &c. &c., cannot at present be complied with.

Contributions received up to the 20th May.—Miss Smith, Hampstead, 3s. Mrs. Horston, Feltham, 5s. Mrs. Trounson, 5s. A friend, Islington, 6s.

Further contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Henry Ford Barclay, Esq., The Limes, Walthamstow, Essex, or by any of the Committee.

## GRANT to the LONDON CITY MISSIONARIES.

LONDON CITY MISSION HOUSE.

MY DEAR SIR,

May 10th, 1855.

I cannot but again write to you, on the completion of the very large and important gift of 122,000 copies of the "Band of Hope Review," to express the deep obligation of our committee to the committee for the gratuitous distribution of this interesting and valuable periodical. I feel assured that this distribution will not take place without many benefits resulting, some of which will probably come to light after a time. The general testimony of the missionaries is that the numbers are particularly acceptable among the parties they visit. There are not a few who will take and read them, who would reject or neglect an ordinary tract. May the Divine blessing render the publications more and more a blessing. It is deserving of liberal support from the well wishers to our masses.

Believe me to remain,

My dear Sir, Yours, &c.

JOHN GARWOOD, Sec.

To the Editor, &c.



## TRY TO DO GOOD.

THE time of the year has arrived when thousands hasten from our cities and towns, to enjoy the refreshing breeze of the sea. Whilst seeking to *get* good, we should try to *do* good. We hope that our young readers will not forget to take a supply of tracts, &c. to give away amongst the fishermen, donkey boys, bathing-machine women, &c., &c.

A lady informs us that when visiting the Isle of Man last year, she was much gratified by witnessing from her window, two happy-looking brothers, named Harry and Jonathan, who were seated on a low stone wall near the sea side, distributing copies of the "Band of Hope Review,"\* to a group of donkey boys and others, who were eagerly asking for the paper. It is well to encourage children in such attempts to do good; they cannot be too early trained up as little home missionaries. We hope that Harry and little Jonathan did something towards scatter-

\* Any of our readers who are not near to a bookseller, can now have the "Band of Hope Review" sent in the following quantities *free* by post; the amount, according to the number, being forwarded in postage stamps to Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, and Co., Paternoster-Row, London, viz:—

8 Copies for	4d.	Or for one year	4s.
16 "	8d.	"	8s.
24 "	1s.	"	12s.
32 "	1s. 4d.	"	16s.
40 "	1s. 8d.	"	20s.
48 "	2s.	"	24s.



ing the seeds of gospel truth, which we trust will bring forth fruit in a future day; and also securing for the poor donkeys *kind words*, instead of *cruel blows*.

## THE GALA DAY.

ON one of the beautiful days of last summer, I was staying at the far-famed Hydropathic Establishment of Sudbrook Park, in Surrey. At the dinner table it was announced that the worthy vicar of — was to have a large gathering of

children that afternoon, in one of the fields adjoining the Park. Being an old Sunday School teacher, and much interested in the young, I resolved to make one in the festive scene.

Wending my way down one of the beautiful avenues of trees for which this locality is so deservedly celebrated, I came to the appointed place of meeting.

An assemblage of clean, well behaved, and happy looking children is always a delightful sight; but there seemed to be more than ordinary interest connected with the spectacle which now presented itself before me.

Two or three processions of children speedily joined those already assembled; and, after a few words of needful caution from the vicar, the merry-hearted boys and girls were set at liberty to have their games of play. Whilst the youngsters were enjoying

themselves in various parts of the field, and the vicar's wife, with a mother's love, was promoting the joy of the little ones of the flock, I had a long and interesting conversation with the worthy pastor, the substance of which was embodied in his affectionate address to the children after tea, which I shall give, in the proper place, for the benefit of those who are labouring as Sabbath school teachers. As the pointers of the watch approached the hour of five, a long row of servants carrying large bright cans of tea, and baskets of cake, made their welcome appearance.

(To be Continued in our next.)







"The beasts of the field are Mine."

### PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

My bald head, and increasing infirmities, assure me that I am fast going down the hill of life, and that my body must shortly be mouldering with the dust of the earth; yet, it seems but as yesterday, that my kind father took me to spend my mid-summer holidays at the old farm house in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

My first visit to the country was an important event in my boyish career. It was night when I arrived; and although much wearied with the journey, yet I was dressed and down stairs in the morning before the clock struck six. On entering the large kitchen I found my uncle opening the family Bible, at that early hour. Two long rows of male and female servants in addition to the members of the family, were all assembled to offer the morning's thanks-givings and supplications to God. When we had risen from our knees my good uncle turned to me and said

"Remember, my dear child, that PRAYER never hinders but always helps us, even in our daily business duties."

I cannot express the delight with which I ac-

companied the dairy maids, and the dog Carlo, to the "Garth," and for the first time in my life saw the pretty cows milked.

My uncle, who had just mounted his faithful

old mare and was about to visit the various workmen on the farm, rode up, and very pleasantly called out, "Remember what Peter says, "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby. 1 Pet. xi. 2.

When my worthy uncle returned to an early dinner he again assembled the family, and such of the servants as were within call, to prayer. "Let us," said he, "thank God for his mercies and his preserving care over us during the first half of this day, and let us ask him to preserve us during the remainder."

In the afternoon I was allowed to have a ramble in the hay-fields, and there I perceived the



Gilbert

WALTER MASON



mowers and hay-makers busily at work. It was fine fun for me to toss the hay about with a wooden fork, which was kindly made for me out of the branch of a tree, by Kester, the ploughman. When my uncle's kind voice was heard calling me to accompany him home, he again took occasion to turn my youthful mind to the solemn truths of the Sacred Scriptures: "Ah, my dear boy," said he as he grasped my hand, "never forget that 'all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.'" 1 Peter i. 24-25.

Before retiring to rest, the whole of the family were again assembled around the family altar. A hymn of praise was sung—a portion of Scripture read—and the Almighty's protection over the household during the silent watches of the night was impressively supplicated.

When Saturday evening arrived, everything about the farm seemed to proclaim the approach of the sacred day of rest. Not only the farm-house, but all the yards, stables, and various outhouses were well washed or swept out, and all boots and shoes were cleaned. When Kester came home with his team, and turned his horses into the green field to have their ramble until Monday morning, the noble looking creatures neighed and galloped about the field with delight. "One thing I'm sure of," said Kester, "my horses know Saturday night from every other night of the week, as well as I do, and they have as good a right to their day of rest as I have, for God in mercy gave a Sabbath day, not only for man but for the cattle." These words of Kester, the ploughman, made a deep impression on my mind, and to this day I have pleaded for the right of the poor hard toiling horses to their weekly rest.

No wonder that the Sabbath at the old farm-house was "a Sabbath indeed"—"holy unto the Lord." O that in every house throughout our land, the Lord's day were similarly honoured! During the intervals of divine service, my uncle expounded a portion of the sacred volume to the family and domestics. Amongst other good things he said, "Let us thank God for a Sabbath day. Apart from all religious consideration, it is a great mercy that God has given us a day of rest for our bodies. Value your Sabbaths. But never forget their chief end; sanctify the Lord in your hearts and seek to be made meet, through faith in Christ, for the never ending Sabbath above."

It is many years since my worthy uncle was laid in the churchyard, but many of his kind words are still remembered by me. The old farm-house is now tenanted by others, but the gracious impressions produced upon my mind by the pious life of my uncle will never be effaced. When I passed by his grave a few years ago, I thought of those words, "*The memory of the just is blessed.*"

UNCLE JOHN.

### MANLY TO RESENT, GODLIKE TO FORGIVE.

A GENTLEMAN went to Sir Eardley Wilmot, (at one time Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas) and having related to him an injury he had received, asked him if he did not think it would be manly to resent it. "Yes," said Sir Eardley, "it would be manly to resent it, but it would be GOD-LIKE to forgive it!" This reply completely altered the feelings of the applicant.

### BE KIND TO THE DONKEY.

THERE is scarcely a family, in which there are children and young people, by whom, in the summer months at least, the Ass is not used for the purposes of health or recreation; and where it is so used, it is almost as invariably urged beyond its



powers, and treated as if it had no sense of feeling whatever; not only from the callous habits of the drivers, but also from the want of consideration of the riders, who are seldom satisfied with the pace the animals can go with ease to themselves.

It would, surely, well become the human race, in consideration of our blessed Saviour's having selected the Ass to carry him on his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, to treat it with particular deference, at least not to single it out in so remarkable a manner, for the indignities and savage treatment to which we see it daily exposed.

The brute creation have each their peculiar character as well as ourselves, which ought in some degree to be studied: they have their likes and dislikes, and their caprice and ill temper; but even these peculiarities may be regulated and overcome by humane and judicious treatment. They are for the most part remarkably sensitive and intelligent, affectionate and docile with those who treat them kindly, showing their gratitude in a very expressive way; but are often made vicious and untractable by severity. Why let them serve and work with slavish dread and dislike, when, by gentle treatment and good management, they may tend more to our comfort and convenience?

When you use the donkey in harness, frequently examine that the saddle, collar, and gearing fit well; heavy loads are very liable to hurt them, particularly when low in flesh.

Boys that have the care of asses, should use them gently, and not run races, nor goad them with sharp instruments.

How unfeeling and cruel it is to let poor asses remain nearly all day long with loaded panniers and other heavy burdens upon their backs! look at their poor small legs, perhaps not more than half the thickness of those of the man who drives them; consider their slender strength, and let their loads be light, and always relieve them thereof as soon as possible.

Perhaps there are few things more to be regretted than the practice of putting whips in the hands of young children; it is so natural for them to inflict pain, when in possession of such instruments, that it has a tendency to harden the heart. There is not a greater error than the introduction of whips amongst children's toys.

From "*Kindness to Animals.*"

GOD will neither do, nor suffer to be done, any thing thou wouldst not do thyself, if thou wast as holy, wise, just, powerful, and good as he.

### GOING TO A SIGHT.

THE REV. MR. VENN once told his children that in the evening he would take them to one of the most interesting sights in the world. They were anxious to know what it was. Perhaps some children will guess it was an Exhibition; the Zoological

Gardens or some such thing. Mr. Venn did not gratify their curiosity, he only told them to wait. When evening came, he took them by the hand, and led them to a miserable hovel, whose decayed walls and broken windows bespoke poverty and want. "Now," said he, "my dear children, can any one that lives in such a wretched place as this be happy? Yet this is not all; a poor young man lies on a miserable straw bed within, dying of fever, and afflicted with nine painful ulcers."

"Oh, how wretched!" they all exclaimed at once.

Mr. Venn led them into the cottage, and going up to the poor dying young man, he said, "Abraham Midwood, I have brought

my children here to show them that people can be happy in sickness, in poverty, and in want: now tell them if it is not so."

The dying youth, with a sweet smile, immediately answered, "O yes, Sir; I would not change my state with the richest man on earth who had not the views which I have. Blessed be God, I have a good hope through Christ of going to heaven, where Lazarus now is. He has a great while ago forgotten all his miseries; soon I shall mine. Sir, this is nothing to bear while the presence of God cheers my soul. Indeed, Sir, I am truly happy, and I trust to be happy through all eternity; and I every hour thank God, who has given me to enjoy the riches of his goodness and his grace, through Jesus Christ."

"Dear Children, could there be a more interesting sight than this?"

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER of all! who dwell'st above,  
Thy name be hallowed here;  
As in those realms of peace and love,  
Where saints that name revere!

Thy kingdom come; thy will alone,  
Be done by man below;  
As spirits round thy glorious throne  
Their pure obedience show!

Give us this day our daily bread;  
Not merely outward food,  
But that whereon the soul is fed—  
The source of heavenly good!

Forgive our trespasses, as we  
In pardoning love abide:  
Since none forgiveness win from thee,  
Who pardon have denied!

And lead us from temptation far;  
From evil, Lord! deliver,  
For thine the pow'r, the kingdom are,  
And glory, ever, ever!—Bernard Barton.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ANSWERS to Bible Questions will be published in our next. THE Band of Hope Almanac for 1856 will be ready on 1st September. To prevent disappointment orders should be given to the booksellers very early. Six Copies may be had *Four Pence* by enclosing six postage stamps to Messrs. Partridge, Oakey and Co., 34, Paternoster Row. NUMEROUS Communications are acknowledged; some of which will appear in the course of a few months. RECEIPTS for the Gratuitous Circulation Fund, H. Gibson, Esq., Ongar, 10s. 6d.; a few children in the Summit Girls' School, West Bromwich, 6s.; Chatten's Union Sunday School Society, 5s.; A Friend at Ennisecorthy, 21s.



## HONOUR THE SABBATH.



SEVENTEEN years ago I travelled in 'bonnie' Scotland. Great was my delight on beholding the noble 'Bens' towering to the clouds, and the magnificent Lochs which ever and anon opened to view; but my greatest delight arose from the sanctity which marked the observance of the Sabbath-day. It was such as I had never seen in any other country. I was staying near the banks of the beautiful Clyde, but saw not the smoke of a single steam-boat, darkening the silvery surface of the water on the hallowed day of rest.

I again visited Scotland in 1854, and lamented to observe placards announcing "SUNDAY PLEASURE TRIPS." As the vessel, filled with Sabbath breakers, glided past Dumbarton Castle on the hallowed day, I was told that she bore the name of the "EMPEROR." The following affecting fact was immediately brought to my mind, and I beg you to insert it for the admonition of all your readers.

A TRAVELLER.

## THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

"Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

In a quiet village situate on the shores of a beautiful lake, lived a man of some wealth and independent manners. He disregarded the Sabbath entirely, and pursued his business or pleasures as best suited his convenience. He commenced building a boat, principally for pleasure excursions on the lake. While he was proceeding with the boat, it was whispered abroad that it would afford opportunity for *sunday sailing*. The man was called upon by a minister, who inquired about the matter and expostulated with him, as the enterprise would be likely to increase the wildness and immorality of the village.

"I am afraid," said the minister, "your boat will prove a Sabbath-breaker."

The man looked him in the face, and with much assurance said,

"Yes, it will; that is just what I'll name my boat, I've been thinking some time what to call her, and you have just hit it, I thank you for the suggestion. The boat shall be called 'The Sabbath-breaker.'"

As he said this, he bid the minister good-day, with a sarcastic smile at his evident distress.



the way in which she struck the water. She was rigged and fitted for an excursion. She must go out on a Sunday. A general invitation was given and numbers crowded on board. On the streamer was floating the name in large letters, "The Sabbath-breaker." She put out. Several, seized by an indefinite dread as they read the name of the boat, sprang on shore; others would have done so, but she was off. She sailed well enough for a while. The timid felt re-assured, and music and mirth began; but scarcely four hours had elapsed when the boat was struck by a flaw of wind, which came very suddenly upon her. Confusion reigned on board; scarcely an effort was made. She keeled almost instantly over, and went to the bottom. Now what an outcry! But soon all was over. Forty souls, mostly youth, had found a watery grave, and just above the surface of the lake floated the streamer bearing the inscription, "THE SABBATH-BREAKER," proclaiming to all who beheld the sad scene, that there is a God in heaven who judgeth righteously.

From the Californian Christian Advocate.

## LOOK ALOFT.

BY J. LAWRENCE.

In the tempest of life when the wave and the gale Are around and above, if thy footing should fail— If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, 'Look aloft' and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow, With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe, Should betray thee, when sorrow like clouds are array'd,

'Look aloft' to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart, The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart; 'Look aloft' from the darkness and dust of the tomb, To that soil where 'affection is ever in bloom.'

And oh! when death comes in terrors, to cast His fears on the future, his pall on the past, In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart, And a smile in thine eye, 'Look aloft' and depart.

## THE ATHEIST.

WOUL'DST thou the greatest wonder scan?

It is a God-denying man;

Who lives, moves, speaks, reflects and

knows,

Yet thinks to *chance* those powers he

owes.

DR. HUE.

A COBBLER at Leyden, who used to at-

tend the public disputations held at the

academy, was once asked if he understood

Latin. "No," replied the mechanic,

"but I know who is wrong in the argu-

ment." "How?" replied his friend.

"Why, by seeing who is angry first."

## GRATITUDE OF AN INDIAN.

DR. DWIGHT, in his travels in New England, states, that soon after the county of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a strange Indian arrived at an inn, and asked the hostess,

The building went on, and especially on Sunday. She was soon ready to launch, and was launched on Sunday, and named "The Sabbath-breaker," amid the cheers of some twenty or thirty half-intoxicated men.

An old sailor or two shook their heads at

as the evening was advancing, to provide him with some refreshment; at the same time observing, that, from failure in hunting he had nothing to pay, but promising compensation whenever he succeeded.

The plea was, however, in vain; the hostess loaded him with opprobrious epithets, and declared that it was not to throw away her earnings on such creatures as himself that she worked so hard. As the Indian was about to retire, with a countenance expressive of severe suffering, a man who sat by, directed the hostess to supply his wants, and promised her full remuneration.

As soon as the Indian had finished his supper, he thanked his benefactor, assured him he should remember his kindness, and engaged that it should be faithfully recompensed whenever it was in his power. The friend of the Indian had occasion, some years afterwards to go into the wilderness between Litchfield and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried into the Canadian woods. On his arrival at the principal settlement of the tribe, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death; but during the consultation, an old woman demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him for a son who had been lost in the war. Accordingly he was given up to her, and he passed the succeeding winter in her family, amidst the usual circumstances of savage hospitality.

While, in the course of the following summer, he was at work alone in the forest, an unknown Indian came and asked him to go to a place he pointed out, on a given day; and to this he agreed, though not without apprehension that mischief was contemplated. His fears increased, and his promise was broken. The same person repeated his visit; and after excusing himself in the best way he could, he made another engagement, and kept his word. On reaching the appointed spot, he found the Indian provided with ammunition, two muskets, and two knapsacks; he was ordered to take one of each, and he followed his conductor under the persuasion that, had he intended him injury, he might have dispatched him at once. In the day-time they shot the game that came in their way, and at night they slept by the fire they had kindled; but the silence of the Indian as to the object of their expedition was mysterious and profound. After many days had thus passed, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, from whence they observed a number of houses rising in the midst of a cultivated country. The Indian asked his companion if he knew the ground, when he joyfully exclaimed "It is Litchfield!" His guide then recalled the scene at the inn some years before, and bidding him farewell, exclaimed, "I am that Indian! Now I pray you, go home."





## A TEACHER'S TESTIMONY.

THE numerous letters which we receive from the friends of Sabbath schools, afford us much encouragement in our work. It is impossible to find room even for one in a hundred of such letters. The following communication from a teacher in the St. Paul's Church Sunday school, Dock Street, London Docks, is a fair specimen of the rest.

"DEAR SIR,—In the April number of your little paper, I read a short article, headed 'A Clergyman's Testimony.' Will you insert a SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER'S testimony, in favour of your beautiful little publication?"

"There are distributed gratuitously in the school to which I belong, 156 copies of the *Band of Hope Review*, monthly. It was first introduced by one of the teachers, who thought it likely to prove highly beneficial to the young, and therefore desired to promote its circulation amongst them as much as possible. He began by distributing one dozen monthly, at his own expense, but very shortly increased the number to two dozen, which were as many as he could afford to give away.

"In the course of a short time, first one and then another of his fellow labourers was induced to follow his example, until at length the whole of the teachers decided that they would each subscribe monthly a small sum, which would enable them to present to each child in the school a copy every month. This has been done now for more than 12 months. Last year we distributed 1450 copies; this year the number will be much greater.

"I hope that other Sabbath school teachers may be persuaded to adopt a similar method of circulating the '*Band of Hope Review*' among the young, as I believe that it is calculated to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare, to a very great extent. It is got up in such an attractive form, and its contents are so simple, so interesting, and at the same time so adapted to the capacities of children, that they are delighted with it. Our children welcome '*Band of Hope Sunday*' with extreme pleasure, and the question is often asked, 'Teacher, is this *Band of Hope Sunday*?'"

"I know of no publication for the young, that is calculated to prove so beneficial to them as the '*Band of Hope Review*,' and I should like it to be circulated in every school in the land.

"Hoping that my short communication may prove interesting to you, and that it may cause an increase in the circulation of your paper,—I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

W\*\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*\*"

OF four men who were recently convicted at the Manchester Police Court, of drunkenness and disorderly conduct on Sunday, the first pleaded that he had been to a funeral, the second that he had been to a wedding, and the two last that they had been to a christening. Fathers, mothers, and teachers of Manchester! labour to break down these ruinous drinking customs, and let not another generation be blighted by them!



GOD

SPAKE ALL THESE WORDS, SAYING,

REMEMBER

The Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the LORD blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.—Exodus xx. 8—11.



WE are glad to find that a second edition of Mrs. Balfour's interesting work for the young, "*MORNING DEW DROPS*," has been called for, and that the price is reduced to 3s. 6d. We fully concur in the opinions expressed by Dr. Marsh and the Rev. Newman Hall. We should like it to become a household book amongst our readers.

NEW EDITION,

Price 3s. 6d. Gilt 4s. 6d. Post free. Illustrated.

**MORNING DEW-DROPS;**

Or the Juvenile Abstinence.

By MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.



"It is indeed a Dew Drop reflecting solar rays. I hope it will be attended with a great blessing. The book should be in every Sunday School Library."—REV. DR. MARSH.

"No Sunday School Library should be without Mrs. Balfour's '*Morning Dew Drops*.' Every teacher should read it as an admirable specimen of the best method of conveying information to the young. Though full of solid instruction and sound argument, no child can fail of understanding and being fascinated by it. It is a complete epitome of Total Abstinence principles, permeated by the spirit of true religion, and should be a hand-book with all the friends of the '*Bands of Hope*.'"

REV. NEWMAN HALL, B.A.

"A book full of truths well told."—MOTHER'S FRIEND.

## THE GALA DAY.

(Concluded from page 124.)

IN a few moments the children were assembled under the shadow of a large tree, when the vicar gave out the words—

Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored,  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with thee.—

and three hundred voices joined in sweetly singing this expressive supplication for a blessing on their food.

When the children had done justice to the ample supply of cake and tea, which was furnished from the hospitable board of Dr. Ellis, the vicar delivered a most impressive and fatherly address, the substance of which was as follows:—

"My dear children, it is my desire, by God's blessing, to be the means of promoting your temporal and eternal happiness. I have had much enjoyment in bringing you to this delightful spot, for an afternoon's ramble, but I wish you ever to remember that the Lord, your heavenly Shepherd, has promised to lead you into green pastures and to living waters, where he will wipe away all tears from off all faces; that is, into the heavenly Cannan.

"In the journey through the wilderness of this life, however, you will have many temptations of Satan and snares of the wicked, to endanger your precious souls. Let me solemnly charge you to obey and honour your dear parents,—to keep holy the Sabbath-day,—to search the Scriptures

daily,—to fly to Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend, and earnestly pray for grace to acknowledge the Lord in all your ways, that he may guide and direct your paths.

"Let me also solemnly charge you never to attend any place of sinful amusement; avoid it, pass not by it.—Never gamble, fight, or take God's holy name in vain. Some of your greatest dangers in life will arise from the drinking customs of our land; I tremble for some of you who will shortly be in workshops and manufactories. Sixteen years ago I abandoned the use of beer, wine, spirits, and every kind of intoxicating drinks; and I thank God that ever I did so. Many have been encouraged by my example to do the same. I earnestly desire that the divine blessing may accompany the efforts made by myself and your dear Sunday school teachers, for sending you out into the world firm abstainers from everything that can intoxicate; and also from the ungentlemanly and injurious habit of smoking.

"That God may bless you, my dear children, with all the blessings of the gospel of grace, and finally receive us all to glory, is the earnest prayer of  
YOUR PASTOR."

## THE BRITISH WORKMAN,

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7.

May be had through any Bookseller. The seven Nos. may be had post free by forwarding seven postage stamps to Messrs. PARTRIDGE, OAKLEY and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

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"A word spoken in season how good is it."

### THE LITTLE PLEADER.

ONE Monday, not long ago, a drunken mechanic was standing at the door of a gin-shop opposite Somerset-house in the Strand. His money was gone, but still he thirsted for more drink. One of his more sober shop-mates passed this moment, when the poor sot seized him by the coat and endeavoured to pull him inside the gin-shop. "Come in, and stand treat," said he. One of our readers, a little girl not nine years of age, the daughter of wealthy parents, was at the same moment passing in company with a female servant. No sooner did the little creature observe the drunkard striving to prevail upon his fellow workman to go into the gin-shop, than she darted forward and laying hold of the arm of the enticed one, imploringly cried out, "Please don't go in—don't—oh don't go in—please don't!"

Both the men looked at the child with amazement.

The drunkard relinquished his hold,

and apparently struggling under the smitings of conscience, hurried from the gin-shop without uttering a word!

"A word spoken in season how good is it?"

### A DOG'S AFFECTION.

IN the parish of Saint Olave, Tooley Street, in the City of London, a poor tailor, dying, left a small cur-dog inconsolable for his loss. The little animal would not leave his dead master even for food, and whatever he ate was put in the same room with the coffin. When the body was removed for burial, this faithful attendant followed his master's remains. After the funeral, he was driven out of the church-yard by the sexton. The next day he again found the animal which had made its way by some unknown means into the enclosure, and had dug himself a bed on the grave of his master.

Once more he was driven out, but was found in the same situation on the following day. The minister of the parish hearing of the circumstances, had him caught, taken home to his own house and fed, and used every endeavour to win the animal's affections, but they were inseparably wed-



"Please don't go in!—Don't—Oh don't go in—Please don't!"



ded to his late master, and he took the first opportunity to escape and regain his lonely situation. With true benevolence, the worthy clergyman permitted him to follow the bent of his inclinations, but, to soften the rigour of his fate, he caused a small kennel to be built on the grave, which was replenished once a day with food and water. Two years did this pattern of fidelity pass in this manner, till death put an end to his grief.

JACOB POST.

### GROTTO IN THE CRIMEA.

IN the side of a steep rock in the Crimea, are several grottos, supposed to have been made by the first Christians, when they fled thither to escape persecution. Wishing to see them, I climbed up a precipice, and entered a room four feet in height, six in length, and four in breadth, in which I found a small bed, and a few clothes hanging on the walls. Close to the door, at a small opening, sat an aged Russian, poring over a Slavonic psalter, and seeming to find much enjoyment from that part of the divine word which he was reading. As his back was turned, he did not see me; which gave me time to remark, with what fervour he read the devotional strains of "the sweet singer of Israel." I let him finish his Psalm, and, after saluting him, asked him if he understood what he was reading? "Not all," he replied; but much of it is plain to me.

He had heard that there was such a book as the Bible, but the psalms were the only part he had seen.—*Henderson's Researches in Russia.*

### HOW LONG SHALL I LIVE?

WHEN Henry Martyn went out as a missionary, he was told that he could not live long. "How long," said he to the physician, "do you suppose I shall live?" "Seven years," was the reply. "Oh! seven years!" said the angelic man; how much good may I accomplish, if I live seven years!"

### THE FAITHFUL DOG.

IN a large manufacturing town, in the North of England there resided a respectable female, who had long lived in the fear of God, and in the enjoyment of his presence. Her husband was kind and affectionate, but utterly regardless of the things which belonged to his peace. The lady was accustomed every Lord's day to attend the ministry of the Rev. Mr. K—.

On these occasions she was accompanied by a favourite dog, who always lay at her feet in the pew, and returned with her home when the service was concluded.

Her husband usually walked with her to a certain point in the road, when he left her, to unite himself with those who sought their own pleasure on the Lord's day.

At length the lady died.

On the Sunday after her interment, the widow set out as usual for his walk, and the dog went with him. When he arrived at the spot where he was accustomed to separate from his wife, the dog left him, and went to the seat which was formerly occupied by his mistress, where he remained until the congregation was dismissed, and then returned to his master's house. The second and the third Sunday the same circumstance was repeated.

This so struck the mind of Mr. — that from a feeling of curiosity, he resolved to follow the dog.

He heard Mr. K— preach, and he went home a weeping penitent. He was brought to see his lost state as a sinner, and shortly found mercy through faith in Jesus Christ the Sinner's Friend.



### KIND WORDS.

IN this rough world, so full of hardships, trials, and difficulties, Christians should abound in the grace of kindness. "Oh," says some one, "kind words are cheap." So they are; and so is the light of heaven, and a cup of cold water; yet these are among the most precious gifts of God. Passing along the streets a few days ago, we saw a little child who had tripped her foot and fallen down. He was crying over his distress. We lifted him up, instinctively saying, "Poor little fellow!" These little words of sympathy were very cheap, but they brushed away his tears and spread sunshine over his face again. The poorest on earth can say a kind word to his struggling brother or sister; and who can tell the good that may be done by a single kind word? It may cheer an inquiring sinner,—it may send a faint believer on his way rejoicing.

"Use gentle words, for who can tell  
The blessings they impart?  
How oft they fall (as manna fell),  
On some nigh fainting heart."

### A SAFE INVESTMENT.

WE may have our misgivings about lending money to one another, or about its safest investment, but we should have none in giving it to Christ. It is the only loan of which we can never repent. He indeed gives the highest rate of interest. He himself indicates what that rate shall be; "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an *hundredfold*, and shall inherit everlasting life." Our fathers used to talk of "the bank of faith," and spake highly of its liberal discounts. They told the shareholders of their time, that it was not only dutiful, but more lucrative to invest their all in that bank—that their Lord had always done with their money what Joseph did with that of his brethren when they came to buy corn in Egypt, "returned it to them in their sack's mouth," that they had never helped Christ, without receiving a prophet's reward in the unfailing barrel of meal, and cruse of oil."—*Rev. Dr. Macfarlane.*

### ONE FALSE STEP.

SOME time ago, a boy who was a scholar in one of the Sunday-schools in this town, was on his way to school, when he was accosted by some others, who invited him to join them in a walk. At first he refused, then vacillated, then consented. They sauntered into the principal street of the town; then into a yard, climbed upon a wall, and found themselves within reach of the window of a warehouse, which, on trial, they found unfastened. Without reflecting on the consequences, some of them opened the window and got in, leaving the Sunday-scholar to keep watch on the wall. They ransacked the place until they came to a desk, which, by some means they opened, and abstracted a sum of money. This they divided, giving to their companion a share of it. Unknown to them, their motions had been observed, and their object suspected; and very quickly the police had them all in safe custody. The widowed mother of the Sunday-scholar received late in the day the intelligence that her boy was in prison on a charge of robbing a warehouse. It came like a lightning blast upon her spirit.

The examination of the boys by the magistrates soon followed, and notwithstanding the earnest protestations of the boy, and the solemn assurance of his widowed mother that it was his first offence, the evidence of participation in the deed was so conclusive, that, in common with his guilty guides to crime, he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction.

That was too much for his yet unhardened heart; it was a stroke which nature could not bear. He sickened from that hour; and at the expiration of about three weeks, a message was sent to his widowed mother, to fetch away the dead body of her son. He died emphatically of a broken heart. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Resolutely say, "No!"

Leeds. J. N. B.

THE sincerity of the heart discovers itself in the end aimed at by an action, more than in the action itself. The thief and honest traveller may ride the same road; but they have different aims; and this distinguishes them.

### MISSIONARY HYMN FOR A CHILD.

LORD! can a simple child like me  
Assist to turn the world to Thee?  
Or send the Bread of Life to hands  
Stretched out for it, in heathen lands?

Will this poor mite, I call my own,  
Lead some lost Hindoo to Thy throne?  
Or help to cast the idols down,  
Which midst the groves of Java frown?

O yes! Although the gift be small,  
Thou'lt bless it, since it is my all;  
And bid it swell the glorious tide  
By thousands of Thy saints supplied.

Yon mighty flood, which sweeps the plain,  
Is fed by tiny drops of rain;  
And ocean's broad unyielding strand  
Consists of countless grains of sand.

Thus may the offerings children bring  
Make Gentiles bow to Israel's King,  
If owned by that resistless power,  
Which curbs the sea, and forms the shower.

DR. HUIE.



## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS IN THE BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC FOR 1855.

THE EDITOR has received 670 sets of answers to the Bible Questions proposed in the Band of Hope Almanac for 1855. With very few exceptions these are well written, (indeed some are specimens of penmanship,) and in accordance with the conditions: but although all the 20 questions have been answered over and over again amongst the competitors, no one competitor has correctly answered all the questions. The largest number is given by Edmund Crothers, aged 17, of 64, Cromac street, Belfast, to whom we therefore award the prize of THE PICTORIAL BIBLE: as all the other competitors have shewn great diligence, we shall forward to them CERTIFICATES OF MERIT, as hereinafter stated.

Many very pleasing letters express the pleasure and profit felt by competitors in searching that Holy Book, whose pages "are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is



in Christ Jesus;" and the editor sincerely hopes his young friends will ever cherish such sentiments; that they will not be discouraged from

future attempts of a similar nature—remembering that while in the earthly race "all run, but one receiveth the prize," there is a race, at the end of which every one who earnestly seeks, shall obtain "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," even "a crown of life" which fadeth not away.

Will our young friends in future be kind enough to study conciseness? It is not necessary to copy out whole parables, and narratives; but only those portions of scripture which directly bear upon the question. Some of the competitors have managed this admirably, also underlining the words which form the point of their answers; thereby saving the examiners much trouble, and themselves much expense in postage, as far less paper is required.

We now give the questions, with the correct answers.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. When was a master's faith the health of his domestic?

1. In the case of the Centurion who applied to Christ for his servant's recovery. "Go thy way, as thou hast believed so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the self-same hour."—Matt. viii. 5-13.

2. Describe the recorded deliverance of many holy prisoners.

2. The prison is the grave, "the saints" are holy prisoners. "And the graves were opened, and many bodies of saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many."—Matt. xxvii. 52.

3. When did Jesus give a greater demonstration of His Omnipotence than was sought, and heal two with one command?

3. The ruler's request was "Come down, ere my child die." Christ's answer was "Thy son liveth:" and with this operative word he healed son and father—the son's fever, the father's unbelief, in supposing that Jesus could not cure while at a distance.—John iv. 46-50.

4. Refer to an occasion on which the Mediator of the New Covenant wrought a miracle unrequested, and proved himself to be the Father of mercies, the God of comfort, and the Lord of life and death.

4. When at Nain he raised the widow's son, Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, had no solicitor but his own compassion. He proved himself to be the Father of mercies in raising the young man to life—The God of comfort, for he said unto the woman "Weep not"—and The Lord of life and death, by raising the dead man to life.—Luke vii. 11-15.

5. What spectacle gave great delight, though viewed at the distance of nineteen hundred years?

5. The sight of Christ, the promised "seed." Abraham "the father of the faithful," received Christ and his righteousness 1917 years a.c. "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad."—John viii. 56. "Having seen them afar off."—Heb. xi. 13; Gen. xv. 6; xxii. 18.

6. When did curiosity of the eye, through the mercy of God, give occasion to the belief of the heart?

6. In the case of Zaccheus. "And he sought to see Jesus, who he was." &c. "And Jesus said unto him, 'This day is salvation come to this house, forsomuch as he also is a son of Abraham'—i. e. a believer in the Messiah.

7. On one occasion our Lord used words taken from the traditions of the elders, but which are not to be found in the canon of Scripture—quote them, in contrast with a beautiful command of a very opposite nature.

7. "Hate thine enemy."—Matt. v. 43. "Love your enemies."—Matt. v. 44.

8. Who was the first preacher of Jehovah's gospel, and who were the auditors?

8. Jehovah himself was the first preacher of His own Gospel, and the whole human race were the auditors; when, in Paradise, the original promise of mercy was proclaimed to Adam and Eve.—Gen. iii. 15.

9. Quote two or more passages to prove, that the very thing which threw suspicion over the claims of Christ, at last triumphantly established them.

9. "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and in word, before God and all the people; and how the chief priests and rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him. But we trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel."—Luke xxiv. 19. The death of Christ shook the faith of those who had said "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;"—but the Apostle says, "He was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead."—Romans i. 4.

10. Name an individual, in the secret of heaven's councils, who possessed the delightful assurance, that he should not die till he had seen death's conqueror.

10. Simeon:—"to whom it was revealed by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death till he had seen the Lord's Christ."—He who would appear as death's conqueror by raising the dead to life; and who "through death should destroy him that hath the power of death, that is the devil."—Luke ii. 25-34.

11. Which of the inspired writers expressly asserts that God preached the gospel to Abraham?

11. Paul:—"And the scripture foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham, saying, 'In thee shall all nations be blessed.'"—Gal. iii. 8.

12. In an obscure lodging, to a single individual, Jesus delivered a divine discourse, containing three important doctrines—what are they?

12. Regeneration, Atonement, and Salvation by faith.—John iii.

13. Explain the meaning of a most instructive parable, by quoting our Lord's application of it contained in one verse.

13. So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."—Matt. xviii. 35.

14. What easy test of sincere discipleship did Jesus give?

14. "If ye continue in my word then are ye my disciples indeed."—John viii. 31—or; "If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John xiv. 15.

15. What short expression, frequently used in the New Testament, intimates that Christ's authority was equivalent to

that which gave the Mosaic law, and that the authority of Jesus and Jehovah is the same?

15. "But I say unto you."—Matt. v. 22, 28, 32, 34, 39.

16. Name two most important facts recorded in Scripture affecting every individual of the human race, on which all other history is silent.

16. The introduction of sin, and the provision of a Saviour. "For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous."—Rom. v. 17. "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man."—Heb. ii. 9.—"Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law."—Rom. iii. 18.

17. What remark made in Scripture proves a well known fact, that the hilarity consequent on drinking incapacitates men from nice discernment?

17. See Proverbs xxxi. 4, 5.

18. Give the names of several eminent Scripture characters who were water drinkers, and, in contrast, refer to cases where men have erred through strong drink.

18. Water drinkers:—Hagar, Gen. xxi. 14.—When the children of Israel journeyed in the desert, no other drink was given them but water.—Ex. xvii. 6. Numb. xx. 8. Deut. xxxix. 6. Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 6. Samson, Judges xv. 19. The Rechabites, Jer. xxxv. Daniel, and his three companions, Dan. i. 8, 12, 16. John the Baptist, Luke vii. 33. Timothy, 1 Tim. v. 23.

Cases by way of contrast:—Noah, Gen. ix. 20, 21. Nahab, 1 Sam. xxv. 36-38. Benhadad, 1 Kings xx. 16-21. Amnon, 2 Sam. xiii. 28, 29. Belshazzar, Dan. v. Herod, Matt. xiv. 1-11. Elah, 1 Kings xvi. 9.

19. Refer to three occasions on which the language of Christ on most important subjects was misunderstood, and give from the Epistles an explanation of this fact.

19. As to the water of life.—John iv. 15. As to the bread of life.—John vi. 34. As to the new birth.—John iii. 4. Explanation. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 14.

20. Where does the written Scripture correct the unwritten tradition?

20. John xxi. 21-23. "Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me. Then went this saying abroad." (this is the oral tradition) "among the brethren, that that disciple should not die; yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but If I will that he tarry till I come what is that to thee?"

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Buckinghamshire . . .	5	Oxfordshire . . .	7
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Cornwall . . .	5	Staffordshire . . .	7
Cumberland . . .	6	Somersetshire . . .	26
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UNTO MY FEET AND A LIGHT  
UNTO MY PATH."

PSALM cxix. 105.

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## THE BLIND MAN AND HIS BAND OF HOPE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

HE was a tall, straight man, perhaps sixty years of age, with long, thin, grey hair, combed back from his forehead. His face was thoughtful; and at moments one might have thought that it wore a shade of sadness. But I am confident it was not sadness, but a meek serenity, which looked sorrowful, because he had no seeing eyes to smile with. A field may look green and beautiful whilst the sky is covered with clouds; but it cannot smile with happy life, unless the bright sun looks down kindly upon it.

So with the blind man; his heart may be full of quiet joy, but it will not light up all his features with a beaming smile, because the eye, which is the sun of the human countenance, has gone behind a thick, dark cloud, through which it cannot shine.

This venerable old man was blind. I know not whether he ever saw the summer sun, or field, or flower, or the face of man or child; but it was his delight to be with children. He loved to hear their voices; there was a music in them to his ears which few with eyes to see could distinguish.

He had collected a little group of boys and girls around him, and formed them into "A Band of Hope." In a small back room of a grocer's shop, they met and clustered around him from week to week; and he talked to them, with his kind voice, about temperance, the law of love, and the goodness and mercy of God to a sinful world. I softly entered the room with a friend, and the first sight was one I never shall forget.

There sat the old man, surrounded by a group of about twenty children, from five to fifteen years of age. Some of them were so small that their little, hard, red feet could not reach the floor, though seated on the lowest benches; some were in smock frocks, others in fustian jackets and trousers, some with hob-nail shoes, and some without any at all. But all their faces were bright and happy, and fixed thoughtfully upon their old blind teacher, as they listened to his words. They looked up to his sightless eyes, as if those eyes could see every expression of their own, every feature of their countenances, and every motion of hand or foot. And he seemed to know all that was done or even felt in that little circle; to know if every one listened with attention to his story; if any of those young eyes wandered about the room; if the weakest mind grew tired and restless; if any one of his band

was absent, or if any one present was unhappy or unwell.

For many a year, he has had a little group of such children around him. When one leaves, his place is filled by another; and from week to week, and month to month, his face, so gentle and fatherly, bends lovingly upon the circle seated upon those low wooden benches. New faces look up to his with affection, and new voices and new breathings of young hearts, make him new gladness. How many of those who have listened to his words, will remember them with delight when they grow up to manhood and womanhood! How many will feel that their path in life has been made all the brighter by the



### precepts and example of the BLIND TEACHER! \*

When tempted to enter the gin-shop, or to seek pleasure in any low bye-way of sin, we may hope those meek words of fatherly counsel will come, and the memory of those sightless eyes will come, and whisper in their hearts: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

### A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hast thou died for me?  
Make me very thankful,  
In my heart to thee.  
When the sad, sad story,  
Of thy grief I read;  
Make me very sorry,  
For my sins indeed.  
Now I know thou livest,  
And dost plead for me,  
Make me very thankful,  
In my prayers to thee.  
Soon I hope in glory,  
At thy side to stand;  
Make me fit to meet thee,  
In that happy land.

F. P.

\*Any of our readers having occasion to visit in Somersetshire, will readily ascertain where the "Blind Teacher" resides.

### A BOOK MADE USEFUL.

At a Sunday School Anniversary meeting, a man stood up, and holding a small book in his hand, said, "This book, my little boy brought from the Sunday School. I read it through and through. It was the means of leading me to the Saviour, and I would not part with it for all that I am worth. I am now a city missionary."

### LITTLE THINGS & LITTLE PEOPLE.

LITTLE things and little people, have often brought great things to pass. The large world in which

we exist is made up of little particles, as small as the sands on the sea-shore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather! Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines in the sky brightly in a dark night, and maybe the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good, if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying.

ALWAYS have a book or a paper within your reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day; it will be felt at the end of the year.

Thoughts take up no room. When they are right, they afford a portable pleasure, with which one may travel or labour, without any trouble or encumbrance.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anonymous communications cannot be noticed. We have to thank numerous correspondents for their interesting communications.

### GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

THE Treasurer thankfully acknowledges the following sums: E. & F. H. B., £1. A. Morrell, Esq., Selby, 10s. Rev. J. S. Lievre, 2s. Gd. W. H., 1s.

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"Thou shalt not steal."

### THE FIRST THEFTS.

BETWEEN thirty and forty years ago, an interesting group was seen on the beach of one of our sea-port towns.

A lady, with her son and two happy looking daughters, were in treaty with a poor boy for some of the beautiful shells which he had for sale. The little girls were patiently waiting for any of the shells that their kind mamma might purchase for them, but their brother Charles, who was of a selfish disposition, was very clamorous to have the best. "Let me have the large one—I want the largest, Mamma," was his cry. Charles had been so petted and spoiled by his too indulgent parents, that he had not much difficulty on this occasion in securing the object of his wishes. He got the largest and best shell in the lot, but still the selfish and covetous boy was not satisfied. Whilst his Mamma was selecting other shells for Jane and Emma, he very sily took one of the coloured

transparent stones from the poor shell gatherer's tray, and hurriedly slipped it into his pocket. Charles thought that no one saw him. Ah! he had forgotten those four words, "Thou GOD seest me."

For several days Charles carried about with him a burdened conscience. When he wanted to look at his stolen treasure he would get behind a wall or a tree, and even there he kept turning, first one

way and then another, to see whether any one observed him. In a few days, however, Charles found the truth of those words of the sacred Scriptures, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Whilst taking his knife out of his pocket in the sitting-room, down fell the coloured stone at the feet of his Mamma.

"Charles, where did you get this stone from?" she inquired. To the sin of theft, Charles now added that of falsehood, but his Mamma well remembered seeing the stone on the shell gatherer's tray, and the guilty boy was at length compelled to acknowledge his sin. Now came a turning-point in the lifetime of Charles. His mamma inflicted some slight punishment upon him, but, alas, for herself and her child, she covered his sin. At the next visit to the sea-





side, another purchase of shells was made, and the stone was silently placed by the mother under one of the shells on the tray. The injudicious mother could not bear the thought of acknowledging that her boy had been guilty of stealing. "It would be such a disgrace to the family were it known," was her remark to her husband. Will my young readers look again at the picture? They will see another little boy, whom I shall call Henry, walking by the side of his mother. He is asking her many questions about the ships and the sea. Perhaps, some of my little readers have already concluded that the parents of Charles were richer, and as it is called, "better off in the world," than the parents of Henry. This was the fact. The parents of Charles were favoured with an ample supply of this world's good, whilst the parents of Henry had to live very economically, in order to maintain themselves and their family. They were, happily, more anxious that their children should be trained up in the fear of the Lord than that they should be wealthy. Henry was the subject of many prayers, but like all children, he had his faults. One day he was sent with a message to a plumber, and whilst waiting for a few moments in the shop, his eye fell upon some bright shavings of lead, which had recently been scraped off the surface of a pump. They were of little value, and would gladly have been given to Henry had he politely asked the plumber for them. But he yielded to the temptation of Satan, and stooping down to the floor, took up three or four of the glittering shavings, and put them into his pocket. When bed-time arrived, and Henry's clothes were being folded up as usual, one of the bright pieces of lead fell out on the floor.

In a few moments the whole matter was made known to the anxious mother; for her child, when questioned, feared to tell a lie.

Now came a turning point in the life of Henry. Henry's father came in at this moment, and on the sad story being told to him, he said, "Restitution must be made to-night." Henry was quickly re-dressed by his mother, and within twenty minutes of the discovery having been made, the father and the sobbing little culprit stood before the plumber's counter. "Sir," said the father, my little boy has done a very wicked thing. It is, I believe, his first theft, and I earnestly pray that it may be his last. I have brought him to restore the pieces of lead, and leave you to inflict what punishment you think right." "Please, Sir, forgive me," said Henry, as he gave the shining shavings into the hand of the plumber:—"I do forgive you, my child, and may God forgive you too. You will have cause to thank God in after life for what your parents have done to-night. If all parents acted as yours have done, there would be fewer prisoners in our gaols, and fewer heart-broken fathers and mothers."

Years rolled over, and both Henry and Charles grew up to be men.

Some time ago, I was called upon to accompany Henry, who now occupies a position of considerable influence in life, to visit one of our provincial prisons, in order to see a poor unhappy convict. Whom do you think we found in the lonely cell? It was Charles—who had been imprisoned for burglary!

It was an affecting interview to Henry; clasping his hands, he exclaimed, "Thank God, that I had parents who would not cover the sin of their child!"

UNCLE JOHN.

### ONLY ONCE DRUNK.

NEVER shall I forget the end of one with whom I was well acquainted, a member of the church, of which I was pastor, at Perth. He was a moderate drinker, and at the solicitation of a



traveller with whom he did business, retired one evening to the hotel. For the first time in his life, he became intoxicated, went home, and in the heat of passion, excited by liquor, inflicted on his wife injuries, of which she died. In due time he was tried, the evidence was conclusive, and sentence of death was pronounced. Never will the scene be effaced from my memory. I attended him in his cell, and was the last to leave him on the scaffold; and there, within sight of the church, of which he had been forty years a member, was he hung like a dog.

REV. JABEZ BURNS, D.D.

### LIKE JESUS

I WANT to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek;  
For, no one mark'd an angry word,  
That ever heard him speak.

I want to be like Jesus;  
Obedient when a child,  
He kept his father's word, and lived  
So holy and so mild.

I want to be like Jesus,  
So frequently in prayer;  
Alone upon the mountain top,  
He met his Father there.

I want to be like Jesus,  
For I never, never find  
That he, though persecuted, was  
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,  
Engaged in doing good,  
So that it might be truly said,  
I had done what I could.

Alas! I'm not like Jesus,  
As any one may see;  
O gentle Saviour, send thy grace,  
And make me more like thee.

### A MOTHER'S CONSOLATION

ONE evening in the month of September last, a lively little boy about seven years old, met with an accident in the street, and was so very much hurt, that he died the following morning, to the great grief of his parents and his three little brothers.

Some days before this little boy died, he said to his mother, "Mother, I think I shall die soon, and go to Heaven." His mother said, "What makes you think so?" "I don't know, but I think I shall die soon and go to Heaven." His mother remarked to her husband, that she supposed he had been dreaming, and as he was in perfect health at the time, she thought no more of the matter.

About the same time, he asked his mother to teach him a new prayer. She complied with his request, and told him to repeat after her, "O Lord, have mercy upon me and save my soul." The next morning after he had as usual prayed to God to bless him, and make him a good child, and to bless his parents and brothers, and had repeated the Lord's Prayer, he was going down stairs, when he turned back and said, "Mother, I have forgot to say my new prayer." He then knelt at the foot of her bed, and from that day never omitted this simple petition.

The writer of these lines saw this little one carried to his grave, followed by his weeping parents, and his three little brothers; and now they miss his merry laugh and cheerful voice—for he was a remarkably lively child; but they are consoled by the assurance that he has entered early into "rest." How thankful his mother must be that she taught her child to pray for the salvation of his soul, to HIM whose ears are open even to the lisplings of infancy; and who encourages every one to come unto Him, that he may be blest in time, and through faith in Jesus Christ prepared for a blissful eternity.

M. A. H.

### ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not crush the meanest insect which crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to life which I have; they received it from the same Father, and I will not harm the works of God by wanton cruelty. I can remember an incident in my childhood which has given a turn to my whole life and character.

I found a nest of birds in my father's field, which held four young ones. They had no down when I first discovered them. They opened their little mouths as if they were hungry, and I





gave them some crumbs that were in my pocket.

Every day I returned to feed them. As soon as school was done, I would run home for some bread and sit by the nest to see them eat, for an hour at a time. They were now feathered, and almost ready to fly. When I came one morning, I found them all cut up into pieces. The grass round the nest was red with blood. Their little limbs were raw and bloody. The mother was on a tree, and the father on a wall, mourning for their young. I cried myself, for I was a child. I thought too, that the parents looked on me as the author of their miseries, and this made me still more unhappy. I wanted to undeceive them; I wanted to sympathize with and comfort them.

When I left the field, they followed me with their eyes and with mournful reproaches. I was too young and too sincere in my grief to make any apostrophes. But I can never forget my feelings. The impression will never be worn away, nor can I ever cease to abhor every species of inhumanity towards inferior animals.

DR. CHANNING.

### A YOUTHFUL DUKE.

THE Duke of Hamilton, who died when a youth, at the close of the last century, was, from a child, remarkably serious, and took great delight in reading the Bible, from which he became "wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus."

When about nine years old, the duchess, his mother, told Lady C—r that she said to him, "Come, write me a few verses, and I'll give you a crown." He sat down and in a few minutes produced the following lines:—

As o'er the sea-boat shore I took my way,  
I met an aged man, who bade me stay.  
"Be wise," said he, "and mark the path you go,—  
This leads to heaven, and that to hell below;  
The way to life is difficult and steep,  
The broad and easy leads you to the deep."

When his death approached, he called his brother to his bedside, and, addressing him with the deepest affection and solemnity, closed with these remarkable words: "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a DUKE, and I shall be a KING!" Rev. i. 6.

### GALLANTRY OF A DOG.

My dog Frank was one of the most sagacious and affectionate creatures I ever knew. We treated him kindly and he became much attached to the female part of my family, particularly so to the children. My little daughter attended a school about a quarter of a mile distant from my house, to which the dog uniformly accompanied her every morning, as well as at noon; and as soon as he had conducted his charge safely into the school he returned home.

After a short time, he was not content with guarding the child to school, but began to escort her from school. Twelve o'clock was the hour at which the children left for dinner; a few minutes before which Frank with his wagging tail, trotted away, and placing himself in front of the school, patiently waited until the scholars came out, when he eagerly selected his charge,



and guarded her safely home. At five o'clock in the afternoon a similar proceeding took place. It was amusing—nay it was highly interesting to witness the actions of this affectionate and sagacious little creature. How he contrived to calculate the time so exactly I cannot conceive, but at about ten minutes before twelve and five o'clock Frank regularly left my premises for the school.

The gallant little fellow usually went a few yards in advance, with elevated tail, and evidently in all the pride of self-satisfactory duty; but on the appearance of any person or animal from which danger was to be apprehended, the dog came close to the child and forbade near approach. Frank was particularly suspicious of any shabbily dressed person. Surely dogs deserve to be treated with kindness.

B. T. JOHNSON.

### JESUS' LOVE.

How loving is Jesus  
Who came from the sky  
In tenderest pity  
For sinners to die;

His hands and his feet were nail'd to the tree,  
And all this he suffer'd for you and for me.

How gladly does Jesus  
Free pardon impart  
To all who receive him  
By faith in their heart,

No evil befalls them, their home is above,  
And Jesus throws round them the arms of his love.

How precious is Jesus  
To all who believe,  
And out of his fulness  
What grace they receive;

When weak, he supports them; when erring, he guides,  
And every thing needful he kindly provides.

Oh, give then to Jesus  
Your earliest days,  
They only are blessed  
Who walk in his ways,

In life and in death he will still be your friend,  
For, whom Jesus loves, he loves to the end.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRITISH WORKMAN. All the back numbers have been reprinted. Nos. 1 to 9 may be had *post-free*, by enclosing nine postage stamps to Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

The Band of Hope Almanac for 1856, (with 14 Illustrations,) may now be had through all Booksellers. We have to thank several hundreds of our friends for their communications.

### CAUTION TO SMOKERS.

An inquest was held some time ago in Cheltenham, on the body of a boy named George Hill, aged ten years, whose death was caused by smoking tobacco. He was in his usual health, playing with other lads in the morning; and at about two o'clock he purchased and smoked some tobacco; on going home at dinner-time he placed his hand on his temple and exclaimed, "Mother! mother! murder! murder!" and fell on the floor. A medical man was sent for, but the boy was in a state of collapse, and shortly after he expired; the doctor stated that the symptoms were such as *over-smoking* would produce.

It is to be hoped, says the editor of the *Cheltenham Examiner*, that this death will do something towards putting a stop to the absurd and injurious practice so prevalent among mere children of indulging in the habit of

smoking. There is a youth now living in Cheltenham whose anxious mother states, that a medical gentleman assured her that if her son had smoked another ounce of tobacco nothing could have been done to restore him to health. As it is, the narcotic poison has so seriously affected his nerves that it may be years before he recovers the injury.—Heavy penalty this for the sensual indulgence of smoking! T. REYNOLDS.

### GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION FUND.

THE Committee acknowledge with thanks the following very acceptable contributions towards replenishing their exhausted treasury.

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H. E. GURNEY, Esq., Lombard Street ..	20	0	0
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Further contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer HENRY FORD BARCLAY, Esq., The Limes, Walthamstow, Essex. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the General Post Office, London.

### THE USE OF REMEMBERING.

"WHAT'S the use of remembering all this?" pettishly cried a boy, after his father, who had been giving him some instructions, left the room.

"I'll tell you what, remembering is of great service sometimes," said his cousin. "Let me read to you now from the 'Living Age.' Please hear."

"My dog Dash was once stolen from me," says Mr. Kidd. "After being absent thirteen months he one day entered my office in town with a long string tied round his neck. He had broken away from the fellow who had held him prisoner. Our meeting was a very joyful one. I found out the thief, had him apprehended, and took him before a magistrate. He swore the dog was *his*, and called witnesses to bear him out. 'Mr. Kidd,' asked the magistrate, addressing me, 'Can you give any satisfactory proof of this dog being your property?' Placing my mouth to the dog's ear, first giving him a knowing look, and whispering a little communication known only to us two, Dash immediately reared up on his hind legs, and went through a series of manoeuvres with a stick, guided meanwhile by my eye, which set the whole court in a roar of laughter. My evidence needed nothing stronger; the thief stood convicted, Dash was liberated, and among the cheers of the multitude, we merrily bounded homeward."





"There, do you hear that? That dog's remembering was of service to him; it was taken as evidence in a court, and it fairly won the case. Yes, he was set free, and a thief convicted. Well, if remembering his master's instructions served a dog so well, how much more likely is it to be important for a boy to treasure up the instructions of his father? No knowing what straits they may keep him out of."

The lesson is a good one, and other boys may profit by it.

### THE RE-CAPTURED SLAVE.

I was not born a little slave,  
To labour in the sun;  
And wish I were but in my grave,  
And all my labour done."

**N**O part of the world has a stronger claim on our sympathies than Africa. The evils arising from the horrible practice of slave-dealing, have fearfully wasted many of its most powerful tribes. The slave trade did not *begin* with the native; he was taught it by others. The Moors on the north, and White Men on the western shore, taught him to be a man-stealer.

Perhaps, no part of Africa has suffered more severely from the effects of the slave trade, than the land of Yorubas; once the most populous nation of Western Africa. The slave dealers began to frequent their coasts, and the people began to taste the profit of slave-dealing. They had now the opportunity of having European goods, if they could only find the means of pur-

chasing them. About the year 1817, tribe rose against tribe, and began to wage war against each other. The worst people in the country uniting together, went from place to place, attacking one town after another, until the whole country was in disorder. The prisoners were driven down to the sea-shore, and sold as slaves.

Look at the boy represented in the engraving. He was a merry, happy little fellow, living with his parents in a pretty hut, under a tall palm tree. One morning his father sent him to a farm house, about three miles from home, to get some corn. He procured the corn, and was just preparing to return, when he heard the report of muskets, which immediately made him aware of his dangerous situation. All efforts to escape were unavailing, for he was speedily surrounded by a number of men, each eager for his capture. At last he was caught by one of them, hurried away to the sea-side, and sold to one of the Havannah slave-traders.

Poor little fellow! how sad to be thus rudely torn away from his home and kind parents.

Our readers will learn what became of the little slave boy in our next number.







"The Lord looseth the prisoners."

**THE RE-CAPTURED SLAVE.—PART II.**

THE poor slave boy was sold to the slave dealers, and in a few days was crowded with many of his countrymen at a place called Lagos, into the horrid hold of a slave ship. By God's good

providence all these poor slaves were re-captured and taken in a British ship to that resting place for the poor African—Sierra Leone. There the little slave boy was placed under the care of kind teachers, who gave him the name of Thomas King.

Thomas soon became very industrious at his lessons, and what was better, he loved to read his bible and pray for God's blessing day by day.

Grateful to God for the Gospel truths which the English missionaries had taught him, he





became deeply impressed with the conviction that he must return to his native country and there seek to teach the Yorubas about that Saviour who had become so precious to him.

It was at length arranged that he and several other christian converts should return to the land from which in early life they had been so cruelly stolen.

Thomas King, having heard that his mother had also been sold as a slave, probably never expected to see her again in this life.

But oh what joy must have filled his heart, when, on the happy group approaching his native village, one of the first persons he beheld was HIS MOTHER! Twenty five years had passed away since they had seen each other! Thomas King thus describes the happy meeting.

"Among those who came to meet us in the way was my aged mother; but she was too old to recognize her son among the crowd. When I was pointed out to her, so much was she overcome by her feelings, that she sat down in great amazement weeping, while all the bystanders were rejoicing with her, and blessing the people of ENGLAND on my behalf."

\* \* \* \* \*

A coloured clergyman who was ordained by the Bishop of Sierra Leone, on the twenty-sixth day of November, 1854, now preaches the Gospel at Abbeokuta; and on reference to the stations of the Church Missionary Society you will find it to be the

REV. THOMAS KING,  
the once little Yoruba slave boy!

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

AUNT KATE.

### GOD.

THOUGH God lives in yonder sky,  
Far away from human eye,  
Though his face I cannot see,  
God is very near to me.

God can see me when I walk,  
God can hear me when I talk,  
God will guard me lest I stray,  
God will listen when I pray.

Shall I dare, then, scold or frown,  
While my God is looking down?  
Or persist to tell a lie,  
While my God is listening by?

I will always think of this—  
Where I am God also is:  
Oh how good I'll try to be,  
Since God is so near to me.

S. W. P.

### ANECDOTE OF REV. ROWLAND HILL.

THE celebrated Rowland Hill was preaching in the open air in that suburban portion of the city of London denominated *Moorfields*. An immense assemblage was present. His text was taken from the Song of Solomon, i. 5; "I am black, but comely." The text he regarded as having application to the church, which, in the estimation of the world, was black—"black as the tents of Kedar," but in the estimation of her glorified Head, comely—comely "as the curtains of Solomon." While discussing these themes with his accustomed earnestness, it so happened, in the providence of God, that Lady Anne Erskine, in an equipage corresponding with her high position in society, passed that way. Seeing the immense multitude, she asked one of her attendants the cause of this assemblage. She was informed that the renowned Rowland Hill was preaching to the people. Lady Anne replied she had often

wished to hear that eccentric preacher, and she would avail herself of the present opportunity to gratify that cherished desire, and requested her charioteer to place her carriage as near to the preacher's stand as possible, so that she might hear every word that he uttered. Accordingly, in a few moments she found herself accommodated immediately in the rear of the temporary pulpit from which the speaker addressed the listening



throng, that being the only unoccupied position within reach of his voice. The splendour of the equipage, and the illustrious personage that occupied it, turned the attention of many of the people away from the sermon. The observant eye of Rowland Hill soon detected this diversion, and his inventive mind at once suggested a hazardous but an effective remedy. Pausing in the discussion of his subject, and elevating his voice beyond its usual pitch, he exclaimed, "My brethren, I am now going to hold an auction or vendue, and I bespeak your attention for a few moments. I have here a lady and her equipage to expose to public sale; but the lady is the principal, and the only object indeed, that I wish to dispose of at present; and there are already three earnest bidders in the field. The first is the world. Well, and what will you give for her? "I will give riches, honours, pleasure." *That will not do.* She is worth more than that; for she will live when the riches, honours, and pleasures of the world have passed away like a snow-wreath beneath a vernal shower. *You cannot have her.* The next bidder is the devil. Well, and what will you give for her? "I will give all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them." *That will not do;* for she will continue to exist when the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them have vanished like the shadows of the night before the orient beams! *You cannot have her.*

"But list! I hear the voice of another bidder,—and who is that? Why, the Lord Jesus Christ. Well, what will you give for her? "I will give grace here, and glory hereafter; an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." "Well, well," said the preacher, "blessed Jesus! it is just as I expected; just the noble generosity which thou art wont to display. I will place her at your disposal. 'She is black, but comely,' and you shall be the purchaser. Let heaven and earth authenticate this transaction." And then turning to Lady Anne, who had listened to this bold and adventurous digression with the commingled emotions of wonder and alarm, the speaker, with inimitable address, exclaimed, "Madam! Madam! do you object to this bargain? Remember you are Jesus Christ's property, from this time henceforth and for evermore. Heaven and earth have attested the solemn and irreversible contract! Remember, you are

the property of the Son of God. He died for your rescue and your purchase. *Can you, will you, dare you object?*

The arrow thus sped at a venture, under the guidance of the divine Spirit, found its way to the heart of Lady Anne, and she was shortly afterwards submissively led to the cross of Messiah. She became subsequently identified with Lady Huntingdon in her deeds of noble charity, and having served her day and generation, she, like her illustrious associate, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

### AN INCIDENT IN SCHOOL LIFE.

NEVER TWIT A BOY FOR WHAT HE CANNOT AVOID.

INCIDENTS trifling in themselves often have an important influence in determining the character of a life. A word spoken in season, a cruel taunt, wounding the heart to its core, have been the turning points in destiny, and put a young mind on the high road to fortune, or sent it downward to ruin. Almost every person can recall some occurrence in early life which gave tone and impulse to effort, and imbued the mind with principles whose influence is even now controlling. The following narrative is an illustration of this fact, and inculcates a truth which every man, woman, and child may profitably bear in mind.

Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary to have spelling schools during the winter term. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for a test of scholarship.

A neighbouring school once sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon, they would meet at our school-house for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evenings, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, polysyllables, abbreviations, &c. &c., which the spelling-books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxieties were proportionately great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house, and the words pronounced to each side alternately, and the scholar that missed was to sit down. His share in the contest was lost.

It did not take long to thin the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight scholars on the floor, and theirs but six. After a few rounds the contest turned in their favour, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and ours by myself, a poor little boy of ten summers, who had sat up night after night while my mother pronounced my lessons to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honour was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools and was declared the victor. My cheeks burned and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitor came and sat down by my side and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age, and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.



Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this juncture, Master G., the son of the *rich man* of our neighbourhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend and a number of boys from the other school—"Oh, you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

I was happy no more—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to rise up in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes—but I kept them back; and soon as possible, quietly slipped away from my companions, procured my dinner basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home. But such a home. "My folks were poor—and my father was a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show Master G. if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But all my resolves could not allay the gnawing grief and vexation produced by his taunting words and haughty manner. In this frame of mind—my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap and burst into tears. Mother seeing my grief waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so that we could be respected as other folks." At first, mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying herself, she said:

Joseph, I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so much injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, *trusting in God*, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realize the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray daily to God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account.

This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have passed since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes, but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G's. Now, boys, remember always to treat your schoolfellows with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks toward any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part to this story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "being at a spelling school at a certain time, and a rude thoughtless boy twitting you of poverty, and being a drunkard's son?" "I do most distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not probably a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you, and asking you forgiveness for that act."

Boys, I gave him my hand as a pledge of for-

giveness. Did I do right? You all say, yes. Well, then, let me close as I began. BOYS, NEVER TWIT ANOTHER FOR WHAT HE CANNOT HELP.

UNCLE JOSEPH.



### BE KIND, BE KIND, BE KIND.

Come, Emma, and I will read to you some of the nice pieces, said a good natured girl to her little sister.

Thank you, thank you, sister, I do so love to hear them. It will be so nice when I can read them myself, replied the little one.

Get away, you tiresome child, cried an ill-tempered boy to his younger brother, I want to look at the pictures myself. Wait until you are older and can read for yourself.

Do any of our readers know such a boy as this? If so, we wish them to ask him to read the tenth and eleventh verses of the fourth chapter of the first Epistle of St. John.

Brothers and Sisters! be kind, be kind, be kind to one another.

### "EVERY LITTLE HELPS."

ROBERT, can't you get out to-night, and let us have some fireworks and fun?

Thank you, Charley, replied a little chubby faced fellow, whose appearance betokened humble life, "I love best to be at home," in the dark wintry nights. When dear Father comes home from the Mill and has eaten his supper, he makes baskets, Mother sews, and I read to them out of my library books. Mother says it is a good thing to make the most of "corners of time," for



last winter she sold the baskets for more than paid the rent. "Every little helps," she says, in these hard times when bread is so dear.

Well done, Robert! go on in your good course, and God's blessing will be with you.

*Honour thy Father and thy Mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Exodus xx. 12.*

### PERSEVERANCE IN DOING RIGHT.

A LITTLE BOY named Lyman, the son of a wicked man, loved to go to God's house on the Sabbath. This greatly displeased his father, who one Sabbath morning forbade him to go. "But, papa, I want very much to go," said the child; his eyes filling with tears.

"You may take your choice," returned his cruel parent, "be whipped and go to church, or spend the day in any other manner, without being punished."

Lyman paused a moment before answering, for he knew his father was very severe in his chastisements. He then said meekly, "Whip me, father, and let me go." The father immediately prepared to execute his purpose; but seeing his son remain unmoved, suddenly threw down his whip, angrily exclaiming, "Go to meeting then, you silly boy."

That parent has gone to his account—that child is now a noted minister of the gospel in the United States!

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

### PUBLICATIONS FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

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### NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

*Child's Educator.* KENT AND CO. This valuable Work, of Mr. Cassell's, published in sixpenny parts, cannot fail to have a large circulation.

*The Starting in Life.* A Sunday school gift book, addressed to an elder boy. London: Jarrold and Sons. Price 2d. Full of good counsel.

*Band of Hope Almanac for 1856.* Price 1d. With 15 Illustrations. We are glad to be able to state that 15,000 copies are already sold. It should have a place in every family where the *Band of Hope Review* is read. It is well suited for the Workshop, Kitchen, or the Ship's Cabin.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anonymous communications cannot be noticed.

We have to thank numerous correspondents for their interesting communications. If we have not replied in all requisite cases it is because we cannot possibly do so for want of time.

Several notices of meetings have been handed to the Rev. Dawson Burns for insertion in the National Temperance Chronicle, our space being too limited for them.

Contributions to the Gratuitous Fund will be acknowledged in our next number.

YEARLY PARTS.—All the Yearly Parts are being reprinted, and we trust that they will be ready early in December. We hope also to be able to issue the five yearly parts bound in one volume at 5s. This will form a handsome Christmas Present and New Year's Gift.

### THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

Nos. 1. to 10.

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### JOHNNY THE NEWS BOY; OR, THE LOST PURSE RESTORED.

"WHAT are you going to do with it? What are you going to do with it?" exclaimed half-a-dozen ragged urchins to a bright-eyed thin-clad news-boy who was holding a splendid purse in one of his hands, that he had taken but a few moments previous from the foot path.

"Return it to the owner," answered the little honest fellow in a firm tone.

"A fool! a fool!" shouted the boys. "Wouldn't catch us returning a purse that looked as though it had lots of money in it, as that does. Let's see how much there is," spoke the eldest of the group, and he made an attempt to wrest it from the boy's hand.

"It shan't be opened. It is none of your business what it contains; it is none of ours; and if you don't lose your grasp upon it, I will call the police," returned honest Johnny, in a commanding tone.

The boys knew that Johnny would do as he said; so they not only ceased tormenting him, but stole away as if the police were already upon their heels.

When alone, Johnny began to consider what it was best to do. There was no way, that he saw, by which the owner could be identified by him. A thought struck him; he would deliver it to the superintendent of the police. But he should lose the sale of his papers if he attended to it then; and if he did, his mother and little sister must go without bread that night; for they had nothing to eat save that which the daily sale of the newspapers brought. What should he do? He paused awhile, and then said. "Mother had rather go hungry to-night, I am sure; I would rather, too,

than keep the purse until to-morrow morning. Let's see!" he put his hand into his pocket, and after fumbling a short time, drew forth three pence. "I've got money enough to buy a loaf of bread for little sister's supper and breakfast, and I will go without! so I will go at once and carry the purse where the owner can obtain it." Thus saying he trudged off, with the purse in one hand and a bundle of newspapers in the other. He whistled as he went; for although pinched with hunger, he felt happy, because he was doing right.

After disposing of the purse, and being called an "honest little fellow" by the police, he returned home and related to his mother how he had acted. She praised him for so doing, and said he must do right even if he perished in the attempt.

"Never forget, Johnny," added the worthy though poor mother, "what Solomon says, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.'"

The next morning, Johnny went from his home a little bluer and colder than usual, for he had no supper or breakfast to fill up his stomach, thereby keeping the cold out.

At nightfall, he was going home with a light heart, for he had sold papers enough to buy bread enough to last his mother, sister, and himself, one day, when he was met by the gentleman to whom he had delivered the purse on the previous day.

"My little fellow," exclaimed the gentleman, patting him on the shoulder, "the purse you left with me has been returned to the owner, who, by the way, is an intimate friend of mine, and, to reward you, he has offered to take you into his employ, and see what he can make of you."

"Will he give wages enough to buy mother and sister bread?" anxiously enquired the lad.

"Yes," returned the gentleman, "and more than that. 'Come,' he added, 'we'll soon see what he'll do for you.' Thus saying, he led the way to a large brick dwelling, nearly opposite to where they had been talking.

A slight ring at the door-bell brought the owner of the purse to the door. He was informed by his friend that the lad before him was the one to whom he was indebted for the recovery of his lost property. Johnny was met with a warm and hearty welcome from his new friend, who not only promised to take the honest boy into his employ, but that his mother and sister should be made comfortable and happy. Tears of joy filled the little fellow's eyes as he hastened to inform his mother of his good fortune. His mother was overjoyed at the pleasing tidings of her son, and Johnny never after had occasion to regret his conduct respecting the lost purse.

*By humility and fear of the Lord are riches, and honour, and life. Proverbs xxii. 4.*

### PRIZE ESSAY ON SMOKING.

WE are glad to observe that Dr. Lee, of Hartwell Park, has offered a second prize of £5 for the best essay, written by any female under 21 years of age, on the evils of smoking. Further particulars may be had by enclosing a stamped envelope to Mr. Thos. Reynolds, secretary of the British Anti-Tobacco Society, 10, Camden Square, London.

REV. ROBERT GRAY MASON. At the suggestion of several friends, we have determined to transfer the portrait of this noted labourer for the suppression of intemperance, to the pages of the *British Workman*. Mr. Mason well deserves the highest honours that we can bestow.

### THE VALUE OF A TRACT.

Do you see that respectable looking Fishmonger, said a friend to us not long ago, pointing to a small shop not five miles from St. Paul's. For many years he was a confirmed drunkard, and his family were in wretchedness. About sixteen months ago some one sent him a tract which induced him to sign the temperance pledge. He has sought divine help and has faithfully kept his promise, and he is now a respectable and industrious, thriving man; his family live in comfort, and, to my knowledge, he has saved



against "a rainy day," since he became an abstainer, upwards of

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

Tract distributors! let this fact encourage you.





"Be kindly affectionate one to another."

### THE NEW KNIFE,

A TALE FOR BOYS.

A BRIGHTER, rosier, happier face was never seen than little Harry Willett's, as he sauntered, one sunny afternoon in May, down the winding lane that led from his father's green farm, and took the road to the village. The warm breeze tossed his brown locks lightly, and the merry sun peeped saucily now and then, through the torn brim of his straw hat, into his frank blue eyes, and flashed into the dimples of his happy mouth.

A fine face Harry had—not a pretty face, if by that you mean very nicely-formed features, and great, handsome, long-lashed eyes—but an open, a kindly, truthful, generous face—such a one as made you think, with a quick, warm glow at your heart, what a comfort and pride he must be to his mother, and how her eyes must brighten, whenever his shone in upon her through the busy day.

But Harry's face, contented and smiling as it usually was, wore a peculiarly gratified expression to-

day; that something very delightful had occurred there could be no doubt. He was altogether too happy to whistle, and he sauntered along, with his hands in his pockets, and those glad, blue eyes of his full of pleasant meditation.

If you had been walking with Harry in the stillness of that warm afternoon, you might have heard an occasional very pleasant jingling in that right hand trousers-pocket of his; and if good Betsy, the maid at the farm, had been there too, she

would doubtless have told you what a budget of old nails, and bits of lead, and tin, and all sorts of "trumpery" Harry always carried in his pockets, greedily to the wear and tear of said pockets, and of home patience in mending them. But ah, Miss Betsy, something rather better than old nails, and lead sinkers, and tin "whizzers" rattles there now! Nothing less than two big, bright, silver half-crowns, all Harry's own, to spend as he likes! Now and then he takes them out and looks at them, to be sure that they are safe and a reality, and, with the utmost content at the confirmation his eyes give to the fact, drops them back again into the jingling pocket.

The truth was, that the possession of this wonderful treasure was the greatest event, in the money way, that had ever happened to Harry, and it needed the



POOR JOSEY AND HIS BROKEN KNIFE.



witness of all his senses to keep up the conviction that it was really no dream. Harry's father, although a thrifty farmer, who gave his little boy good clothes, and all home comforts, had seldom any money to bestow for his own especial spending—Harry's utmost ambition and success having heretofore extended to a bright shilling. An old friend of his father's, from a distant city, spending a few days with them, had dropped into Harry's hand that morning, in parting, the gift of the two bright half-crowns, to buy anything he might happen to want.

"*Happen to want!*" Oh how much, and how long Harry had wanted a knife! how long he had wished and hoped—and wondered when the time would come that he should own such a treasure! Twelve years old and no knife, had been a damper more than once when he had tried to follow with the big boys at school; and you may be sure there was not a moment for indecision as to how and when his money should be spent. For a knife, that very afternoon it should go—that was settled at once.

What boy does not remember the pride and pleasure that came with his first knife—the dignity and manliness its ownership conferred! What boy will not fully appreciate the glad thoughts that filled Harry's heart, as he walked along through the warm dust of the highway to the village. He could not quite decide whether it should have a white handle or a dark one, but at all events it must have two blades—and would'nt he show Joe Smith next day that some boys could make whistles as well as others, and couldn't he mend little Susy Martin's lead-pencil for her, instead of seeing her go up to the master every time it wanted sharpening. Oh, tomorrow was to be a grand, happy day!

On Harry's way, not many yards from the dusty road, stood a small, dark, unpainted house, at the low, open window of which he caught the sight of a face that he knew very well, and he paused, and then walked up with a pleasant smile, to speak to his friend Josey Wood. Josey was a weak, suffering, crippled boy, and he half-reclined now on a couch his good mother had made for him, all stuffed with hay, and covered with neat chintz, and drawn up close to the window, so that the sweet warm air blew in on his white forehead, and he could reach out his hand and touch the creeping rose-vines filled with buds, that elambered about the sill.

Josey's mother was very poor, and she worked hard all day with her needle, for there was no one to provide for herself and her little crippled boy, and yet she found time to do a world of kind things for him. She it was who trained the roses, who kept the room so daintily clean, who carried him in her arms out into the fields, in the warm days, that he might feel the soft grass, and hear the birds sing, and watch the feeding of the flocks. She it was who sung old songs to him, and told him stories when he felt ill and the pain made him nervous and sad. She was a good mother to Josey, and he loved her dearly, and tried as much as he could to keep back from her his trouble and pain, and always spoke to her gently and sweetly.

But Josey had one great pleasure of his own; he had a remarkable talent for cutting curious and beautiful little things out of wood; these he stained with dye that his mother made for him, and she carried them down to the village, and sold them, when she went home with her work. To be sure, Josey could not make many of these, for his little nervous fingers were often useless with pain, and some days he was obliged to lie very still on his back, doing nothing. But the joy he had whenever his mother *did* bring home money of his own earning, was more than I can tell you. His hot cheeks would glow for the whole evening, and his mother had to take him in her lap and soothe him to sleep, or he would

have lain awake all night, dreaming of his riches.

He was feeling very bright to-day, and the little pine table, drawn up to the side of his couch, was covered with bits of wood, and tiny cups of colouring, that belonged to his work. He laid down the knife with which he was cutting, and put out his thin hand to meet Harry's, with an expression of delight. The two boys had not seen each other for some time, and Harry had a host of wonderful things of boy-interest to relate, and altogether was so affectionate and cordial, that his presence served to do Josey as much good as the May sunshine—and indeed, his plump, glad face, all in a glow with exercise, and the warmth of the day, was a cheery sight for anybody.

"What are you making there?" said Harry, pointing to the materials on the table.

"Oh, something famous," said Josey, smiling, "It's going to be the greatest thing I ever did. It's a kind of work-box, you see. I've got a splendid picture for the top, and here's a queer invention of my own for the spools. I shall be rich, I expect, when I sell it. Eh, mother! and he smiled playfully.

At the word rich, Harry's hand instinctively dropped into his pocket that held the two half-crowns; but he looked at Josey's wan face, and worn, patched clothes, and something in his heart restrained him from parading his newly-acquired wealth.

"Don't stop working, Josey," he said, "I should like to see how you do it—it's such a puzzle to me how those beautiful things are made. I am sure I could never do it in a life-time."

"Oh, perhaps you could if you'd nothing else to do," said Josey, pleasantly; but the words made Harry sober, as he thought of his own strong limbs and vigorous frame, and thousand ways of amusement, and he stood looking at Josey as he worked in silence. It was curious, indeed, to see how skilfully he cut and carved, and how smoothly and gracefully the rough wood came into form, under his touch. The work evidently interested him greatly; but now and then his hands trembled, and his shortened breath showed how fatiguing even a little exertion was; but he talked pleasantly to Harry, explaining the why and the wherefore of everything he did, seeming to enjoy his admiration and sympathy very much.

"What a sharp knife that is of yours, Josey!" said Harry; "it cuts like a razor."

"Yes," said Josey, "that knife was my father's. The little blade was broken when I first had it, but this one bids fair to last a good many years; and luckily, for I don't know what I should do without it;" and he plunged it into one side of the box, where he was hollowing out a groove. There was a quick, low snap, and Harry started and leaned into the window. Ah! it was too true; in Josey's quick, excited motion, the knife had broken! The blade snapped near the top, still stuck fast in the wood, and the smooth, worn handle was left in his hand. Poor Josey turned very white, and lay back on his couch, and into his hollow eyes came the big tears; he put up his hand, as if he would smooth the contraction of his forehead; but a look of pain had fixed itself in his face, and he could not put it away.

"Josey, dear boy," said his mother; and she came up and put her arms around him, and drew out the broken blade from the wood. Her tears she did not try to keep back, but pitying him as she did, could only weep and soothe him. She was too poor to say the words she wished to say—that she would soon re-place his loss.

"Don't cry, dear mother," said Josey, faintly; "knives can't last for ever, you know; and if this must break, see how nicely it has come off, so near the handle. I can use this blade for a great many things, and one of your knives will

help, too. I can get along nicely, I think."

But Josey found it hard to comfort his poor mother. She knew how many lonely hours that knife had cheered—how many dull ones it had brightened—how much delight his work had always been to him—how impossible it was for her to get him another for a long time—and she remembered, too, that on these slight earnings of Josey's she was dependent for the means of procuring for him those little luxuries, that were almost necessities when he was feeble and suffering.

Harry could not speak, but his blue eyes were full of tears, and a great pain filled his heart, as he caught the look more touching than all the mother's words, with which Josey gathered up the severed handle and blade, and put them into the drawer of his little table. Oh, how few the boy's sources of happiness must be, when the breaking of a simple knife could put such a desolate look into his face! Excitement, as it usually did, had made Josey a little faint, and while he lay back with his eyes closed, for a few moments, his mother fanning him with her broad palm-leaf fan, Harry slipped away.

It was late in the afternoon when he came again toward the house, on his return from his long walk to the village. The soft light of the setting sun fell about Josey's low window, and the pale boy lay looking out on the rosy and golden clouds in the western sky. There was still a sad look on his face, but he smiled when Harry came up, and listened pleasantly to the boy-gossip he had brought from the village.

It was not until some minutes after Harry had bade him good-bye, and he had ceased to watch his stout little figure hurrying up the road, that Josey discovered in the far corner of the window a closely folded package of white paper, directed to himself; and as he slowly and wonderingly unrolled it, there dropped from it heavily upon his couch, a big, beautiful knife, stouter and handsomer than the one he had lost, and with *two fine blades*. Josey trembled so, and his eyes grew so dim, that he could not read the words on the inside of the wrapper, and all in wonder, his mother came and read these lines, written in an unformed, boyish hand:—

"DEAR JOSEY,—Please to accept this knife from me, because I would rather you should have it, to make up for the one you broke, than to have the handsomest knife in the world. I bought it with *my own money*, on purpose for *you*. Your sorry and affectionate friend,

HARRY."

Poor Josey! The tears that had been kept back, fell fast enough now, and, like a little child, he hid his face against his mother's breast, too glad and grateful for words.

There was no pleasant-sounding silver in Harry's pocket, when he went to his room that night—no strong, beautiful knife, better than the silver, to take its place; but his mother's kiss was tenderer than ever, when she bade him good-night, and angels of peace and love hovered about him, with blessings promised to those who "lay up treasure in heaven."

ANNA M. PHILLIPS.

### THE CHILD'S PETITION.

"DEAR father, drink no more, I pray,  
It makes you look so sad,  
Come home, and taste no more, I say,  
'Twill make dear mother glad.

Dear father, think of mother's tears,  
How oft and sad they flow,  
O! drink no more, then will her tears  
No longer rack her so."

Thus spake in tenderness the child—  
The father's heart was moved,  
He drank no more, he wept, he smiled,  
And kiss'd the boy he loved.



**"I'LL HAVE ANOTHER GLASS OF BRANDY."**

Such was the language of John K—, a sailor who had been drinking the greater part of the Sabbath afternoon. He went to the River-side the worse for drink, and hailed the ship; the cabin-boy answered to his call, and went with the boat, but John refused to go on board, and said, "I'll have another glass of Brandy," and the cabin-boy returned to the ship with the boat.

Towards 10 o'clock the Captain went ashore to seek the Sabbath-breaking sailor, thinking that he had fallen into the hands of the Police. He had not gone many steps before he was told by a Policeman that the man he was seeking had been taken out of the River quite dead, and had been carried to the "Dead house!"

Thus this one "Glass of Brandy" cost poor John K—the loss of his life and his immortal soul. Such cases are too frequent amongst our British Jack Tars, not only in this, but many other Ports. The "Band of Hope Review" I have found very serviceable for distribution amongst English crews in this port.

REV. JOHN BARON, *Bethel Missionary.*

Hamburg, Nov. 2nd. 1855.



"Why, you were once a baby too,  
And could not jump as now you do,  
But good mama took care of you,

Like baby.

"And then she taught your little feet  
To pat along the carpet neat,  
And called papa to come and meet  
His baby.

"O, dear mama, to take such care,  
And no kind pains and trouble spare  
To feed and nurse you when you were  
A baby.

JANE TAYLOR.

Willie had never thought of its being necessary to have letters from his minister, or teachers, or from some proper person, to prove to strangers that he was an honest and good boy. Now, what should he do? He stood in deep thought, the captain meanwhile curiously watching the working of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom and drew out his little Bible, and without one word put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened at the blank page and read,—

"William Graham, presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath school, and for his good conduct.

From his Sunday School Teacher." Captain McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little

fatherless boy standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday school teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, he said, "You are the boy for me; and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother."

**CORNERS OF TIME.**

VERY  
moment  
of time is  
valuable,  
and a minute  
lost

OLD HUMPHREY'S WORKS AND LIFE, in Seven volumes, handsomely bound, in a Mahogany Case, will be given for the best Answers to Twelve Prize Bible Questions. See the Band of Hope Almanac for 1856, (with fifteen illustrations,) which may be had through any bookseller. Price One Penny.

is lost for ever. A mispent hour can never be recalled. Dr. Huie, of Edinburgh, has recently been giving some very excellent advice to the parents of our readers, (see "*British Workman*" No. 9.)\* entitled "Corners of Time," in which he shews how much good may be done by properly employing our spare moments. We know a young apprentice in London, whose "Corners of Time" are occupied in reading good books, and especially that best of books, the BIBLE, and who has already gained such a knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, that scarcely any verse can be repeated to him without his being able immediately to refer to the chapter where it is to be found. To every one of our readers we say "*Search the Scriptures*," and be earnest in "*Re-deeming the Time*."

\* Numbers 1 to 11 of the "*BRITISH WORKMAN*" may be had, post free, by enclosing eleven postage stamps to Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

**BABY.**

"WHAT is this pretty little thing,  
That Nurse so carefully doth bring,  
And round its head a blanket fling?

A baby!

"Oh dear, how very soft its cheek,  
Why nurse, I cannot make it speak,  
And it can't walk, it is so weak.

Poor baby!

"Oh, I'm afraid that it will die;  
Why can't it eat as well as I,  
And jump, and talk? Do let it try.

Poor baby!

**FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.**

"Glory to God in the highest, and  
on earth peace, good will to men."

Luke xi. 14.

With joy the chorus we repeat,  
Glory to God on high!  
Good will and peace are now complete,  
Jesus was born to die!

**A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.**

"PLEASE sir, don't you want a cabin-boy?"—"I do want a cabin-boy, my lad, but what's that to you? A little chap like you aint fit for the berth."—"Oh, sir, I'm strong; I can do a great deal of work if I ain't so very old."—"But where do you come from? You don't look like a town boy. Run away from home, hey?"—"Oh no, indeed, sir; my father died, and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come."—"Well, my lad, where are your letters of recommendation? Can't take any boy without a character."



THE FIVE YEARLY PARTS of the Band of Hope Review, (1851 to 1855), may now be had in uniform illustrated covers, through any Bookseller. Price One Shilling each. May be had, post free, by remitting the amount in postage stamps to Partridge & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

**GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND.****COMMITTEE.**

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In compliance with the urgent solicitation of several of the largest contributors, the Committee have agreed that their future grants shall comprise copies of the *British Workman* as well as the *Band of Hope Review* in such cases as may be deemed advisable.

The recent lamentable accounts of the intemperance so prevalent amongst the soldiers in the Crimea, have induced the Committee to despatch 5,000 copies of the former publication to the Rev. W. P. Wright, Principal Army Chaplain, Sebastopol. They have also sent 1,500 copies to the Chaplain of the Aldershot Camp, and 1,500 copies to Sir Joseph Faxon for the Army Works Corps, feeling that in these instances, the "*British Workman*" is more peculiarly suited for the purpose.

The following contributions have been specially given for the distribution of both these papers, and, unless otherwise stated, the committee will so regard all future contributions.

**Contributions received.**

Joseph Gurney Barclay, Esq. Lombard Street £25  
Joseph Hoare, Esq., do do £10

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer HENRY FORD BARCLAY, Esq., Walthamstow, Essex. Post Office Orders should be payable at the General Post Office, London.

**TO OUR READERS.**

Five years have now passed away since our first Number was issued. It has been our desire, by God's blessing to render some service to Parents and Teachers in the responsible duty of training up the young in the way they should go. The cordial reception which our pages have had, from the Queen on the throne, down to her poorest subjects in the land, encourages us to persevere. As the publication has not been self-supporting, and we are several hundreds of pounds out of pocket, we feel justified in urging our friends to increase the circulation during the ensuing year. An additional circulation of 50,000 a month would enable us to do something towards redeeming the loss hitherto sustained.



## GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

BY DR. WATTS.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,  
Nor can tell what shall befall me,  
I'll prepare for every place  
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,  
Others shall partake my goodness;  
I'll supply the poor with meat,  
Never showing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,  
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;  
I deserve to feel the same  
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,  
Why should I return them railing,  
Since I best revenge my wrongs  
By my patience never failing?

If I should be poor and sick,  
I shall meet, I hope, with pity;  
Since I love to help the weak,  
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,  
Nor be easily offended;  
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,  
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still,  
O'er my humours and my passion,  
As to speak and do no ill,  
Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell:  
Ne'er may I be found complying;  
But in life behave so well,  
Not to be afraid of dying.

"BLESSED is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."—Ps. xli. 1. "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 11, 13, 15, 16. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth: and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty. Proverbs xi. 24. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." Prov. xi. 25. "To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."—Heb. xlii. 16. "He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse."—Pr. xxviii. 27. "He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he. He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker; but he that honoureth Him hath mercy on the poor." Prov. xiv. 21 & 31.



JESUS said, "Ye have the poor with you always, and whosoever ye will ye may do them good."—MARK xiv. 7.

"If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth. Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him; because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto. For the poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land."—Deut. xv. 7, 8, 10, 11. "He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor."—Prov. xxii. 9. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."—Prov. xix. 17. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Matthew vi. 1, 3.

## INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

BY W. P. BROWN.

TELL me, O mother! when I grow old,  
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,  
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,  
Who ask'd for alms at our pillar'd door?  
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow  
As he when he told us his tale of woe?  
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?  
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

He said, but I knew not what he meant—  
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent;  
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,  
Where the weary sleep in peace and are blest:  
And he told how his kindred there were laid,  
And the friends with whom in his youth he play'd,

And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,  
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

He spoke of a home where in childhood's glee,  
He watch'd 'midst the wild flowers the singing bee;  
And follow'd afar, with a heart as light  
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;  
And pull'd young flowers, where they grew 'neath  
the beams

Of the sun's fair light by his own bluestreams;  
Yet he left all these thro' the earth to roam,  
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?

Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!  
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;  
Tho' pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,  
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!  
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,  
Where age may never wrinkle the dweller's cheek,

But in joy they live, fair boy, like thee—  
It was there the old man long'd to be!

For he knew that those with whom he had play'd,  
In his heart's young joy 'neath their cottage shade,  
Whose love he shared when their songs and mirth  
Brighten'd the gloom of this sinful earth;  
Whose names from our world had pass'd away  
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day,  
He knew that they, with all suffering done,  
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,  
Where want with his pale train never may come,  
Oh! scorn not the poor with the scorner's jest,  
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;  
For He who hath made them poor may soon  
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,  
And leave us with woe in the world's bleak wild!  
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!





"Choose ye now whom ye will serve."

#### TO OUR READERS.

**A** HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU." In addressing these few words to our young friends, we earnestly desire that it may prove the *happiest* and *best* year they have ever known.

It has been our desire during the past five years to promote the pleasure and profit of our readers, and to render each succeeding year a happier year than the preceding one. May we

in return ask our readers to assist in rendering this a pleasurable year to ourselves, by each securing a *new* subscriber? As named in our last number, the publication has not hitherto been self-supporting, and we feel assured that we have only to name this fact, in order to secure the hearty co-operation of our friends in increasing our circulation. An addition of about fifty thousand subscribers to our present monthly issue will enable us in the course of the next eight or ten years to redeem our present loss.

#### THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

\* THE following beautiful lines from the pen of an American writer, find a ready insertion in our pages at the present time. If American and British MOTHERS train up their little ones in these principles, the day will indeed be far distant when war will be known between the United States and the Fatherland.—[Ed. B. H. Rev.]

JOHN.

I MEAN to be a soldier,  
With uniform quite new;  
I wish they'd let me have a drum,  
And be a captain too:



THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.



I would go amid the battle  
With my broadsword in my hand,  
And hear the cannon rattle,  
And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son! my son! what, if that sword  
Should strike a noble heart,  
And bid some loving father  
From his little ones depart!  
What comfort would your waving plumes  
And brilliant dress bestow,  
When you thought upon the widow's tears  
And her orphans' cry of woe!

WILLIAM.

I mean to be a president,  
And rule each rising state,  
And hold my levees once a week  
For all the gay and great:  
I'll be a king, except a crown,  
For that they wont allow,  
And I'll find out what the tariff is  
That puzzles me so now.

MOTHER.

My son! my son! the cares of state  
Are thorns upon the breast,  
That ever press the good man's heart,  
And rob him of his rest.  
The great and gay to them appear  
As trifling as the dust,  
For they know how little they are worth—  
How faithless is their trust.

LOUISA.

I mean to be a cottage girl,  
And sit beside the rill,  
And morn and eve, my pitcher there  
With purest water fill;  
And I'll train a loving woodbine  
Around my cottage door,  
And welcome to my winter hearth  
The wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.

Louisa, dear, a humble mind  
'Tis beautiful to see,  
And you shall never hear a word  
To check that mind from me;  
But, ah! remember, pride may dwell  
Beneath the woodbine shade;  
And discontent, a sullen guest,  
The cottage hearth invade.

CAROLINE.

I will be gay and courtly,  
And dance away the hours;  
Music, sport, and joy shall dwell  
Beneath my fairy bowers;  
No heart shall ache with sadness  
Within my loving hall,  
But, the note of joy and gladness  
Re-echo to my call.

MOTHER.

Oh, children! sad it makes my soul  
To hear your playful strain;  
I cannot bear to chill your heart  
With images of pain.  
Yet, humbly take what God bestows,  
And like his own fair flowers,  
Look up in sunshine with a smile,  
And gently bend in showers.

#### A BEAUTIFUL TURN.

A LITTLE girl was directed to open the door for General Washington, as he was leaving a house where he had been visiting. Turning to her he said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she sweetly replied, "it was to let you in."

#### THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

THIS celebrated ship, which has carried the Bible to so many of the savage tribes in the South Seas, is now in the London Docks, requiring extensive repairs, to pay for which we are informed, the Directors of the London Missionary Society require 500,000 pennies. The pennies of the children originally purchased this ship, and we doubt not their pennies will be as freely given to re-fit the "John Williams" for another voyage on its Mission of peace. Collecting cards may be had from the Rev. Ebenezer Prout, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London.

#### LIGHT THE LAMPS.

THERE are in the world about eight hundred millions of human beings. Suppose that instead of eight hundred millions of souls to be brought to



God, there were eight hundred millions of lamps to be lighted. If lighted at the rate of five a minute, it would take between seven and eight hundred years to light them all. But if every single lamp, when once lighted, had the power of lighting others at the same rate of five every minute, the first minute five lamps would be lighted; the next minute each of these would light five; the third minute there would be twenty-five, each lighting five; the next minute there would be one hundred and twenty-five, lighting five each; the next minute there would be six hundred and twenty-five, each lighting five, and so on.

By this method of lighting the eight hundred millions of lamps, how long would it take, think you? *Less than fifteen minutes!*

God says, "Let there be light." How many spiritual lamps will be lighted in our Sabbath schools this year?

#### SHUTTING DOORS.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the doors; grandmother feels the cold, wintry wind; and besides, you have got to spend your life shutting doors, and might as well begin now."

"Do forgive, grandmother, I ought to be ashamed to be cross to you. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that; I imagine 'Squire Edward C——' will have a good many doors to shut, if ever he makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me, grandmother."

"Sit down a minute, and I will give you a list."

"In the first place, the door of your EARS must be closed against bad language and evil

counsel of the boys and young men you will meet with at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward C——'s future prospects.

"The doors of your EYES too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man; you will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the shop windows, or you will never learn to save your money, or have any left to give away.

"The door of your LIPS will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the eyes and ears. That door is very apt to blow open; and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will backbite, sometimes worse than the winter's wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least till you have something valuable to say.

"The inner door of your HEART must be well shut against temptation, for conscience the door-keeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard his call; and sometimes drops asleep at his post, and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin.

"If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes, ears, and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which get in before you think.

"This 'shutting doors,' you see, Eddy, will be a serious business; one on which your well-doing in this life, and the next depends."

#### THE SABBATH.

God the Creator bless'd  
The sabbath of his rest,  
His six days' work had brought  
The universe from nought;  
The heavens and earth before him stood,  
He saw them and pronounced them good.

God the Redeemer bless'd  
The Sabbath of his rest,  
When, all his sufferings done,  
The cross's victory won,  
In Joseph's sepulchre he lay,  
And rested on the Sabbath-day.

And God the Spirit bless'd  
The Christian's day of rest,  
Where met with one accord  
The servants of the Lord;  
To whom the Father's promise came,  
Like rushing wind and tongues of flame.

The church hath ever bless'd  
Her own sweet day of rest,  
When in her bridal dress  
Of blood-bought righteousness,  
Her happy spirit doth rejoice,  
To hear the heavenly bridegroom's voice

They love the Sabbath-day  
Who love to sing and pray,  
The Sabbath-day they love  
Who seek their rest above;  
They love the day of God in seven,  
Who prize an antepast of heaven.

My God, the day is thine;  
O may I make it mine.  
By hallowing it to thee  
'Tis hallowed twice to me;  
And when my heart with thee is right,  
I call it holy, a delight.

J. MONTGOMERY



## THE HARVEY BOYS.

## CHAPTER I.

THE HARVEYS—EDWARD'S QUESTION.

M R. HARVEY made it a practice to let his children gain knowledge by their own observation. He found they understood and remembered those things best which they saw and examined. For instance, in teaching them how the earth, and sun, and moon, and stars are placed, and how they move, instead of making them learn hard lessons in books of astronomy, he would, after tea, put the large lamp in the middle of the table, to represent the sun; then he would make one of the boys hold his play-ball by a string, to represent the earth, and a ball of cotton for the moon. Another would hold marbles, or other things, to represent the various planets and stars. By these means the children were early taught to understand how the earth rolls round the sun, and gets its light and heat from it; and why the moon is seen in quarters, or in full, or is not seen at all, or is eclipsed. They understood and could explain all these things, when many of their schoolmates could only repeat what their books said about diameter, and circumference, and revolution, and other long words which they did not comprehend.

In this way Mr. Harvey explained everything to his children, and scarcely ever cut up a dish at table, without having something to show them of the joints or bones or muscles of the animals. The very youngest could tell how a chicken can sleep all night on a tree or perch without falling; and how the different bones of an ox, or bird, or fish are so wisely contrived as to answer the purposes for which they are made.

The children found it so pleasant to learn in this way, that whenever they heard of or found anything that they did not understand they would come directly to their father to ask him about it. And they were sure not to be disappointed.

One day Edward Harvey, who was about ten years of age, happened to see in a paper an account of a Temperance Society. It was the first time he had ever heard of such a society; and there was so much said in the account about total abstinence, pledge, alcohol, poison, accidents, murders, &c., that he very quickly inquired of his father what was the meaning of it all.

The truth was, Mr. Harvey just remembered that he had never given his children much instruction on the importance of temperance. They lived in the part of the town where drunkenness was not common. Mr. Harvey never used intoxicating liquors in his house, and though he was very much rejoiced to hear of the measures that were taken to promote temperance—he had not thought of talking about it to his children.

But Edward's question seemed to startle him, and he soon made up his mind that he would begin at once to teach his children most effectually all that is meant by intemperance. He, therefore, told Edward that a temperance society was composed of a number of persons who agreed that they would not drink any intoxicating liquors themselves, and would discourage their use in others; and that he would the next day talk to him and his brother more on the subject.

(To be continued in the next number.)

## WATER.

"WATER, water!" is the cry seldom heard in our country, which, with its temperate climate, abounds with rivers, and streams, and brooks, and ponds; but in a hot burning country, where the ground is parched by the heat of the sun, "water, water," is there a frequent sound of anguish and distress.

But, another cause, besides heat, produces a scarcity of water. In what we call a hard winter, the pipes which convey to us the needful fluid are all frozen, and the ponds are sealed with ice. Then it is that the poor suffer greatly for want of water. Sometimes a pipe is opened for them in the street, and they may be seen as in the picture—with their pails, and cans, and jugs, of different sizes and shapes, all coming for water. How thankful are they to obtain what is so essential to comfort and health, and even necessary to life! See that little child tottering beneath the weight of the jug just filled with water; look at that poor thin woman, with difficulty dragging herself along with her two full pails, and that poor old man—how will he ever carry home his large can of water? They have all come with their empty vessels, and they are all going away with them filled to the brim.

"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of

they must be emptied of all trust in *self*, all confidence in *self*, all love of *self*.

The water is the Holy Spirit. Why is the Holy Spirit compared to water? Because it is the office of the Holy Spirit to cleanse, and purify, and sanctify, and satisfy, and fill the heart. It is the Spirit who comes into the heart, and brings faith, and love, and joy, and peace. Oh, what precious water is this! Would that all men and women, and children would press forward to obtain it. It is God himself who offers it. Whenever we prayerfully open our Bibles, whenever we hear the Gospel faithfully preached, it is there. Let us pray to have our hearts emptied of self, that they may be filled with God. What a provision is made for us! This blessed stream is ever flowing, and we may go to it over and over again, to be filled and satisfied for ever with living water.

Come then, and take of this water of life. There is enough for old men and old women, for young men and maidens; there is sufficient to fill every heart, and satisfy every desire. "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. xxi. 17. C. H.

A HINT FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Turn out the cast-away clothes from your wardrobes and drawers, and therewith clothe the poor and naked.



water springing up into eternal life. John iv. 13, 14.

Jesus stood and cried, saying—"If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink." John vii. 37.

Here is water freely offered to *all*, it flows for all. Do we see men and women and children crowding around *this* fountain for *this* living water? Alas, how few know what this water is! Did they but know, how would they desire to obtain it!

Let me tell you what it is, let me point out to you a fountain to which you may go each hour,—each moment. Whatever vessels you take to it, they will be sure to be filled; yea, filled to overflowing, provided they are empty. This is the only condition required. The vessels must be empty before they can be filled.

Do you ask, "What are the vessels, and what is the water? Let me tell you. The vessels are your hearts. I said they must be empty, that is,

THE EARL OF STANHOPE states:—My father was a weakly child, he was taken early to Geneva; when a celebrated medical professor, who had formerly been a pupil of the great Boerhaave, was consulted on his case. He advised, that he should use much exertion, and *drink nothing but water*. He adhered strictly to that advice, and when in after years, his habits became more sedentary he still used only water. He became clear and vigorous in his various energies of body and mind, and exerted his faculties almost to the last moments of his life. My grandfather was also a water drinker, and even at the age of 72, devoted several hours a day to abstruse mathematical studies. My grandmother drank only water, and enjoyed the use of all her ordinary faculties, until near her dissolution, which took place when she was 92 years of age.

He is happy, who considers WATER as his best and only drink.—DR. PARIS.





NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

## NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

It is a matter of congratulation that during the last few years some of our social and domestic customs, which for generations have been silently inflicting injury upon the young, are gradually giving place to better observances. Christmas and New-year's weeks have too long been times of dissipation in this land, arising from the extensive practice of providing spirits, and other intoxicating drinks in the friendly and domestic circles.

It has been our painful task to listen to the most affecting statements from Murderers and Convicts in the Prison Cell, and we have heard the Christmas Drinking Customs of "Home," in early days, referred to as the "first steps" towards the ruin of the unhappy prisoners.

In America, a most rapid stride has been made in the abolition of drinking customs, and although New Year's Day is a general holiday, and a time for family meetings amongst all classes of society, yet in these joyous assemblies of Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, and Sisters, from all parts of the States, wine and any other intoxicants are rarely if ever seen.

In our own country the gift of good books to the young is now extensively superseding the presentation of the wine cup.

A dear friend, who during the past year departed to the "Better Land," gave us an interesting account of the last gathering of her numerous grandchildren, at which the "Band of Hope Review" was a welcome gift. We trust that our new volume will prove an acceptable present in these domestic gatherings.

## ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.

Edwin was looking at a large building which they were putting up just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, "My son, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers: pray what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No, Father," said Edwin; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick upon another."



"Very true, my son. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labours. The greatest labour becomes easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of yonder edifice is only one brick upon another.

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"The Lord is good to all."

# LITTLE FRANK AND "OLD DOBBIN."

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—My account of "Robert, the stone thrower," having afforded you so much interest, I have been requested to write you another piece on the importance of kindness to animals.

The practice of kindness to the lower creation cannot be too early impressed upon the minds of my readers, and I am desirous of enlisting them in the good cause of seeking to prevent cruelty to the dumb, who cannot plead for themselves.

About forty years ago, Little Frank and his sister, two happy looking children who had been sent from the City to spend the holidays with their Aunt in the country were seated on the back of a fine old horse named "Dobbin."

Frank who had so often seen the drivers using their whips on the backs of the poor cab horses in the city, quickly called out, "Aunt, will you let me have a whip or a stick to make Dobbin go faster?" The kind and judicious Aunt raising her hand, in a sweet voice replied, "No, my dear child, I love you too well to

do that. Dobbin does not require any whipping; a kind word does far more with him than a whip or a stick."

Just at this moment little Carlo the dog began

to bark and jump about, and by his "bow, wow, wow," seemed to say, "No, no, master Frank, Dobbin needs no whip!"

"Robert, tell master Frank what you think

about whipping Dobbin," continued the Aunt, addressing the farm servant.

"Think, ma'am, why, I think that it's the last thing he needs. If I was just to say, "Go on quicker Dobbin," master Frank would soon be in danger of falling off. But the good creature knows that he must now go slowly and he is stepping as gently and cleverly as I could do, just as though he was proud of his two little riders, and was afraid of their being hurt or tossed off when the wheels get into any of the holes."

"A kind word," continued Robert, "is better than a whip, and a pat on the neck better than a blow for a horse any day. It's a shame, ma'am, to see how some men use their poor horses, and I often wonder that they have not more sense and care for their pockets and peace. Why if I was to get into a passion with Dobbin and flog him as some men do, I should get doubly



LITTLE FRANK AND OLD DOBBIN.



punished, for I should get into a bad temper many a time, and disgrace myself as a man, and besides that, I should neither get so much work done, nor so well done, as I do by using him kindly. He obeys me at a word, and I am well rewarded for treating poor Dobbin with kindness."

Much more was said both by Frank's Aunt and honest Robert, but the concluding remarks of the former are all that I shall repeat. Never forget, my dear child, what Robert has said, that, "a kind word is better than a whip." If you are cruel to animals, you will soon be cruel to your sister, and in all probability become a cruel and unhappy man. If however, you practise kindness to the dumb creatures, whom God has so graciously given for our service, I shall expect to find you, if spared, not only a kind brother, but a kind and happy man.

God bless you, my "dear child and fill your heart with the love of Jesus. You will, then, not only love Him, but love the works of his hand."

The early lesson thus taught to little Frank as he sat on the back of "Old Dobbin," has never been forgotten, but has proved like good seed sown in good ground, for amongst the most zealous labourers of the present day for the prevention of cruelty to animals, he holds a distinguished position. I shall perhaps have more to tell you about him before long.—UNCLE JOHN.

#### MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A SUNDAY SCHOLAR.



BEWARE, Sunday Scholars of the Public-house and the Intoxicating Cup! One Monday morning not long ago, a youth not more than seventeen years of age, threw himself over the Dean Bridge, Edinburgh, and was taken up a lifeless corpse. On searching him, a catechism, which had been given him at the Sunday school, was found in his pocket, and among the incoherent sentences written in pencil immediately before committing the fatal act were these words,

*Drink has ruined me*

Sunday school teachers! use this melancholy fact as a caution to your scholars not only to avoid the public-house, but the drink which makes the public-house so dangerous.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.—PROVERBS iii. 5, 6.

#### THE POOR LITTLE KITTEN.

Mew, mew, mew,  
With a faint and gasping cry,  
Was all poor pussy could do,  
As she laid her down to die.



Her eyes are glazed and dim,  
Her coat has a half-drown'd look;  
A cruel boy said she could swim,  
And threw her into the brook.

She was so gentle and gay,  
So pretty and graceful her ways;  
'Twas pleasant to watch her at play,  
With her happy and innocent face.

She'd run round and round at her tail,  
Or dart about after a ball;  
Or spring at the shadows that fell  
In the sunshine upon the old wall.

I've seen her fly after a leaf,  
As it fell from the Sycamore tree;  
Poor kitty, thy day was as brief  
As the leaves of the forest could be.

This morning so bright and so gay,  
But silent in death before night;  
Never more to awaken to play,  
And frisk round the house with delight.

Naughty lad! was the life that you took  
Your gift, that 'twas yours to destroy?  
If you were thrown into the brook  
And frighten'd, you'd think, cruel boy,

How wicked it was thus to do;  
Yet, you've killed a poor cat, just for play,  
Who never offence gave to you;  
I hope you'll be sorry one day!

Let us lay our poor puss in the grave,  
And place a light sod on her breast;  
Here surely at least she may have  
A retreat both of safety and rest.

Poor pussy! no more shall I see  
Thy bright little innocent eyes,  
With mischievous glance fix'd on me,  
Or staring with pretty surprise.

#### THE DOG AND THE LANTERN.

ONE of the magistrates at Harbour Grace, in Newfoundland, had an old dog of the species peculiar to that island, who not only trotted away most readily with the provision basket, but who was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do, stopping short when his master made a stop, and proceeding when he saw him disposed to follow. If his master was absent from home, on the lantern being placed in his mouth, and the command given, "Go fetch thy master," he would immediately set off and proceed directly to the town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile from his master's residence, he would then stop at the door of every house which he knew that his master was in the habit of frequenting, and laying down his lantern, he would growl and strike the door until it was opened; if his master were not there, he would proceed farther in the same manner, until he had found him. If he had accompanied his master only once into a house, this was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round. The noble creature had always been treated with kindness and he more than repaid his affectionate master for such treatment.

#### BOY HELPING A HORSE.

"MAMMA, I've been helping a horse to pull a load of coals up the hill," merrily shouted a little happy looking boy one cold frosty morning.

"The hill was very slippery, mamma, with frost and snow," and I felt so sad to see the poor horse struggling to get up. I remembered that last winter papa had some ashes strewn on the road, so I got some in my wheelbarrow and with my spade spread them up the hill. The man then said, 'Gee up, my good horse!' and he was soon at the top of the hill. Then mamma, the man said, 'Thank you, my little man, you have helped my horse to pull this load of coals up the hill.' I feel so happy, mamma."

You have done a good action, my dear child, replied the kind parent, one that is not only pleasing to me, but also to your heavenly Father. Never omit to shew kindness to animals.





## THE HARVEY BOYS.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE FRIENDLY INN.



HE next day being Saturday, Mr. Harvey, soon after dinner, called Edward and his eldest brother George to take a walk. As this was a very usual thing for them to do on holidays, the boys asked no questions as to where they were going. But they were surprised to find that instead of getting out by the shortest way, to ramble in the green fields, or along the creeks as they were in the habit of doing, their father was going into one of the dirtiest and most disagreeable parts of the town.

As soon as they left home, Mr. Harvey began to allude to the question that Edward had asked the evening before. "I suppose," said he, "you both know what the word *temperance* means. As it is commonly used, it signifies the moderate and proper use of the blessings of Providence. For instance, a temperate man only eats to satisfy his wants; he takes no more than is good for his health and strength. An intemperate man eats more than is necessary for him; he is not content with a moderate enjoyment of the good which the bounty of God supplies, but he makes it the greatest pleasure of his life. He seeks his happiness in eating, and is a glutton."

"But, I thought, father," said Edward, "that intemperance meant drunkenness."

"That is the most usual meaning of the word now, because the use of intoxicating drink is the principal way in which men are intemperate. There are many men indeed, who eat more than they ought, and who injure their health and destroy their character by gluttony; and if men are intemperate in this way, they generally are in drinking. But it is drink which does the principal mischief. There are supposed to be not less than three hundred thousand drunkards in this country."

"But why," inquired Edward, "do men get drunk?"

"Stop a moment," said his father, "and you will see."

As he said this, Mr. Harvey stopped as if to enjoy the shade of a fine large tree near the corner of two streets, at which there was a public house, or, as it was called "*The Friendly Inn*." The door was open, but a screen was before it covered with play-bills, so that they could not see the inside of the room; but as the red curtains at the little windows were occasionally blown in by the wind, they could observe what was going on.

As a couple of stout men, with cigars in their

mouths, passed them, they heard one say to the other, "Come, Joe, this is a piping hot day, we must have something to drink." "So we must," said his companion, and they went in together. They found one or two of their acquaintances sitting at little tables. Their exclamations and laughter, mixed with oaths, were easily heard in the streets, as they stood talking, after each one had drunk a tumbler of brandy and water.

"There," said Mr. Harvey, "those men complain of the heat of the day, and make that an excuse for swallowing half a gill of liquor, which is so hot that it is called *ardent*, that is *burning spirits*; and which, taken raw, burns the throat and stomach that are not used to it, like fire. But as the cold water which is mixed with the brandy keeps them from feeling its heat, they think it refreshes them, though, in reality, it

"is in the state that is called *meriy*. He has taken perhaps two or three glasses of brandy, and his intoxication is perhaps a little greater than the other men's. But he really feels, as well as acts, like a crazy man. As you said, he does not know what to do with himself. He is not happy, for his head is reeling, and he feels himself getting sick in spite of all his merriment. As the intoxicating effect of the liquor goes off, he will get stupid and quiet, and feel that he is disgracing himself and making himself miserable. But we have seen enough here."

(To be continued in the next number.)

## BE ON YOUR GUARD.

AN esteemed correspondent writes:—"I find that

a new form of sweetmeat has made its appearance, and is eagerly purchased by boys and girls. It consists of sugar or sugar plums, enclosing a small tea spoonful of *Port Wine, Rum, or Whisky*. As the master of a large school, (in which your Review and Almanac are circulated) I raise my voice against what I consider to be an insidious form of temptation, and perhaps the very best means of creating a vicious taste for ENGLAND'S CURSE in the young. Even

in the case of other sweetmeats their adulterations and injurious effects are worthy of notice in a publication dedicated to the young."

We trust that this important caution will be urgently repeated by parents and teachers.

## EPITAPH.

*She lived*:—what further can be said  
Of all the generations dead?  
*She died*:—what else can be foretold  
Of all the living, young or old?  
*She lived* with death before her eye,  
As one who did not fear to die.

*She died*, as one exchanging breath  
For immortality in death:  
Her dust is here, her spirit there;—  
Eternity! O tell me where?

J. MONTGOMERY.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

## THE RECHABITES.

PERHAPS most of the readers of the Band of Hope Review remember the history of the Rechabites as related in Jeremiah xxxv. chap. For their obedience to their earthly father, this message of kindness and blessing was sent them,

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring LION, walketh about seeking whom he may devour."

1 Peter v. 8.



"The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a LION."

Proverbs xxviii. 1.

increases the heat of their bodies as soon as swallowed, as every hot drink does. And drinkers know this; for these very men, if it had been a cold day, would have made that an excuse for taking the same kind of drink to warm them."

Whilst Mr. Harvey was speaking, a wood-sawyer, putting down his horse and saw at the door, and clearing his mouth of a piece of tobacco which he had been chewing, went in to the bar, and laying some coppers on the counter, soon received in return a little glass of whisky, which he drank off by itself, and then took a mouthful of water. "That man," said Mr. Harvey, "who is spending for a single drink, one tenth of what he has just earned by sawing a log of wood, thinks that he must drink because he has been working hard. The effect of the liquor is to excite a person; that is, it makes him feel lively or refreshed for a moment. The different degrees of this feeling are the different degrees of intoxication. See how those two men that just went in are talking and laughing. They would not be called drunk, but they are evidently affected by the liquor. In a few hours this will pass off, and then they will feel worse than they did when they went in, and then they will want another and a larger drink to excite them again."

"But father," said Edward, "that man who is capering about the room looks very happy. See how he dances, and throws his arms about, and catches hold of the men around him. He seems so happy that he does not know what to do with himself."

"That poor creature," answered Mr. Harvey,





"Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel; because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab, your father, therefore, Jonadab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever."

And hath he said and shall he not do it. He never forgets his promises—but where are the Rechabites now? Many hundred years have passed away. The people of Judah have been driven from their own land and scattered all over the earth. Where can we find the Rechabites? How can we know that God still remembers and preserves them?

A missionary who was travelling in the east, a

few years ago, has told us something about the descendants of these obedient Rechabites. This missionary was Dr. Wolff. He was himself a Jew; but he had learned to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ was the true Messiah, the Saviour of the world, and he was travelling about to try and bring his Jewish brethren to believe in him too.

In Mesopotamia, Dr. Wolff, met with a wild-looking man like an Arab; he was on horseback riding through the deserts. Dr. W. was told that this man was a Jew, so he spoke to him and asked him if he could read. He could read both Hebrew and Arabic well, and was glad to see a Bible in Hebrew, which Dr. W. shewed him. Then the missionary asked him about his country and his people. The man took the Bible and turned to Jeremiah xxxv. 5, the story of the Rechabites. Then he told Dr. Wolff, that his people lived in the deserts near Mecca in Arabia. He said, "We are descended from Jonadab, the son of Rechab. We drink no wine, and plant no vineyards, we live in tents as Jonadab commanded us.

Come and see us, you will find 60,000 still living and you will see that this prophecy is

fulfilled."—From *Scriptural Instruction for the Least and the Lowest*.

#### PERILS OF MISSIONARIES.

THOUSANDS of our readers have much pleasure in giving their money for the cause of missions, but there is something more that we desire them to do, and that is to *pray* for the missionaries. Like the Apostle Paul, these devoted preachers of the gospel are "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the wil-

derness, in perils in the sea, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

The Rev. J. Rebman, a devoted Church Missionary whilst returning some time ago, from a visit to Mankinga, an African Chief, was not only in danger of being robbed, but narrowly escaped drowning. He and his porters came to a rapid river, but there was no bridge. They cut down trees and tied them together, but in attempting to cross, Mr. Rebman fell into the water. Happily, one of the porters caught hold of him and the missionary's life was saved.

Frequently they had to cut their way through the Jungles and were in danger of being devoured by the wild beasts of the forest, yet this Ambassador of the Cross writes, "On praying to God, amidst the thorns of the wilderness, my heart was melted within me."

Let us thank God for the sustaining power of prayer, and in our private and family devotions, let us not forget those who have gone amid many "perils," to preach the gospel to the poor heathen.



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PROVIDENTIAL RESCUE OF THE REV. J. REBMAN.





"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

**A STORY OF OLD.**

MORE than two thousand years ago, there lived a man and his wife at Mount Ephraim, in Judea,

and for many years they had no children. This was a great grief to them, but more especially to the wife whose name was Hannah. This couple were accustomed to go a long journey once in the year to worship, and make an offering to the Lord at the Temple in Shiloh. On one of these occasions whilst there, Hannah, in her distress, prayed fervently unto the Lord to give them a son. She uttered no words, but prayed in her heart, and the Lord heard her prayer and answered it.

The aged minister, whose name was Eli, saw Hannah standing in the Temple, her lips moving, but uttering no words, and he thought she was intoxicated, but he was mistaken; she was praying in her heart. Sighs and groans which cannot be uttered are heard in heaven.

When Hannah and her husband had concluded their worship and offered those sacrifices which the law required, they returned to their own home at Mount Ephraim, and in due time Hannah bore a son; and she determined to fulfil a promise she had made and dedicate him to

the Lord. Not long after, when the child, who was named SAMUEL, was weaned and able to travel the Father and Mother went on their usual visit to Shiloh, and they took the little boy with them.

Hannah now spoke to Eli, and said, "I am the woman that stood by thee here praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed in my heart, and the Lord hath given me my petition, therefore I

have lent him to the Lord as long as he liveth." Then Hannah prayed aloud and sang a beautiful song of praise and thanksgiving, all which you may find written in the Bible. Eli commended Hannah's good resolution and was pleased to receive the little boy under his own care and provide for him, and the Father and Mother returned home rejoicing. Every year Hannah went up to Shiloh to worship before the Lord and to see her son, and year by year she took him a little coat. As Samuel grew older, he became very useful in assisting Eli in his duties in the Temple, and he was clad in a linen ephod such as the priests of those days were accustomed to wear. Little Samuel's business for some time was, to see that the Temple was in proper order; to leave the lamp burning at night, and



AMUEL AND ELI.

**THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL  
FIND ME.**

Proverbs viii. 17.

to open the doors of the Temple in the morning. Now you must know, that Samuel had a bed by himself in one part of the Temple, and Eli slept in another. One night, after they were both gone to rest, and all around was silent, the youth was



awakened by a voice distinctly calling him by his name. Supposing it was Eli who called him, he immediately arose and went to his bedside, and said, "Here I am, for thou called'st me." Eli replied, he had not called him, and bade him go and lie down again. Again and again Samuel heard the same voice calling him, and again and again he arose and went to Eli, saying, "Here I am, for thou *didst* call me." Eli now begun to perceive that it was the voice of the Lord that had called the lad, and he informed him what he was to answer, should he again hear the voice; and Eli again bade him go and lie down. And the Lord condescended to call Samuel by his name, for the fourth time and he answered as Eli had instructed him, "*Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.*" Then the Lord spoke to the youthful prophet and told him of grievous things which should shortly come to pass. In the morning, when he came to open the doors of the Temple as usual, Eli perceived that Samuel looked very sorrowful, and he inquired of him what the Lord had said to him. The dear youth was unwilling to tell what he had heard, because it was a fearful judgment which the Lord had said should shortly come upon Eli and his family, but Eli urged him, and he at length told him every whit. If you will take your Bible and turn to the third Chapter of 1st Sam. you will there find not only what were the sad tidings that little Samuel told to Eli, but you will also learn that God's anger rests upon those parents who do not *properly restrain* or *punish their children when they do wrong.*

J. P.

A WISE son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

PROVERBS x. 1.

#### OPENING OF A BOX OF PRESENTS, AT IBADAN.

MANY of our Lowestoft readers, will long remember Mrs. Hinderer, who was such an untiring friend of the Mission cause. She now labours as a Missionary's wife amongst the poor Africans.



May the God of Missions long spare her valuable life! Mrs. Hinderer thus describes the interesting scene here pictured.

"On the 5th of October, a real treat was given us, in the arrival of a box of beautiful things from Lady B—. It was such a feast, that the children were *wild with delight*, whilst I myself was not much less so at the arrival of such a beautiful box of presents from England.

The beautiful Scripture pictures I hid until Sunday evening, and how I wish our friends in England could have seen the children's interest when I explained them."

In the next parcel that is sent to Mrs. Hinderer, we shall enclose some yearly parts of the

*Band of Hope Review*, and we shall not be surprised to find that they cause shouts of joy from the little black children of Ibadan.

Mrs. Taylor, wife of the devoted Missionary at Cradock, in South Africa, writes us, that our pages are highly prized in the Mission school there, and we therefore venture to suggest that our readers take every convenient opportunity of forwarding copies to the various Mission stations throughout the world.

**SAYINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.**—If we commit small faults without regret to-day, we shall commit greater ones to-morrow.

Idleness renders us unfit for everything.

We owe the greatest gratitude to those who tell us the truth.

In everything we do, however trifling, we ought to reflect and reason, otherwise we shall never do any thing well.

No one can be careful of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

Science may raise us to eminence, but religion alone can guide us to happiness.

To live and not learn, is to loiter and not to live.

Warm hearts require cool heads.

There is no ailing so troublesome as having nothing to do.

They that do nothing, are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

He that is good may hope to become better: he that is bad may fear that he may become worse: for vice, virtue, and time, never stand still.

It is better to sow the young heart with good thoughts than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is never ending.

A well-spent day prepares for sweet repose.

#### SAMUEL CALLED.

DEEP fell the shades of night around the couch where Samuel slept,  
And balmy sleep, by soft degrees, had o'er his senses crept;  
He dreamed of home and all the joys which pious children know,  
When, taught to love the Lord betimes, in holiness they grow.

Anew a voice, in solemn tones, on "Samuel, Samuel," cried;  
To duty prompt he left his couch, and fast to Eli hied; [sire!]  
"What would'st thou?" asked the gentle boy, "for thou *didst* call, my  
"I call'd thee not," the old man said, "again to rest retire."

Anew the child has reached his couch, and laid his limbs to rest;  
And slumbers light as dew have sunk afresh upon his breast;  
When, lo! amidst his pleasing dreams, that voice is heard to call,  
And "Samuel, Samuel," sounds again throughout the spacious hall.

Alert, as when he first arose, to Eli swift he ran;  
"What would'st thou now, for call thou *didst*?" anew the child began:  
"I call'd thee not, my son," replied the priest, in gentle strain,  
"Some childish dream has broke thy rest; go, seek thy couch again."

The wondering boy at once obeys; but 'tis in vain he tries  
To sink to rest, for downy sleep has fled his wakeful eyes;  
And now he starts to hear anew the voice pronounce his name,  
Yet still believes from Eli's lips the hasty summons came.

Once more he sought the old man's side. "What, would'st thou now?" he said,  
"For call, I'm sure, thou *didst*." The priest at first no answer made.  
He saw that God had called the child; and when he silence broke,  
With kindness, not unmix'd with awe, he to the stripling spoke:

"'Twas God, my child, whose voice thou heard'st; retire to rest anew;  
Thy fathers' God he was, and has some gracious end in view;  
Then if thou hear'st him call again, dismiss thy childish fears, [hears.]"  
And answer straight, with reverence meet, "Speak, Lord, thy servant

Thus counselled, to his lowly couch the obedient child has gone;  
Nor shrinks that with his fathers' God he finds himself alone:  
His heart beats high with sacred awe, but not with wild affright;  
He knows that they who love the Lord are precious in his sight.

Not long he waits before the voice on "Samuel, Samuel," cries;  
"Speak, Lord, thy servant hears," he said, and soon his Lord replies;  
With grief and dread the youthful seer now learns the fearful things,  
Which God on Eli's fated house ere long in judgment brings.

How oft, O Lord! as in thy courts thy holy word was preach'd,  
Have we in semblance heard thy voice, which ne'er our hearts has reach'd!  
O may we now regard thy call with more attentive ear,  
And learn to say, as Samuel did, Speak, Lord, thy servants hear!

No portents now arrest the gaze on Sinai's mount of flame;  
No writing on the wall appears, the tyrant's pride to tame;  
The hand is still, which swept the chords of Judah's sainted lyre,  
And quenched the coal which touch'd of old the prophet's lips with fire.

Yet firm and sure the promise stands, on God's own covenant built;  
And full and free the fountain flows, which hides the sinner's guilt:  
Then let us learn our fainting souls upon this truth to stay,  
That gifts may cease, and prophets fail, but Christ shall reign for aye!

DR. HUIE.



## THE HARVEY BOYS.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE STONE MASON.



THEY had hardly left the corner where they had been standing, when another scene stopped them. A man had come out of the tavern a short time before, and after staggering a short distance threw himself, or rather fell, on the steps of a house where he was now lying. His hat had fallen from his head, and he lay as if he were dead, except that now and then he would mutter something which nobody could understand, and try to roll himself over to get up. The people, as they passed by, seeing that he was drunk, took no further notice of him. Females crossed the street to be out of his way, and some boys, seeing that he was not able to get up, were making sport of him. Presently two men who were going to their work crossed over to see what was the matter. "Why, Ben," said one of them as soon as he saw the drunken being, "Is this you?" Mr. Harvey asked the man if he knew who he was. "Oh, yes," he answered. "It is Ben Jones, a neighbour of mine. He used to be as clever a fellow and as good a mason as any man in the business. But he got fond of liquor. When he first began, nobody thought that Ben Jones would ever go too far. He only took one or two glasses of ale a day. But he got to taking more, until nothing could stop him; and now, nobody will trust him, and he only works as long as he keeps sober."

"Has he a family?" asked Mr. Harvey.

"Yes," said the other man, "he has a wife and five children, and she has to work from morning to night to get along and support them and her worthless husband. But it will not do to let him lie here like a beast. We must get him home in some way."

The men then put his hat on his head, and one going on each side tried to lift him up. But he could not stand. His head rolled on one side and his hat again fell off; his legs and arms were as limber as if they had no strength. He then began to open his eyes, and swear at the men and abuse them for disturbing him. "If it was not for your poor wife," said one of them, "you should lie here until you were taken to the lock-up, and it would be a thousand times better if you were to be locked up where you could see no drink. But to save her from any more disgrace we will take you out of the street."

They then stopped a man who was going along with a cart, and agreed to pay him a shilling to take him home in it. They all took hold of Jones by the shoulders and feet and laid him in the bottom of the cart. He was too helpless and

stupid to make any resistance, and the carter drove off with him.

"This is another stage of drunkenness," said Mr. Harvey to his boys, as they walked on. "The drinking of liquor first raises a man's spirits, and makes him feel as if it strengthened him and did him good. A little more makes him merry; and then a little more only is needed to take away his senses, his strength, and his decency. That 'Ben Jones,' as they call him, is not worthy of the name of a man. He has drunk, until he has scarcely any reason left. He cannot stand or move, but is thrown about like a log that can make no resistance. He has ruined his health and comfort; he has lost his work; he has lost his character, and is a poor worthless creature. And this might have been prevented had he never tasted intoxicating drinks. If he

and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

(To be continued.)

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To our numerous correspondents whose letters have had no reply or attention, we beg to apologise. Being employed in business, and having only our leisure hours for literary matters, we have no alternative but to leave, however reluctantly, many important letters unanswered. We must in all such cases beg the indulgence of our friends, and ask them to accept the *will for the deed*. When we state that we frequently have more letters than we can find time even to read, it will be readily conceived how utterly impossible it is to answer them.

ANONYMOUS communications cannot be noticed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected articles.

We shall be glad if our readers will make the "British Workman," (1d. monthly), more extensively known. With the "Band of Hope Review" for children, and the

"British Workman" for parents, we trust by God's blessing to promote the health, wealth, and happiness of many working men's families. We need an increased circulation if our labours are to be continued.

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## THE SABBATH.

"THUS said the LORD unto me: Go and stand in the gate of the children of the people, whereby the kings of Judah come in, and by the which they go out, and in all the gates of Jerusalem; and say unto them, Hear ye the word of the LORD, ye kings of Judah, and all Judah, and all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, that enter in by these gates; thus saith the LORD: Take heed to yourselves, and bear no burden on the Sabbath day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem; neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the Sabbath day, neither do ye any work, but hallow ye the Sabbath day as I commanded your fathers.—JER. xvii. 19—22.

had only been satisfied with the pure and refreshing drink which the Creator has provided, he might have been this day a worthy, industrious, healthy, and happy man. But now all his prospects are destroyed; and how can a man in such a situation think of his soul, or prepare for the judgment, or even offer a sincere prayer to God! Had Ben Jones joined a temperance society, this disgraceful scene would not probably have taken place."

Mr. Harvey said he could not help thinking of what Solomon gives as the language of a drunkard: "They have stricken me, shalt thou say,

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## DEATH OF A NEW ZEALAND CHILD.



**C**O with me, my dear children, in imagination, to a grave yard in Waimate in New Zealand, and I will tell you something about a sweet child who lies buried there. It will shew you what the Gospel of Jesus can do, even for the offspring of the once cannibal New Zealanders.

A little boy of five years old, a scholar in the Waimate Church Missionary School, was taken ill, and was sent to the sick-house that he might be properly nursed.

The poor child begged that his sister, a little older than himself, and also in the school, might come to see him. When she entered the room, he anxiously looked to see if she had anything in her hand, but finding she had not, exclaimed, "Have you not brought me anything?"

"What did you wish me to bring you?" inquired the sister.

"I hoped you would have brought me your New Testament, I want you to read it to me."

The New Testament was soon fetched; and it was a sweet sight to see the two dear children, the one reading, the other drinking in the words of eternal life.

The little girl constantly visited and read to her suffering brother; some passages seemed particularly to interest him, and "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," was one he specially delighted in.

So fearful was he of the precious volume being mislaid or carried away, that as soon as his sister had finished reading, he would take it from her and put it under his pillow—till one morning which proved to be the last morning of his short life, instead of placing it there as usual, he retained it in his hand where, after his death it was found, too tightly grasped to be removed *without force*, and so it was buried with him. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise."—P. L.

WHEN the Princess Anne, daughter of Charles I., lay upon her death-bed, and nature was almost spent, she was desired by one of her attendants to pray; she said she was not able to say her long prayer, meaning the Lord's prayer, but she would say her short one; *Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death.* The dear child had no sooner pronounced these words, than she expired. She was not quite four years of age.

If thou rise with an appetite, thou art sure never to sit down without one.—PENN.

## A NOBLE LITTLE PONY.

A LITTLE girl, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman in Warwickshire, was once playing too near the banks of the canal which ran through the pleasure grounds of his beautiful mansion, and in the midst of her merriment had the misfortune to fall into the water. Her play-mate screamed and ran off to the house to give the alarm, but in all probability the child must have been drowned had not a little pony, which had long been a favourite in the family, plunged into the stream and brought her safely ashore without the slightest injury. Pretty little affectionate pony! You had been treated with *kindness* and you thus repaid it tenfold. You richly deserved your comfortable home and plenty of corn and hay for the remainder of your days! Shame on the boy who would be cruel to such a noble and useful creature. We hope that our young readers will not forget either this, or the account of "Little Frank and Old Dobbin," which we gave in our last number.

## SULKING.

Why is Sarah standing there,  
Leaning down upon a chair,  
With such an angry lip and brow?  
I wonder what's the matter now.

Come here, my dear, and tell me true;  
Is it because I spoke to you  
About the work you'd done so slow,  
That you are standing fretting so?



Why, then indeed I'm grieved to see  
That you can so ill-tempered be;  
You make your fault a great deal worse  
By being angry and perverse.

O, how much better 'twould appear,  
To see you shed a humble tear,  
And then to hear you meekly say,  
"I'll not do so another day."

I MUST not be angry when things do not suit,  
Or peevish, or cry, or sulky, or mute.



A NOBLE LITTLE PONY.





"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

**THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.**

ONE of the most remarkable places in the mountains which separate Switzerland and Italy, is that called the passage of the mountain Great

St. Bernard. Many thousands of persons traverse this road every year, and were it not for the monastery of St. Bernard at the top, it

would be impassable in the winter. From November to May, a trusty servant accompanied by a monk, goes half way down the mountain every day, in search of travellers. They have with them one or two large dogs, trained for the





purpose, who will scent a man at a great distance, and find out the road in the thickest fogs and heaviest falls of snow. Suspended from the necks of these sagacious dogs are little caskets with meat and drink to refresh the weary traveller.

Many are the interesting facts which are recorded of the brave dogs of St. Bernard, of whom there are but very few left.

One of the most remarkable of these faithful animals was called Barry. This faithful dog is known to have saved the lives of forty unfortunate travellers, who, but for his assistance, must have perished in the snow. If the dog Barry was in time with his succours, the unfortunate were relieved, not only from his bottle, but also by means of the warm garment which his masters tied round his body for this purpose; if he could not by his warm tongue and breath restore sufficient animation, he returned to the convent, and brought, with the utmost expedition, the assistance of one of the inmates.

One day, in his vigilant excursions, Barry found a poor boy asleep and almost frozen to death in the celebrated Glacier of Balsore. Barry warmed the boy, licked him, awoke him, presented him with his restorative bottle, and carried him on his back to the convent. The boy was restored to his rejoicing parents.

When age had diminished the strength of this sagacious animal, he was sent to Berne, in the hope that he might tranquilly end his usefully employed days. His old age was by kind treatment rendered as comfortable as possible, and after his death his body was carefully buried, and his skin stuffed to imitate nature; and thus he stands with an action resembling life, decorated with his collar and bottle, in the museum of Berne.

#### A BRAVE BOY.

A poor boy was put an apprentice to a mechanic, and being the youngest of those bound to the same master, was often sent on errands for the rest. His fellow apprentices not unfrequently required him to fetch spirituous liquors, declaring that it did them good. They often urged him to partake of the intoxicating potion with them, but he invariably and resolutely refused. He was in consequence treated by them with mockery and scorn; often weeping in solitude on account of their derision and insults.

But mark the sequel. Every one of the scoffing apprentices became a confirmed drunkard, but the abstinent youth realized a fortune of about £20,000. He employed nearly a hundred men, all of whom renounced the use of spirituous drinks. He also exerted a very beneficial influence upon thousands more, helping to fit them not only for useful and honourable positions on earth, but also for eternal happiness in the world to come.—*The Adviser.*

#### THE PEACEMAKER.

THE late Rev. John Owen, A.M., having on a particular occasion endeavoured in vain to accommodate a matter in dispute between two friends, for both of whom he felt much respect, evinced the amiableness of his disposition by retiring and writing impromptu the following lines, which he transmitted to the disputants:—

How rare that toil a prosperous issue finds,  
Which seeks to reconcile divided minds!  
A thousand scruples rise at passion's touch;  
This yields too little, and that asks too much;  
Each wishes each with others' eyes to see,  
And many sinners can't make two agree;  
What mediation then, the Saviour show'd,  
Who singly reconciled us all to God!



NEHEMIAH REPROVING THE SABBATH TRADERS.

"In those days saw I in Judah some treading wine presses on the Sabbath, and bringing in sheaves, and lading asses; as also wine, grapes, and figs, and all manner of burdens, which they brought into Jerusalem on the Sabbath-day; and I testified against them in the day wherein they sold victuals.

"There dwell men of Tyre also therein, which brought fish, and all manner of ware, and sold on the Sabbath unto the children of Judah, and in Jerusalem.

"Then I contended with the nobles of Judah, and said unto them, what evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath-day?

"Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city? yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the Sabbath.

"And it came to pass, that when the gates of Jerusalem began to be dark before the Sabbath, I commanded that the gates should be shut, and charged that they should not be opened till after the Sabbath: and some of my servants set I at the gates, that there should no burden be brought in on the Sabbath-day.

"So the merchants and sellers of all kind of ware lodged without Jerusalem once or twice.

"Then I testified against them, and said unto them, why lodge ye about the wall? if ye do so again, I will lay hands on you. From that time forth came they no more on the Sabbath.

"And I commanded the Levites that they should cleanse themselves, and that they should come and keep the gates, to sanctify the Sabbath-day."

NEHEMIAH xiii. 15—22.

#### A BALM IN GILEAD.

"O THAT I had one gentle lamb,  
Or kid, which might be always near;  
And love me, who deserted am  
Of all on earth I hold most dear!"

Thus Anna sobbed, and straight replied,  
A whisper from the realms of bliss;  
"THE LAMB OF GOD for thee has died,  
And was there ever love like this?"

DR. HUIE.

"MARVEL NOT THAT I SAID UNTO THEE,  
YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

JOHN III. 7.

#### THE HARVEY BOYS.

##### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE STONE MASON'S FAMILY.

As Mr. Harvey and his sons walked along the street, talking about the dreadful sight they had seen, they observed that the cart had stopped at Ben Jones's house. The cart was backed against the pavement, and Jones was lifted out and carried in, and the men went off.

When Mr. Harvey came up to the house, he found it a miserable little frame dwelling that seemed to be falling to pieces. There was scarcely a whole pane of glass in the windows, and the

shutters were so broken that they were of no use.

The door was open, and as Mr. Harvey and his boys stepped in they saw Jones stretched on the floor, just as the men who had brought him out of the street had thrown him down. In a corner of the room sat his wife crying bitterly. An infant, not old enough to walk, was on her lap, clinging round her; and her four other children stood as close to her as possible, looking with terror at their father, then with pity at their poor mother, but without saying a word, or seeming to know what it all meant.

It was, indeed, a mournful sight to behold those helpless children, frightened at the sight of their own father, and that wife, whom he was bound to protect, maintain, and love, now more destitute than a widow, weeping in the misery he had brought upon her.

When the poor woman first saw that a gentleman had come into their wretched house, she was afraid some other calamity was going to happen. The landlord had threatened to turn them out of the house if they did not pay the rent, and she did not know but this was the person who was going to do it, or perhaps send them to jail. But Mr. Harvey's kind way of talking soon made her feel that he came as a friend.

"Never mind," said he, as Mrs. Jones got up to hand him the only chair in

the room; "I only stepped in to see how you are making out, for I am afraid you have a great deal of trouble here."

"Oh, yes," said the distressed woman, "nothing but trouble! What with my husband and poor children, I am almost distracted. I could bear to be poor, and would be glad to work from morning to night to help us along. But I am afraid to leave the house, lest he should come home in liquor and hurt the children; and all the little I can get he takes from me to spend at the tavern. And it makes it harder when I think how we once were; when Ben would rather be at home than at any other place; when he had no liquor in his house, and never went to a tavern; when he had plenty of work and good wages, be-





cause he was sober and regular, that he could always be depended on. Then we were happy, and we lived comfortably, and our children went to school; but now I have no happiness. If he is at home, he is stupid or cross, and often swears at me and the children; and if he goes out, I am afraid that he will go to the tavern. But, oh! that I should live to see him brought home like a beast in a cart!"

Here the poor woman cried bitterly, and the children clung more closely to her.

Mr. Harvey asked Mrs. Jones if her husband had become intemperate all at once.

"Oh, no," she said, "it came on him so slowly, that it was a great while before I could believe that he was a drunkard. It just began in the great election times. He used to go to the ward meetings, and to committee meetings, which were always held in the public house. At first he never tasted a drop when he was there, and came home as soon as the meeting was over. But his acquaintances were in the habit of taking drink to encourage the landlord, and he did not like to be alone, so he would now and then take a single glass, though he felt ashamed to ask for it. After a while, he became accustomed to being seen at the bar; and he began to stay with some of his friends, after the meeting was over, to drink and sing. And then he would come home late, and the next day he would be too sick to work. He made up his mind very often to break off the habit; but when he got among his companions again he would forget his resolution. And so he went on, till he got so accustomed to the tavern that, after the election was over, he still went to drink. All this time he was spending more than when he was steady, and yet had less wages, for he could not be depended upon as he used to be. Then our rent got behind, and we at last had to sell most of our things and move. Now he is scarcely sober two days together, and if it was not for the little washing I can get to do, we should have been in the poor house before this."

After making some inquiries about the children, Mr. Harvey left the house, promising to call again, and determining to send her some food and clothes that very evening.

"Well, boys," said he to his sons, as they walked homeward, "you have seen something of what intemperance is, how it begins, and what are its consequences. That wretched Jones, who frightens his own children by his beastly drunkenness, would not have believed, two years ago, that he should ever come to this. But he began by going into the way of temptation. He then yielded to it, by taking a drink for the sake of politeness, and to be like his companions; then the desire grew upon him, till he went constantly to the tavern, neglecting his business and ruining his family. He has now injured himself so much by drink, that he has lost his character, and no one will employ him."

(To be continued in the next number.)

#### EARTHLY RICHES.

How uncertain are the riches of this life! During the last few months, England and Ireland have furnished some of the most striking examples ever known of the truth of those words of sacred scripture, "Riches certainly make themselves wings," and "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished." Some who once moved in the higher ranks of life, having their noble mansions, and equipages have been reduced to beggary. Banks have failed, and have plunged many families into the depths of poverty and sorrow.

There are those who, a few years ago, could count in their iron safes their bank notes by tens of thousands, and their title deeds to princely estates, who are now to be found in the prison or the poorhouse.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in HEAVEN, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

#### A MOTHER'S REPROOF.



REMEMBER, that God says, "Honour thy Father and thy Mother."

Dr. ADAM CLARKE, when a boy, one day disobeyed his mother. She immediately took the Bible, and opened on these words, which she read and commented on in a very serious manner:—"The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagle shall eat it." Proverbs xxx. 17. The little culprit was cut to the heart, believing the word had been sent immediately from heaven. He went out into the field with a troubled spirit, and was musing on this awful denunciation of divine displeasure, when the hoarse croak of a raven sounded in his conscience an alarm more terrible than the cry of fire at midnight! He looked up, and soon perceived this most ominous bird, and actually supposing it to be the "raven" of which the text spoke, coming to pick out his eyes, he clapped his hands on them, and with the utmost speed ran towards the house as fast as the state of his alarm would admit, that he might escape the apparent impending danger.—*Life of Dr. John Clarke.*

#### WORTH MORE THAN GOLD.

WE recently saw two volumes (Life and Epistles of St. Paul) bearing the following pleasing inscription

"Presented to the Rev. WILLIAM DIX, by 180 inmates of Islington Workhouse, and 407 of the poor of his district, in grateful acknowledgment of his kindness in visiting them from house to house and room to room, and proclaiming to them the Gospel of Christ, 1st March, 1856. 'They cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'"

Such a testimonial to this worthy London curate is worth more than a bag of gold, for "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

#### "MAN, DO YOU PRAY TO GOD?"

WHEN the celebrated Dr. Morison left England on his christian mission to China, in 1807, he went by way of America. Landing at New York, he called with letters on Dr. Mason, by whom he was taken to the house of a friend to sleep; but as it was late in the day, and no previous notice had been given, there was no time to prepare a room for him, and the host and hostess gave up to him, for the night, their own. By the side of the bed in which he slept, was a small crib, in which was sleeping the little daughter of his host. On awaking in the morning, she turned in her own little bed towards that of her parents, to look at them and greet them as usual with her first smile; but to her great surprise the countenance of a stranger met her view. She raised herself up in evident alarm and regarded him stedfastly for a few moments, when at length she exclaimed, "Man, do you pray to God?" The good doctor smiled on her, and replied, "O yes, my dear, every day; He is my best friend." At this reply she seemed quite reassured, and, laying her head on the pillow again, had a little more sleep before she arose for the day.

#### "MY CANDLE WILL SOON BE DONE"

ONE dark evening a little girl had some needlework given her to do. She was allowed a small bit of lighted candle, and told that the work must be done that very night, and before her candle was consumed, for when that was burned she would have no more. Being a good girl she lost no time, but briskly stitched away with her needle, ever and anon looking at the burning candle, and saying, "I must make haste, for my candle will soon be done."



So it is as respects the great work which God has given us to do, that of "working out our salvation," by trusting and obeying his adorable Son Jesus Christ. We must lose no time, but at once begin to "cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," for the candle of life will soon burn out, and then God will examine our work to see whether it is all complete.

"This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

"Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won."

O hasten, mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er,  
Before this evening's stage be run."

O hasten, sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Before the needful work is done."





### A MIGHTY CURE-ALL.

SEVERAL gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend, when one of them exclaimed, "Ah, depend upon it, a soft answer is a mighty cure-all."

At this stage of the conversation, a boy who sat behind, at a table, studying his Latin grammar, began to listen, and repeated, as he thought, quite to himself, "A soft answer is a mighty cure-all." "Yes, that's it," cried the gentleman, starting, and turning round to see where the echo came from; "Yes, that's it; don't you think so, my lad?" The boy blushed a little at finding himself so unexpectedly addressed, but answered, "I don't know whether I understand you, sir."

"Well, I'll explain, then," said the gentleman, wheeling round his chair; "for it is a principle you ought to understand and act upon: besides, it is the principle which is going to conquer the world." The boy looked more puzzled than ever, and thought he should like to know something that was equal to Alexander himself.

"I might as well explain," said he, "by telling you about the first time it conquered me. My father was an officer, and his notion was to settle everything by fighting; if a boy ever gave me a saucy word, it was, 'Fight 'em, Charley; fight 'em!'"

"By and bye I was sent to the famous — school, and it so happened my seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house behind the academy, I began to strut a little and talk about what my father was; but as he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, besides being excellent at bat and ball, we were soon on pretty good terms, and so it went on for some time. After a while, some of the fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers; and somehow or other, we got the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it.

"Tom Tucker; who is he?" I cried angrily. "I'll let him know who I am!" and we rattled

on, until we fairly talked ourselves into a parcel of wolves. The boys then sent me on to go down to Tom Tucker's, and let him know what he had to expect. Swelling with rage I bolted into his yard, where he was at work with Trip and his little sister.

"I'll teach you to talk about me in this way, I thundered, marching up to him. He never winced, or seemed the least frightened, but stood still, looking at me as mild as a lamb.

"Tell me," I cried, throwing down my books, doubling up my fist, and sidling up to him; "tell me, or I'll—kill you, I was going to say, for murder was in my heart. He stepped on one side, but answered firmly, yet mildly,

"Charles, you may strike me as much as you please; I tell you I *shan't* strike back again; fighting is a poor way to settle difficulties. I'm thinking, when you are Charles Everett, I'll talk with you."

"Oh, what an answer was that; how it cowed me down: so firm, and yet so mild. I felt there was no fun in having the fight all on one side. I was ashamed of myself, my temper, and everything about me. I longed to get out of his sight. I saw what a poor foolish way my way of doing things was. I felt that Tom had completely got the better of me—that there was a power in his principles superior to anything I had ever seen before; and from that hour Tom Tucker had an influence over me which nobody else ever had before or since; it has been for good, too. That, you see, is the power, the mighty moral power of a soft answer.

"I have been about the world a great deal since then; and I believe," said the gentleman, "that nearly all, if not all the bickerings, the quarrels, the disputes, which

arise among men, women, or children, in families, neighbourhoods, churches, or even nations, can be cured by the mighty moral power of a soft answer; for the Scriptures declare that 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

### INFLUENCE OF A DOG.

"In the deep silence of a moonlight night," said the emperor, "a dog, leaping suddenly from the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand, and ran towards us, thus at once soliciting aid, and seeking revenge. Whether to my own peculiar turn of mind at this moment, the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not, but certainly no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression upon me. I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, has friends in the camp, or in company; and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog! What a lesson on nature is here presented through the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man, and how mysterious are his impressions! I had without emotion ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army; I had beheld with fearless eyes the execution of those

operations by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were roused by the wonderful howlings of a dog! Certainly, at that moment I should have been moved by a suppliant enemy."—*Napoleon Buonaparte.*

### DIVISION OF LABOUR BY THE MARMOT.

THE Alpine marmots are said to act in concert in the collection of materials for the construction of their habitations. Some of them, we are told, cut the herbage, others collect it into heaps; a third set serve as the waggons to carry it to their holes; while a fourth perform all the functions of draught horses. The manner of the latter part of the curious process is this. The animal who is to serve as the waggon, lies down on his back, and extending his four limbs as wide as he can, allows himself to be loaded with hay, and those who are to be the draught horses trail him thus loaded by the tail, taking care not to overset him. The task of thus serving as the vehicle, being evidently the least enviable part of the business, is taken by every one of the party in turn. "I have often," says M. Beauplan, in his description of the Ukraine, "seen them practise this, and have had the curiosity to watch them at it for many days together."



THE MARMOT.



# BAND OF HOPE REVIV

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

"All Thy works praise Thee."

### THE MAY MEETINGS.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—MARK XVI. 15.  
 "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good to all men."—GALATIANS VI. 10.

**A**GAIN the joyful month of May has arrived; the beautiful flowers are everywhere to be seen, and the sweet songs of the merry little birds are everywhere to be heard.

Whilst, however, our young readers are enjoying the beauties of nature during this lovely month, we are very desirous that they should also take a lively interest in the MAY MEETINGS, which are now being held in London. Ministers and friends from all parts of the country, and from distant nations of the world, are gathered together in the metropolis, to plead for Bible, Missionary, Tract, Peace, and Temperance Societies; Sabbath and Ragged Schools. Let us all unite in prayer to God for the gracious outpouring of his Holy Spirit upon the May Meetings of the eventful year of 1856.

Let us not only pray for the divine blessing to rest upon these interesting assemblies, but let us each give according to our ability; never forgetting that "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and also,

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Many of our readers are very diligent in collecting subscrip-

tions for missions, and other good objects, and we trust that they will be much blessed and never be weary in their work of faith and labour of love.

### THE FLOWERS.

How could little flowers bloom  
 If the sun were gone?  
 All their tints and sweet perfume  
 Would be quickly gone!

How can little children's hearts  
 Bring forth flowers of love,  
 Unless Christ the Lord impart  
 Sunshine from above.

Love, and gentleness, and peace,  
 Are the Saviour's flowers;



He himself brought forth all these,  
 In this world of ours.

Oh, how patient and how kind  
 Jesus used to be!  
 He will put His gentle mind,  
 If I ask—in me.

So, though I am weak and small,  
 Like the little flowers,  
 In His strength I've power for all,  
 And His strength is ours. F. P.

### "WAS THAT RIGHT, MAMMA!"

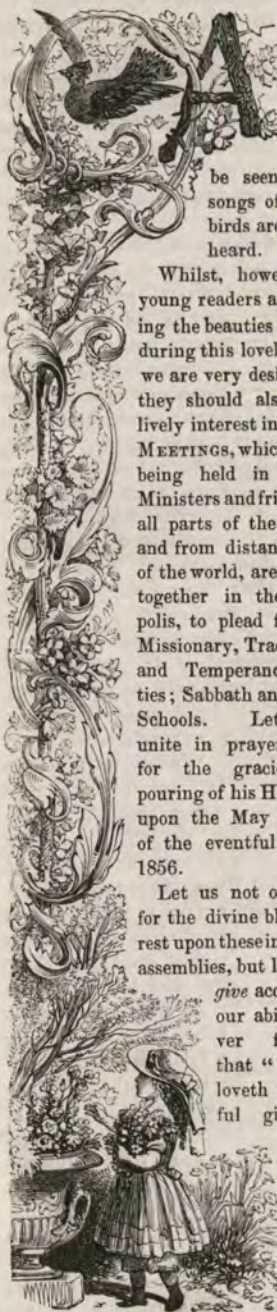
"Oh, mamma, mamma!" said little George, as he came softly in, his face glowing with delight, "there was a little bird lighted on a bough of the withered tree, and he sang a long time to me, and when he had finished, I said, 'Thank you, little bird, for your song!' Was that right, mamma?"

"Yes," said his mamma; for she thought she would not tell her little boy that the bird was not singing to him particularly, or that it could not understand him when he replied—for she had taught him to say "Thank you" to those who did him any kindness, and was much pleased with this childish proof of his remembering her lessons, and of his interest in the little birds.

A few days after this, his little sister Jessie, who was scarcely three years old, came dancing in like a little sunbeam as she was, saying, "Oh, mamma, the little bird sang to me on the withered tree this morning, and I said, 'Thank you, little bird, for your pretty song!' Was that right, mamma?"

Her mamma did not suppose she had noticed what George had said, as she was play-

ing on the floor at the time, and scarcely looked up when he came in; but when Jessie heard the bird, it probably reminded her of what her little brother had done, and thinking the song was for her, because the bird was on the tree close by, her little heart said "Thank you," too.





Dear little creature! her own songs were scarcely less sweet than the bird's, as she hopped as gracefully from room to room; but only a few mornings afterwards she was called away to join the cherub choir in heaven. Often the same little warbler comes to sit upon the lilac bush, and pour forth its own thanksgiving notes; but mournfully they strike upon the hearts made desolate by the cold hand of death.

I tell the story to remind little boys how gentle they should be, and careful in all they say; for the little sisters who are sitting on the floor catch all their words; and if they are sweet and kind, as little George's were that day, they will do much towards making those who are around them sweet and kind.

If, instead of loving the little bird, and thanking it for its song, he had tried to shoot it, or find its nest that he might rob it of its eggs, I should have known that he had not a gentle heart, and his little sister might have learned from him something evil, instead of this pretty lesson, which I thought one of the prettiest I ever heard. It is always beautiful to see little boys and girls loving the flowers.

#### ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON.

The early dead—how truly bless'd!  
Earth's cares they ne'er can know;  
Why at our loss are we distress'd?  
Or why indulge in woe?  
Cease father, mother, to complain;  
God gave and claims his own again.

"SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS, if you can spread among children a love for the principles of temperance societies, you take away from the market the raw material out of which drunkards are made. *The old sinners in this line, it may be said with TREMENDOUS TRUTH, must die off.* It is yours to see that there be no young ones to supply their places."—Dr. BENNETT, London.

LISTEN to conscience, and it will be sure to tell you whether you do as you would be done by.

#### IBADAN.

WE told our readers a few months ago about Mrs. Hinderer, and the joy of the black children of Ibadan, in West Africa, on the arrival of the box of presents from England. We omitted to say that Mrs. Hinderer was the first white woman ever seen in Ibadan, and that for some time she was regarded by the natives with the utmost amazement. By kindness, however, Mrs. Hinderer soon gained the affections of not a few, and when, through a fall, she was confined to her room, this worthy labourer in the mission field, states that she had a "host" of visitors, anxious to relieve her pain and administer to her wants. We hope to have a letter from Mrs. Hinderer in the course of a few months, giving us some account of the Ibadan Mission School.



MRS. HINDERER AND HER IBADAN VISITORS.

#### MRS. FLETCHER AND THE MALTSTER'S MAN.

Mrs. FLETCHER, wife of the Rev. John Fletcher, the pious vicar of Madeley, was returning from Church one Sabbath noon, when she accidentally met one of the maltster's men in his frock-smock and working-day attire, just leaving the malt-kiln. With deep surprise and concern, Mrs. Fletcher exclaimed, "John, whatever have you been doing? I'm grieved to see you in your working dress on the Sabbath morning. Why have you not been to church, John?"

"I've been turning the malt, ma'am," replied the man.



"Turning the malt, John! but surely you do not do that on the Sabbath?" continued Mrs. Fletcher.

"Yes, ma'am; if we didn't you would have no beer."

"Do you mean to tell me, John, that malt cannot be made without your breaking the Sabbath?"

"I do, ma'am; malt was never made I believe without it."

Mrs. Fletcher having satisfied herself of the truth of the man's statement, went home, and under feelings of deep concern said to her husband, "My dear, I little thought that I was indirectly encouraging the breaking of the Sabbath."

From that day to the day of her death, Mrs. Fletcher was never known to taste another drop of malt liquor.

WHEN thou discoverest any faults in others, make the right use of them, which is, to correct and amend the like failures in thyself.

#### THE HARVEY BOYS.

##### CHAPTER V.

ROBERT TALBOT.

DURING the next week Mr. Harvey and the boys often talked of what they had seen. George and Edward could not help thinking of the tavern and Ben Jones's house. It seemed as if they had seen the whole progress of drunkenness, beginning in the tipping of the men who went into the tavern, and ending in the ruin which they saw at Jones's. They wondered that every working-man did not join the temperance society, for they were so liable to get into the habit of drinking.

"They ought to, indeed," said Mr. Harvey, "but it is not labouring men only that are in this danger. I could show you men who have been merchants, and lawyers, and doctors, and men in every other business, who have brought the same destruction upon themselves and their families by intemperance. I will tell you of one instance as a sample of thousands that have taken place.

"Robert Talbot was the son of a merchant, who was amongst the richest and most respectable in the city where he lived. He had become so by his industry and integrity, and was esteemed by every one. Old Mr. Talbot was fond of having his friends come to dine with him, and he was sure of having for them the best provisions that the market could furnish. He always kept a large variety of liquors; and as they are thought to be better the older they are, he used to have their age marked on the bottles in which they were kept, and he loved to talk of them, and tell where he bought them.

"Robert was from his childhood accustomed to hear his father talk in this way of his 'cognac brandy,' 'old spirits,' and 'real Jamaica,' 'prime port,' 'capital stout,' 'fine ale,' as if they were the most precious property he owned. Mr. Talbot always had some of them on his table, and he never ate his dinner without tasting them. As Robert grew up, he naturally thought that it was an important thing to have good liquors. They were constantly talked of before him, and he saw his father and his company use them so much, that they seemed as natural a drink as water. It is true Mr. Talbot did not permit his young children to drink them every day; but he would sometimes allow them to sip a little out of his tumbler as a great favour; and in this manner Robert began to love the taste of liquor.

"This taste increased as he grew up; he would sip more and more, until, at last, he was not satisfied with his dinner unless he had at least a taste of the toddy, or punch, or wine.

"When he became a lad, his father allowed him a glass occasionally at the table; and when he went out to dine, he was sure to take one if it was offered him. Thus by degrees he became a regular drinker; and by the time he was fifteen years old, he was in the habit, not only of taking a drink at dinner, but of going to the sideboard for it at other times in the day. He then got among some acquaintances older than himself, who easily persuaded him to go with them to the theatre and afterwards to the tavern saloons, where drinking was always a principal part of the entertainment. Thus



he went on, until, before he was twenty years old, he was a confirmed drinker. His father then, for the first time, felt some uneasiness about him. But it was a great while before he would believe that his son was in danger of being a drunkard. Robert's habits, however, soon became so bad, that he was not fit to live in the house with his family.

"His father had to procure boarding for him in the country, that he might be out of the sight of his heart-broken mother. There he died a poor lunatic. His father had often rebuked him at first, and threatened to disown him; but one day when he was speaking in this manner, Robert became angry, and said to him, 'It is all your own fault. Blame yourself—you taught me to drink at your own table; you first set me the example, and gave me the poison.' After this Mr. Talbot did not venture again to reproach him. But the words of his son never left his mind; they seemed to sound in his ears every time he sat down to table; he could not bear to see a bottle. He joined a temperance society then; but had he done it ten years before, he would probably have saved all his agony, and his son might have lived to be a blessing to his old age.

"Temperance societies are formed not only to keep men from becoming drunkards themselves, but to put away the means and temptation from all. For whatever becomes common, will be thought right, or at least excusable. And it is the great object of the temperance cause to abolish the drinking customs."

"But, father, should not Robert Talbot have joined the society too?" asked Edward.

"Yes, well would it have been for him if he had done so at fifteen years of age. Youth is the right time to make good resolutions. It is easier then to resist temptation; the appetites are not so strong as in older persons; the habit of abstaining is easy. It is the breaking off that is so difficult.

"What is easier than for a boy to keep from drinking intoxicating liquors? This then is the time to begin. It is best to set out right if you want to keep right. Robert Talbot could easily have kept from sipping his father's glass. When he began he did not like the taste. But his father encouraged him, and he went on from this small beginning until he could not restrain his appetite. Who can tell how many thousands of men might have been saved from the fate of the poor drunkard by their joining the temperance society when young?"

George said he would like very well to join one, but as he had no such great temptation as either Ben Jones or Robert Talbot had, it was not worth while.

"Then you are mistaken my son," answered his father; "you may not have the temptation at our table, but you are exposed to it wherever you go. At other houses, in travelling, in steam-boats you will meet with it. It is well to have some safeguard; something that we shall be sure to remember. Now the only infallible safeguard against any sin is *God's grace*, which he is willing to grant in answer to earnest prayer. But as a means the uniting with others in a temperance society has been much blessed. Now if you and Edward think you understand the meaning of total abstinence, I will cheerfully join with you, and we will form a little FAMILY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY of our own."

The boys very gladly consented to the proposal, and Mr. Harvey wrote a declaration or agreement which he signed himself, and then gave it to the boys to take with them, and after reading it at their leisure, to put their names to it if they thought proper. The next day they returned the paper to their father with their names neatly written under his.

(To be continued.)

#### GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

God is in heaven, and can he hear

A feeble prayer like mine?

Yes, little child, thou needst not fear,

He listens now to thine.

God is in heaven, and can he see

When I am doing wrong?

Yes, child, he can—he looks at thee,

All day and all night long.

God is in heaven, and would he know

If I should tell a lie?

Yes, if thou said'st it e'er so low,

He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven, and can I go

To thank him for his care?

Not yet—but love him here below,

And thou shalt praise him there.



"Wherewithal shall a young man  
cleans his way? By taking heed  
thereto, according to thy word."—

Psalm cxix. 9.

What made young Timothy so wise?

Know ye the precious root  
That spread its branches to the skies,  
And bore such golden fruit?  
It was the page of heavenly truth  
He loved to read so well in youth.

#### THE LOVE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Oh, love the word of God,  
To wandering sinners given,  
To teach them all about the road  
That leads from earth to heaven.

It tells of Him who died,  
Our peace with God to make,  
It shows how God is satisfied  
With sinners for His sake.

Such precious promises  
It gives for times of need,  
And all that of our home it says  
Is beautiful indeed.

It shows us what to do,  
If we with Christ would dwell,  
So plainly, that a child may know,  
Who only reads it well.

F. P.

#### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE BIBLE, THE BOOK FOR ALL. Second Edition, 13 illustrations. By the late JACOB POET, Esq. W. and F. G. Cash. A valuable little book by one whose pen has frequently been employed on behalf of our readers.

MY WORD-BOOK TO MY BIBLE. Notable Scripture Words, No. 1. Ward and Co. This series of little books will prove a treasure for parents and teachers.

#### A REMARKABLE LITTLE GIRL OF THE LAST CENTURY.

In his memoirs of Miss Ann Bacon, the daughter of J. Bacon, Esq., Mr. Burder gives the following relation respecting her young sister: "The piety of this child was very extraordinary. She was one who was constantly inquiring her way to Zion, and a fitness for heaven seemed to be almost her only solicitude. She would often retire for a long time in the dark by herself, refusing to have a light lest her attention should be diverted from the subject of her prayer and meditation to any object around her. She would, with much delight, bring the Bible and read to her sister while at work, and would anxiously ask many pertinent questions respecting what she read. This child has been observed to weep in the midst of a lively and numerous company; and on being asked the reason, has whispered that she was thinking what a wicked heart she had. The divine affections which were wrought in the heart of this child were preparatory to what was quickly to follow. She was suddenly attacked by a putrid fever, which in a single day deprived her both of sight and hearing; but in the midst of this severe visitation, her friends beheld her lifting up her hands and her blind eyes to heaven, being evidently engaged in prayer. From the time she sickened to within half an hour of her death, which happened the next day, she was apparently the subject of great suffering; but during the last half hour she seemed restored to perfect ease; and a sweet smile graced her countenance as she took her flight." Thus, in the 7th year of her age, this lamb was gathered into the heavenly fold.

#### THE PRAYING SERVANT.

A NUMBER of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions, and among others it was asked, how the command to "pray without ceasing" could be complied with. Various suppositions were started, and at length one of the number was appointed to write an essay upon it, to be read at the next monthly meeting; which being overheard by a plain sensible servant girl, she exclaimed, "What! a whole month wanted to tell the meaning of that text! it is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible." "Well, well," said an old minister, "Mary, what can you say about it? let us know how you understand it; can you pray all the time?" "O yes, sir." "What! when you have so many things to do?" "Why, sir, the more I have to do, the more I can pray." "Indeed! well, Mary, do let us know how it is; for most people think otherwise." "Well, sir," said the girl, "when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; and while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and when I have washed me, I ask for the washing of regeneration; and as I begin to work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day; when I begin to kindle up the fire, I pray that God's work may revive in my soul; and as I sweep out the house, I pray that my heart may be cleansed of all impurities; and while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna, and the sincere milk of the word; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as my father, and pray for the spirit of adoption that I may be His child; and so on, all day: everything I do, furnishes me with a thought for prayer." "Enough, enough," cried the old divine, "these things are revealed to babes, and often hid from the wise and prudent. Go on, Mary," said he, "pray without ceasing; and as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that He has said, the meek will be guide in judgment."



## THE COW.

As among the various animals with which the earth abounds, none is more necessary to the existence of man than the Cow, so likewise none appears to be more extensively propagated. In every part of the world it is found, large or small, according to the quantity and quality of its food. There is no part of Europe where it grows to so large a size as in England, whose pastures are admirably suited to its nature. The quantity of milk and butter varies according to the difference of its pasture; some cows in favourable situations yield twenty quarts of milk in a day; from twelve to fourteen pounds of butter may be made in one week from the produce of a single cow.

In ancient times the ox was accounted the most proper animal for agricultural purposes, and frequent reference is made to its service in this capacity in the Holy Scriptures; now however from the increase in the number of horses, it is seldom so employed.

To form a just idea of the value of this animal, we ought to consider that there is scarcely any part of it without its utility to man. The skin is manufactured into leather; the hair mixed with lime is used in plastering walls, and building

houses; the bones serve as a substitute for ivory; when calcined they are used by the refiners of silver to separate the baser metals; and when ground and spread over the fields, they form a fertilizing manure. Combs, knife handles, and many useful articles are made from the horns, which, when softened in boiling water, become pliable, so as to be formed into lanterns, an invention usually ascribed to King Alfred; we are furnished with candles from the tallow, and the feet afford an oil adapted to a variety of purposes. Glue is made from the cartilage, gristles, and parings of the hide boiled in water; Calves'-skins are manufactured into vellum; saddlers and others use a fine thread prepared from the sinews, which is much stronger than any other equally fine. The blood, gall, &c. are used in many important manufactures.

The universally known productions of milk, butter, and cheese, as well the excellent nutriment which beef affords the human body, clearly show that the cow is of all quadrupeds the most useful to man.

BIGLAND.

## GRATITUDE OF THE COW.

I do not say that there are no amiabilities in human nature, for there are indeed many, the

deservedly admired ornaments of civil society, but the most lovely of these are found in the brute creation. I lately read an interesting anecdote of a cow. A gentleman passing through a field, observed a cow showing many symptoms of uneasiness, stamping with her feet and looking earnestly at him. At first he feared to approach her, but afterwards went towards her, which seemed to please her much. She then guided him to a ditch where her calf was lying helpless; and he was just in time to save it from death, to the no small delight of the cow. Some days after, when passing through the same field, the cow came up to him as if to thank him for his kindness.

REV. W. MOWELS.

To cows and horses, cats and dogs,  
Be kind, whate'er you do;  
Be kind to them, and, ten to one,  
They will be kind to you.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.







No. 66 [JUNE 1st, 1866.]

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PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

### THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE SHEEP.

ONE fine summer's day, a celebrated natural philosopher was walking over Salisbury Plain, when he approached a flock of sheep. They were bleating much louder than usual, and seemed to be calling each other to assemble together.

"You had better make haste, sir, or you will have a wet jacket," cried an old shepherd. The philosopher looked up, and seeing a beautiful cloudless sky, took no heed of the shepherd's warning, but pursued his way as leisurely as before. Shortly afterwards, however, his ears were saluted with a heavy clap of thunder, the

clouds gathered blackness, and amidst the lightning's flash they poured forth a heavy shower.

The next day the philosopher sought out the shepherd, and asked him how he was able to foretell a storm.

The old man replied, "Why, sir, whenever it is about to rain heavily, the flock collect together

Lo, Jesus reckons one by one,  
And numbers all His sheep;  
He knows if but a lamb is gone,  
For He doth never sleep.

The shepherd numbers twice a day  
The flock beneath his care,  
He knows if any go astray,  
Or sick or dying are.

See, Israel's gentle shepherd stands  
With all engaging charms,  
He leads the young ones in His hands,  
Or folds them in His arms.



The flocks of men are bought with gold,  
And grass is all their food;  
The sheep and lambs of Jeon's fold,  
Are purchased with His blood,

Their food is living and divine,  
Of heavenly things they eat;  
The blood of Christ supplies them wine,  
His flesh affords them meat.

Dear Lord, who would not wish to be  
One of Thy chosen band,  
Who know Thy voice and follow Thee,  
Led by Thy gentle hand?



for mutual shelter, and *I never yet found them wrong.*"

"How wonderful," responded the philosopher, "that man, with all his science, and the many instruments at his command, should be beaten in his knowledge of the weather by a flock of sheep!"

#### EARLY PIETY.

"A PERSON converted in youth," says John Angell James, "is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine through the long bright day; but a person converted late in life is like the evening star, a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing till the day is closing, and then but for a little while."

HE who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any. Boys, if you would be honoured men, take care of your conduct *now*.



#### VISIT YOUR ABSENTEES.

A LITTLE boy in the B— Sabbath school was taken dangerously ill; almost all hope of his life being spared was given over. During one of the visits I paid him, he seemed to be in a state of lethargy, taking no notice of anything going on around him. His mother bent over the bed, and called him by his name, "William;" he did not answer nor seem to hear; again she called "William, William!" At length he said "*I don't know you!*" Such words to a mother's ear seemed too much for her, and in a faltering voice she said, "William, here's your teacher, wont you speak to him?" Nothing more seemed needed; the brightened eye and outstretched hand clearly showed that the simple word "*teacher*," had touched a chord which even a mother's well known voice had failed to reach.

B.

#### NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

A DISTINGUISHED merchant, a great judge of character, once said, "When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him; such a one cannot be trusted." Remember this, boys, and form the habit of keeping the Sabbath, not only because God commands it—which indeed should be the chief reason but also because it will be for your best temporal interest.

#### CHRIST DIED FOR US.

Romans v. 8.

#### THE BOAT.

MY little boy had rigged a boat,  
And launched it on the stream;  
Where, as he saw the vessel float  
Beneath the sun's gay beam,  
He clapped his hands with childish glee,  
And deemed no shipwright skilled as he.

The brook was gliding gently on,  
And bore the bark away;  
Yet thought of danger he had none,  
Nor sought its course to stay;  
But followed by the streamlet's side,  
And eyed his skiff with joy and pride.

Anon, the treacherous rill began  
To grow in depth and speed;  
And onward still the shallop ran,  
As light as any reed:  
And now and then, with sudden bound,  
The current spun it round and round.

But faster as the vessel sped,  
The brighter grew the joy,  
Which o'er the glowing features spread,  
Of my beloved boy;  
And still he added to his pace,  
Transported with the mimic race.

At length a rock, unseen before,  
Stood forth its course to check;  
And sent it whirling to the shore,  
Dismasted and a wreck:  
And there, with rigging torn and dank,  
The owner found it by the bank.

At once his merry laughter fled;  
The skiff to land he drew;  
Then homeward, with a drooping head  
And bursting heart, he flew;  
Where, as he dried each tattered sail,  
He told, with tears, his mournful tale.

"Learn hence, my child," I gently said,  
"How soon, on earth below,  
Our brightest hopes are doomed to fade,  
Our joys to end in woe;  
And how, beneath the fairest sky,  
Our fortunes wrecked and rent may lie!"

"And learn, ere on the ocean vast  
Of life you spread your sail,  
How needful 'tis your anchor fast  
To fix within the veil!  
Though oft on rocks and quicksands driven,  
The soul is safe which points at heaven!"

DR. HUIE.

#### REST IN GOD.

In vain I seek for rest  
In all created good:  
It leaves me still unblest,  
And makes me cry for God.  
At rest—be sure—I shall not be,  
Until my heart finds rest in Thee.

JENNY LIND.

#### HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

Mark xi. 22.

#### THE HARVEY BOYS.

##### CHAPTER VI.

##### AN HOUR IN THE JAIL.

MR. HARVEY did not cease to give his sons instruction and warning on the evils of intemperance.

Early on the following Saturday afternoon he started off with George and Edward again, and, to the no small surprise of the boys, he led them directly to the door of the prison. The governor knew Mr. Harvey, and offered to show him over the jail. Mr. Harvey replied that he should be glad if the governor would allow them to see the prisoners, and to let his boys know something about the characters of the convicts, and why they were in that place of punishment. As the governor led his visitors into the wards, he said that a great number of the prisoners had been put in for fighting and other acts of violence, but most of them for stealing. Mr. Harvey would now and then talk to one of the prisoners in a kind manner, and ask him how it was that he had been led into crime. Almost every one he



spoke to attributed his ruin to drinking and Sabbath breaking.

One said he was drunk and fell into a quarrel, and knew nothing of what had happened until he found himself thrown into jail. Another went to drink with some companions who had offered to treat him at a tavern, and whilst under the effect of liquor, persuaded him to join them in robbing a house. Nearly all confessed that they had been in the habit of drinking, and that this and Sabbath-breaking had led them to places where they met the companions who tempted them to sin. A great many said that they had lost their work in consequence of their drunkenness, and were then obliged to steal to keep from starving.

"Yes," said the governor, as he heard so many of them giving the same account of the way in which they had been led into crime, "*DRINK fills this jail*. Nineteen out of twenty who come here, come through drink. There are no sober men here. Some of these men were once respectable mechanics, who would have been this day well off in the world, if it had not been for their giving up to drink. Now they are separated from their families; their wives have to work to support their children, and bear the disgrace of having a husband in jail. Nearly every man here might have made an honest living, and been respected and happy if he had never tasted intoxicating liquors.

The governor then unlocked a large inner gate, and fastening it after Mr. Harvey and the boys had passed through, led them to a ward, or yard,





Mr. Harvey spoke a few words to him, and said he hoped he was improving his time by thinking of his soul, and seeking to know his duty from the Bible, now lying before him.

"Duty!" cried the prisoner, "I know that well enough, and it is too late to think about duty now. My duty was taught me two years ago when my own child gave me a tract called 'Touch not, taste not!' If I had minded that then, I should not have been here to-day; I could easily have broken off then. I was just beginning to like the drink, but I thought there was no danger. I was mad at the tract, and tore it up, and cursed the temperance society; but I went on until I did it."

where there were a number of boys at work. Some appeared to be as young as fourteen, and the oldest were not over twenty. The governor said they were mostly put in for stealing, running away from their masters, and offences of that kind. He added that several had begun their evil course by going to theatres and smoking rooms, and by this means got into the practice of keeping away from home at night. They became fond of low amusements, of the circus, and the play, and there were sure to find close at hand tap-rooms and spirit-shops supplied with liquor and every temptation to ruin. Their morals were soon corrupted. They had opportunities of taking money from their employers without being suspected. Then they would venture to steal from the pockets of the people in a crowd, and so would get bolder and bolder till they were discovered, and, after being exposed in a public trial, sent to live with the degraded thieves in a prison.

After several of the boys had told the story of their crimes, Mr. Harvey asked them very solemnly, "have you a mother?" They answered all his other questions with indifference, and some even as if they were boasting of their evil conduct. But George and Edward noticed that whenever this question was asked there was a change in the countenance of even the worst of them. One turned very pale without answering a word. Oh! he remembered that kind widowed mother, who had warned and entreated her only son to leave the paths of vice. She had begged him to promise her that he would keep the Sabbath, read his bible, and never taste a drop of liquor nor begin to smoke. He had often found her on her knees, or with the Bible before her, as he came home intoxicated only to curse her prayers! He had broken that mother's heart, and he dared not look up as Mr. Harvey put the question to him. Yes, the most hardened could not think of the mothers that had watched and protected them in infancy, whether they were now in their graves, or suffering for the disgrace and ruin of their sons, without some feeling. This is part of the punishment of sin.

Before they left the jail, the keeper took them to a cell in the strongest part of the building, where he pointed out a man who was shortly to be executed for the dreadful crime of murder.

Poor fellow! he had murdered his wife in a fit of passion, while under the effects of liquor.

"Nearly three thousand years ago," said Mr. Harvey, "did a writer describe these effects of drink—'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? they that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine!' And the same writer adds this excellent advice—'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!'"

"Why," said Edward, "that is in the book of Proverbs!"

(To be continued.)

#### HOW TO EMPTY JAILS.

THE following extract from an American paper shows that the tendency of the "Maine law," wherever it is enforced is to empty jails:—

"The *Burlington Courier* says, that last year (1852), when the present jailor took charge of the jail, there were seven in its cells, and that there have since been, at different times, thirty others; but now, since the Vermont Maine Law has had time to produce its legitimate effects, locks and keys are useless, as the jail is without a tenant. This is the third jail in Vermont which has been emptied by the new prohibitory liquor law, and the Editor adds:—The simple truth is, the sale of liquor peoples jails—prohibiting its sale empties them—and it is in the power of the people to say which they will have."

#### FILIAL REVERENCE.

WHEN Sir Thomas More was Lord High Chancellor of England (an office second only in rank to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury), he was wont publicly, upon his knees, to beg the blessing of his father, who was one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench.

#### SPARE THE INSECT.

Oh! turn that little foot aside,  
Nor crush beneath its tread  
The smallest insect of the earth,  
That looks to God for bread.

If He, who made the universe,  
Looks down in kindest love,  
To shape an humble thing like this,  
From his high throne above—

Why should'st thou, in wantonness,  
That creature's life destroy;  
Or give a pang to any thing  
That He has made for joy?

My child, begin with little things  
To act the gentle part;  
For God will turn his love away  
From every cruel heart.

GISBORNE.

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#### LETTER FROM MISS NIGHTINGALE TO THE EDITOR.

(Castle Hospital, Balacava, April 7th, 1856.)

I have just been informed of the arrival last week, at Scutari, of two trusses, containing a large supply of numbers of the *British Workman* and the *Band of Hope Review*.

I beg to offer my best thanks for a contribution which will be most useful to us, and which will be highly valued by the soldiers. I have the honour to be, sir,

Yours very obediently,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Contributions for further grants to Soldiers and Sailors will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, HENRY FORD BARCLAY, Esq., Walthamstow, Essex, or by any of the Committee. Post Office Orders should be payable at the General Post Office, London.

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Bishop of Lincoln.

I have read with much interest the portions of the *British Workman* you have been good enough to send me. It appears to me to supply a long admitted want, and it does so with intelligence, moderation, and true principle, and at a price which ought to make it a universal visitor among the working classes.

Rev. John Cumming.

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## THOUGHTS FOR THE HAY FIELD.

"THE voice said, Cry, and he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is *grass*, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." Isaiah xl. 6. "If then God so clothe the *grass*, which is to-day in the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Luke xii. 28. "The workers of iniquity—they shall soon be cut down like *grass*." Psalm xxxvii. 1, 2. "As for man, his days are as *grass*, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." Psalm ciii. 15, 16. "Bless the Lord, O my soul—he causeth the *grass* to grow for cattle, and herbs for the service of man." Psalm civ. 1, 14.

HALIFAX SUNDAY SCHOOL JUBILEE  
COMMEMORATION.

WHIT Tuesday, the 13th May, 1856, was a day which will be long remembered by the Sabbath Scholars of Halifax and the neighbourhood. The mills were standing, and the shops were closed, but bands of music were playing, banners were waving, and processions were moving from every direction towards one point of attraction—the Halifax Piece Hall.

It was our pleasure to be amongst the thousands who early crowded towards the magnificent building. Fortunately for us, our much esteemed host, Joseph Thorpe, Esq., had kindly provided a pass ticket, which gave us ready access to any part of the Hall. Soon after 10 o'clock the capacious galleries were filled with upwards of



"ALL FLESH IS GRASS."

eight thousand spectators, comprising not only the "merchant and manufacturing princes," with their wives and daughters, but also the well dressed working classes, with their happy looking families.

As the clock struck eleven the south and west gates were opened and two columns of Sunday scholars, four abreast, entered, headed by bands of music.

School after school came on, and band after band poured forth its exciting strains. Conductors promptly led the various schools to their allotted standing ground, and the musicians passed on to the elevated orchestra.

Without a moment's cessation, for one hour and forty minutes, the two streams of youthful

beings pressed on, until the capacious centre was filled—we may almost say, packed with *Twenty-four thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven Sunday scholars and teachers!*

It has been our privilege to attend many noble gatherings of the young, but we *never* beheld such an impressive scene as the Halifax Piece Hall now presented.

In a few minutes silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage, when the well-known figure of Mr. Dean appeared on the elevated platform in front of the orchestra. Waving his large white wand, 500 instrumental musicians poured forth a mighty stream of melody, which was heard even by the thousands who crowded the distant hills. Mr. Dean then turned towards the children and led with masterly skill the singing of six verses of a beautiful hymn.

The effect produced by the union of some thirty thousand voices may be imagined, but *cannot* be described. It was overwhelming.

A second hymn followed, and then a bountiful supply of buns, water, and oranges, were served out to the various schools.

Two other hymns were afterwards sung, in the alternate verses of which the musicians joined as before, thereby giving most wonderful variety and effect. The Hallelujah Chorus and the National Anthem (we wish that the Queen had heard them) closed this remarkable, we may perhaps venture to add, unparalleled musical and vocal concert. The engraving which we have prepared will give our readers some idea of this truly magnificent assemblage. Several reflections thereon, and a notice of our visit to Manor Heath, we are compelled to reserve till next month.



GREAT MEETING OF THE SUNDAY SCHOLARS IN THE PIECE HALL, HALIFAX, ON WHIT TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1856.





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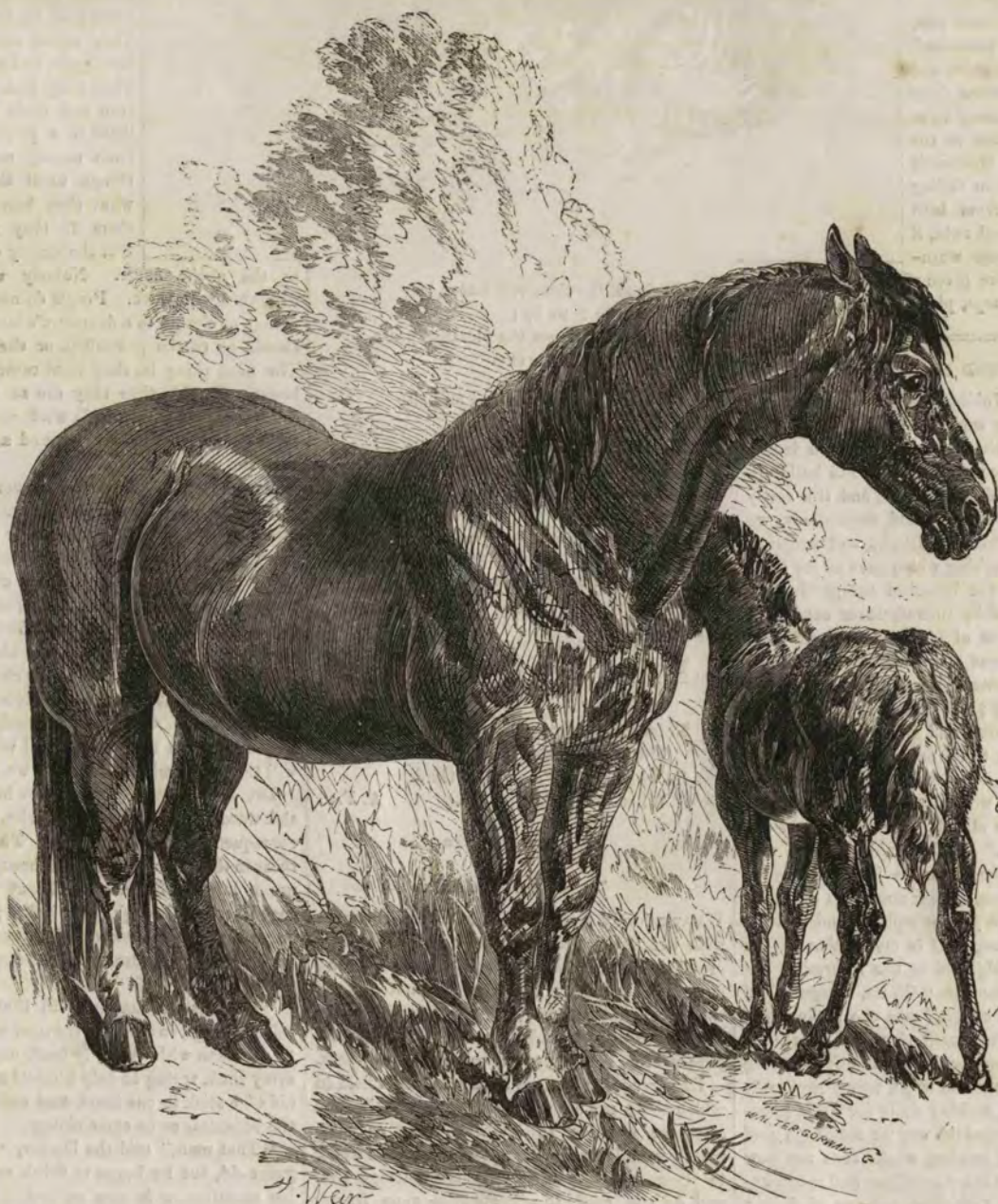
PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

**"THE DOORS ARE SHUT."**

FOR upwards of one hour and a half the two streams of Sunday scholars kept entering the area of the Halifax Piece Hall. "They still come," was the constant remark. At length,

when nearly every foot of standing ground was filled, the last school—the last row of scholars entered. The policemen immediately closed the gates, and the cry was heard, "*They are all in, the doors are shut.*" The imposing spectacle of twenty-five thousand youthful immortals assem-

bled within the four walls of one building, was a sight which led the mind to think of that solemn day when all nations shall be gathered together, and the "great white throne shall be set." Many a silent prayer we doubt not ascended to Heaven that when, like the wise virgins, the redeemed



MARE AND FOAL.

[See next page.]



shall enter to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and when the "doors are shut" it may be said of those Sunday Scholars, "They are *all in* ;"

"Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in."

Sunday School Teachers! You were careful that all your scholars should have tickets of admission for the "Jubilee day;" watch and pray, that they may be found equally prepared for admission into Heaven.

#### "MIND THE STEPS, PLEASE."

WHEN the thousands of visitors were leaving the Halifax Piece Hall on "Jubilee day," we observed several policemen at the top of the steps near the entrance, who very politely cautioned the tightly packed masses who were pouring out, "Mind the steps, please—you have come to the steps, please." By this considerate warning many a gentleman and lady, we doubt not, escaped a tumble; and, perhaps, a broken limb.

"Thank you—thank you, policemen, for your kindness." May all parents, masters, and teachers learn a lesson from you, for there are many steps and stumbling stones in the path of life, and thousands would be saved from falling over them; yes, from both temporal and eternal ruin, if kind and affectionate warnings like yours were given of, "Mind the steps, please; Mind the steps, please."

#### A WORD TO GIRLS.

On the Halifax "Jubilee day," we were favoured with an interview with the worthy owner of Manor Heath, a princely mansion, which is said to have cost its occupant £30,000 in building. With the beauty of the gardens, and the costly character of the furniture and decorations, we might well be filled with delight and surprise, but there was something which gave us far more pleasure than all the beautiful things that we saw. As the wealthy manufacturer sat in his arm-chair, telling us of his early days, he said, "O, my MOTHER was a remarkable woman, she was once a farm *servant*; she lived fourteen years in the same family; she had to milk the cows, and churn the butter, and carry it to market; she had for a long time, only £6 a year wages, and yet she managed to save a nice sum; and her leisure hours were filled up with *spinning* wool, her mistress allowing her a fourth of the profits for herself." "Ah," said a friend who was present, "perhaps you are indebted to your good mother for some of your success in the spinning world." "Oh yes, he replied, under God's blessing, I owe *everything* to my mother." On our asking if he objected to our informing our readers about his mother, "Oh no, I hope I shall never be ashamed to own it," was the noble reply.

GIRLS! you see the worth of a good character. Fourteen years service in one family—saving something out of a small wage, using profitably the *spare moments*, seeking daily for God's blessing and help, prepared the way for making a good wife and a worthy mother, whose sons are now numbered amongst the "merchant and manufacturing princes" of Yorkshire, and one of them a member of the Legislature of our land.

#### THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

How pleasant, on a sunny day,  
To rest beside the brook,  
And watch the ripples, as they play,  
Down in some shady nook.



To drink the clear cool water, as  
It busily flows by;  
Or, stretched upon the pleasant grass,  
To gaze into the sky.

To watch the rushes bend and rise  
Before the summer air;  
The fishes leap—the water-flies—  
The banks reflected there.

And better than the best of these,  
To those that love the Lord,  
To think of the great promises  
He gives us in His word.

The living streams that purify  
And cleanse the sinner's soul;  
The Spirit's power that's always nigh  
To make the wounded whole.

These living streams I too may drink,  
The promise is so free;  
So while I rest I'll sweetly think  
What waters flow for me.

A. F.

#### MARE AND FOAL.

WHAT a lovely country sight is that of the mare with her pretty little frisking foal! See! how proud the mother seems to be of her charge, and how fond the young one is of her mother! If the foal should run away, the neighing of the mare would soon call her back. I wish that all *boys* and *girls* were as obedient to the call of *their* mothers.

Dear reader, the next time you pass a field in which there are a mare and foal, do not throw a stone or a stick to frighten them as some naughty children do, but speak a few *kind words* to them, and if you do not learn a lesson that will do you good, it will surprise your friend,

UNCLE JOHN.

#### THE HARVEY BOYS.

##### CHAPTER VII.

##### A VISIT TO THE POOR HOUSE AND LUNATIC ASYLUM.

On leaving the prison, Mr. Harvey led his boys to the Union Workhouse, and as they entered the large building; he said, "Perhaps we may learn something here." One of the physicians, to whom Mr. Harvey was known, kindly offered to walk with them through the various rooms. In one department was a large number of people of all ages working at various employments.

Edward asked if they were sick people. Dr. Elmer told him they were not, but that they were supported there by charity. He said that a few were aged and infirm people who could not do work enough to support themselves, and that they very justly came to the poor-house for relief. "But," he added, "the greater portion have been made poor by intemperance. They spent their earnings for liquor, and got into debt. Then they took their furniture and tools by little and little to a pawnbroker, who lends money and keeps the things until they can pay what they borrow; or sells them if they cannot pay. But the money obtained goes

to the *public house*. Nobody will trust a drunkard with work. People do not like to give money or clothes to a drunkard's family, lest they should go to the pawnshop, or the dram shop. The next thing is, they must come to the poor-house. By this time they are so weakened by drink that they can scarcely work, and they spend their time almost in idleness, and are tormented with the want of drink."

George asked if all poor people were drunkards. "By no means," said his father. "There are many causes, which no wisdom or good conduct can prevent, that often reduce persons to poverty. Misfortunes in business, long sickness, and accidents may happen to the best of people, and cause them to become poor. Such are to be pitied, and we should be glad of the privilege of helping them. Such, if they are christians, have some of the most precious promises of the Bible made to them. God is their friend, and will not forsake them in this world; and when they die, will take them where there is no want or sickness.

Dr. Elmer now led his visitors into one of the sick wards. "Here, again," said he, "you see the consequences of intemperance. The *majority* of those in this room have diseases brought on by the use of liquor. Some have violent fevers, which rage like fire through their bodies; others have burned out their powers of digestion, and are wasting away because their food does not nourish them."

"What is the matter with that old man?" asked George, on entering the next ward, pointing to a person with his body bent, and shaking in every limb, trying to help himself along with the aid of a stick in one hand, and catching hold of the bedsteads as he came along.

"That man," said the Doctor, "is not thirty years old, but he began to drink at twenty, and his constitution is now so broken that he has not strength to hold himself up."



Mr. Harvey told them to observe this as a proof of what he had often told them—"That God had not made the human body to be abused by vices. It is a strong machine so long as it is rightly and moderately used; but violence and excess tear it to pieces. And nothing does this sooner than intemperance. It puts the whole machine out of order, and it must soon stop."

Dr. Elmer said this was very true, and added, "But you have only seen the effect of intemperance on the *body*. Come this way, and I will show you what it does to the *mind*."

He then led them to another building called the Lunatic Asylum. Here the doctor pointed out men who had lost their senses by the use of liquor. There was one who had once been an able lawyer, now as stupid as if he had been born an idiot. He stared about him as if he knew nothing that was going on, and could scarcely understand the plainest words. There was another, talking as drunken men do, without meaning or connection, sometimes saying a foolish thing, and bursting into a wild laugh at his own folly. Others were kept alone in small rooms tightly fastened. They were maniacs, who were sometimes so violent that they were obliged to be fastened to their bedsteads to keep them from destroying themselves. Some of these would scream for liquor, though it had been the cause of their madness, and would only increase it.

"I am reminded," said Mr. Harvey, "of their impressive speech of that great and good man, the Earl of Shaftesbury, at a meeting held in Manchester a few years ago when he said, 'I speak of my own knowledge and experience—for having acted as a Commissioner of Lunacy for the last twenty years, and acted as chairman sixteen years, and having had, therefore, the whole of the business under my personal observation and care, and having made inquiries into the matter, and having fortified them by inquiries in America, the result is, that *fully six-tenths* of all the cases of *insanity* to be found in these realms, and in America, arise from no other cause than the *habits of intemperance* in which the people have indulged.'"

The day was now nearly ended, and Mr. Harvey and his boys, after thanking Dr. Elmer for his politeness, left this abode of sorrow. As they went along, Mr. Harvey begged George and Edward to notice what proofs they had seen in the jail and poor-house of the consequences of sin. "How plainly does the suffering we have seen to-day show that if men will abuse their bodies and their appetites they are likely to be punished in the same way! Can you not think of some passage of scripture that declares this?"

"Yes," said George, "it is said in the Proverbs that the wicked 'shall eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.'"

"And it is said in the epistle to the Galatians," added Edward, "'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Harvey, "those texts will apply very well, and you may learn this too from Solomon, 'His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins; he shall die without instruction, and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray.'"

(To be continued.)

#### THE SAVIOUR.

JESUS from heaven came down to die,  
For little children young as I;  
So great his love, his life he gave,  
Our guilty souls from hell to save.

O, may I love and praise his name,  
Who once for me a child became;  
Help me, O Lord, thy will to do,  
My sins forgive, my heart renew.

#### THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

A SHEPHERD boy, wrapt in his plaid, once went into a bookseller's shop in Edinburgh, and inquired for a second-hand Greek Testament. The bookseller having presented one, he asked him the price. "For whom do you want it?" inquired the bookseller. "For myself," answered the boy. "Then," said the bookseller, "if you will read a few verses, and translate them, you shall have it for nothing." With much apparent satisfaction, the poor boy complied with the condition, and carried off the Testament in triumph.



Many years afterwards, the late Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, then in the midst of his fame as an author and commentator on the Scriptures, went into the same shop, and entered into conversation with the bookseller. The latter, who was no stranger either to his person or character, received him with marked respect. In the course of conversation, Mr. Brown inquired if he remembered the circumstance above detailed. "I remember it well," replied the bookseller, "and would give a good deal to know what became of that boy; for I am sure that he has risen to eminence in some line or other." "Sir," said Mr. Brown, "you see him before you." It is needless to add that they were both well pleased to meet each other again.

Children! I know that you are fond of a little story, and I should like you to make some improvement of the foregoing. It is a well-known fact that the children of parents in humble circumstances often get on better in the world than the children of the rich and the noble. Now, as we are told in Scripture that time and chance happen to all, and as observation shows us that the gifts of the understanding are pretty equally distributed among men, the more frequent rising to rank and eminence of the children of the poor must arise from their being stimulated by their narrow circumstances to improve to the utmost the talents which God has given them. Accordingly, we see (both at school and at college) the poor man's son rising early and lying down late, in order that he may reap the full benefit of his situation; while the sons of the wealthy too often spend their time in sloth, perhaps in folly and vice.

I am well aware that this paper is read by young persons of every station in society. To the poor man's child, then, I would say, in the words of the wise man, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich;" be industrious, be frugal, and attentive to every duty; "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." To the rich man's son I would say, "he that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;" and, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." To the son of the noble I would say, "God is no respecter of persons; in his eyes the soul of the poor man is as precious as that of the prince; and when they appear before his throne in judg-

ment, the pious and industrious mechanic shall be exalted, while the slothful and profane gentleman shall be abased."

To all the young I would say, "Seek after wisdom diligently, remember that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Of the blessed Jesus, as to his human nature, it was said he grew in wisdom. Go to him for wisdom; he who died on the cross to save sinners will not refuse and cast you out. Believe in him, and you shall be saved.

DR. HUIE.

[For numerous interesting notices of CELEBRATED SHEPHERDS, we have pleasure in referring our readers to Nos. 18 and 19 of the *British Workman*. Ed. E. H. R.]

#### THE TWO ALPHABETS.

BY THE REV. W. W. ROBINSON, M.A.,  
Incumbent of Christ Church, Chelsea.

#### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF EVILS, Frequently arising from the use of INTOXICATING DRINKS.

They have instrumentally,

A llured men from the paths of piety,  
B anished domestic happiness,  
C reated unnatural thirst,  
D eranged the intellect,  
E nlarged the place of eternal torment,  
F illed our prisons,  
G enerated the vilest propensities,  
H indered the progress of the Gospel,  
I nflamed the blood,  
K indled the flames of strife,  
L aughed at sin,  
M urdered the soul,  
N erviced the assassin's arm,  
O ppressed the poor and needy,  
P oisoned the body,  
Q uenched holy desires,  
R aged with Satanic violence,  
S coffed at true religion,  
T roubled the Church of Christ,  
U narmed the philosopher,  
V itiated the passions,  
W orked discord in families,  
Y ielded a harvest of woes, and  
Z ealously affected men to evil.

#### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BLESSINGS, Frequently arising from total abstinence from INTOXICATING DRINKS.

It is instrumental, by the Divine Blessing, in

A dorning the Gospel,  
B rightening the intellect,  
C reating demand for labour,  
D enying ungodliness and worldly lusts,  
E mptying the prisons,  
F illing the House of God,  
G iving an impetus to trade,  
H astening the happiness of the world,  
I mproving the condition of the poor,  
K eeping out of debt,  
L owering the price of food,  
M ortifying sin,  
N ourishing kindly feelings,  
O btaining mutual confidence,  
P reventing crime,  
Q uenching unholy desires,  
R emoving impediments to the Gospel,  
S preading true happiness,  
T urning from the evil of sin,  
U niting the family of Jesus,  
V aliantly contending for the faith,  
Y ielding a multitude of blessings, and  
Z ealously promoting the drunkard's welfare.



## THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

A LOVELY little child one morning offered some rich dainty food to a skylark in a gilded cage; but the bird refused to eat, and flapped his wings against the prison bars, eager to soar through accustomed fields of light, and sing at "Heaven's gate." Then the child knew that his favorite cared for other food, and longed to fly from his narrow home; so he opened the door of the pretty cage, and soon the lark was soaring on swift wings, singing a song of the richest melody, and was hid by a snowy cloud from the little gazer.

In a few brief days the spirit of the child, like the bird, escaped from its earthly prison—the door being opened by the Angel of Death. The Lord saw that that mortal tenement, beautiful though it was, formed no fit mansion to contain a spirit ready to join the cherub choir of infant worshipers in heaven. A way of escape was afforded, and the ransomed child responded to the call of the Saviour, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Mark x. 14.



RAM.

THE Hebrew name *ail*, signifies defence—

"And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son" (Gen. xxii. 13). The four-horned ram, although a rarity in Europe is frequently met with in Asia. It is the general opinion that the ram caught in the thicket and sacrificed by Abraham belonged to this species.

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## THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

COME, busy Bee, said butterfly,  
And spend a playful hour,  
For cloudless is the summer sky,  
And fragrant every flower.

But, bent on industry, the Bee  
Replied, with serious brow,  
I cannot leave my task, you see;  
I'm not at leisure now.

I think you'd better toil awhile,  
To lay up food in store;  
For Summer has a fleeting smile,  
And winter's at the door.

No, no, he said, while skies are fair,  
I choose to gad and play,  
And not distress myself with care  
About a future day.

From flower to flower, from tree to tree,  
The wise bee roam'd along,  
And cheer'd her faithful industry  
With her own pleasant song.

But once, as from her hive she sped,  
Beneath a frosty sky,  
She saw, all desolate and dead,  
The idle butterfly!



## SOWING AND REAPING.

"Sow away, parents; sow away, teachers," said Mr. William Dawson, in a sermon to the young: "harvest is nearer every day. 'Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.'" If you were going past a person who was sowing in a field very pleasantly and plentifully some sort of grain, and you were to say to him,

"Good morning. You seem to be sowing. What is the reason you sow so pleasantly and so plentifully?"

"Why," says he, "I will tell you the secret—I know that for every grain of corn I sow I shall reap a guinea."

"O, then, it is so, is it?" you would say, "I don't wonder at your sowing pleasantly, I don't wonder at your sowing plentifully, when for every grain you sow you reap a guinea."

But sowing to the spirit is better than sowing grains of corn and reaping guineas of gold. "He that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Galatians vi. 8.

soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Galatians vi. 8.



CENSER.

A VESSEL in which fire and incense were carried in certain parts of the Hebrew worship. In Lev. xvi. 12, we find Aaron directed to "take a censer full of burning coals of fire from off the altar before the Lord, and his hands full of sweet incense beaten small, and to bring it within the veil; and to put the incense upon the fire before the Lord, so that the cloud of the incense might cover the mercy seat, which was over the ark of the testimony."—*Youth's Bible Cyclopædia*.

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PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

### HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Oh, pleasant summer holidays! when parties of merry young folks wander in the fields and woods, and gather wild flowers, and run up and down the verdant slopes, and play at hide and seek among the trees, or chase the bounding ball, upon the green, and then, when tired of ramble and race—game and frolic, assemble at the base of some stately tree, and there on the fresh turf spread the sweet and simple repast, of cakes, and tarts and fruit, as the children in the picture are doing. I trust it is pure water that they have in the great stone bottle, and milk in the smaller bottles. No other drink is half so good. All the birds that are singing in the air, all the flowers that are blooming on the earth, all the trees that are waving in the breeze, all the cattle on a thousand hills, are refreshed

and strengthened by water! Dear children, that fluid which gives strength and health to all nature is surely best for you. A wine bottle at a picnic, always puts me in mind of a poisonous

serpent slyly coiled up among flowers—waiting its time to sting. I have reason to think so, for I remember some very sad consequences resulting from using strong drink at holiday

picnic parties. Many years ago, a family party of eight children, five of them brothers and sisters, and three cousins; whose ages were from seven to fourteen, went, under the care of their aunt, for a day's ramble in the New Forest. Part of their journey from home was by boat up a beautiful stream for about three miles. They had two men from their uncle's mill, to row them; when they alighted they pursued their way, until they entered the forest glades, and began their merry rambles. All went well until after dinner, when some wine and water was served round. The eldest of the youthful party was Maria, a girl of fourteen, and next to her, was her brother Frank, aged twelve. He had run about most vigorously, and being hot and thirsty,





had drunk far more than he was conscious of. Now, if he had waited a little, until he was cool, and eaten a piece of bread or cake, he might have drunk a good glass of water, or milk and water, and no harm would have happened; but from the time he drank off the tumbler of wine and water, and worried for more, he was not like the same boy. He was testy and troublesome, and when they prepared to return, his ill humour, added to their own draughts, called up similar feelings in the others, and they were all either fretting or quarrelsome, for all had taken some of the wine. At length they reached the boat; Frank sat at the end, and kept leaning over, and catching at sticks and straws in the stream to the great anxiety of his aunt, whose attention, however, was naturally most given to the younger children—none of whom seemed happy and cheerful. They had proceeded about a mile, when suddenly there was a great plunge, a wild cry, the water splashed into the boat, and they all looked up just in time to see Frank's head disappear in the river, and as it seemed, under the boat. To keep the frightened children from leaping on the seats, and upsetting the boat altogether, was no easy task, and time was thus lost, when one of the boatmen, throwing off his overcoat prepared to leap into the stream. The current was running fast—far down from the place where he fell in, they saw for a moment a hand emerge, every finger working convulsively; then it disappeared, and though Tom, the boatman made every effort, he failed to reach the drowning boy, who was fast drifting away. How they pursued their journey home, after the horror of this scene in their grief and distraction, they hardly knew; or how they told the fearful tale to the widowed mother of poor Frank. Nor was that the only misery! Frank's little sister fell into fits in the boat, and only recovered from them to take to her bed with a fever, that proved fatal. Some days elapsed before the body of the poor boy was found, and then there were two funerals in the village church-yard—poor Frank, and little Emily. There was nothing ever publicly said about the wine drinking at the picnic—but the afflicted aunt, to her dying day never gave, or sanctioned the giving, of strong drink in children's parties. "Children," she would often say, "are naturally excitable little beings, why give them dangerous and unhealthy means of increased excitement."

#### "BE YE ALSO READY."

A FEW weeks ago we took up a London paper, and glancing our eye over the list of Deaths we read as follows:

On Thursday last, aged 55, while attending a Dorcas meeting at John E. Cooper's, Esq., and while praying with the ladies assembled on the occasion, ANN COTTINGHAM, of Gravesend, a most exemplary Christian, leaving six orphan children to mourn their irreparable loss.

Death is at all times solemn, but a sudden death like this is truly affecting. An affectionate mother snatched away, without a moment's warning from her six fatherless children! and yet what a cheering thought, a lowly disciple of Christ taken home whilst bent in prayer at the throne of grace. O thou, who hast promised to be a Father to the fatherless, grant that thy blessing may rest upon these six orphan children, and may they at last join their once praying but now praising mother in the better land above."

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive."—Jeremiah xlix. ii.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.—PROVERBS XXV. 21, 22.



#### BE KIND.

LITTLE Robert was a playful, intelligent lad. He did nothing by halves. If he studied, he did it with all his might, and was sure to be at the head of his class. If he played, it was in right good earnest. Yet he was gentle and affectionate. We had a famous dog, who shared all his sports, and seemed as happy in them as his master. Lion, for that was his name, would take Robert's dinner-basket in his mouth, and carry it carefully and safely; and he would defend his master from rude boys, as if he were his guardian. This lad grew up to be a man and a minister of the gospel; but his attachment to Lion never ceased, and he was never known to do a cruel action to a brute creature. He has often been heard to say that he could not trust a boy that was unkind to animals. God made them for our service, but not for cruel sport.—*Child's Paper*.

#### THE POOR MAN'S BIBLE.

"WELL might Coleridge say that the fairest flower he ever saw climbing round a poor man's window, was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Bible which he saw lying within."—*Bayne*.

Dear to the eye  
Of the passer by,  
'Tis dearer to the heart of the poor;  
A Father's smile  
On honest toil  
Is the flower that blooms by his door.

But sweeter far  
And dearer are  
The plants of grace that bloom and thrive  
When age and youth,  
By Bible truth,  
Their hearts control, and daily live.

"In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy."—*Hosca xiv. 3.*

#### THE HARVEY BOYS.

##### CHAPTER VIII.

##### SATURDAY EVENING.

WHEN they reached home, they found the tea table set, and Mrs. Harvey waiting for them.

The boys usually came home from their Saturday's walk with fine appetites for supper; but the sights they had seen at the poor-house and lunatic asylum had so sickened them that they felt no disposition to eat. They could talk of nothing else, and Mr. Harvey thought that as they now pretty well understood the evils of intemperance, he would answer the question Edward had put to him some weeks before about the temperance society.

So, after tea, he found them very willing to listen to what he had to say; and Mrs. Harvey and the other children, as they sat round the table with them, listened with attention too.

Mr. Harvey began by asking the boys to state what they had seen in their walks and visits during the two last Saturdays. They spoke of Ben Jones, and how he had ruined his character and lost his work; how he had brought his wife and children to poverty, and the shame he had caused them by his drunkenness, and being taken home in a cart. Then they remembered the crimes that the use of liquor occasioned. They told their mother of the boys, and men and women who had been led to fighting and stealing by it, and of the man who had murdered his own wife while in a fit of drunkenness. They told of the effects that it had on the body as seen in the poor-house. Then they spoke of its effect upon the mind as they had seen it in the idiots and maniacs, either making men silly or driving them crazy.

"Now," said their father, when they had answered his questions about these things, "if the use of intoxicating liquors has been the cause of all this evil among the people of our town, what must be the amount of poverty, and sickness, and crime, and madness, and ruin, it makes all over the world! You have seen but few cases. You have seen but one tavern, one jail, one poor house, and one lunatic asylum; but suppose all the public houses in the country were in one place, and the families of all the drunken men in the country lived in one place; and there was a great jail and a great poor house in which all the criminals, and the poor, and the sick, and the deranged were collected—what a dreadful sight would this be!"

Mr. Harvey then spoke of the various evils which intemperance caused to the human family; and ended by asking, "Now, do you not think it would be a great thing to stop all this evil?"

Every one of the children agreed to this.

"Well," continued Mr. Harvey, "if every one would agree not to drink, and would keep his promise, how many people would get drunk?"

"None," cried out the children.

"And that is the simple plan of the temperance society. Its members sign a declaration that they will not even taste intoxicating liquors; they try to persuade others to do the same, and every man that does it sincerely, by God's help, will never bring the evils of intemperance on himself, his family, or his neighbourhood."

"But," said Edward, "will drunkards join the temperance society?"

"Some have," replied his father, "and have become reformed, and lived sober and industrious lives. But the greater number of people who are members are those who have always been sober."



The children seemed to wonder at this.

"Do you not remember the history of Robert Talbot?"

"Oh yes, father," said George, "he learned to love liquor because his father always had it on his table, and allowed Robert to drink."

"You see, then, that though Mr. Talbot was a sober man himself, he led his son into drunkenness. Now this is the great thing that temperance societies want to prevent. It is to *take away the temptation*. If old Mr. Talbot had been a member he would not have had liquor on his table, Robert would have grown up probably without tasting any, and instead of becoming an abandoned drunkard might have proved a comfort to his aged parents."

"Does the Bible say anything against drinking spirits?" inquired Edward.

"It is too late to answer your question to-night, my boy," replied Mr. Harvey, "but I will endeavour to select such a portion of the Scriptures for our reading to-morrow as shall give you a satisfactory reply." (To be continued.)

### HONESTY IN LITTLE THINGS.

A FEW days ago, being in a cornchandler's shop, I noticed a gentleman passing along the street, who stopped to look at a truss of straw outside the shop; and then, stepping in, said to the shopman:

"I'm not a very profitable customer, but would you be so good as to allow me to take one straw from that bundle?"

The shopman replied, "Certainly, sir." "I was giving my little girl a lesson on corn," said the gentleman, "and I cannot make her understand how the corn comes into the ear; this straw will serve to illustrate my lesson."

Little boys and girls should remember that when they sometimes pull a little bit of hay or straw from the bundles, outside the corn-chandlers' or hay-dealers' shops, *without leave*, although it may not be of much value, it is still *stealing* in little things—and

"He that dares to steal a pin,  
Will likely steal a larger thing."

"Thou shalt not steal." Exodus xx. 15. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Proverbs xvii. 6. "Let him that stole steal no more." Ephesians iv. 28.

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### THE HAND THAT SAVES US.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight.

Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the end of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and almost paralyzed with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the picture with unsightly blotches of colouring.

The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him. Just so we sometimes get absorbed upon the

continually going up the post with their burdens, which, as the children said, looked like little white feathers sticking up over their heads. Those who had deposited their burdens were hurrying down again as fast as they could run for more; and we noticed that they always followed the law of the road, and turned out for loaded teams. Sometimes a poor little ant would be toiling up with a load too heavy for him, and as sure as this was the case, there was always one of those returning empty, who was ready to stop and help the tired one with his load.

There were some who neither travelled up nor down the post, but remained about the crack, and seemed to be engaged in storing away the burdens which the others had brought up. Not one of them was idle for a moment; there was no quarrelling, no hesitation about what was to be done next, but each seemed to have his appointed work, and to spring to it cheerfully, and with the utmost zeal and activity; and as the sun went down, they seemed to run faster and work harder to get all their loads up before it was dark.

The Bible says, "Go to the ant thou sluggard, and consider her ways and be wise." What lessons of instruction may we learn from the little ants?

In the first place we are all placed in this world to be workers, and we all may have our appointed work, if we choose to find out what it is.

Let us try then to find out "what God would have us to do?"

Let us do it cheerfully and readily.

Let us do it with zeal and industry.

Let us do it without quarrelling with the other workers of this great human family.

Let us ever be ready to aid one who has the will but not the strength to perform all his work.

Let us work while the day lasts, and to sum up all, let us follow the injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," for "the night cometh in which no man can work."

NEVER be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute."

## IN Memory of THE LATE SAMUEL GURNEY, ESQ.

Who Departed this Life,

ON THURSDAY,

THE 5TH JUNE, 1856,

IN THE 70TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

In our next number we hope to give some particulars of the last moments of this distinguished philanthropist.

pictures of the world, and in contemplating them, step backwards, unconscious of our peril; when the Almighty in mercy dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of his dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

### THE WEE LITTLE ANTS.

"Oh mother! do come here, and see what these wee little ants are doing!" called out my children the other day.

I went out, and found them all gathered around an old post, watching intently some little creatures who were moving up and down upon it; and I soon became as much interested in watching them as the children themselves.

At first we could not understand what the little ants were about. Myriads of them were crawling up the post, each one bearing a little white burden, much larger than himself. On looking at them closely, I discovered that these were little grubs, probably the young ones of the ants. There had been a hard rain, and they might have found their hole, at the foot of the post, an unsafe abiding place. So they had agreed to carry them all to the top of the post, where there was a wide, deep crack, and deposit them there.

It was curious to see the little creatures work. There was a long uninterrupted line of them con-

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No Sunday School Library should be without Mrs. Balfour's "Morning Dew Drops." Every Teacher should read it, as an admirable specimen of the best method of conveying information to the young."—REV. NEWMAN HALL, B.A., London.

"The 'Morning Dew Drops' is, in my judgment, an admirable book; very attractive from its lively and elegant style, and its numerous and valuable anecdotes; well reasoned, appealing to the highest principles, and calculated to inform the judgment of the young, and to win them to the total abstinence cause."—EDWARD BAINES, Esq., Leeds.

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## FALLOW DEER.

WE have in England two varieties of the fallow-deer, which are said to be of foreign origin. The beautiful spotted kind, supposed to have been brought from Bengal; and the deep-brown sort, now so common in this country. These last were introduced by King James I., out of Norway; where, having observed their hardiness in bearing the cold of that severe climate, he brought some of them over into Scotland, and from there transported them to the Forests of Enfield and Epping. Since which time they have multiplied exceedingly, and are now to be found in the various parks throughout our land.

By kind treatment the fallow deer may be rendered very tame and familiar. It is said, when thus tamed and brought up in the stable yard, to *delight* in the company of the horse, and in proof thereof it may be named, that at Newmarket in 1828 there was a fine deer which was accustomed regularly to exercise with the horses, and the pretty creature might be seen morning after morning galloping round the field with them.

We recently saw a fine fawn, and a sweet little pet lamb grazing side by side, most lovingly, in the grounds of a gentleman in the suburbs of Birmingham. The poor little lamb had lost its

mother, and now kept close to the young deer all the day through, as though it would say, "I am a poor motherless lamb, please be my companion." If all brothers and sisters who read these pages dwell together as happily as the Birmingham fawn and pet lamb, there will never be any more quarrels between them.

## THE WINDMILL'S DEFECT.



WHEN we seek to reprove sin, let us pray for divine direction.

Daring profligate sinners are frequently kindly affected by an indirect reproof, where a contrary course would be met with insult.

A diligent and active minister of

Jesus Christ was told of a miller in the village of P—, who, with great profaneness, had repelled every attempt to approach him on the subject of religion, and had daunted all the hopes and

efforts of the few serious persons in the neighbourhood.

Among other practices of sinful daring, he uniformly kept his windmill—the most striking object in the hamlet—going on the Sabbath day. In a short time the young minister determined to make an effort for the benefit of his parishioners. He undertook the office of going himself for the supply of flour requisite for his family. As the miller adjusted his sack to receive the flour, the remark was made, "A fine mill, this; one of the most complete I ever saw."

The miller had often heard the same remark from other persons, for it was nothing more than just. "But," continued the minister, "there is one *sad* defect in it."

"A defect in it! what is that, sir?"

"A very serious defect," was the reply. "Eh!" replied the miller, turning up his face, "what is it?"

The minister went on, "It is a defect which is likely indirectly to ruin the mill!"

"And will one day destroy the owner," added the minister.

"And can't you say it out," exclaimed the impatient miller.

"It goes on the *Sabbath day*," pronounced the minister, in a firm, solemn, and monitory tone. The astonished man stood blank and thunder-struck. He remained meek and submissive under a remonstrance and exhortation of a quarter of an hour's length, in which

the danger of his state and practices; and the call to repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ were earnestly proposed to him. There is reason to hope that it was indeed a "word in season," for the *Sabbath breaker* became a *Sabbath keeper*.

## MY MOTHER.

My mother, my kind mother,  
I hear thy gentle voice;  
It always makes my little heart  
Beat gladly and rejoice.

When I am ill, it comes to me  
And kindly soothes my pain;  
And when I sleep, then in my dreams  
It sweetly comes again.

It always makes me happy,  
Whene'er I hear its tone;  
I know it is the voice of love  
From a heart that is my own.

My mother, my dear mother,  
O, may I never be  
Unkind or disobedient,  
In any way to thee.





No. 69 [SEPTEMBER 1st, 1856.]

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PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



"Please, sir, father does not allow me to say I can't—I belong to the 'TRY Company.'"

#### A MEMBER OF THE "TRY COMPANY."



said, "Please sir, Father does not allow me to say I can't—I belong to the "TRY COMPANY."

MANUFACTURER was travelling on a railway in company with a gentleman, his wife, and a little boy of some five or six years of age. The little fellow had a parcel in

his hand and was trying, apparently in vain, to unloose the knot in the string, when the stranger took out his knife and offered to cut the knot, saying, "You can't open it." The child immediately

The Manufacturer was delighted with the remark, and watched the little member of the TRY Company until he exultingly finished his task.

"Right! Right!" said I, when I heard of the circumstance, we should have fewer dunces in schools, and many more clever, industrious youths and men in the land, if parents would teach their children not to say "I can't," but train them up as members of the TRY Company.

Whenever I see a boy or girl *diligently* learning some difficult lesson, I say to myself, *there's a member of the TRY Company.*

Whenever I see a child of naturally irritable temper striving to repress the stirrings of anger—keeping the mouth *shut*, lest the tongue should utter unguarded words, I say to myself, *there's a member of the TRY Company.*

When I see a kind and loving sister showing kindness to her little brother, and lessening the daily duties and trials of her mother, I say, *there's a good member of the TRY Company.*

When I see an apprentice attentive to his master's interests, and making good use of his leisure

hours, I say to myself, *there's a member of the TRY Company.*

Whenever I see a Sunday school teacher, regularly at his post at the appointed time, and greeting his class with a smile, I say to myself, *there's a member of the TRY Company.*

Parents! teach your little ones to be good members of the TRY Company. *Every family* may have its TRY Company. Dear reader! are you a member of the TRY Company?

UNCLE JOHN.

#### THE POOR GIRL AND THE EARL.

A FEW weeks ago a poor girl was looking in at the window of the Tract Society's shop, No. 164, Piccadilly, in London. She began to spell and read aloud some of the open pages in large print. So intent was she on making out the words, that she knelt down, and thus got her face close to the window.

Thousands passed by, but the girl heeded them not, neither was she noticed by them.

At length a tall gentleman, whose heart and eye have long cared for and looked after the poor, overheard the girl spelling out the words. Tapping her gently on the shoulder he desired her to follow him into the shop. He then made several kind enquiries as to her parents, and whether she went to any Sunday or day school.



Finding her to be very fond of reading, but not having any books of her own, the gentleman



turned to the shopman and ordered a copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which, with a few words of good advice, was kindly given to the girl.

Poor thing! when she knew that the book was her own, she was overjoyed. The joy of the giver, however, was perhaps equal to that of the receiver, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Would our readers like to know *who* the kind gentleman was? We can inform them, for one who witnessed the incident told us—it was that unwearied friend of the friendless, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY! God bless him!



she said: every word of it, almost, was long impressed upon my mind. The mahouts and their families live with the elephants they attend, and talk to them as to reasonable beings, in reproof, in praise, in entreaty, in anger. A strong affection seems to subsist between them.

"We expected to see the fierce animal turn from the mangled remains of the husband to tear the wife and child asunder. We were agreeably disappointed.

"Malleer's rage was satiated; and he now felt remorse for what he had done. You could see it in his drooping ears and downcast head. He took his foot off the shapeless carcase. The

### "A SINGLE WORM KILLED THAT TREE."

DURING the summer of 1853, I was an invalid, and was induced, on the recommendation of my physician, to go to the Hydropathic Establishment at Sudbrook Park, near Richmond, in Surrey. During my sojourn there, (which was highly beneficial to my health,) I was one day walking through the romantic grounds and park with some friends and the worthy proprietor, Dr. Ellis, (a pupil of the celebrated Preissnitz)—when the doctor drew our attention to a large sycamore tree, decayed to the core.

"That fine tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

In answer to our enquiries, we found that about two years previously, the tree was as healthy as any in the park, when a wood-worm about three inches long was observed to be forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. It caught the eye of a naturalist who was staying at the establishment, and he remarked, "Let that worm alone, Doctor, and it will kill the tree." This seemed very improbable, but it was agreed that the black-headed worm should not be disturbed.

After a time it was found that the worm had tunnelled its way a considerable distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped off very early, and in the succeeding year it was a dead rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm might be seen in the very heart of the once noble trunk.

"Ah," said one who was present, "let us learn a lesson from that dead tree. How many, who once promised fair for usefulness in the world and the church, have been ruined by a single sin." S.



### AN ELEPHANT'S REVENGE AND REMORSE.

How sad it is when men delight in torturing the noble animals created by our Heavenly Father for the service of mankind. We hope that all our readers will practise kindness to animals, and never be guilty of cruelty.

The following fact, extracted from "*The Quarterly Token*" of the Church Missionary Society, shows not only the result of cruelty to an Elephant, but also furnishes a striking illustration of the affection and docility of that noble animal, from which even human beings may learn a practical lesson.

The sad scene represented in the engraving, was witnessed by numerous spectators, who had assembled in the kingdom of Oude, in Central India, to see two elephants cruelly urged to engage in battle with each other. A favourite elephant, a remarkably fine animal, whose name was Malleer, had to contend with a most formidable opponent of his own species in a spacious arena, around which the king and thousands of his people, were so arranged as to have a view of all the movements of the animals. In a moment of extreme excitement, when goaded to fury, Malleer suddenly rushed upon his mahout or keeper—and at a single stroke of his trunk, killed him.

"Our alarm and horror," says one who witnessed it, "were increased at seeing a woman rushing directly towards the elephant.

She had an infant in her arms, and she ran as fast as her burden would permit.

"Her piercing cry thrilled through the hearts of some few, at least of those who stood by.

"Frantic with grief, she exclaimed, 'Oh! Malleer! Malleer! savage beast! See what you have done! Here, finish our house at once. You have taken off the roof—now break down the walls: you have killed my husband, whom you loved so well—now kill me and his son.'

"To those unaccustomed to India, this language may appear ridiculous. It is precisely the sense of what

wife threw herself upon it, and the elephant stood by, respecting her grief. It was a touching spectacle. The woman lamented loudly, turning now and then to the elephant to reproach him; whilst he stood as if conscious of his fault, looking sadly at her. Once or twice the unconscious infant caught at his trunk and played with it. He had doubtless played with it often before, for it is no uncommon thing to see the mahout's child playing between the legs of the elephant. It is no uncommon thing to see the elephant waving his trunk over it, allowing it to go to a little distance, and then carefully bringing it back again, as tenderly as a mother would.

"Let the woman call him off," shouted the king: 'he will attend to her.'

"She did so, and Malleer came back just as a spaniel would do at the call of his master!

"Let the woman mount with her child, and take him away,' was the king's order. It was communicated to her. The elephant knelt at her command. She mounted: Malleer gave her, first the mutilated carcase of her husband, and then her infant son. She sat upon his neck, in her husband's place, and led him quietly away. From that day she was his keeper, his mahout: *he would have no other*. When most excited, when most wild, she had but to command, and he obeyed. The touch of her hand on his trunk was enough to calm his most violent outbursts of temper. She could lead him without fear or danger."

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## IS THIS BLESSING YOURS?



meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Psalm i. 1—3.

## OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

ALDHELM, one of the early English bishops, was an open-air preacher. He was fond of music; played well on the harp, and sang sweetly. Often on market-days he would place himself on a bridge at the entrance of the town in which he lived, and there play and sing to the Saxon people as they passed, till he had gathered quite a crowd around him. He then preached to them.

The present bishop of Sodor and Man is not ashamed to follow the example of his Divine Master in going into the highways and hedges. Not many Sabbaths ago he stood on a tombstone in Kirk Braddon churchyard, and preached the Gospel to a much larger congregation than could possibly have assembled to hear him in the church. On a subsequent occasion he addressed a number of the Isle of Man fishermen as they stood by the sea-side, prior to embarking on their fishing excursion.

In London, much is being done by open-air preachers. The late efforts for the desecration of the Sabbath by the introduction of bands into

the parks are being turned to good account by earnest-hearted ministers of the cross. The Rev. Hugh Allen, M.A., the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.D., the Rev. A. P. Black, A.M., the Rev. Geo. Smith, and other leading metropolitan ministers have commenced Sabbath afternoon services amongst the pleasure-seekers in the Victoria Park.

The Committee of the *Open-Air Mission* are doing a great and good work, and the report\* of their operations affords proof that they have not laboured in vain. It is supposed that there are in London and the suburbs upwards of two millions of immortal beings who never enter any place of worship. To these the gospel must be taken. "Go thou, and preach the kingdom of God."

\* A copy may be had by forwarding two postage stamps to John Macgregor, Esq., Open-Air Mission, 1, Robert St., Adelphi, Lond.

## THE HARVEY BOYS.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SABBATH AT MR. HARVEY'S.

It was a rule of Mr. Harvey's to spend an hour before family prayers on Sunday morning with his children. They learned their Sabbath School lessons during the week, and on Saturday evening he examined them to see if they were all prepared.

He allowed no day to pass without saying something to them, on their duty to God. But every Sabbath morning he had them all together to prepare their minds for the sacred and delightful duties of the day. Soon after breakfast, they went to the Sunday School and God's House; and again soon after dinner. Mr. Harvey met them at tea, and spent a portion of the evening in reading and conversation.

On the evening after the conversation in the last chapter, the children seated themselves at the table, with their Bibles before them. Mr. Harvey told George to read in the Gospel of Mark, chap. xii. verse 28—34. They all opened their books at the place whilst George read aloud:—

(We'll our readers refer to the verses in the Bible.)

"You asked me yesterday," said Mr. Harvey, when George had finished, "if God had forbidden the use of ardent spirits. Now let us try it by the principles of the Bible. By principles, I mean the great rules which God has given us. For instance, one of the principles of the Bible is honesty. Now there is no such commandment as *Thou shalt be honest*; but there are commandments forbidding to steal and to covet, and these show what the principles of the Bible are. So if a man is a counterfeiter, or finds money and does not give it to the owner, he sins as much against these commandments as if he committed the crimes which are called stealing and coveting. These commandments show that God hates dishonesty. What I want you to think of is, that it is not necessary everything should be forbidden by name in order to make it sinful. It is enough if God has given us certain principles by which every one may know what is right and what is wrong. When Mr. Harvey found that the children understood what he meant, he said, "Let us now see what the principles of the Bible are on the subject of temperance."

"You all know," he continued, that *drunkenness* is against the principles of the Bible; for it requires men to be "temperate," "sober;" and no drunkard truly can praise or serve God. But look at the tenth verse of the sixth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians."

Margaret soon found it, and read, "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor DRUNKARDS, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God." "You see," said Mr. Harvey, "that though there is nothing in the ten commandments about drinking, yet that drunkenness is so plainly against the principles of God's law, that no man who continues in drunkenness can go to heaven. Oh! if nothing else will stop men from going into temptation, will not this text do it?"

(To be continued.)

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

We purposed announcing the award this month, but are obliged to defer it until October.



ALDHELM, THE MINSTREL BISHOP, AND THE SAXON MARKET PEOPLE.





*Your aff. friend  
Samuel Gurney*

#### THE LATE SAMUEL GURNEY, ESQ.

DURING the last twelve months many great men have been numbered amongst the silent dead, but none of them have left a more enduring memorial of great and good deeds, than that friend of peace and goodwill, Mr. Samuel Gurney, whose remains are now laid in the Barking burial ground, by the side of his estimable and philanthropic sister, Elizabeth Fry.

Blessed with an abundance of this world's wealth, Mr. Gurney sought to regard it, and the influence which generally accompanies riches, as talents entrusted to his charge, for the faithful stewardship of which he would have to account. For many years past his contributions to religious and philanthropic objects have exceeded ten thousand pounds a year. To him it was a peculiar pleasure to lend a helping hand unseen, and many have partaken of his bounty who never knew from whence their succour came.

In the cause of the slave; in the promotion of

Scriptural education, irrespective of sect or party, and in the circulation of the Holy Bible, he ever took a prominent part, and it was in a great measure owing to his pecuniary aid that Mrs. Fry was enabled to carry out so successfully many of her benevolent projects.

During the past seven years it has been our privilege to enjoy his acquaintance; and the christian advice, and kind encouragement in the path of duty, which he always afforded, rendered our visits to Ham House bright periods in life, which will always be looked back upon with grateful remembrance.

After a long and honoured career Mr. Gurney has been gathered to his fathers. Although withdrawn from active pursuits by declining health, during the last year of his life, he was permitted to retain his energy of mind. Two days only before his death, when one of his family proposed reading to him some secular intelligence, he calmly said, "No; I've done with those things now;" and the Sacred Scriptures only would he

have read to him. About one hour before his departure, the members of his family were summoned around his bed to take their last farewell. Casting a dying look on his sons and daughters, he gently raised his hand and beckoned for silence, and with elevated eye appeared to say, "I'm going home—follow me to the better land." Calmly, his spirit passed away, on the 5th of June last, in the seventieth year of his age.

The remains were followed to the grave by an extraordinary concourse of mourners, and although Mr. Gurney was a member of the Society of Friends—so highly was he esteemed by all denominations, that funeral sermons were preached, or appropriate addresses delivered, in the various churches and chapels in his own and the adjacent parishes.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." 2 Sam. iv. 38.

"The memory of the just is blessed." Prov. x. 7.

#### THE TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

The Bible is the Traveller's Guide. It points to Christ, the light, and the truth, and the way. The road from the spiritual Egypt to the heavenly Canaan, from the house of bondage to the land of freedom. If the truth make you free, then ye are free indeed, and all are slaves beside. It marks the pilgrim's progress from Babylon to Bethlehem, from the sorrows of time to the joys of eternity, and the wayfaring man, by giving heed thereto, shall not fail to find it. When thou turnest to the right hand or the left, thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, "This is the way, walk ye in it."—From the Bible the Book for all.

[We have much pleasure in recommending this valuable little book from the pen of the late Mr. Jacob Post, to the attention of our readers. By parents and Sunday School teachers it will, we believe, be prized. It may be had *post free* by enclosing sixpence in postage stamps to Messrs. CASH, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without, London. ED. B. H. R.]



THE TRAVELLER.





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          } 1856.

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PRICE  
ONE HALF-PENNY.

#### EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY OF A PONY.

It has frequently fallen to our lot to record instances of animal sagacity, but we never remember anything more remarkable than the follow-

ing, which was related to us by an eye-witness: About 11 o'clock on Thursday night, the 29th ult., as Mr. Henry Carr, of Shaw Wood Gardens, and two or three friends, were coming through a field leading from his house to the North Road

their attention was attracted to a pony belonging to Mr. Carr, which came up to them, and on their attempting to stroke it, as they had often done on previous occasions, it threw up its head, gave several loud snorts, and instantly scampered



A LITTLE FAVOURITE.



across the field in the direction of the viaduct, and after proceeding some distance, returned, and made a similar demonstration, evidently wishing to attract their attention, and then again immediately ran off. It occurred to the party that there might be something amiss, and they therefore followed the pony, which betrayed evident symptoms of delight, and in a short time it brought them to the edge of a large pool of water immediately adjoining the viaduct, when it again commenced snorting and jumping about. On looking into the water they fancied they saw something on the surface, and also heard a gurgling sound, as of some one drowning. A man named Coxon, of Framwellgate Moor, instantly jumped into the water, and soon succeeded in bringing out the apparently lifeless body of a man, which turned out to be a person named Johnson, a shoemaker, from Sunderland, who was evidently under the influence of liquor, and had probably lost his way, and fallen into the pool. Efficient aid was at once rendered, but it was nearly three hours before he showed any signs of life; he, however, eventually recovered. In whatever way the strange conduct of the pony may be accounted for, it is certain that but for it, the unfortunate man would have been drowned. The promptitude shewn by Mr. Coxon, Mr. Carr, and their companions, is deserving of all praise. The above remarkable fact, which we copy from the *Durham Advertiser*, June 6, 1856, shows:—

1. The value of kindness to animals.
2. The danger of drinking.
3. The value of perseverance.

If the efforts made for the poor man's recovery had been given up even at the end of two hours and a half his life would have been sacrificed. We hope that Johnson the shoemaker has sought God's mercy through Christ; that he has joined the Temperance Society, and that he will be an energetic member of the Society for preventing cruelty to animals. If any man ought to be a friend to the dumb creation he is the man.

#### THE "FAVOURITE" PONY.

IN the extensive and beautiful park of a country gentleman, might be occasionally seen, a few summers ago, a pony of great symmetry and beauty, sporting in gleeful vigour amongst the graceful deer. His name was "Favourite," for he had made himself such by his gentleness and obedience. His iron shoes had been taken off, and for several months he ranged at will on the slopes and among the trees of his master's domain. But winter began to draw on, cold winter, and the warm stable became a more suitable place for "Favourite" than the exposed park. Some laughed at the idea of catching him after he had been running wild for so long, but a young man in whose charge he had been for several years undertook the task. After wandering for some time in the park, he at last spied the pony a long way off; he whistled several times; the pony stopped, with dilated nostrils and ears pricked up, and then, with his well-known neigh of recognition and delight, bounded towards him, crossing the river, trampling down the brushwood, and breaking through the opposing boughs of trees; and then, cantering round and round his friend, came up, licked his hands, and allowed him to put the bridle on his head. "Favourite" is now twenty-three years old, but as beautiful and playful as when he was a colt, and the reason is that he has always been treated kindly. He is guided by the voice alone, and knows nothing of whip or cruel spur. Almost all animals are capable of loving those who are kind to them, and if you treat your dog, your donkey, or your pony in this way you will be rewarded by their gratitude.

[We feel obliged to our correspondent who has kindly favoured us with the above, and if we should ever visit Plymouth, we shall have pleasure in accepting the invitation to see "Favourite."]

#### FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

"Is Mr. Harris in?" inquired a neatly dressed boy of twelve or thirteen, to a clerk, as he stood by the counter of a large publisher's shop.

The well-paid clerk regarded the boy with a haughty look, and answered: "Mr. Harris is in, but he is engaged."

The boy looked at the clerk hesitatingly, and then said: "If he is not particularly engaged, I should like much to see him."

"If you have any business to transact, I can attend to it," replied the clerk; "Mr. Harris cannot be troubled with boys like you."

"What is it, Morley?" said a pleasant looking, elderly man, stepping up to the clerk; what does the boy want?"



"He insisted on seeing you, though I told him you were engaged," returned the clerk, a little abashed by the manner of his employer.

"And what would you have with me my lad?" inquired Mr. Harris, kindly.

The boy raised his eyes, and timidly said, "I wish you to look at the bill of some books which I bought here some three months since, sir, there is a mistake in it which I wish to correct."

"Ah, my boy, I see," replied Mr. Harris, "you have overpaid us, I suppose."

"No, sir," answered the boy. "On the contrary, I purchased some books which are not charged in the bill, and I have called to pay you for them."

Mr. Harris folded his arms across his breast, regarded the boy earnestly for a moment, and then asked, "When did you discover this mistake?"

"Not until I reached home," replied the lad. "When I paid for the books I was in a great hurry, fearing the steamboat would leave before I could reach it, and did not examine the bill."

"Why did you not return and rectify the mistake?" asked the gentleman in a tone slightly altered.

"Because, sir, I live at some distance from the city, and have not been able to return until now."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Harris, "you have given me great pleasure. In a long life of mercantile business, I have never met with an instance of this kind before. You have acted nobly, and deserve a recompense."

"I ask no recompense, sir," returned the boy, proudly; "I have done nothing but my duty—a simple act of justice, and that deserves no reward, but itself."

"May I ask who taught you such noble principles?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"My mother," answered the boy, bursting into tears.

"Blessed is the child who has such a mother,"

said Mr. Harris, with much emotion; "and blessed is the mother of such a child. Be faithful to her teachings, my dear boy, and you will be the staff of her declining years."

"Sir," sobbed the boy, "My mother is dead. It was her sickness and death which prevented me from coming here before."

"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"Edward Delong."

"Have you a father?"

"No sir; my father died when I was an infant."

"Where do you reside?"

"In the town of Linwood, about fifty miles from here."

"Well, my boy, what were the books which were forgotten?"

"Tacitus, and a Latin Dictionary."

"Let me see the bill. Ah! signed by A. C. Morley. I will see to that. Here, Mr. Morley," called Mr. Harris, but that functionary was busily engaged bowing and smiling to a customer at the opposite side of the shop.

"Edward," continued the kind-hearted Mr. Harris, "I am not going to reward you for what you have done, but I wish to manifest my approbation of your conduct in such a manner as to make you remember the wise and excellent precepts of your departed mother. Select from my shop any ten books you choose, which in addition to the two you had before, shall be a present to you; and henceforth, as now, my boy, remember not to 'despise the day of little things.'—If ever you need a friend, call on me, and for thy mother's sake I will assist you."

When the grateful boy left the store, through his own tears he saw the moistened eyes of his kind benefactor.

Edward Delong wished for knowledge, and though the scanty means of his mother could hardly satisfy his desire, he had advanced far beyond most boys of his age. By working nights and mornings for a neighbour, he had amassed what seemed to him a large sum of money, and this was expended in books.

Scarcely was he in possession of his treasures, when his mother sickened and died. His home was now with a man who regarded money as the chief end and aim of his life, and severe and constant labour as the only means of obtaining that end.

For two years Edward struggled with his hopeless condition. Toil, early and late, was his doom, and to his oft-expressed wish of obtaining an education, his employer answered:

"Learning" never made corn grow, or tilled a field, and what is the use of it? I can only read and write, and there ain't a richer man in the place, not excepting Squire Morrison, with all his learnt notions." \* \*

"Is Mr. Harris in?" inquired Edward, as he again entered the shop of that gentleman.

"Will you wait a moment, and he will be at liberty."

"Did you wish to see him?" asked Mr. Harris of the boy, whose thoughts were so intense that he had not noticed the approach of his friend.

"Mr. Harris!" exclaimed Edward, and it was all that he could say.

"My noble Edward!" said the old man, "And you have needed a friend. Well, you shall have one."

Five years from that time Edward Delong was the confidential clerk of Mr. Harris, and in three more, a partner in the firm. The integrity of purpose which first won the regard of his benefactor, was his guide in after life. Prosperity crowned his efforts, and happiness blessed his heart—the never-failing result of faithfulness in "little things."

MARY IRVING.



## THE HARVEY BOYS.

## CHAPTER X.



ARRY this Bible truth my dear children in your minds through life, that he who runs the risk of becoming a drunkard, runs the risk of being for ever miserable in that place where not even a drop of water

can be had to cool the tongue."

"He cannot, as required in the verses we have just heard read, love the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul," said Mr. Harvey, "if he is drunk, because he loves drink better; and he cannot love Him with 'all his mind and with all his strength,' for he has given them both to his dreadful habit. He has dishonoured the nature which God has given him by acting worse than a brute."

George asked if he did not break other commandments also, "for if he loved his friends and family, he would not bring so much distress upon them."

"Yes," said his father, "You may go through the ten commandments, and you will find that men are often led to break them all in principle, if not actually, by intemperance. The intemperate may be said to make their appetites their gods, and so break the first and second commandments. They are commonly found to be profane swearers and Sabbath breakers, and thus break the third and fourth. In short, where a man gives himself up to intemperance, there is no security against any crime that he may be tempted to commit. And you may see this constantly proved; for who will trust his property or his character to a drunkard, or show any other confidence in him?"

"But, father," said Edward, "you told us that Mr. Talbot was not a drunkard; yet you said he was to blame for tempting Robert to drink. Did he break these commandments?"

"Let us find that out," answered his father, "by the principles of the Bible."

(To be continued.)

## GORE HOUSE FESTIVAL.

On Monday, August 11th, a large juvenile temperance gathering of about ten thousand persons took place in the grounds of Gore House, London. It is a pleasing fact, highly indicative of the advance of temperance principles, that, on the application being made by Mr. Tisdall, of Kensington, to Prince Albert and the Royal Commissioners for the use of the Gore House gardens for this juvenile temperance fete, it met with a cheerful response.

## THERE'S DANGER THERE.

"I NEVER go past a public-house but I feel as if I would like to cross to the other side of the street," said a young woman to a friend.

"Why is it you have that feeling?" said the friend.

"Oh, I heard such a touching account of poor Elizabeth's ruin, and it began with her going to the public-house every night for her mistress's beer. I feel as if there was danger there; and that the words of the Wise Man should be literally understood and acted upon,—Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. AVOID IT, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."—Prov. v. 14, 15.

## THE RAIN CONCERT.

Millions of tiny rain drops  
Are falling all around;  
They're dancing on the housetops,  
They're hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians  
With anything for keys,  
Beating tunes upon the windows,  
Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble  
They play upon the stream,  
And the melody enchants us,  
Like the music of a dream.

A deeper bass is sounding  
When they're dropping into caves;  
With a tenor from the zephyrs,  
And an alto from the waves.

Oh, tis a stream of music,  
And Robin "don't intrude,"  
If, when the rain is weary,  
He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the warbling  
Of the birds in all the bowers,  
Had been gathered into raindrops,  
And was coming down in showers.



## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR 1856.

## THE AWARD.

No one competitor has answered all the 12 questions correctly. The largest number of correct answers is given by

## ALEXANDER WEBSTER,

4, Stirling Street, Airdrie, Scotland, (aged 16,) to whom the Prize of Old Humphrey's Works and Life, in seven volumes, is awarded. Of the 414 competitors many have tried for several years successively,—some as many as five, and the letters accompanying their answers are most gratifying:—they almost universally assure the Editor that though the offered Prize be not theirs, they have found a PRIZE in their increased Biblical knowledge, from careful searching of the Holy Volume; one or two state that they have read the whole Bible through twice, and several books of it more than twice, while searching for the answers to this year's questions. May it prove a "light" to their "feet," and a "lamp" to their "path."

Names of other Competitors whose answers are also worthy of notice, to whom CERTIFICATES OF MERIT are awarded.  
Susan Eliza Brandard, 1, Albion Grove, Thornhill Road, Islington.  
Emily Eliza Spicer, 25, Georgiana Street, Camden Town.  
Annie Elizabeth Kinkhead, 3, Albert Terrace, Blackrock, Dublin.  
James T. Whan, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, Ireland.  
John Gray, 20, Alexander Street, Airdrie, N.B.  
Stephen J. Gower—(No address given; Ramsgate postmark.)

Annie Campbell, Glasgow Females' Refuge, 290, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow.  
Arthur James Hill, 2, Salisbury Road, Edinburgh.  
Mary Phillips, Astwood Bank, Redditch, Worcestershire.  
Josh. Thos. Appleyard, 36, Morleston Street, Derby.  
John Hardy, Portadown, Ireland.  
Abraham Moore, Red Lion Square, Stamford, Lincolnshire.  
Ralph Youens, Tower Cottage, West Hill, Dartford.  
Joseph B. Foster, 5, Cambridge Street, Plymouth.  
Eliza Williamson, care of Mrs. H. Evans, Grand Parade, Cork.  
Thomas Smith, Northness, Lerwick, Shetland Isles.  
Alexander Angus, 11, Belmont Grove, Hulme, Manchester.

Certificates are also awarded to the two following for the best writing.

Hugh Brownlow, Jun., Banbridge, Co. Down, Ireland.  
William Easton, College Street, Rotherham.

The very neat manner in which these two competitors have written out their answers, reflects the highest credit upon them.

## The Questions with the correct Answers.

1. Describe in the language of prophecy, the sins of an ancient city, which wrought its overthrow.

1. "This was the iniquity of Sodom: pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness, was in her, and in her daughters."—Ezek. xvi. 49.

2. What beautiful definition of Christianity, or the Gospel, did our Lord give to one of the Apostles in a personal conversation?

2. That given to Paul, and recorded Acts xxvi. 18: "To open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among all them which are sanctified by faith that is in me." (See v. 15, "And he said, I AM JESUS," &c.)

3. Give a Divine diploma conferred by Jehovah upon a good man;—and, by way of contrast, a distinguishing cognomen belonging to a wicked man.

3. "The Friend of God;"—on Abraham:—"the Traitor;"—on Judas, one of the twelve.

4. What singular phrase is employed by one of the sacred writers in reference to the remnant of the nation that returned from Babylon?

4. "A nail in his holy place."—Ezra speaks thus of the return.

5. The New Testament contains two Epistles to the Ephesians, and two to the Hebrews—refer to them.

5. The Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, and that named in Revelation, chap. ii: the Epistle to the Hebrews, by St. Paul, and the Epistle of St. James to the twelve tribes scattered abroad.

6. Describe in short, but significant Scripture phraseology, the last surviving heir of a family.

6. "My coal which is left."—2 Sam. 14, 17. "My coal," an only son, who alone could prevent the family from being "cut off." This figurative expression is derived from a Hebrew word which signifies, "to glow, shine;"—compare 1 Kings, xv. 4.

7. Where have we a most magnificent description of a tempest which derives a sacred vitality and power from the presence of Jehovah?

7. In the 29th Psalm. "The voice of the Lord is on the sea," &c. Here we have a thunderstorm or tempest, which, rising from the Mediterranean, and travelling by Lebanon and along the inland mountains, reaches Jerusalem, and sends the people into the temple porticoes for refuge.

8. Refer to a beautiful sentiment expressed by an Old Testament writer, which, if we invert the members of the sentence, will convey a glorious truth most heartily responded to by every redeemed sinner.

8. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints:" inverted, Precious in the sight of the saints is the death of their Lord. "He shall redeem their souls from death and violence; and precious shall their blood be in his sight:" inverted, Precious shall his blood be in their sight. Ps. cxvi. 15; Ps. lxxii. 14.

9. Quote two declarations uttered by the enemies of our Lord, as derogatory to His character, which are essential truths, demanding unceasing gratitude from every child of Adam's fallen race.

9. "He saved others: himself he cannot save."—Matt. xxvii. 42. "This man receiveth sinners."—Luke xv. 2.

10. Give in few words, from "the Book of the Lord," an awful description of one who dies rejecting the Gospel.

10. "The wrath of God abideth on him."—John iii. 36.

11. Quote two passages where a Scripture name is used by metonymy for the Pentateuch.

11. "If they hear not Moses and all the prophets," &c.—Luke xvi. 29. "Beginning at Moses and all the Prophets," &c.—Luke xxiv. 27.

12. Name the first person who dared to destroy any part of the written word of God; state what signal punishment was pronounced on him; and what became of the writers of the destroyed portion?

12. Jehoiakim, the last King of Judah.—Jer. xxxvi. 23. For this crime it was decreed by God, that Jehoiakim should have none to sit upon the throne of Judah, and that his dead body should be cast out, in the day to the heat, and in the night to the frost; which was literally fulfilled, as recorded by Josephus. "The Lord hid them,"—the writers, Baruch and Jeremiah. Jer. xxxvi. 26.

PRIZE QUESTIONS for 1857.

THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS, WILL BE A LIBRARY OF BOOKS VALUE FIVE POUNDS.

Further particulars will be announced in our next number.





ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE "TRY" COMPANY.

**"THE TRY COMPANY."**

WE are glad to find that many of our young readers are becoming active members of this excellent "TRY" Company.

We have heard of several little boys and girls who have hitherto been very careless over their lessons, who are now seeking to be diligent and industrious children, and thus prove themselves to be, (like the little boy of whom we wrote last month, with the parcel in the railway carriage,) worthy members of the "Try" Company.

We can also tell of a little girl who is "redeeming the time," and intending to give joy to a poor lame old man, by making him a nice soft cushion for his arm chair. She is thus *trying* to do good.

We shall also have something to tell next year, if spared, of the three hundred scholars in the Walthamstow schools, who recently met on the beautiful lawn of Mr. H. F. Barclay, and said that they would *try*, by God's blessing, to be more *industrious* in school; more *obedient* at home; more *affectionate* to their brothers and sisters; and *kind* to all God's creatures.

Dear readers! when discouraged by difficulties, think of the short, but important word, "*Try*."

**REV. JOHN BROWN.**

THE celebrated JOHN BROWN, of Haddington, (Author of the Commentary on the Holy Bible) was at one time deeply concerned because no souls appeared to be awakened under his ministry to the realities of eternity. He retired one day to pour out his grief to God, and with many tears implored the aid of the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners, exclaiming, "O Lord, have mercy, have mercy on East Lothian." Like Jacob he wrestled, and like him he was comforted,

for at the close of his prayer, he felt an assurance that 'ere long he should receive a token for good. He then essayed to go forth to meditate in the fields on the subject of his anxiety. As he was going out, he thought he heard a voice proceeding from a shed in which timber was kept. Curious to know who could be there, he listened; and what was his surprise and joy when he found that his three boys had retired there to hold a prayer meeting. He had never be-

fore seen any dawns of grace in any of them; and now, when he heard one after another pouring out his youthful petitions, his heart overflowed with joy, and he hailed it as a rich earnest of the answer to his many prayers. These boys became afterwards eminent ministers of the Gospel, and some of their descendants are still spared to be blessings to the church and the world. "Pray without ceasing,"

**THE WIDOW'S CONSOLATION.**

*The Bible is a book of consolation for the fatherless and widows in their affliction.—God hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children, and let thy widows trust in me."—"A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow, is God in his holy habitation."—"The Lord relieveth the fatherless and widow."—And "I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the widow and the fatherless." Christ hath said, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." This book is the friend of*



every repenting sinner appointed to die; in the hour of his extremity, it directs him to a wonderful counsellor to plead his cause—a ransom to obtain his pardon, and thus to save him from the penalty of sin—even Jesus Christ the righteous.

From "*The Bible, the Book for all*," by the late Jacob Post, of Islington.

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THE REV. JOHN BROWN LISTENING TO HIS SONS PRAYING.





"By faith ye are justified."

**OBEDIENCE.**

ONE of the noblest virtues that man or child can practice is *obedience*. Have you ever thought, dear young reader, when you have studied in your Bible, the affecting account of Abraham being commanded to offer up his dear and only son Isaac, that the whole narrative is a wonderful history of *obedience* to a heavenly and to an earthly father? Abraham obeyed God his heavenly father, and went up to the mountain with his son. No one went with them. The two servants were left at the foot of the mountain, for the faithful patriarch would have no human eye-witness, and no ear listen to what passed between him and his son Isaac. What must have been the feelings of the Holy man as the gentle voice of Isaac uttered the enquiry, "My father! behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?" He replied solemn-

ly, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering," and then he must have told Isaac the command of God, that he—the joy of his parents' home—whose very name was

a sound of gladness, that this dear son was to be the sacrifice! It was needful that he should be bound with cords, and laid upon the wood that was spread upon the altar. Isaac obeyed

in that terrible hour. He was old enough to have resisted, but he meekly submitted to his father's will. As Abraham faithfully obeyed God, so Isaac dutifully obeyed Abraham. Both were obedient even unto death! Never let us think of the noble faithfulness of Abraham without also thinking of the sweet obedience of Isaac. But God, "whose mercy endureth for ever," interposed. He had made trial of his servants' faith and love, and found them firm, and the angel of the Lord said, "Lay not thy hand upon the lad."

More than 1880 years after this proof of loving obedience, God sent His only and well-beloved son into our world. Jesus Christ the Lord of life and glory, who left the mansions of the skies, and lived in our world a life of holiness,



ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.



love, and sorrow, and died a death of shame and agony. He was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. He fulfilled the law which man had broken, and died to save us from the just punishment of our sins. Oh! dear children, pray to God for his grace to enable you to love this gracious Saviour, and learn from all your Bible readings to be humble, meek, loving, and obedient towards God, your parents, and your teachers.

#### CHILD-LIKE FAITH.

A MINISTER of the gospel, discoursing on *Faith*, illustrated its nature by the following anecdote: One day he was engaged in a dark cellar under his house, to which access was gained by a sort of trap-door. Whilst there, his little girl, who was about three years of age, wishing to join him, came to the door and called to him,

"Are you there, papa? how can I come, papa; it is quite dark?"

"True, my child; but I am below you, and I see you though you do not see me; jump down, I shall catch you."

"O papa, I don't see you."

"I know that, my child; nevertheless, since I am here no harm can come to you."

Little Mary opened her eyes as wide as she could, but in vain: nothing could she descry. She hesitated a while, until at length, taking courage, she leaped down, and was caught in her father's arms. A few days after, Mary, finding the trap-door open, and supposing that her father was below, called out,

"Shall I come again, papa?"

"Immediately, my child," said her father, and hardly had he time to reach the spot where he was to catch her, when she, in her infantine joy, leaped down into his arms. Taking him round the neck, she said,

"I *knew*, dear papa, that I could not fall when you were there."

SUCH IS FAITH; it is trusting our Heavenly Father in the dark. Like the little Mary, we cannot see Him with our bodily eye, but resting on his word let us cast ourselves into the arms of his sovereign mercy; for he waits to receive us, and will be gracious unto all who throw themselves upon Him with faith like that of this little child. "Lord, increase our faith."

#### FAITH.

O for a faith as firm, unmoved,  
As his, "the friend of God,"  
Who, firmly, with the child he loved  
Moriah's mountain trod;  
And bound his son, and raised his hand,  
Obedient to his Lord's command.

Or his, Arabia's tempted son,  
Oppressed with many a woe;  
His children dead, his riches gone—  
In pain and sickness low;  
From whose pale lips in anguish burst,  
"Though he should slay me, Him I'll trust."

Increase my weak, my wavering faith,  
Fix it on Thee alone;  
Lead me to conquer sin and death,  
And foes to me unknown.  
Feeble and faint my cry may be,  
Yet Lord I still would cling to Thee.

From "Flowers of Sacred Poetry."

"THE secret of the LORD is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant."

#### CASTING OUR SHADOWS.

"If people's tempers cast shadows what would they be?" said Augustine as he looked at Amy's shadow on the fence. "Joe Smith's would be a fist doubled up, and Sam Stearn's a bear, for he is always growling, and sister Esther's a streak



of sunshine, and cousin Julia's a sweet little dove, and mine"—here Augustine, stopped.

According to Augustine, then, our inner selves are casting their shadows; that is throwing off impressions of what we really are, all around us.

Suppose we follow out Augustine's idea and ask, "and mine—what shadow would my temper cast?" It might surprise and possibly frighten us, although it might in some measure help us to see ourselves as others see us. The fact is, our companions know us better than we know ourselves, they see our shadows, which, though they may sometimes be longer or shorter than we really are, the outlines are in the main all correct; for our shadow is, after all, the image of ourself.

We sometimes hear of people who are "afraid of their shadows," and it seems cowardly and foolish; but if Augustine's idea should come to pass, a great many would have reason to be frightened by the image of their inner selves, so deformed and unsightly it might be, or so disagreeable, that nobody would wish to take a second look.

Now, it is this shadowing out of what we really are, which makes it so important to be living right; for other people are constantly seeing and feeling our influence, whatever it may be. Every child at school is throwing off a good or bad impression upon her school-fellow next to her. Every child at home is casting off kind or unkind influences in the little circle around him.

How is it, little reader, with you? Would your shadow be like Joe Smith's, or like sister Esther's streak of sunshine? Try! try! try! by watchfulness and prayer to have a good shadow.

#### TWO IMPORTANT WORDS.

THERE are two words that should take up most of our thoughts and cares; namely *time* and *eternity*. *TIME*, because it will so soon be at an end; and *ETERNITY*, because it will never come to an end.

#### THE HARVEY BOYS.

##### CHAP. XI.

"SUPPOSE," said Mr. Harvey, "a little girl was to tell her mother that she loved her more than every body else in the world, and was really very obedient herself, but yet tried to make her brothers and sisters disobey their mother, what would you think of such a child's love?"

"That she only pretended," said Margaret.

"Then, what shall we say of a person who says he loves God with all his heart and soul, and yet encourages and tempts others to break God's commandments?"

One of the boys said, he was as bad as the one he tempted. The other thought he was even worse.

"I want you to answer just as you think," said Mr. Harvey; "but, is not this the case of the man who says he hates drunkenness and loves God, and yet tempts his fellow men to become drunkards, and thus displease God?"

The children seemed surprised, but they confessed they could not see any difference in the principles of the child's conduct and that of the man.

"Then it follows, that a man does not love God with all his heart and soul if he wilfully does anything that is likely to keep another from loving Him. And this is the case of the man that encourages intemperance, for he knows how hateful it is in God's sight, and if he

truly loves Him he would not do anything that could possibly tempt a man to do what was displeasing to God."

"And he does not love his neighbour as himself either," said George.

"No," said Mr. Harvey, "he breaks that law also; for, as the Apostle says, 'love worketh no ill to his neighbour:' and what can be worse treatment than to bring a man to the condition of the beings in the poor-house? This is not loving our neighbours as ourselves. And look again at Matthew, chap. vii. verse 12."

Margaret read, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

"Who," said Mr. Harvey, "would like his neighbour to make him sick, and to take away his property and his character? Who would like a man to put him in the least danger of such calamities?"

"But, father," said one of the children, "must nobody drink, because other people get drunk?"

"Look at the fourteenth chapter of the Romans, and the thirteenth verse," answered Mr. Harvey.

Edward was the first to find the text, and read as follows: "Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

"Now, read the twenty-first verse."

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

(To be continued.)

#### LET NOTHING BE LOST.

A LITTLE child once gently reproved his nursemaid for shaking the table cloth into the fire-place. "O Charlotte," said he, "don't you know that God takes care of sparrows? The Bible says so; and God will be displeased at your wasting those crumbs which would have served the sparrows for breakfast."



## PRIDE.



then cometh *shame*; but with the lowly is wisdom. Prov. xi. 2.

**P**RIDE goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. Prov. xvi. 18. A man's pride shall bring him low, but honour shall uphold the upright. Proverbs xxix. 23. Only by *pride* cometh contention, but with the well-advised is *wisdom*. Prov. xiii. 10. When *pride* cometh,

## THE WAY TO FIND OUT PRIDE.

PRIDE, ugly pride, sometimes is seen,  
By haughty looks and lofty mien;  
But oftener, it is found that pride  
Loves deep within the heart to hide;  
And while the looks are mild and fair,  
It sits and does its mischief there.

Now, if you really wish to find  
If pride be lurking in your mind,  
Inquire if you can bear a slight,  
Or patiently give up your right?  
Can you submissively consent  
To take reproof and punishment;  
And feel no angry temper start  
In any corner of your heart?  
Can you at once confess a crime,  
And promise for another time?  
Or say you've been in a mistake;  
Nor try some poor excuse to make,  
But freely own that it was wrong  
To argue for your side so long?  
Flat contradiction can you bear,  
When you are right and know you are,  
Nor flatly contradict again,  
But wait, or modestly explain,  
And tell your reasons one by one,  
Nor think of triumph when you've done?  
Can you, in business or in play,  
Give up your wishes or your way?  
Or do a thing against your will,  
For somebody that's younger still?  
And never try to overbear,  
Nor say a word that is not fair?  
Does laughing at you in a joke,  
No anger nor revenge provoke;  
But can you laugh yourself, and be  
As merry as the company?  
Or, when you find that you could do  
The harm to them they did to you,  
Can you keep down the wicked thought,  
And do exactly as you ought?

Put all these questions to your heart,  
And make it act an honest part;  
And, when they've each been fairly tried,  
I think you'll own that *you have pride*.  
Some one will suit you, as you go,  
And force your heart to tell you so;  
But if they all should be denied,  
Then you're too proud to own your pride.

## THE WAY TO CURE PRIDE.

Now, I suppose, that, having tried,  
And found the secret of your pride,  
You wish to drive it from your heart,  
And learn to act an humbler part;

Well, are you sorry and sincere?  
I'll try to help you then, my dear.

And first, the best, the surest way,  
Is to kneel down at once and pray;  
The lowly SAVIOUR will attend,  
And strengthen you and stand your friend

Tell him the mischief that you find  
For ever working in your mind;  
And beg his pardon for the past,  
And strength to overcome at last.  
But then you must not go your way,  
And think it quite enough to pray;  
That is but doing half your task,  
For you must *watch* as well as *ask*.  
You pray for strength, and that is right!  
But then it must be strength to fight;  
For where's the use of being strong,  
Unless you conquer what is wrong?  
Then look within—ask every thought,  
If it be humble as it ought;  
Put out the smallest spark of pride  
The very moment 'tis descried;  
And do not stay to think it o'er,  
For, while you wait, it blazes more.  
If it should take you by surprise,  
And beg you just to let it rise,  
And promise not to keep you long—  
Say, "No! the *smallest* pride is wrong."  
And when there's something so amiss,  
That pride says, "Take offence at *this*;"  
Then, if you feel at all inclined  
To brood upon it in your mind,  
And think revengeful thoughts within,  
And wish it were not wrong to sin—  
O stop at once! for if you dare  
To wish for sin, that sin is there!  
'Twill then be best to go and pray  
That God would take your pride away!  
Or if just then you cannot go,  
Pray in your thoughts, and God will know.  
And beg his mercy to impart  
That best of gifts—an humble heart.  
Remember, too, that you must pray,  
And watch, and labour, *every* day;  
Nor think it wearisome or hard,  
To be *for ever* on your guard.  
No; every morning must begin  
With resolutions not to sin;  
And every evening recollect  
How much you've failed in this respect.  
Ask whether such a guilty heart  
Should act a proud or humble part;  
Or, as the SAVIOUR was so mild,  
Inquire if pride becomes a child;  
And, when all other means are tried,  
Be humble, that you've so much pride.

[The two foregoing pieces are extracted from "Hymns for Infant Minds," by Ann and Jane Taylor; one of the sweetest collections of poetry we have ever met with. The book should be in the hands of every mother in the land. Ed. B. H. R.]

## DEATH FROM DRINKING GIN.



How sad are many of the scenes of which the night-birds, if gifted with speech, could bear startling testimony. We recently saw the corpse of a boy, 14 years old, who had been to a "Mell Supper," (Harvest Home,) near Sheriff-Hutton. Ale and gin had been given to the poor child; and when too tipsy to walk home, he was carried on the shoulders of a man, and laid on the floor of his father's house—a corpse!

A younger brother, 8 years old, had also been invited, but having joined the Band of Hope in the village, he refused to go, otherwise he also would probably have fallen a sacrifice to the accursed drinking customs of our country.

Parents and teachers! let this fact urge you to train up your little ones as total abstainers.



## WINTER HAMILTON.

THERE was formerly a little boy named Winter Hamilton. He was a remarkably affectionate and obedient child. He was also very humane, and whenever he heard of any one being in distress, he wanted to *try* and help them.

Little Winter wished when he became a man, to be himself a minister; and used to practice preaching by standing on a chair, which he made his pulpit, and getting his brother or sister to listen to his discourse. He *did* become an eminent minister of the Gospel.

He had a strong love for truth, and his parents would often say of him as he was leaving the room, "There goes a child, who never, to o knowledge, *told a lie*."

Was not little Winter a noble member of the Tax Company? Who will *try* to be like him?

## I WOULD NOT BE A DRUNKARD.

I WOULD not be a drunkard.

His character is broken, his good name is destroyed, his influence is ruined, and no one honours him, or trusts him—therefore, I would not be a drunkard.

He once had money like other people, but now he is poor, so poor that he has not a penny in the world, but must starve or go and beg—therefore, I would not be a drunkard.

He had once a comfortable dwelling, but now it is cold, and damp, and wretched; for there is no fire in the grate, and no bread in the cupboard, and no bed to lie upon—therefore, I would not be a drunkard.

He had once a happy family, but now the eye of his wife is dim with weeping, and his poor children have nothing to eat, and they are all shivering in the cold, and crying with hunger—therefore, I would not be a drunkard.

He once was healthy and strong, but now his body is diseased, his hair is grey, his cheek is wrinkled, his eye is sunken, his limbs tremble, and he can scarcely walk—therefore, I would not be a drunkard.

His heart was once joyous, but now it is full of despair, for he feels that God is angry with him, and he sees that death is coming to him, and he has no hope of heaven—therefore, I would not be a drunkard.

My prayer is, that God may preserve me from ever becoming a drunkard.

Men are made drunkards gradually, by taking a little strong drink from day to day. Trusting in the strength of divine grace, *I will therefore never take strong drink at all*.



## THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

BY THE LATE GEO. MOGRIDGE, ESQ.\*  
(Now better known as the celebrated "OLD HUMPHREY.")

OH, it was a sad thing to be obliged to sell the pet lamb! and the tale is enough to make anybody's heart ache; I could almost sit down and cry when I think of it.

Some people say that "money is the root of all evil," but the Bible does not say so; the Bible says, "the love of money is the root of all evil," and that is a very different thing.

Money abused, is a bad thing to many, but when used properly it is a great blessing. Money prudently employed has dried many an orphan's tears, and made many a widow's heart dance for joy.

There was once a poor widow, who lived in a neat cottage with her five children. When her

over him, and wept over him, and prayed over him, and when she committed him to the grave she was mercifully enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

There are times, it is true, when the thought of her good man came over her heart like a wintry blast. In her daily trouble she was, as it were, alone; and when she wept in the solitary hour of midnight she had none to comfort her. But God, who is a Father to the fatherless and a Husband to the widow, left her not utterly destitute.

The widow struggled hard; but what with the sickness of her husband, and the expences of his funeral, and one thing or other, she felt her poverty gaining ground upon her. To provide for an infant in arms and four other small children was a heavy burden.

While the widow was thus striving, the chil-

the butcher have him," but then perhaps, you do not know the trials of poverty. Rent due, that must be paid; bread wanted, and no money in the cupboard. The poor widow loved the pet lamb well, but she loved her children better.

When the young people were at first told that their little playfellow must be taken away, they all gathered round him, and said he should not go. The poor widow was moved at the sight, and tried to manage without selling the lamb. From day to day it was put off; at last it was impossible to manage any longer. The butcher had offered fifteen shillings, the poor widow wept and had a sleepless night, and in the morning the butcher came.

There stood the poor pale widow in the doorway, with her infant in her arms, and there stood the butcher on the step, counting out his money.

Little Mary was feeding her favourite for the last time with a little milk, and when the



From the celebrated Oil Painting by Collins.

husband was alive she did pretty well. They loved one another, and love sweetens labour. Her husband was a hard working man, and rented a small farm; it was indeed a very small one, but it is wondrous what shifts conscientious and godly parents will make to support their children. They worked hard, and they lived hard, but when their rent was paid, and they saw their children with decent clothing on their backs on the Sabbath going to the house of God, they were thankful.

Things were, however, sadly changed when the poor widow was left alone to struggle for her family. Poverty taught her to make a shilling go a great way, and to divide a loaf of bread into many parts.

She had tended her sick husband, and watched

children were light-hearted enough. "What did you sell the cow for?" and "what do you cry for mammy?" were questions natural enough for them to put, but though they wrung the heart of the poor lone mother, her children were unconscious of the cause; they played together, and ran in the fields and frolicked with their little pet lamb, at such times as they could do nothing for their mother.

The pet lamb was a general favourite. It had lost its mother, and had been brought up in the house; so that the children loved it as one of themselves. Their noggins of milk would not have been half enjoyed had not the pet lamb been a partaker; nor was there one among them who would not have given up a breakfast, rather than deprive the little animal of his morning meal.

That was a dark day in the widow's homestead when the butcher came to take away the pet lamb. "Oh," say you, "she would never let

butcher's lad, with a cord in his hand, walked quietly towards the lamb, Frank ran and pushed against him with all his might to keep him back. Henry flung his arms round the neck of the innocent looking creature, and William was equally ardent in the defence of their little friend.

It was heart-breaking work to see the lamb dragged away, for the little creature, every time he could, looked round at his playmates; just as the butcher and his boy turned the angle of the garden hedge the children set up a piercing cry and the poor widow hurrying within doors, sat down on a chair and burst into tears.

Who is there, on witnessing such a scene, that would not gladly pull out his little savings to make a widow and her afflicted children happy? Waste not your money, be it much or little, for when laid out in benevolence and charity, it is casting bread on the waters that shall be found after many days.

\* We have much pleasure in informing our readers that we have secured from the widow of Mr. Mogridge a considerable quantity of his unpublished manuscripts for the enriching of our pages.





"He that loveth not knoweth not God."

**"COME THIS WAY, FATHER, STEER  
STRAIGHT FOR ME."**

During a short visit to the sea shore some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed, one bright afternoon, that we should make up a party and go down the harbour on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going any further, and requested us to land her on one of the small

islands in the harbour, where she proposed waiting till our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred staying with her. We remained out much longer than we had intended, and as night approached a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without a compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, till finally, we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of

them. I stood up in the stern of the boat where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard through the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy calling, "Come this way, father, steer straight for me, I am here waiting for you." We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped to my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father," and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now—



LEARNING TO GO ALONE. (See next page.)



they died in two short weeks after the period to which I refer, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now jossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in fog, and surrounded by rocks—I seem to hear that cherub voice calling from the bright shore, "Come this way, father, steer straight for me." When oppressed with sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery; still as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes thence, "Come this way, father, I am waiting for thee." Surely, though the child and the maiden are both sleeping now, though they were called so soon to their home in heaven, their mission here on earth was not without its fruits—that of guiding to a haven of safety a parent and friend, and of lengthening the probation of souls, probably unfit for immortality. And who would measure the joy of the angels in heaven on hearing, near the throne of God, the sweet welcome voice of the child, "Come this way, father, I am here, waiting for thee."

#### WOMAN'S PERVERTED INFLUENCE.

A YOUNG man of no ordinary promise, unhappily contracted habits of intemperance. His excesses spread sorrow through a large and respectable circle. The kind entreaties of friends at length led him to desist; and feeling that for him to drink was to die, he came to a solemn and mental resolution that he would abstain entirely for the rest of his days. Not long after he was invited to dine with a party at the house of a friend. *Friend!* did I say? pardon me: he could hardly be a friend who would deliberately place before one, lately so lost, now so marvellously rescued, the treacherous instrument of his downfall. But so it was. *The wine was there.* He withstood the fascination, however, until a young lady, challenged him to drink. He refused. With banter and ridicule she at length cheated him out of all his noble purposes, and her challenge was accepted. He no sooner drank than he felt the demon was still alive within him and that from temporary sleep he was now waking with tenfold strength. "Now," said he to a friend who sat next to him, "now I have tasted again, and I drink till I die." The awful resolve was kept. Not ten days had passed before that fine young man fell under the horrors of *delirium tremens*, and was borne to his grave! Who would envy the feelings of the young lady who handed that wine glass, as she reviewed her part in a scene of gaiety which smiled only to betray?

*Dr. Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania.*

#### THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR AND HER DYING MOTHER.

THE mother of a little Sunday school child was one day taken very ill. She had been a godless woman, and, apprehending that death could not be far off, became exceedingly alarmed about her spiritual state. Not thinking of the presence of her child, who stood weeping at the fireside, she audibly exclaimed "Oh, I am such a sinner, that there is no mercy for me—there is no hope for such a sinner as I have been!" This sentiment she expressed again and again. But God has mercy sufficient for those whose crimes are

of the blackest dye, and was now pleased to employ the ministry of the little girl, for the purpose



of instructing and encouraging her anxious parent. Approaching the bedside, she said—

"O my dearest mother, don't be unhappy; my teacher told me that Jesus Christ came into the world to save even the chief of sinners, and if you pray to God he will surely pardon you."

"But, my child, my sins are of such a peculiar and aggravated kind; if I were to pray to God he would not hear me."

"O mother, mother! if you go to him he will run to meet you—yes, he will run to meet you, and fill your heart with joy."

The little Sunday-scholar had remembered the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the explanation of it given by her teacher, and made good use of the knowledge she had thus acquired for the purpose of enlightening and comforting her dying mother.

REV. E. CORNWALL.

#### LEARNING TO GO ALONE.

Come my darling, come away,  
Take a pretty walk to day;  
Run along, and never fear,  
I'll take care of baby dear.

Up and down with little feet,  
That's the way to walk, my sweet;  
Now it is so very near,  
Soon he'll get to mother dear.

There he comes along at last,  
Here's my finger, hold it fast;  
Now one pretty little kiss,  
After such a walk as this.

*From "Rhymes for the Nursery."*

RICHES will decay, prosperity may change,  
but goodness is unfading.

#### THE HARVEY BOYS.—Chap. XII.

"You see then, my children, how the Apostle would have Christians to act. *He* would not do what was even lawful in itself, if it might be the means of causing others to sin. Now, our example has an influence on all around us. Our domestics and visitors, our school-fellows and companions, all, in some degree or other, do as we do. Let a man or a child take care that he has no habits which other people may not safely follow.

Mr. Harvey took up a Bible, and said he would read them a few passages. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'—Prov. xx. 1. And Isaiah says, 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them; and the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the word of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.' 'Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.'—Isa. v. 11, 12, 22. And Habakkuk pronounces, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that he may bring him to shame.'—Hab. ii. 15."

"After hearing these passages," said Mr. Harvey, "and others which I have before repeated to you, you will not think that the Bible

encourages anyone in drinking or in giving his neighbour anything to drink that could possibly lead him to sin or injure his body."

Mrs. Harvey said she knew this was the principle of the Bible, but asked what it was that one of the writers of the New Testament said about everything which God has given being good if it be properly received?

"The passage which I suppose you allude to," said Mr. Harvey, "is in the first epistle to Timothy, iv. 4, where the Apostle says, 'every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving.' But he is there treating of common food. Besides this, spirituous liquors cannot be said to be a 'creature of God' in the same sense that animal food is. For it is by perverting the use of what God has given for food, that spirits are manufactured. God has given grain and fruit to be used in the natural way; but men put it to a different purpose, and a bad one. But beside all this, the next verse gives the reason 'nothing is to be refused,' namely, it is 'sanctified by the word of God and prayer.' Now, are ardent spirits sanctified in this way?"

*(To be continued.)*

#### BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR 1857.

£5 PRIZE.

THE Editor of the *Band of Hope Review* offers a Prize of a LIBRARY OF BOOKS value Five Pounds for the best Answers to twenty four Bible Questions for 1857. Two questions will be published in each monthly number throughout the year. By this plan the Editor hopes to induce amongst his young friends a more continuous searching of the Sacred Scriptures than at present. For the first two Questions, with conditions of competition &c., see the *Band of Hope Review* for January, 1857.



## THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

Tune—"HELENSBURGH."

LET us sing the love of Jesus,  
Who from heaven came down to bless us;  
O how he loves!

Lay an infant in a manger,  
Sojourn'd in the world a stranger,  
For our sake exposed to danger;  
O how he loves!

Children in his arms he beareth,  
For the helpless lambs he careth;  
O how he loves!

In this barren waste he feeds them,  
Through all dangers safely leads them,  
On their way to Canaan speeds them;  
O how he loves!

See his breast with love o'erflowing,  
For our lives his own bestowing;  
O how he loves!

Patiently the cross enduring,  
Pardon for our sins procuring,  
Bliss for all his saints securing;  
O how he loves!

Now he reigns for ever glorious,  
Over death and hell victorious;  
O how he loves!

He who once for us was bleeding,  
Lives above, his merits pleading,  
There for sinners interceding;  
O how he loves!

We'll repeat the Saviour's praises,  
Till to heaven our souls he raises;  
O how he loves!

To his throne of grace applying,  
On his pardoning love relying,  
Living will we sing and dying;  
O how he loves!

## WHEN MAY CHILDREN COME TO JESUS?

AN old man one day, taking a child on his knee, entreated him to seek the Saviour now, to pray to him and love him. The child, looking up at him, asked, "But why don't you seek God?" The old man, deeply affected, answered, "I would, my child, but my heart is hard."

On another occasion, an intelligent, well educated boy, about twelve years of age, attending a meeting held for conversation and prayer, enquired of one who was assisting the pastor what he must do to be saved. He was told to "go home and read the Bible, and pray to God for a new heart." "But," said the little boy, with deep emotion, "Sir, I am afraid I might die before I get home, and then it will be too late." The good man invited him to kneel at once, and seek the forgiveness of his sins. The little boy complied with the last advice, and went home rejoicing in hope; and now, for more than thirty years, he has been a consistent member of the Church of Christ.

## GLEANINGS.

If we would have no tares of error in our hearts, we must have them full of the fine wheat of truth.

BETTER far is it to drink gall and vinegar in the school of Jesus than to sip honey from the flowers of earthly pleasure. The former will be sweet to the soul, the latter a bitter poison through all eternity.



## OUR YEARLY PART FOR 1856.

THE binders are now busily engaged in stitching and binding up in neat illustrated stiff covers, a few thousand copies of the Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1856. These will be ready by the 10th of December, and we hope that they will soon be scattered over the land. We are always glad to hear of copies being used as Christmas and New Year's gifts. We have dedicated this, which is our sixth Yearly Part, to

THE  
MOTHERS

THROUGHOUT

QUEEN VICTORIA'S  
DOMINIONS,

and we hope that many copies will find their way to the distant Colonies, and there render some help to mothers in training up their little ones in the way to the Heavenly Kingdom.

The six Yearly Parts from 1851—1856 may be had, price 1s. each; or bound up into a single volume, 6s.; in crimson cloth, gilt edges, forming a handsome present, 7s. 6d.



Just Published. Price 1s. 6d.

THE SECOND YEARLY PART OF  
THE BRITISH WORKMAN,

(By the Editor of the "Band of Hope Review.")

The "BRITISH WORKMAN" is admirably adapted to its purpose.  
Archbishop of Canterbury.

I heartily wish you success with the "BRITISH WORKMAN."  
Earl of Shaftesbury.

Eminently calculated to produce an elevating and beneficial effect on the labouring classes of England.  
Earl of Albemarle.

I am obliged to you for the copy of the BRITISH WORKMAN which you have had the goodness to send me. I think it well calculated to effect the laudable object you have in view, and very sincerely wish you success.  
Earl of Aberdeen.

The Editor of the "BRITISH WORKMAN" has my full liberty to add my name to the list of those who have already given it their sanction.  
Earl of Kintore.

I sincerely trust that it may receive, not only from the working classes, but from their employers, all the encouragement which such a publication merits.  
Lord Panmure.

The "BRITISH WORKMAN" is well got up—interesting in matter, as well as sound in principle.  
Bishop of Lincoln.

The interest which you have long manifested in the prosperity of the working classes in England, has already obtained for you the cordial wishes of many of their best friends for the success of the BRITISH WORKMAN.  
Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P.

## ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THIS year is just going away;  
The moments are finishing fast,  
My heart, have you nothing to say  
Concerning the time that is past?  
Now, while in my chamber alone,  
Where God will be present to hear,  
I'll try to remember, and own  
The faults I've committed this year.

Oh Lord, I'm ashamed to confess  
How often I have broken thy day!  
Perhaps I have thought of my dress,  
Or wasted the moments in play!  
And when the good minister tried  
To make little children attend,  
I was thinking of something beside,  
Or wishing the sermon would end.

How often I rose from my bed  
And did not remember my prayer,  
Or, if a few words I have said,  
My thoughts have been going elsewhere;  
Ill temper and passion and pride,  
Have grieved my dear parents and Thee,  
And seldom I've heartily tried  
Obedient and gentle to be.

But, Lord, Thou already hast known  
Much more of my folly than I,  
There is not a fault I can own  
Too little for God to desecry!  
Yet hear me, and help me to feel  
How wicked and weak I must be,  
And let me not try to conceal  
The least of my follies from Thee.

This year is just going away,  
The moments are finishing fast,  
Look down in thy mercy, I pray,  
To pardon the time that is past;  
And as soon as another begins,  
So help me to walk in thy fear,  
That I may not with follies and sins,  
Disfigure and waste a new year.

## HOW TO BE LOVED.

Would you be loved? I think I hear you say, "Oh, yes, I wish to be loved." I will tell you, then, how you may be loved. Dr. Doddridge's little girl was loved by everybody. One day her father asked her how it happened that everybody loved her. She replied, "I don't know, papa, unless it be that I love everybody." Ah, that was the secret.

Would you be loved? Then never be fretful, never quarrel, never murmur.

Would you be loved? Then speak kindly to the wretched, comfort the sad, be a friend to the friendless, smile upon all.

Would you be loved? Then love everybody, and everybody will be likely to love you.

## GLEANINGS.

LET us look to the faults of others as a looking glass in which we shall see our own.

THE more we look at heaven we will care the less about earth.

TRUE wisdom is in God. True wisdom comes from God. True wisdom leads to God.

HE who is taught by God will receive more true wisdom in one hour than all the teachers of this world could give him in an age.









# BAND OF HOPE REVIV

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

"Forsake not the law of thy mother."



in blindness. The last scene I witnessed of this kind was fearfully appalling. There was the usual cry of terror. "Oh, I'm going!"—the shuddering grasp at vacancy—and—all was over. He fell so violently as to break the feeble barrier my out-stretched arms afforded, and sunk beside me. I eagerly called for assistance; we raised him to the bed—with trembling haste applied restoratives; and it was many, many minutes before any one dared hope that the light of life would ever visit him again. Slowly he opened his eyes, but their gaze was upward—upward, as if it would penetrate the ceiling, and look beyond it into other worlds. Presently a faint murmur arose from his lips. I applied my ear to listen, but could only catch what appeared like an incoherent and dreaming utterance about a "rock." Reason gradually returned to the poor sufferer, and one of its first efforts was to ask me to read the Bible. "Read," said he, "the Sixty-first Psalm!" I complied with his request, and commenced with that appropriate supplication, 'Hear my cry, O God! attend unto my prayer! From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I!'—"Stop there!—stop there!" said he. Then clasping his hands, he repeated, "Lead

### OUR NEW YEAR'S DESIRE.

How rapidly another year has flown! With its departure we have completed the *sixth* Yearly Part\* of our little publication, which we have dedicated to "THE MOTHERS throughout Queen Victoria's Dominions." In its compilation we have sought to render it a *Help to Mothers* in the important task of training up their little ones for Heaven, and also a *Help to Children* in honouring their parents, and remembering "their Creator in the days of their youth."

We commence our labours for 1857 by wishing all our readers "a happy New Year," and

\* The six Yearly Parts may now be had, price 1s. each, or bound in one volume, 6s.; with gilt edges and crimson cloth, forming a handsome gift-book, 7s. 6d.

asking their united prayers that our Heavenly Father will be pleased to give us a larger measure of the Holy Spirit's teachings, so that our future pages may be made a blessing to the rising generation of this and other lands.

### THE VALUE OF A MOTHER.

I ONCE had a friend, a minister of the Gospel, who was afflicted with a most distressing malady. In the midst of apparent health, activity, and cheerfulness, he would fall down deprived of sense and motion, like one dead. I had often been with him in these paroxysms, and observed that they were always accompanied with a convulsive reaching upward of the hands, and feeling after something, like a person groping

me to the rock that is higher than I!" This text is like a spell upon my life! It has been my salvation in every moral danger—the polar star which has guided my wanderings when I have been well-nigh wrecked in the abyss of worldly folly; and, I will tell you how. When I was a very little child, my blessed mother used to make me read to her every morning a chapter in the Old Testament, one in the New, and a Psalm. It was her habit to question me as to what I recollected of the chapters, mingling her explanations and instructions with my answers; and she would always find *one verse* in the short psalm, which she desired me to take as a sort of motto for the day, often repeating it, and thinking of it deeply. I was naturally very passionate; and, one morning when I had been giving violent sway to this master propensity of my little heart, my mother



called me to her, and made me sit down as usual at her feet, and read my chapters; I did it very sullenly, and when I had concluded the psalm, she drew me close to her, and taking both my hands in her own, (I think I can now feel her soft and gentle pressure, and see the melting tenderness of her eye), she affectionately said, "Now, my dear son, this is your text for the day:—'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!'" "My dear boy," she proceeded, "do you know that you have done very wickedly; that you have not only grieved your mother, but sinned against that blessed God who takes care of you and loves you." I was subdued in an instant by my mother's calm and persuasive manner. I loved her to idolatry, and, stubborn as I was to others, she could almost change me into a lamb at pleasure; and she continued softly and soothingly to tell me of the compassion of the Deity, the birth of the infant Jesus, his sufferings and death, and that they all were borne for me. I had heard the affecting story again and again, and always with wonder; but now it seemed touched with living interest. I leaned upon my mother's lap and sobbed forth my penitence and remorse. "My dear boy," said she, "you know you have always felt sorry, and promised amendment when you have thus offended; and it has only been to sin and sin again. Now I wish to make you feel that you cannot reform yourself, and you will be convinced of this, if you will only think how many times you have wished to be good, and still, on the slightest temptation, have again offended. But there is one, my love, who will assist your feeblest efforts! It is the same blessed Jesus who was once like yourself, a little child, and had a great many more hardships to contend with. He was tempted, and has promised to succour those who are tempted. He is 'the Rock' spoken of in your text; and it should be your constant prayer that you may be led to him! There is safety nowhere else. Whenever, then, my dearest boy, you feel yourself inclined to such sinful anger, let your first request be, 'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.' Let it be your morning and evening supplication, and never rest till you feel yourself firmly fastened there."

She then made me kneel down; and kneeling beside me, with her arm clasping my waist, she commended me to God and to his grace so fervently and so pathetically, that the recollection of that hour will always linger in my memory. I thought I never should be passionate again. But alas! even on that very day I was frequently reminded of my own weakness, and recalled from very near approaches

to fretfulness and ill tempers by my mother's serious but sweet look, and an emphatic 'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!'

Alas, I soon lost this devoted mother; she was too fair and frail a plant to buffet the storms of life, and she was bowed beneath them. I forgot her pious precepts, and my spirit was too nearly assimilated to a licentious world—but I can say with truth, that in the wildest career of folly, when sense and reason have been almost annihilated, and the voice of conscience has been disregarded, those very words, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!" have come over my tormented senses like a voice from the tomb, restoring me to my better self, and quickening me to a sense of my infatuation and guilt.

I was once a victim to calumny and falsehoods, and the fever of my soul had well nigh driven me to madness; but the same sweet words, in all the tenderness of my mother's tones, fell on my burning spirit, and I was calmed. In that season of bereavement, too, when all that I loved seemed forsaking me, they entered my desolate heart like a dream of childhood, restoring to me thoughts of innocence and peace.

They at length became as the hand-writing on the wall to guilty Belshazzar. "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!" was continually before my mind—not, as heretofore, with soothing influence, but as something fearful and appalling. Go where I would, it followed me, and the consciousness that I had hardened my heart against its silent teachings pursued me like a ghost. It was *this*, under God, that led me to repentance. It is this that now shields me in temptation; and whenever these horrible struggles, such as you have seen, come upon me, I instinctively reach forth my hand to lay hold upon "the rock that is higher than I!"

#### WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

A LITTLE boy who attended a Temperance Meeting, was asked by his father when he returned home,—

"Have you learned any thing my boy?"

"Yes father, I have. I have learned never to put any strong drink to my lips; for it has killed fifty thousand persons annually, and how do I know that it will not kill me." The father was so impressed with the decision of his child, that he went and enrolled his name on the Temperance list.

#### NEW ZEALAND TRAVELLING.

MISSIONARIES of the gospel who have left "happy old England" to tell of JESUS, the sinner's friend, to the poor heathen, have frequently to endure many hardships.

The following extract from a letter written by the Rev. R. Taylor of Putiki in New Zealand, will shew our readers that the Missionaries, in travelling from one tribe to another in that country, have not the advantages of railways and highways, as in England.

"January 14.—After a wet and fatiguing walk of 12 miles through high fern to Manawapou, where we dined, we walked along the beach to Waokena, where we ascended the cliff, about 300 feet high, by a very precipitous path, and the top part by a ladder. Here we met Piripi and his wife, who regaled us with the juice of the Tutu, (a shrub), converted into jelly by being boiled with sea-weed."

Let us in our prayers remember the Missionaries—  
"God bless and preserve the Missionaries."

#### THE TRY COMPANY.

THERE is a hopeful Company  
We're just about to start,  
And we invite you all, young friends,  
To join us hand and heart.  
So come and add your name at once,  
Nor wait till by-and-bye,  
For 'tis a thing worth joining this—  
Our Company, "The Try."

Some Companies there are you know,  
That cost a deal per share,  
But all that you need pay for one,  
Is—earnestness and prayer;  
And some end so disastrously,  
They make folks very cross,  
But here you will be sure to gain,  
And cannot suffer loss;

And some there are that only crave,  
The learned or the grand,  
And others that alone admit,  
The wealthiest in the land.  
But in our glorious Company  
We dare object to none;  
The meanest, dullest, poorest, worst—  
We've room for every one.

Then in our brave "Try" Company,  
Your every power invest,  
For this, whatever others may,  
You'll find will pay the best;  
And we will meet another year,  
If God our lives should spare,  
And we'll promise a good dividend,  
To all who take a share.

S. W. P.

#### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Another year has roll'd away  
Since last I saw this joyous day;  
Each tree and plant that bloomed in spring,  
Now looks a bare and barren thing;  
And each fair flower that decked the vale  
Has drooped beneath the wintry gale.

When spring resumes her smiling reign,  
The plants and flowers will bloom again,  
And though like them we too must die,  
And in the silent grave must lie,  
Yet we shall burst that house of clay,  
And soar to realms of endless day.

Each different season of the year  
Does its peculiar blessings bear;  
Spring, summer, autumn, winter, all,  
The budding flower, the sere leaf's fall,  
Speak of His goodness who supplies  
The fruitful showers, the cloudless skies.

How soon another year is gone,  
And eighteen fifty-seven comes on!  
If time so swiftly flies away,  
How short on earth must be our stay!  
A few brief years at most, and we  
Must launch into eternity.

But if we serve our gracious Lord,  
And live according to his word,  
How gladly will we yield our breath  
And close our eyes in peaceful death,  
For such delights we then shall know,  
As man cannot conceive below.

J. D. N.

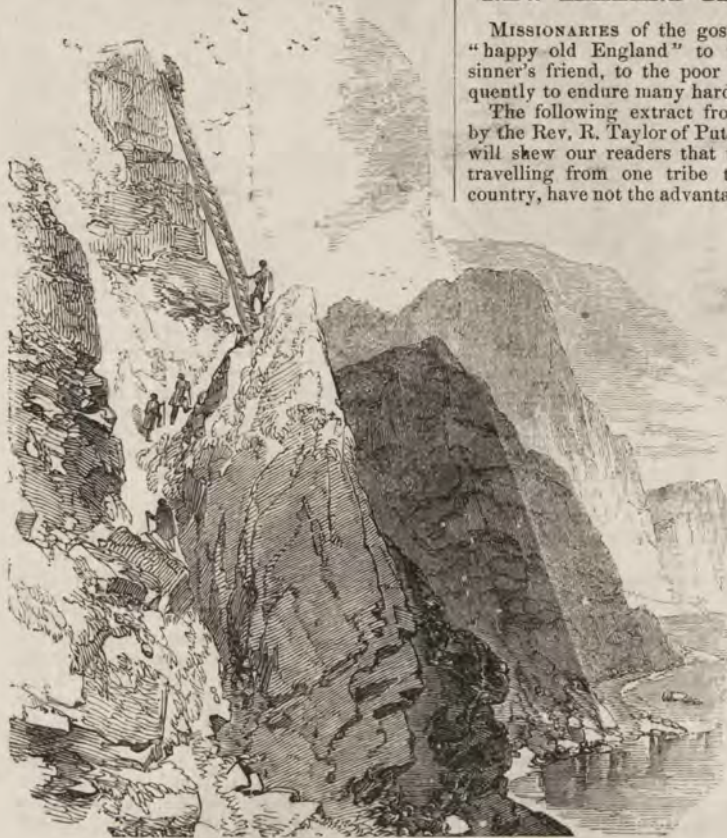
#### FIVE POUND PRIZE.

#### BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR 1857.

THE Editor of the *Band of Hope Review* offers a Prize of a LIBRARY OF BOOKS value Five Pounds for the best Answers to twenty-four Bible Questions. Two Questions will be published in each monthly number throughout 1857. By this plan the Editor hopes to secure amongst his young friends a more continuous searching of the Sacred Scriptures.

- 1.—Quote the passage of Scripture which contains the account of several brothers being put to death for stealing.
- 2.—Refer to two memorable occasions when the triumph was celebrated before the victory was won.

Competitors must be under 21 years of age. No Answers are to be sent in until after the last two Questions have been published in the December number.







### HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS.

By the late George Mogridge, Esq., (now better known as the celebrated "OLD HUMPHREY.")

It is mainly by our wants and deprivations that we learn to estimate our comforts. The hungry man knows better than the well-fed, the value of food, and those who have waded through a mirey swamp, or toiled through wet clayey fields, are not likely to despise a prim pathway. Oh the advantage of a good, sound, straight, Macadamized or Telford-made road, when we really mean to make progress in our journey!

I am about to give you a remark or two on the highways and by-ways of life. Boys are fond of playing at "Follow my Leader," even when that leader takes them over hedges and ditches. Try if you cannot make them fond of following you along the highway of duty.

There are many by-ways it must be admitted, that are very sweet: they are cool, and smooth, and green, and flowery, so that the hot and dusty turnpike road is not for a moment to be compared with them, but the worst of it is, that they very often lead you wrong, or bring you to a spot where two or three paths meet, so that you know not which to take; and even if this be not the case their very loveliness is an evil, tempting you as it does, to loiter and linger instead of diligently pursuing your course. There is a wild rose on a high hedge that you wish to gather, or a water lily in a secluded pond that you desire to possess—the humble bee on the fox-glove detains you one minute, and the dragon fly with his glittering wings another, so that, in spite of yourself, the shortest way proves in the end to be the longest way, and you regret having quitted the highway for the by-way.

When a schoolboy I had a letter to deliver for my master to a gentleman who lived at a distance. "Keep the highway, George," said he, "Keep the highway and then you cannot go wrong."

Off I set while the sound of my master's voice was yet ringing in my ears. "Keep the highway, George! Keep the highway!" Well would it have been for me had I attended to the advice given me better than I did, but boys are too often self-confident and thoughtless, and fancy themselves to be wiser than their instructors.

For the first mile I did keep the highway and made the most of my time, but coming suddenly to a place where the high road took a sweep round, and where a pleasant by-path struck across the fields in the very direction I wanted to go, I made a pause. Some of my play mates had said that make what haste I might, they should not see me back before eight o'clock, while I had boasted that, happen what would, I should be at the school again at seven. "This by-road" thought I "will save me at least half a mile and perhaps more, so that it will help me on famously. Talk of my not getting back till eight o'clock indeed; I will have a try now to be back at half past six." Such were my thoughts and determination as I leaped down from the stile into the by-road. I deserved to suffer for my folly!

As the by-path was down hill I very soon

crossed two fields of considerable length—at the end of which, on getting over a stile, I found myself in a kind of fond-raught leading right and left.

This was a puzzling point, but as the turn to the left seemed to communicate too soon with the highway, I took the other, which, after leading me a pretty dance, brought me right into

into a foldyard. "Keep the highway, George! keep the highway" again rung in my ears, but I had come too far to think of retracing my steps, and on I was determined to go.

In picking my way across the foldyard to a gate on the opposite side, I well nigh stumbled upon a dog kennel, out of which rushed a savage looking mastiff, whose sharp teeth I only escaped by a sudden spring backwards. What was to be done now, for I had too much pride to go back, and too little courage to go forwards. That ferocious dog kept me at bay for little less than a quarter of an hour, when luckily a man at work in the barn putting out his head to see what it was that made the dog bark, saw my situation and relieved me.

When the man understood that I wanted to get into the highway, he led me along a private path which had a high folding door or gate at the further end. Unfortunately for me this gate was locked, and the servant man ran back for the key, but though he left me in a hurry, he was in no hurry to return. Whether it was that his services were required at the moment, or that he altogether forgot me I cannot say, but there I stood another quarter of an hour or twenty minutes before he unlocked the gate.

(To be continued.)

### WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?



OW lasting and important are many of the impressions of childhood. I well recollect, when I was about seven years of age, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was.

He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of play; but my father called me back again. "Stop, William," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I

had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

"William," said he, "I have taught you to learn the time of day. I must teach you to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my play.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four-score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is *one o'clock* of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen years old, it will be *two o'clock* with you, and when at twenty-one, it will be *three o'clock*; at twenty-eight, it will be *four o'clock*; at thirty-five, it will be *five o'clock*; at forty-two, it will be *six o'clock*; at forty-nine, it will be *seven o'clock*, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great grandfather, according to this calculation, died at *twelve o'clock*, my grandfather at *eleven*, and my father at *ten*. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never, since then, have I heard the enquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think I have even looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

### A THOUGHT IN WINTER.

Lov'st thou to see the light of morn  
Across the wintry landscape gleam,  
Now glistening on the silvered thorn,  
Now gleaming from the frozen stream?  
Then go, and bid the smile of joy  
To age's withered cheek return;  
The power, which Heaven has lent, employ  
To make life's taper clearer burn.

Though, pale and dim, the Orb of Day  
May not the face of nature warm;  
His fiftal glance, his feeble ray  
Imparts a faint, a passing charm,  
And though the sad, the stranger smile  
May not reverse the sufferer's doom;  
'Twill cheer the aching heart awhile,  
And light the passage to the tomb.—DR. HUIE

### THE EDITOR'S APPEAL.

DEAR FRIENDS,

We have endeavoured by the Divine help and blessing to interest and benefit you during the six years in which our little monthly paper has been published. We have had much pleasure in our work, notwithstanding that it has cost us both time and money. We shall, however, be glad to lessen the loss incurred. **WILL YOU** lend us a helping hand in the matter by getting new subscribers? At present nearly one hundred and fifty thousand copies are issued every month, but there are probably about *four millions* of families in the United Kingdom by whom the *Review* is never seen! Will you **TRY** dear friends, what you can do in getting copies circulated monthly amongst the children of these four million of families? Who can tell how much good you may thereby be the means of doing! We are very anxious **TO GET** at least fifty thousand new subscribers this year, and if all our readers will only "TRY," we feel sure this good object will soon be gained. If *each* reader puts but **ONE** additional copy into circulation, we shall gain far more than the required number. Let each one *try* in New Year's week to secure at least one **NEW SUBSCRIBER**, and it will do much to render 1857 "a happy New Year" to

Your friend,

THE EDITOR.

A complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review" may be had in six Yearly Parts, price 1s. each, or bound in one vol, 6s.—with gilt edges and crimson cloth, 7s. 6d.

The Yearly Parts of the "British Workman" (By the Editor of the "Band of Hope Review") for 1855 and 1856, price 1s. 6d. each—or, bound in one, (with upwards of 200 woodcuts), 3s.





### MY LITTLE BROTHER.

LITTLE brother, darling boy,  
You are very dear to me;  
I am happy—full of joy,  
When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,  
And could know the words I say;  
Pretty stories I would seek,  
To amuse you every day.

All about the honey-bees,  
Flying past us in the sun;  
Birds that sing among the trees,  
Lambs that in the meadows run.

I'll be very kind to you,  
Never strike or make you cry;  
As some naughty children do,  
Quite forgetting God is nigh.

Shake your rattle—here it is—  
Listen to its merry noise;  
And when you are tired of this,  
I will bring you other toys.

M. L. DUNCAN.

### FINANCIAL TRUTHS.

How much owest thou unto my Lord:—*Luke 16, 5.*

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—*2 Cor. 8, 9.*

Let all things be done decently and in order:—*1 Cor. 14, 40.*

It is more blessed to give than to receive:—*Acts 20, 35.*

Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him:—*1 Cor. 16, 2.*  
God loveth a cheerful giver:—*2 Cor. 9, 7.*



### THE LOST CHILD.

A FEW years ago, a family, consisting of father, mother, and three children, were returning to New York after a summer day's excursion by one of the Williamsburg ferry boats. They were cheerful and buoyant, full of hope and full of joy.

Suddenly the youngest, frolicking on the floor of the vessel, rolled under the railing, and fell overboard. The mother shrieked, the father leaped

into the deep in search of his child, while those who saw the occurrence shouted for the boat to be stopped. The father was unsuccessful in his search, and was saved by a boat that put out from the shore, when nearly exhausted. As he was raised on deck, the mother cried, "The child, the child, where is he?" He looked at her with thoughtfulness and serenity, and answered gently, "*Mary, God has him.*"

The child was found, after having been in the water half-an-hour, and a solitary oarsman rowed on with his precious charge—but it was dead. The hardy tar, fearing to shock the feelings of the parents, covered the face of the child as he handed the body on board.

What a change was here! The newspapers the next morning, mentioned that a child had been drowned the day before; but how little of the sorrow of that disaster was told in that short paragraph.



### A COMMON STORY.

"PLEASE sir! father says, will you give me the work to take home,—he can't come for it himself." "Why not my boy? I doubt he has been drinking." The boy stammered out some faint words, and burst into tears. As the master of the shoe shop looked at him he saw how thin he was, how tattered his poor clothes, and that he carried in his hand a penny loaf.

Where's your mother child?"

"Gone out to washing, and I'm a carrying this bread to baby. May I take the work, sir?"

"No," said the master, "I'll look in on your father myself." At these words the boy rubbing off the tears from his eyes, scampered away, and before he mounted to the garret where the baby was pining for the bread, he ran into a beer shop and cried out,—

"Father! father! Mr. Rock wouldn't give me no work, and he's a coming to you himself." "Get out, you young rascal, shouted the drunkard, aiming a pewter pot at the child's head, who ran off, and in a minute more was by a heap of rags, where a naked child was moaning, until seeing the loaf, he began grasping it with both his little trembling hands, and then to eat it greedily. Yes! that was the home of a skillful workman, who could earn, and often did earn, from thirty shillings to two pounds a week, as a boot closer. Yet here were his children, tattered and famished—his wife obliged to leave

them to earn a pittance—and all the earnings spent at the beer shop.

The master came, saw for himself the destruction, and fetched the parish officers, but strong drink had so brutalized the man, that nothing shamed him. He was content, as multitudes of workmen are, to rob his own home, his wife, his children, and himself to live a hard life, and die a swift death, so that he might fatten the beer shop keeper with his labour, and clothe the landlord's family with his earnings.

Beer shops have proved a fearful curse to England. We are glad to find that a movement has been commenced in Leeds for the purpose of urging the Parliament to bring these plague-spots of our country under better regulations. Robert Baker, Esq., Inspector of Factories, is the Honorary Secretary, and will gladly afford any information.

### TELLING MOTHER.

A CLUSTER of young girls stood about the door of the school room one afternoon engaged in close conversation, when a little girl joined them and asked what they were doing.

"I am telling the girls a secret, Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell anyone so long as you live," was the reply.

"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate, "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother; no one in the world."

"Well, then, I can't hear it; for what I can't tell my mother is not fit for me to know." After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct. As soon as a boy listens to conversation at school or on the playground which he would fear or blush to repeat to his mother, he is in the way of temptation, and no one can tell where he will stop. Many a man dying in disgrace, in prison, or on the scaffold, has looked back with bitter remorse to the time when first a sinful companion gained his ear and came between him and a pious mother.

Boys and girls! if you would lead a christian life, and die a christian death, make Kate's reply

your fixed rule, "What I cannot tell my mother is not fit for me to know;" for a pious mother is your best earthly friend.

If you have no mother, do as the disciples did, go and tell Jesus. He loves you better than the most tender parent can love you.







"In prison and he visited me."

# THE NIGHT REFUGE.

We have heard powerful speeches, and read cleverly written books on the important question, "What are we to do with our young criminals?" but *none* of them have afforded us so satisfactory an answer as the *pleasing facts* which have come before us at the Field Lane Ragged School and Night Refuge, near the foot of Holborn Hill, in London.

Let us give a short account of five of the boys (whose life-like portraits are given below), whom we found in this valuable Asylum for the

homeless poor, about twelve months ago.

No. 1,	19 years of age.	Had been in prison <i>forty</i> times.
2,	17 "	<i>Nine</i> times, (was born in prison.)
3,	15 "	<i>Seven</i> times in prison.
4,	13 "	<i>Five</i> times in prison.
5,	13 "	<i>Three</i> times in prison.

The testimony of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who once said, "But for *drunkenness* Ragged Schools would soon cease to exist," is strikingly exemplified in the history of these poor youths. Four of them had *drunken* MOTHERS, who taught—*may, forced* them to steal!

No wonder that they became very early the inmates of prisons, and when they left them it was only to plunge the deeper into crime.

They applied for admittance into the Night Refuge, and Mr. Mounstephen their superintendent, and Mr. Skelton, their night master, now inform us that their conduct during several months was so satisfactory, and their desire to lead a honest life so earnest, that three out of the five have been apprenticed, or put out to trades, and are not only conducting themselves in a manner satisfactory to their employers, but are likely to do well in the world!



SCENE IN THE FIELD LANE NIGHT REFUGE.



What the law failed to subdue, the power of kindness has melted into tenderness.

A few years ago, we noticed this valuable institution, and have had our attention again called thereto by receiving from a little boy in Yorkshire his "money box," containing small sums which had been given him to spend in sweatmeats, but which the dear little child has voluntarily sent up to London for "a dinner for the poor people in the Field Lane Refuge." We have had much pleasure in conveying this box to Mr. Mounstephen, who finds that the pennies, halfpennies, and farthings, amount to two shillings and a penny farthing! May the blessing of Him who has said, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," rest upon this youthful contributor.

The Night Refuge is at present too small to accommodate all the applicants. We have frequently heard the unwelcome sound, "full, no more room," and have, with deep sorrow, seen the doors closed against both old and young.

It has been heart-rending, indeed, to hear from these on a cold night the touching cry, "We must tramp the streets all night."

We trust that these lines will fall under the eyes of some to whom God has entrusted the wealth of this world, and that they will be induced to visit the Field Lane Refuge some night between 9 and 10 o'clock. If this be done we feel sure that the funds will be forthcoming for the enlargement of this valuable asylum.

We have on several occasions addressed a few words of gospel truth to the inmates of this Night Refuge, and we can truly say that we never met with a more attentive assembly.

Those of our country readers who have not the opportunity of visiting this Institution, may have (post free) a lengthened and very interesting report of its various details, by forwarding six postage stamps to Mr. Mounstephen, 72, West Smithfield, London.

### LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

A GREAT boy in a school was so abusive of the younger ones, that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him, except one, who was scarcely five years old. Yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him. "Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher. "Because, if he is expelled, perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still." "Do you forgive him, then?" said the teacher. "Yes," said he, "papa and mamma, and you, all forgive me when I do wrong; God forgives me too; and I must do the same."

### EMPLOY YOUR SPARE TIME.

GRIFFITH DAVIES was born in Carnarvonshire in 1788. He was the son of a poor man, and had no training at all in his young days except that which he obtained from a labouring man in the village Sunday-school. Up to the age of seventeen he had never been to a day-school. He had accumulated money enough to pay for three months' tuition of a very humble description. Here he learned the elements of arithmetic, and afterwards, while working in the slate quarry with his father, he used to employ his spare time by figuring upon the pieces of slate with an iron nail. He thus became a very accurate calculator, and acquired a knowledge of algebra. In process of time, he came up to London, opened a school, and had for one of his early pupils John Franklin, the subsequently celebrated Arctic voyager. In 1823 he was appointed Actuary of the Guardian Life Office which he maintained with honour and efficiency to the end of his life, and died a humble and devoted christian.—From a speech by Edward Corderon, Esq., at the opening of the Sunday School Union Jubilee Buildings, Old Bailey.

### THE POISONOUS HERB.

"FATHER," said a little boy, "what is the use of this weed? our cow will not touch it, and you say it will poison me if I eat it."

"It may do so, and yet not be useless," said the father; "there are other animals besides cows and men to be fed. But here is a poor goat coming near it. How sick she looks! See, she has plucked a mouthful of its leaves; she eats it as if she loved it. Perhaps it is the very plant that will cure her. Remember, my boy, that our bountiful Creator has a great variety of creatures to feed, and what is poison to one is wholesome to another."

### KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

How many valuable lessons we may learn from the dumb creation. Look at this pretty



little dog—how sweetly it is watching the eyes of its fond mother. It seems as though it was learning one of its first lessons! We wish that all little boys and girls were equally attentive to the instruction given by their mothers.

We have often sought to impress the minds of our young friends with the importance of practising KINDNESS TO ANIMALS, and in the hope that we may do so more effectually, we now offer

### A PRIZE OF TWO POUNDS

for the best Poem on this subject. We make no restriction as to age or sex, but we stipulate that the length of the Essay must not exceed one hundred lines—must be written on one side of the paper only, and in a clear handwriting—and be sent (post paid) to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London, N., by the 1st of June next.

P.S.—We cannot undertake to return rejected Poems.

### PITY THE POOR.

How many poor indigent children I see,  
Who want all the comforts bestowed upon me.  
But though I'm preserved from such want and distress,  
I am quite as unworthy of all I possess.

While I am partaking a plentiful meal,  
How many the cravings of appetite feel!  
Poor creatures as young and as helpless as I,  
Who yet have no money their wants to supply.

If I were so destitute, friendless, and poor,  
How could I such hardship and suffering endure?  
Then let me be thankful, and humbly adore  
My God, who has graciously given me more.

And since I with so many comforts am blessed,  
May it be my delight to relieve the distressed;  
For God has declared, and his promise is sure,  
That blessed are they who consider the poor.

ANN JANE TAYLOR.

### THE HARVEY BOYS.

CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE NEPTUNE AND THE FRANKLIN.

THE next day was the commencement of the midsummer holidays, and Mr. Harvey was preparing to take his family to spend the month in the country. He told the boys that he should like to have one more walk with them in the town, and immediately after breakfast on Monday they set out together.

The day being warm, Mr. Harvey said they would go along the wharves, where they might enjoy the fresh air. As they strolled along the boys admired the shipping very much. Every vessel looked so neat and strong, that they said they should like to spend their holiday in a voyage. Mr. Harvey spoke to them of the great ingenuity displayed in building a vessel for the purpose of carrying goods and people across the ocean, and said, "It is very important that they should be well built, when we think how many thousand lives are constantly depending, under Providence, on the strength of vessels, and how many millions of pounds' worth of property are carried in them."

Mr. Harvey then took his sons on board one of the largest ships, and shewed them that the only way a sailing vessel can be governed is by moving a rudder, and by changing the position of the sails by a few ropes. Yet with these helps men can cross the sea, thousands of miles out of the sight of land for months together, and exposed to the most tremendous storms.

He was talking in this way as they were leaving the ship, when they heard a great noise as if a number of persons were quarrelling and fighting. They found that the disturbance was in a little dram shop with the sign of an ANCHOR over the door, where a company of sailors had gone in to drink together. They had become intoxicated and were now swearing, shouting, and singing, as if they did not know what they were about. Mr. Harvey asked a man who was working on the wharf if they all belonged to the same ship. "Yes," said he, "they are the crew of the *Neptune*," which was the name of the fine ship they had just left.

(To be continued.)

### BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR 1857.

A PRIZE OF A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, VALUE FIVE POUNDS, is offered for the best Answers to twenty-four Bible Questions. Two Questions will be published in each monthly number throughout 1857. By this plan the Editor hopes to secure amongst his young friends a more continuous searching of the Sacred Scriptures.

#### QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

3. Quote a text so important, that one might wish to write it, with the point of a diamond, on all memories and all hearts, in which, by a certain pleonasm of language, the doctrine of Christ's atonement is announced again and again, as though for ever to exclude the contrary heresy?

4. A costly possession, and its most extraordinary price, are named in one verse—quote it.

Competitors must be under 21 years of age. No Answers are to be sent in until after the last two Questions have been published in the December number.

### "I WILL TRY."

WE asked our readers last month to 'try' and increase our circulation. We named that there are about four millions of families in the United Kingdom who never see the *Band of Hope Review*. We are thankful to find that many have responded to our appeal, saying, "I will try and get at least one new subscriber." One letter from Pollon, near Halifax, says, "We have circulated twelve copies in our Sunday School, and have now ordered twelve more."





## HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS.

(Continued from page 51.)

You may suppose that by this time all my conceit about returning to school at half-past six o'clock had left me, still I was disposed to do my best. The servant man directed me along a field path, which, he said, would lead me right—it certainly did lead me right, but in a very different way to what I expected. It led me into the fondaught that I had before crossed, and as this fondaught turned somewhat to the left, it brought me into "the highway not more than two hundred yards from the very spot where I at first leaped down from the stile into the by road. My mortification was extreme—with an humbled spirit I prosecuted my journey, and as I entered the school door with the reply I had brought to my master's letter, the clock struck nine. Hardly do I know, though the clock was striking, whether I heard it more distinctly than I heard the words that still seemed to sound in my ears, "Keep the highway, George! keep the highway! Again I say, keep the highway of uprightness, for if you quit it day or night, in company or alone, witnesses will rise up against you, and the very dumb will loudly proclaim your wandering. Put this down as a truth, aye, as an axiom, that wherever you go, you leave a trace behind you for good or evil. A miller and a sweep can no more go through a crowd without leaving evidence of their calling, than you can pass through the world without leaving traces of your conduct.

Some time ago, a master who had a faulty servant, taxed him with having been, the night before, at the beer shop, for his jacket smelt of tobacco, but this the servant man stoutly denied. His master then told him that he had his information from two of his own companions who went with him. This only rendered the faulty servant more confident in his denial, well knowing that though he had been at the beer shop, he had gone there alone and when it was so dark that no one could see him. "Take off your shoes, John," said the master, and no sooner had the servant complied, than holding them up with their hob-nailed soles uppermost, he thus addressed him, "These two shoes, John, are the two companions of whom I spoke. I had before taken notice that they wanted a nail or two, and early this morning, when you were in bed, I traced you by your footmark to the beer-shop. Keep the highway of duty, John, for you see that when you get into the by-ways of deceit and sin, the very dumb cry out against you."

You may not wear hob-nailed shoes, nor do I suspect you of frequenting the beer-shop, but the by-ways of life are many, and if you walk in them for evil, even if your shoes do not betray you, something else may, and if your coat does not accuse you, your conscience will.

But not only must you choose the highway, but keep in it when you are there, and diligently pursue your course. You remember, no doubt, the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise—when they ran their famous race the hare was in the right road, but for all that she lost the race. So much had she got ahead of the tortoise that she thought, forsooth, she might very safely indulge in a nap, but that nap lost her the race. Oh it is a sad thing to be caught napping in the highway of duty. If, like the hare, you are quicker in your faculties than some who are running with you, and should on

this account be led to suppose you may go to sleep, or, in other words, relax your energies for a season, you will find such a course to be, indeed, a sad mistake. To go to sleep in the right road is the next worse thing to being out of it. Make up your mind, then, to keep the right road, and to walk in it diligently.

I hope that I have made myself understood, and that you are quite aware of the object I have had in view. It has been this—to consider everything that is open-hearted, right-minded, upright, honest, virtuous and lovely, as a highway in which you are bound to walk, and everything which is crooked, mean, deceitful, dishonest, cruel, and vicious, as a by-way that you are bound to avoid. So that I have, as it were, only been putting into

another form the words of the Apostle, "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Phil. iv. 8.

Try to keep this text in your constant remembrance, and that you may do so the more effectually, now and then repeat to yourselves the words of my old schoolmaster, "Keep the highway, George! keep the highway!"

*Great Mapridge*

## A POWERFUL SERMON.

"I FELT yours to be a very powerful sermon," said I to the clergyman of a village church in Devonshire, as I walked homeward with him.

"Did you?" he replied, and added after a pause, "and I too have had a powerful sermon."

As I looked for an explanation, the clergyman said, "There was an old man accompanied by his little grandchild among the congregation. How earnest was that man's attention as he stood up in his eagerness to listen to the sermon."

"I observed both him and his clean happy looking child," I replied.

"That man was once the greatest drunkard in the village! a shame and a pest to the place. The sudden death of the beer shop keeper, who dropped down with an oath on his lips, first arrested the thoughts of the aged drunkard; a zealous member of the temperance society, followed up the first conviction by words of kind advice, and old Martin became a reformed man. As soon as his brain was clear from the fumes of drink, he began to feel that he had a soul, and to attend the house of God; and now he is among the most regular and devout of attendants on public worship! As I see him leading in his grandchild and bending his hoary head in worship, it is a powerful sermon to me to 'sow beside all waters.'"

MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

—o—  
YOUTHFUL READER! Let me ask you an important question, "What think you of JESUS CHRIST? Do you reply, Oh, he is the sinner's friend!" Yes, so he is, but have you gone as a poor sinner to him?—have you given your heart to him? Can you say, "Jesus is mine, and I am his? If not, delay not an hour, for life is uncertain, and the hand of death may suddenly arrest you. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Fly to Jesus the sinner's friend."

## THE WAY TO EMINENCE.

MANY years ago a little boy entered Harrow School. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of private instruction, which was denied to him. His master chid him for his dulness, and all his efforts could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. The little fellow resolved that he would try with all his might to learn. Nothing daunted, he then procured the grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted many of the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these. In a few months he began gradually to rise, and it was not long before he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became not only leader of that division, but ultimately the pride of Harrow! You may see the statue of that boy in St. Paul's Cathedral, for he lived to be the greatest oriental scholar of modern Europe,—the celebrated Sir WILLIAM JONES!

Try! boys, try! Never forget, that whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.

## LITTLE THINGS.

If little falling drops of rain  
The lakes and rivers fill—  
If little grains of earth and sand  
Make mountain, plain, and hill—

If little moments as they pass,  
Make hours, and days, and years,  
Then little sins of ev'ry kind  
Should fill our hearts with fears.

For little sins, if once allowed,  
To greater sins will grow,  
And if not stopped by grace divine,  
Will lead to endless woe.

"Great God, then, fill each infant heart  
With love and fear of Thee;  
And to us all thy Spirit give,  
That we may holy be." R. A.

RABBI ELIEZER said to his disciples, "Turn to God one day before your death." "How can man," was their reply, "know the day of his death?" "True," said Eliezer, "therefore you should turn to God to-day; perhaps you may die to-morrow. Thus every day will be employed in turning to him. 'Behold, now is the accepted time,' for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."







### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"Who is my neighbour?"—Read Luke x., 25—37.

A CERTAIN man a journey made,  
And met with robbers by the way,  
Who stripped and wounded him, till there  
Like one deprived of life, he lay.

There came a Priest, who passed him by  
In haste, for he was much afraid  
The same mischance might him befall,  
If he to help the sufferer staid.

A Levite, too, came by that way,  
But onward rode with quicker pace,  
Too selfish to bestow a thought  
Upon the wounded stranger's case.

At length a kind Samaritan,  
With pity saw him lying there,  
He stopped; bound up his wounds, and then  
Removed him thence with tender care.

He took him to the nearest inn,  
And thus unto the host did say:  
"Take care, and tend this stranger well,  
And what thou spendest, I will pay."

Now which of these three thinkest thou,  
Was neighbour to the wounded man?  
Was it the Levite, or the Priest?  
No,—'twas the good Samaritan.

*Scripture Parables in Easy Verse.*

WE are very desirous that our young readers should open their Bibles and read from the twenty-fifth to the thirty-seventh verse of the tenth chapter of the Gospel by St. Luke.

After they have done this, we shall be glad if those who are the last to crave for charity, they will commit the following verses to memory, and then pray that these important truths may be remembered and acted upon in after life.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Psalm xli. 1.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Gal. vi. 2.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." Gal. vi. 10.

"Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" 1 John iii. 17.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." Prov. xix. 17.

### VISIT! VISIT! VISIT!

*I was sick and ye visited me.*

A FEW years ago, Mr. James Balfour, the well known temperance agent, made a survey of a portion of the parish of St. Giles, in London, and his report of the misery and wretchedness of the people was so appalling, that many persons questioned the truth of the statements. Col. Sykes, chairman of the great East India Company, made the

noble resolve, "I'll visit the place." Accompanied by Dr. Guy, F. G. P. Neison, Esq., and Mr. Balfour, the Colonel made a thorough survey of thirteen houses in Church Lane. These benevolent gentlemen had no slight task of self denial to perform. Their report was published in the "Statistical Journal," and from it we learn that one of the rooms, measuring seventeen feet by thirteen feet, was the home of no fewer than twenty-three persons! It contained five families, who were without a single bedstead, and no furniture except an old table, a stool, and a chair. A few shavings and rags spread on the floor formed the only resting places of the fathers, mothers, and children of these five families!

We believe that this visitation led the way to these wretched "homes" being pulled down, but this probably increased the evil in other courts. We mourn over the fact, that in many of the populous districts of this wealthy metropolis, there is a fearful amount of wretchedness and woe. In poor Spitalfields alone, there is an extent of untold suffering which it is melancholy to contemplate.

During the winter months it is very common to pay and receive family and friendly visits, and many very joyful gatherings take place. We would not lessen any of the pleasures of our readers, but we are desirous of calling to their minds the words of our blessed Saviour, "I was sick and ye visited me."

Let not the visits to the poor, the homeless, and the friendless ones be forgotten. It is not enough to relieve the sufferings of our fellow creatures when they come before us, but we should seek out those who need our help. The most deserving persons are generally





# BAND OF HOPE REVIVALS

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 75.]

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[MARCH 1st, 1857.]

### THE SHOE-BLACK BRIGADES.

MANY of our young friends who live in London, have doubtless seen the industrious little Shoe-blacks, in their bright-coloured jackets, busy at work in front of the Royal Exchange, and other places.

It is a pleasure to find that the benevolent gentlemen who have devoted so much of their valuable time to the management of these boys, have not laboured in vain, neither spent their strength for nought.

The following interesting letter from Mr. John

MacGregor, (at whose suggestion the first Shoe-black Brigade was commenced in 1851,) will afford pleasure to many of our friends:—

My dear sir,—Perhaps your readers will like to hear a short account of "Corny Keane," the boy who gained the first medal in the Red Brigade of Shoe-blacks, on the occasion when his portrait and that of Mr. Joseph Payne were taken for your pages.

I found the boy at Field Lane Ragged School in May, 1855. He was then a miserable looking beggar boy. After admission to our Shoe-black corps, he speedily rose in the ranks, until in

November 1856, he gained the medal for the highest earnings in "the first City division," that is, in our highest class of boys.

The amount he had earned during the previous month was £3 16s. 3½d.

At various times during his career in the Society, he had saved up and drawn out from his "Bank" for expenditure, £8 11s. 6d., besides his usual quota from his daily earnings.

When he left us, the sum of £8 7s. 7d., still remained in his "Bank," and was paid to him. Corny Keane, (the son of an Irish Roman Catholic,) is now in a situation in a gentleman's



MR. JOSEPH PAYNE PRESENTING THE PRIZE MEDAL TO "CORN Y KEANE."



family, in Ireland, and the following characteristic letter from him, will be read with interest. It is addressed to Mr. J. Fowler, the Treasurer of the Society, who had kindly allowed the boy to accompany him to Ireland.

Knockbally More, Clones,  
Co. Fermanagh, Jan. 25, 1857.

Dear Sir,

I write to you to let you know I am contented with my situation. My master and mistress is (are) very kind to me, I felt very lonely when I first came here. Now I am getting used to the place, I like it better. I have been very kindly treated by every person since I came here. Please accept my best respects to Miss Bartlett and Mr. Howard, and Frank, and all the boys, and John Shehan. I hav'nt more to say at present. I remain,

Your obedient servant,  
CORNELIUS KEANE.

Excuse the writing, for it is my own—this is the first attempt. C. K. Please write to me and let me know how all the boys is (are) getting on. C. K.

In the Red Brigade there are 60 boys. Their earnings for the past twelve months are about £1,700. The Blue Brigade (East London) has 45 boys, who have earned about £671 in the same time, and there are 36 boys in the South London Society, (Yellow) who have earned during the year nearly £400. A very pleasing visit is in store for your readers if they come at six o'clock, any evening, to the Shoe-black's House, our new and enlarged premises, in Ship Yard, near Temple Bar.

Yours, &c.,  
J. MACGREGOR.

"We have corrected several mistakes in the spelling, and hope that Corny will strive to improve in this respect. ED. B. H. R.

### THE TRY COMPANY.

A LITTLE boy, four years of age, who had been busily at work untying the knots in a piece of string, was overheard by me not long ago, to say, "I think I'm a member of the 'Try Company.'" I was glad to encourage the dear boy in thus being useful; but on enquiring whether he was diligently trying to learn his daily lessons, his little face suddenly changed colour, and the reply was heard in very gentle words, "Not always."

Boys and girls, do you desire to be real members of the good Try Company? If so, then always be diligent in learning your lessons.

UNCLE JOHN.

### A DIALOGUE ABOUT DECEIVING.

AGNES was a little girl six years old. She went to school with her cousin Charles, who was a few months younger than herself. She loved Charlie very much indeed.

The teacher had told the children they must never eat anything in school hours. One day Agnes saw Charles hold his book up before his face, and take nuts out of his pocket and eat them in the time for study. Agnes felt very sad. She did not run and tell the teacher, as some children would have done, nor did she tell his mother as soon as they got home. But she thought a great deal about it. When they were nearly home, and had separated from all the other children, she said to him very earnestly,—"Dear Charlie, don't be naughty again, as you were to-day." She then told him what she meant.

"Pooh," said he, "that's nothing!"

"O Charlie," said Agnes, "it was *deceiving*. It certainly was. You put your book up to hide what you were doing; you did not want the teacher to know. O, it was *deceiving*, Charlie, and *deceiving* is as bad as *lying*. Don't you know your mother said so? You remember how she told us that Ananias and Sapphira did not tell a lie in words; they only *deceived*."

Here she stopped, for they had reached home; but Charles has never forgotten the kind remonstrance of his cousin Agnes. VERA.

BETTER to be alone than in bad company.

PRUDENCE saves what passion wastes.

GREAT talkers are small workers.

DOING nothing is doing ill.

ART is acquired by great labour and industry.

### HABITUAL KINDNESS.

Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

SIR H. DAVY.

An evil lesson is sooner learned than forgotten.



and cannibal practices had been given up; so that there was now no cause for fear lest they should be killed and eaten by the natives. The sailor at once saw all this implied in the little church, and the fears of the whole party straightway vanished.

It is scarcely necessary to add that every attention was paid by the Christian islanders to the poor shipwrecked crew, whose wants were supplied by them, and they eventually left the island in an American ship, in peace and safety.

Surely we have here another and a striking instance of the way in which godliness has the "promise of the life that now is," as well as of "that which is to come." Had not the Missionary reached that island, and had not the Gospel been blessed there, how different would, in all probability, have been the fate of those poor sailors!—Church Juvenile Missionary Instructor.

### A FINE ILLUSTRATION.

WE have never met with a more instructive example of the secret influences of Divine truth upon the heart of a child, than the following, which is related of Mary Laudie Duncan.

When in her fourth year, her little brother struck her in a fit of anger; she instantly turned the other cheek, and said mildly, "There, Corie." The uplifted hand was dropped; and when the child was asked who taught her to do that, she replied, that she "heard papa read it one morning out of the BIBLE at prayer time."

"Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing." 1 Peter, iii. 8, 9.

### THE HARVEY BOYS.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"WHY are they not at work?" asked Mr. Harvey, "instead of getting drunk at this time of the day?"

"Oh," said the man, "they are just going to sail, and they must have a frolic before they go."

"What does the *Neptune* take out?" asked Mr. Harvey.

"She is loaded with flour and cotton," answered the man, "and has a hundred and fifty passengers."

"What!" exclaimed George, as they went on, "are those drunken men to take charge of the ship? I am glad I am not going in it."

"You see," said Mr. Harvey, "to what danger intemperance exposes other persons. Here are the lives of a hundred and fifty people, and a cargo worth several hundred thousand pounds, left to men to guide across the ocean, who are fond of drinking till they know not what they are about. Now, I know sailors are not allowed to get drunk at sea, but suppose some night they should get possession of a barrel of brandy, and as intemperate men cannot easily resist temptation, they would secretly drink it among themselves. It might not be known till they were all drunk. A cloud rises, and a storm is seen coming. The captain and mate now discover that the man who steers is so much intoxicated that he cannot turn the rudder. The sailors stagger about the deck unable to hold a rope. What is to be done? The passengers do not understand the use of the rigging, and there are but two men to manage the ship in a storm. What wonder would it be if it should run upon a rock, or be overturned by the wind and waves, and every one perish! Many a vessel has been lost where the pilot alone has been drunk. Some years ago, the steamboat *Rothsay Castle* was wrecked, and upwards of a hundred lives lost, in consequence of the drunkenness of the captain. This is the danger of having intemperate sailors, and of encouraging seamen to drink when they are on shore."

"But do they keep spirits on board ships?" asked George.



"It used to be the common practice, not only to keep it on board, but to allow a certain quantity to each sailor every day. In this manner their fondness for liquor was kept up, and when they got to the end of a voyage, or before they set out on a new one, they generally wasted a large part of their wages in what they call frolicking. There is much less of this now;—but here is my old friend, Capt. Byne, who can tell us all about it."

The captain was very glad to see Mr. Harvey and the boys, and insisted that they should step into his ship and rest. They accordingly went into the spacious cabin of the *Franklin*.

Mr. Harvey told the captain what they had seen, and what he had been observing to the boys. He replied it was all true, and that it used to be so in the *Franklin*; that many days were lost by the intemperate habits of the men, and that they had continually to watch them to keep them from bringing liquor on board. "But," said he, "we have no more trouble of that kind here. Our owners determined they would not employ a single sailor who got drunk, and that they would not have a drop of intoxicating liquor on board the ship."

The boys could not help asking if this did not keep them from working as well as they would if they had a little to drink?

"I'll tell you, my young fellow," said the captain, "when men work hard, they need some refreshment; particularly when they work a long time, and are exposed to bad weather. And I used to think that nothing but spirits could do for this. But I made the experiment with myself, and instead of drinking rum or brandy, I took coffee, or tea, or lemonade, or pure water, and soon found that it was twice as refreshing as spirits ever were. The liquor is warming and exciting for a few minutes; but that effect passes off, and you feel worse than you did at first, and must have more to keep you up. But the other drinks last longer. They do not make you sick, but strengthen and revive you. Now I have proved this; for my crew work ten times better now than they did when they had their half-pint of grog every day. There is no trouble now in getting them on board when we are going to sail; there is no fear of their putting the ship in danger by their getting drunk on the passage; they are orderly and quiet, and some of them are willing to spend their time in reading which they used to waste in idleness and folly."

Mr. Harvey asked the captain if he thought such a reformation would become general among the sailors?

"Yes, sir, it is constantly advancing. A few years ago, nearly every sailor was in the habit of drinking; now, some hundreds have signed the pledge that they will drink no more. There are more than one thousand vessels which sail from the United States in which ardent spirits are not allowed to be used. (To be continued.)"

## BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR 1857.

A PRIZE OF A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, VALUE FIVE POUNDS, is offered for the best Answers to twenty-four Bible Questions. Two Questions will be published in each monthly number throughout 1857. By this plan the Editor hopes to secure amongst his young friends a more continuous searching of the Sacred Scriptures.

### QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

5. Quote words of our Lord spoken to the disciples when He was on earth, which were repeated by Him direct from Heaven?

6. How did an eminent believer in making himself less than he would be, make himself less than he could be?

### CONDITIONS.

1. Competitors to be under twenty-one years of age.  
2. Each competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own, and also to give reference to a parent or teacher, in proof of the same.

3. The answers to be written very neatly, (on one side of the paper only,) and where more than one sheet of paper is used, the whole to be fastened at one corner, in order, and forwarded according to the directions which will be given in the December number.

4. The age to be stated in each case.  
5. The answers to be given by searching the Scriptures, and the verses referred to, to be written out at full length, but as concisely as possible, and with direct reference to the question.

No Enquiries about the Bible Questions can be answered, and no Answers are to be sent in until after the last two Questions have been published in the December number.

A complete Edition of the Band of Hope Review, may be had in one volume, price 6s., gilt edges, 7s. 6d., or in six yearly parts, price one shilling each. "The best picture book we know."—*Mother's Friend*.

## ODE TO WATER.

Beautiful type of purity!  
Nature's choicest treasure!  
May I presume to sing of thee,  
Though simply, yet with pleasure?

For were we but deprived of thee,  
Nature ere long would languish;  
The world would soon a desert be,  
And mortals die with anguish.

But thy crystal streams do flow  
With plenty undiminished,  
And many an age shall come and go,  
Yet find thy course unfinished.

Thy liquid riches open be,  
To all they are extended;  
Emblem of purest charity,  
All—all shall be befriended.

And can it be that man alone  
With unexampled blindness,  
Hath chosen mixtures of his own,  
And scorned thy offered kindness?

Oh! long may Temperance live and smile  
Till every son and daughter,  
Of great Britannia's beauteous isle,  
Shall sing the praise of Water.

LUCY BELL WESTWOOD.

## A KIND WORD, AND A 'TRY.'

A GENTLEMAN was riding out one day on his pretty pony, followed by his favourite little dog



Carlo. They came to a very deep dirty ditch, over which the pony readily leaped, but it was wider than poor little Carlo thought he could jump. He began to whine sadly. His master called out in very kind words, "Come my little fellow—come along, Carlo!" At last Carlo went back a few yards, and then with a run and a good jump, he managed to get on the other side safely. Oh, how he wagged his tail, capered about, and barked for joy as he ran after his master. The next time that Carlo came to the ditch he jumped over without hesitation! Many children find their school duties hard to accomplish. Let the kind word of encouragement be given, and many of them, like the little dog Carlo, will surmount the difficulty, and find their future course, a joyous one.

## "BOYS, BEWARE OF THE FIRST WHIFF."

Boys, shall I tell you a story? a true story, a sad one nevertheless, and one which I wish you always to remember. Well, you would like to hear it? It is this:—

"I had a little cousin once; a boy, bright and buoyant; he was a very happy child, he had kind parents, and sisters who loved him very much, and he was a very good boy till he reached the age of thirteen.

"Then his parents moved into a neighbourhood where there were many bad boys; but they knew it not, and their child used to play with them, and all unconsciously to his parents he was fast being corrupted.

"These boys used to get away by themselves in an old barn and smoke pipes and cigars, and try who could smoke longest.

"Edwin, for this was my cousin's name, used to try and smoke too; and he would come home pale and spiritless, with loss of appetite and very bad headaches. My aunt never suspected what was the matter with her boy; but all a mother's anxiety was roused for the health of her only son, and she would tenderly nurse him, but he

got no better, and his friends feared he was going into a decline. He was forbidden to stay out after eight o'clock in the evening, but sometimes he would transgress.

"One evening he staid out quite late, and his mother became very uneasy. Nine o'clock struck and still he came not. My uncle was absent, and they had no man about the house to send for him. At last the clock struck ten. His mother could bear the suspense no longer. She put on her bonnet and went out, but she could find nothing of her child. She turned to go home and met some large boys leading, or rather half dragging, a smaller one along.

"That is his mother," she heard one of them say; she went up to them—it was her Edwin! She feared he was hurt; perhaps in his weak state of health he might have fallen and injured himself. She inquired hastily of one of the boys, and he rudely answered her, "He is drunk, ma'am!" Oh what a sound for that doting mother!

They reached home, how, she never knew; her feelings seemed utterly paralysed, but there was her boy, her Edwin, helpless, intoxicated, pale as a corpse, with red swollen eyes, and a terrible bruise on his head, where he had fallen and hurt himself. All night his mother watched beside him, and wept over her fallen child. In the morning he confessed to her that he had been accustomed every hour he could steal away, to go with those boys and smoke. He told how sick it made him at first, and how he would have given it up; but they laughed him out of it; told him it was manly to smoke—gentlemen did it; and that the night before, they got some wine, and smoked and drank till he knew nothing, until the fall and bruise roused him a little. Oh, how repentant he seemed; how he promised his poor mother he would never smoke or drink again.

But he was weak-minded. The boys laughed at him, again and again he yielded, and grew from bad to worse; till at last, at the age of eighteen, his misconduct broke his poor mother's heart, and he died the miserable death of a drunkard, a victim to the "first whiff."

And now, boys, whenever you are tempted by others to smoke—whenever you are told it is manly, remember Edwin's fate.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not." Believe me, it is more manly to refuse, than to yield to temptation. M. A.

## WORTHY OF IMITATION.

THERE are hundreds of Sunday Schools in various parts of the country, where both teachers and scholars, are in the humble ranks of life, and cannot spare the money to purchase this paper monthly. How much pleasure might be afforded, if the rich would present to such schools a regular supply, such as the writer of the following letter has instructed us to do.

Ulster Bank, Antrim, 2 Feb. 1857.

SIR,—Having read in your January Band of Hope Review the letter relative to increasing the circulation of that useful periodical, I would be obliged by your forwarding 70 copies per month, for one year, for the ANTIM CHRISTIAN SABBATH SCHOOL, for which I enclose a cheque for £1 15s.

Your truly,

THOS. LYLE.

To the Editor, &c.

The following gratifying letter has reached us from a village in Yorkshire.

SIR,—We have tried to increase the circulation of the Band of Hope Review, and have succeeded in doubling our number of subscribers. Last year we had 30; we have commenced this year with 60 subscribers; and 30 new subscribers for the *British Workman*, so that we now have them in nearly every family in our village, and wish that it was in every family throughout the United Kingdom.

## Cheap Postage of the Band of Hope Review.—

Those who cannot conveniently order the Band of Hope Review through a Bookseller, can have packets (of not fewer than Eight copies) sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, by remitting in advance as under.

*8 copies for 4d. Or for one year 4s.			
16	"	8d.	8s.
24	"	1s.	12s.
32	"	1s. 4d.	16s.
40	"	1s. 8d.	20s.
48	"	2s. 0d.	24s.
100	"	4s. 2d.	50s.

\*Fewer than EIGHT copies cannot be sent at this rate.

ALL ORDERS to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. E. C.

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. N.





EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

### THE LIGHTHOUSE.

LIGHTHOUSES are built for the purpose of guiding the mariner in the dark and lonely night, and warning him of the dangerous rocks and shoals on the coast.

Sad sights of wrecks and dying sailors are frequently witnessed by the keepers of these lighthouses.

Lighthouse keepers have to follow a self-denying life for the benefit of others, and in some instances have to lose their property, their families, and their all. The old Eddystone Lighthouse (which was built of wood) after having stood the storms of many years, was one night dashed to pieces, and in the morning, not a vestige of the building or the keepers could be seen.

THE BIBLE is a great spiritual lighthouse, given by God for the guidance of sinners over the sea of this life to the blissful haven of Heaven.

MINISTERS, MISSIONARIES, and SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS, like lighthouse keepers, are called to a self-denying life, in order that they may lead to the salvation of poor dying sinners. They also have often to mourn over many wanderers who are wrecked on the rocks of sin and death.

Eddystone Lighthouse was washed away, but thank God, the precious BIBLE cannot fail, it can never fail, for God has said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

### A SUPPORT IN THE STORM.

"Oh yes, Sir! when I expected that every moment would be my last, I had nothing else but the truths of the BIBLE to support me then."

Just after the fearful gales of January last, we met with the mate of a ship from Shields, which was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay.

It gladdened us to find that he had been early trained to attend a Sunday School in Wales; and on our enquiring whether the Bible truths which he had there been taught had proved any solace to him in the hour of danger, his reply was given in the above expressive words.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS, be encouraged in your important work. The precious seed which you are now sowing may bring forth fruit in distant years, far away on the "wide, wide sea."

CHILDREN, love your BIBLE, and pray for Grace to live according to its divine teachings, so that, like the shipwrecked sailor, you may find it your stay and support in the hour of trial and danger.

### "I PRAYED TILL THE LORD SENT DELIVERANCE."



HE waves dashed most furiously over the vessel called Elizabeth, of Lowestoft, (which had sailed from Yarm-

mouth, for Google) during one of the terrific storms of the 5th of January last. Joseph Spence, the captain, was fearful that all on board would perish. His wife and babe were seated in the boat, which was secured by ropes and chains on the deck of the vessel, when, sad to relate, a tremendous sea swept the deck, carrying overboard the boat, the shrieking mother, and her helpless babe! No helping hands could be outstretched, and in a few moments both mother and child found a watery grave. The vessel now began to sink, and the poor heartbroken captain took his two motherless little ones, and a niece about 12 years of

age, and fastened them with ropes in the rigging as high as he could, out of reach of the foaming waves. He then fastened himself in the same manner.

After a few hours of fearful suspense, they were observed by the people of Ingoldmills on the Lincolnshire coast, and as soon as the wreck could be reached, they were safely landed, although well-nigh in a dying state. By the kindness and attention of the villagers, they gradually revived.

Mr. Gillatt, the esteemed sailor's missionary in Hull, who acts as agent for the "Shipwrecked Mariner's Benevolent Society," had the pleasure of administering to the wants of these shipwrecked ones. He informs us that the little girl of 12 years, has been twice wrecked in previous storms! He found that she had been a Sunday scholar, and had not forgotten the pious instructions of her teacher, for when asked "What did you do during the storm?" her reply was, "I prayed, sir, until the Lord sent deliverance."

Storms and tempests of temptation and trial are experienced both by young and old, on land, as well as on the sea. Let us in such times do as Joseph Spence's niece did—"Pray until the Lord sends deliverance."







"Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

#### THE BLIND MUSICIAN.

MANY years ago, a poor blind boy might be seen sitting under a tree, in Yorkshire, playing various sweet tunes on the flute.

I am glad to say that his little sister was very affectionate to him; at all times ready to give up her play, that she might sit and read to her sightless brother.

Many a time whilst under the shade of the tree, the blind boy had heard the sweet warblings of the beautiful birds, and *this* created in his mind a love for music. A kind-hearted boy from the neighbouring boarding school, instead of

spending his money in cakes, purchased a small flute, and presented it to the blind boy. Oh how this instrument gladdened the little fellow. He soon learned to play very sweetly; so much so, that the schoolboys would often stop to listen to him, and cheer him with kind words and heartfelt thanks.

As the boy grew older, his proficiency in music was so great, that on a vacancy occurring in the office of organist, for one of the large churches in Yorkshire, he was unanimously elected to the office! Out of various clever competitors, the blind youth was pronounced by

several competent judges, to be the best player!

The blind organist still lives, and is in the receipt of a respectable income, supporting not only himself, but his widowed mother.

Oh, how much may be done by *trying*, even by a blind boy.

Boys and girls! let me advise you always to treat the blind, the deformed, the lame, the sick, with *great kindness*. Ever be ready to perform the *kind action*, or speak the *kind word*.

I shall shortly have to tell my young readers an interesting story about a poor girl who is both blind and deaf.

UNCLE JOHN.



THE BLIND BOY WHO BECAME THE ORGANIST AT THE CHURCH.



**"THE POOR HORSES."**

OFTEN during the late frosty weather have we heard and uttered these words, on seeing the poor horses vainly trying to keep their feet in ascending many of the rising grounds in various parts of the metropolis. *Pity* is all very well in its place, but unless something be done to relieve the noble creatures who render such constant service to man, it will avail but little. We are thankful to find that there are some kind hearted persons who do something as well as pity. The following extract from the letter of a valued correspondent, will give pleasure to many of our readers. We trust that it will induce many of our young readers to "go and do likewise," during frosty and slippery weather.

London, Feb. 5, 1857.

"Tower Hill, owing to its steepness, at all times severely tests the strength and mettle of the horses in drawing up their heavy loads from the neighbouring wharves, but especially so in frosty weather. One morning, not long ago, I saw a lady very busily engaged superintending a workman in wheeling and spreading several barrowfuls of ashes and rubbish over the most difficult and dangerous parts of the Hill; and actually assisting with her own hands in the good work! This morning I was on the Hill between 7 and 8 o'clock, and again saw the lady employed as before, and with a spirit and activity which I am sure would have delighted you. I made free to introduce myself and to congratulate her on being so laudably employed. I learnt that she has been engaged in this work of kindness to animals for many winters, and that she sometimes commences as early as 5 o'clock in the morning! The ashes, gravel, and rubbish used are partly begged from the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, and partly purchased. One or two friends in the country send the lady an annual subscription, to which sum she adds an equal amount. But this, with the greatest possible care, is barely sufficient; and would not be at all adequate but for the active personal superintendence of the lady herself. I named to her your earnest advocacy of kindness to animals, and was rather surprised to find she did not appear to be acquainted with your excellent little work. If you would have the kindness to forward her a few copies, I am sure she would be highly pleased with them.\* Her address is,—Miss Rist, (Organist at the church) 24, Seething Lane, Great Tower Street.

Yours very truly,  
G. BUDD.

\* We have had much pleasure in doing this, and also in sending a donation of 5s. for a load of gravel. We hope that a few others will do the same. Ed. B. H. R.

**HOPE IN DEATH.**

THOMAS PUGH was the child of poor, but pious parents. When about four years old, he entered the Sabbath School at the Independent Chapel, Polesworth, Warwickshire, and continued his attendance up to the time of his death. During the last years of his life he was employed in the coal-field as stoker at the winding engine, and on October 21st, 1856, while thus employed, the boiler bursting, he, with three men, was so severely scalded and otherwise injured, that, after enduring intense sufferings, he expired in about seven days, in the fourteenth year of his age. His obedience to his parents and superiors, his willingness to oblige, and especially his love for the Sabbath School, were favourable tokens of spiritual life. During his painful suffering, he was visited by his minister and some of the teachers, who bear testimony to his patient endurance of his affliction, and of the deep interest he felt in the salvation of his soul. Prayer and praise were his most delightful employment while he lingered on the borders of eternity. Many were the interesting and striking expressions uttered by him before his death, such as, "The Saviour loves me, and I love him," "I shall soon be with Jesus," and, "O that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more." His mourning parents and friends are enabled to take comfort from the assurance that he is now beyond the reach of affliction and death, and where pain and grief can never enter, for ever happy with the Lord in glory. J. G.

**HOW A BOY LOST HIS LEG.**

I was walking with a clergyman, through his parish, in the West of England, not long ago, when I observed a boy of about thirteen years of age with only one leg, walking on crutches. His pale miserable look excited my attention, and I made enquiry about him.

"Ah," said my friend, "he is but one of the many illustrations of the evils of intemperance in this parish. That boy was a scholar in our day and Sunday school, but his conduct was so bad, that we had to expel him. Not long after, his father took him to a fair, where both of them got drunk. On returning home in a cart, the lad was told to sit on the shaft. They had not gone far before he fell off, the wheel passed



over him, and so seriously crushed his leg, that the doctors had to amputate the limb to save the boy's life."

Boys! do you desire to avoid the evils of intemperance? Then touch not, taste not the intoxicating cup. H. H. D.

**JOSEPH'S INQUIRY.**

"MOTHER," said Joseph, "if I should tell a lie, could not God make it the same as if I had not told it?"

"No, my son; if you repented of the great sin, God would forgive you for Jesus's sake; but it could never be as if you had not told it. Every lie that you tell, every sin that you commit, will leave a stain upon your soul—a scar. I once knew a little boy who fell into the fire and burnt his face and neck badly. After a long season of suffering, the burns were all healed, and the little boy felt no more pain; but his face and neck were covered with frightful scars. It could never be the same to him as if he had not fallen into the fire. Now, our sins leave scars upon the soul, as frightful as any that burns can leave upon the body. If we truly repent, they may be forgiven; our guilt may be taken away, but it can never, never be as if we had not sinned. Be careful, my dear boy, not to stain or scar your soul with falsehood, profaneness, or any wicked thing. Pray every day that you may be kept from doing wrong." F.

**THE LITTLE RAGGED BOY.**

It was some time ago stated by a gentleman at a public meeting, that a friend of his, being in Utrecht, formed an intimacy with a magistrate of that city; but he had never heard anything of his origin, till one day, being at the magistrate's house, surrounded by elegance and comfort of every kind, the magistrate said to him,

"You see me now, Sir, surrounded by everything in this world that can promote happiness and comfort in my old age; but perhaps you never heard what I was once."

"No," said my friend, "I never did."

"Then," said he, "I will inform you to what I owe all my present comfort."

"I was once a ragged, bare-footed boy, running about on errands in the streets of this city,

of which I am now a magistrate, until one day a gentleman, who it seems had noticed me before, said to me,

"My boy, I have often seen you thus wandering about in the streets; I wonder you like it; why don't you try to get some situation?"

"I replied 'Sir, I don't know how.'

"Can you read?"

"No, sir."

"Would you wish to learn?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll teach you."

He took me home, and taught me the letters; I was very grateful to my kind teacher, and continued to attend until I was able to read.

"Now," said the gentleman, "I'll teach you the commandments of God, and I hope you will endeavour to keep them."

"Yes," said I, "that I will."

"I hope you will," said the gentleman, "but I'm afraid you are very blind."

"Thinking he meant literally, I put my fingers to my eyes; 'No, sir,' said I, 'I can see very well, and I will learn the commandments, and keep them too.'

"Don't be too confident," said the gentleman. However, he taught me the commandments, and told me I must make them the rule of my life. Every evening, I examined my conduct by the commandments, and every evening I found myself uneasy. The more I compared myself with the commandments of God, the more I found of my own deficiency in keeping them, till I prayed earnestly to God to grant me His Holy Spirit, who taught me to put my whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. Having adopted the principles of the Gospel, my conduct was reformed, my practices were honest, in fact my heart was changed.

"And I was happy; I was soon placed in a situation of trust, and gradually rose from one thing to another, till from the degrading situation in which I had been, I was raised to be a magistrate of the city."

Reader, think of these things, and go and do likewise, according to the circumstances in which God has placed you. The same grace is sufficient for you and for all.

**A CHEERING TESTIMONY.**

MR. BAYLY of 7, Notting Hill, has kindly forwarded to us the "Second Report of the Committee of THE MOTHER'S SOCIETY, Kensington Potteries," from which we copy the following paragraph:—

The "British Workman," and the "Band of Hope Review," are regularly purchased by the greater part of the members, and taken home for the benefit of the husbands and children. We are thankful to say that the husbands of two of our members who had brought their families into the deepest distress by their intemperate habits, have been induced, by the reading of these periodicals, to adopt a different course of life, and are now sober, steady men.

For this cheering testimony, we desire to thank God. We trust that Temperance will in both these instances lead to Godliness.

A complete Edition of the Band of Hope Review, may be had in one volume, price 6s., gilt edges, 7s. 6d., or in six yearly parts, price one shilling each. "The best picture book we know."—*Mother's Friend*.

The Yearly Parts of the British Workman for 1855 & 1856, may be had in illustrated paper covers, price Eightpence each; or bound in one, price 3s.; in crimson cloth and gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

**Cheap Postage of the Band of Hope Review.**

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% copies for 4d. Or for one year 4s		
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Must be Paid in Advance.

\*Fewer than EIGHT copies cannot be sent at this rate.

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LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. N.





A Prize of

**TWO POUNDS**

IS OFFERED FOR THE BEST POEM ON

**KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.**

No restriction is made as to age or sex, but it is stipulated that the length of the Poem must not exceed one hundred lines, and must be written on one side of the paper only, and in a clear handwriting.

The Poems to be addressed (*post paid*) to the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE REVIEW," 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London, (N.) by the 1st June next.

*P.S. We cannot undertake to return rejected poems.*

**THE HARVEY BOYS.**

## CHAPTER XV

MR. HARVEY took his boys the next day for a drive into the country, and amongst other pleasant calls, they visited the harvest field of his friend Mr. Anderson. There they found the fine old man busy at work with the reapers.

"I did not expect," said Mr. Harvey, "to find you at such hard work. I think you might indulge yourself with a little rest at your time of life."

"Oh," said the farmer, pleasantly, "I am only sixty-eight, and I have never yet missed a harvest for these fifty years. God has blessed me with health and strength, and I hope I shall use them so long as he continues them to me."

"It is seldom, indeed," said Mr. Harvey, "that we find men living to your age, and yet vigorous. And I have lately seen so many cases of men who have worn out their bodies by their vices before they reached to half your age, that I, was the more astonished when I saw you in the rye-field."

"Ah," said the old man, "there is another cause of thankfulness to God, that I have been kept from ruining myself by idleness and dissipation. I had four brothers. We all grew up strong and healthy, but not one of them lived to see thirty. In one way or another, they ruined themselves; but they all began with idleness and drinking. I had their example constantly before me, and determined by God's help, to keep from the same ruin. So I resolved never to touch intoxicating liquors, to keep out of drinking company, and *always* to be employed. The Lord has helped me to keep my resolution; and I believe if every young man would do the same, we should see more old men, and less wickedness."

Mr. Harvey took care that George and Edward should hear every word that the old man said, and begged them to compare the age and appearance of this good farmer with the miserable victims of intemperance they had seen in the poor-house and the jail. He also told them, that "it had been remarked that, in consequence of their temperate habits, one-half of the members of the Society of Friends lived to the age of forty-seven, and that one in ten lived to be eighty; whereas the average of human life is but thirty-three years, and not more than one in forty commonly live to be eighty years old. The average gain of life to the temperate is fourteen years."

"And do you think you have lost anything by your temperance and industry?" said Mr. Harvey.

"Lost!" said Mr. Anderson; "why I would not part with one day's enjoyment of my good appetite, and sound sleep, and peaceful conscience, for all the luxuries that the world could give. Oh, no! I have seen too much of the miseries of the drinking and idle man to want to try the experiment, and I have never found out that they were happy."

I sometimes see my neighbours swallowing whiskey and other injurious spirits in the harvest-field; but I must confess, the sun is hot enough for me, and I bless God for the cool spring to refresh me."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

SIN, like a disease, is often caught by infection.

**THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**

IN VERSE.

By PROFESSOR WALLACE, M.A.  
Collegiate Tutor of the London University.

## I.

Thou shalt not have another God;  
In presence of the Lord,  
Nor worship, at a tyrant's nod,  
What is by him abhorr'd.

## II.

Thou shalt not make unto thyself,  
An image of thy God;  
Nor for the sake of sordid pelf,  
Incur th' avenging rod.

## III.

Thou shalt not take the holy name,  
Of God, the Lord, in vain;  
Nor lying oaths, attempt to frame,  
For swearing is profane.

## IV.

Thou shalt remember still to keep  
The sabbath of the Lord;  
Who earth and heavens, and swelling deep,  
Created by his word.

## V.

Thou shalt thy parents honour here,  
While yet they are with thee;  
So thou on earth, secure from fear,  
Long life and peace shall see.

## VI.

Thou shalt not kill, nor ever bear,  
A spite against thy foe;  
For deeds of blood, though hid with care,  
The murderer will show.

## VII.

Thou never shalt, that horrid crime,  
Adultery, commit;  
Remember the appointed time,  
When God, the Judge will sit.

## VIII.

Thou shalt not steal, nor rob the poor,  
Nor once thy neighbour cheat;  
The hand of God is ever sure,  
To punish all deceit.

## IX.

False witness, thou shalt never bear,  
Against thy neighbour's fame;  
Thou shalt not lie, nor speak unfair,  
Nor yet unjustly blame.

## X.

Thou shalt not covet, nor desire,  
Thy neighbour's house or wife;  
His servants seek, nor yet conspire  
To take his goods or life.

From the Bible Treasury.

**RESULTS OF TRYING.**

NOR many days ago, we were accosted in the street by a London gentleman, who informed us that his little boy, who is not seven years old, determined, on reading the appeal in the January number about increasing our circulation to try what he could do. He went out on a canvassing expedition, calling at the houses of various schoolfellows, and before long he obtained eleven new subscribers, and had the pleasure of handing the orders to the nearest bookseller.

A gentleman writes from a village near Preston, "Through the kind exertions of a lady and others, forty-seven numbers of the *Band of Hope Review* are now in circulation monthly in our neighbourhood, where, a short time ago, such a paper was not heard of."

We recently stated that there are probably not fewer than four millions of families in the United Kingdom who never see our little paper. Our circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand copies monthly is therefore as nothing compared with what it might be. If every one of our readers would do as the London little boy and the Lancashire lady have done, our paper would soon be found in tens of thousands of homes where it is at present unknown.

**PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.**

A PRIZE OF A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, VALUE FIVE POUNDS, is offered for the best Answers to twenty-four Bible Questions. Two Questions will be published in each monthly number throughout 1857. By this plan the Editor hopes to secure amongst his young friends a more continuous searching of the Sacred Scriptures.

## QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

7. Which of the Apostle Paul's labours, recorded by himself may be termed the fulfilment of a prophecy uttered by Zechariah?

8. When did the use of a prohibited phrase bring upon a nation the extreme vengeance of Jehovah?

## CONDITIONS.

1. Competitors to be under twenty-one years of age.
2. Each competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own, and also to give reference to a parent or teacher, in proof of the same.
3. The Answers to be written very neatly, (on one side of the paper only,) and where more than one sheet of paper is used, the whole to be fastened at one corner, in order, and forwarded according to the directions which will be given in the December number.
4. The age to be stated in each case.
5. The answers to be given by searching the Scriptures, and the verses referred to, to be written out at full length, but as concisely as possible, and with direct reference to the question.

No Enquiries about the Bible Questions can be answered, and no Answers are to be sent in until after the last two Questions have been published in the December number.

**A QUAKER MAJOR-GENERAL.**

The House of Representatives in Maine, in America, two years ago elected one of their members, Mr. Eli Jones, to the post of Major-General of the Second Division of militia of that State. This gentleman is an esteemed member of the Society of Friends, and is, perhaps, the first Quaker elected to so high an office in the militia. Mr. Jones made a humorous, but powerful speech, and after referring to the changes he had witnessed in the popular mind on the various moral questions of the day, he alluded to military matters, and said: "Still more wonderful, who would have believed that the State of Maine, that not a few years since gloried in an Aroostook expedition, and was noisy with military trainings, and the din of arms, would, in 1855, exhibit the spectacle of a peaceable member of the Society of Friends being elected to the post of Major-General of a division of militia, and that by the representatives of the people in Legislative capacity." In the course of his brief speech, Mr. Jones said, "With much pleasure would he stand before the militia of the Second Division, and give such orders as he thought best. The first would be to 'Ground arms!' The next would be 'Right about face! beat your swords into plough-shares, and your spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more!' and he would then dismiss every man to his farm and merchandise, with an admonition daily to read, at his fireside, the New Testament, and ponder upon its tidings of 'Peace on earth and good-will to men!'" The honour offered to Mr. Jones was of course declined. He expressed a preference for private life. His speech was delivered amidst interruptions of uproarious applause.





## A COURAGEOUS BOY.

In the district of Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, where there are numerous lines of railway for the removal of the produce of the mines, a boy, who is a member of one of the Bands of Hope, had the misfortune to have his leg crushed not long ago, by the engine, as it passed through the valley. His screams

brought some men to his assistance, who conveyed him home. The doctor came, and he found it necessary to remove the injured limb. In order to nerve the youthful sufferer to bear the pain, he was told that he should have some brandy, but the courageous lad nobly said, "No, thank you, I want none, nor will I have any if both legs have to come off."

This instance of moral courage under severe suffering is both pleasing and encouraging, as an instance of what is doing, and may yet be done, amongst the young, and thereby prove the truth of the statement contained in the best of books, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." G. A.

Those are happy afflictions, how grievous soever to flesh and blood, that help to introduce us into, and improve us in an acquaintance with God.

When God takes away our dearest relations by death, it becomes us quietly to say, it is *well* both with us and them; it is *well*, for all is well that God doth; all is well with them that are gone, if they are gone to heaven, and all well with us that stay behind, if, by the afflictions we are furthered in our way thither. MAT. HENRY.

## A HINT TO SMOKERS.

I NEVER observed so many pallid faces, and so many marks of declining health; I never knew so many hectic habits and consumptive affections as of late years; and I trace this alarming inroad on young constitutions principally to the pernicious custom of *smoking*.

DR. WATERHOUSE.

## EARLY RISING.

I WOULD inscribe on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, "If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or anyone else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.

LORD CHATHAM.

Prayer is the key to open the day and the bolt to shut in the night.—Taylor.

None are so unwilling to pray as those that pray seldom. "Pray without ceasing."

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find."

Fervent prayer is not knocking and going away, but knocking in the name of Jesus *until we obtain*. The man who wanted the bread did not go away till he obtained it.

The foundation of prayer is in all cases a sense of *want*. No man prays in earnest or to purpose for what he does not feel he wants.

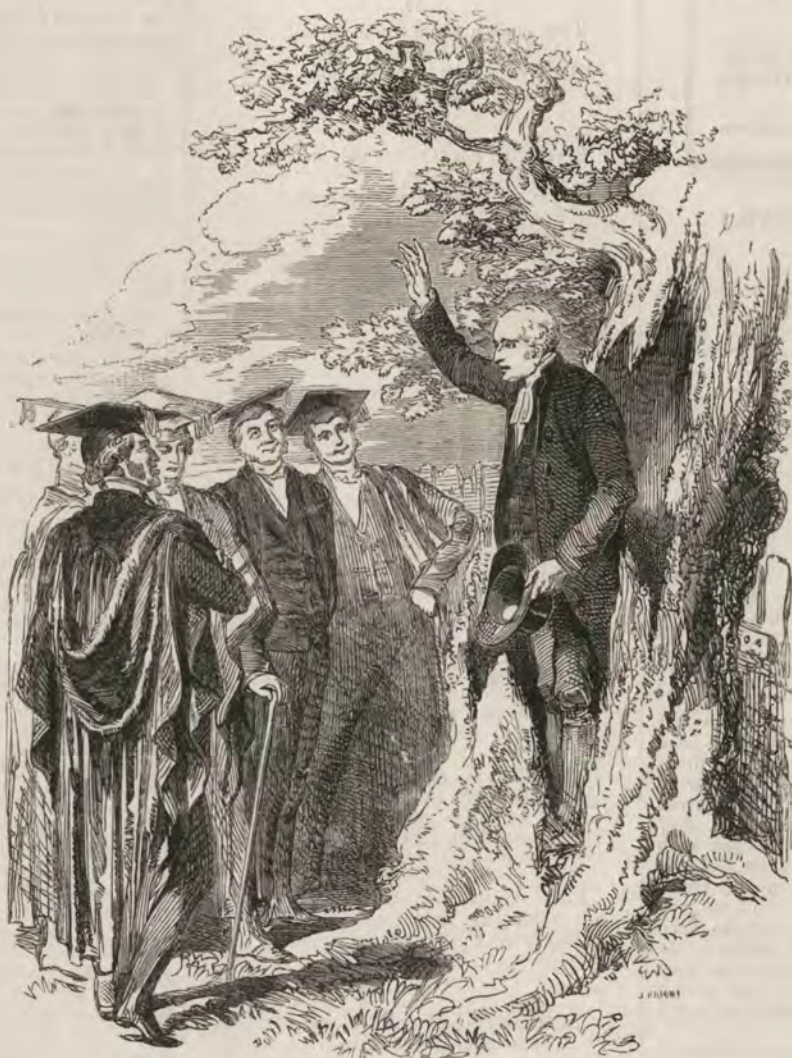
Pray often because thou sinnest often; repent quickly because thou may'st die suddenly. Leave not off praying to God; for either praying will make thee leave off sinning, or continuing in sin will make thee desist from praying.

Pray to God to help thee, and then put thy hand to the work.

It is the fervent prayer that is the effectual prayer.

We must pray as earnestly for grace as for comfort.

Those that pray much will have much to give thanks for.



## DR. DOD'S SERMON ON MALT.

Dr. Dod was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge; who, having several times preached against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge students were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them.

Some little time after, Dr. Dod was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the gownsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him, and when he came up, they accosted him with, "Your servant, sir."

He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen."

They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late? He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favour to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them *there*, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have time for consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his

preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the road side), from the word MALT.

He then began, "Beloved, let me exhort your attention. I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one: I must therefore, of necessity divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M. A. L. T.

M—is Moral.  
A—is Allegorical.  
L—is Literal.  
T—is Theological.

"The Moral, is to teach you rustics good manners; therefore

M—My masters,  
A—All of you,  
L—Leave off,  
T—Tippling.

"The allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of, and another meant. The thing spoken of is

Malt. The thing meant is the *spirit* of Malt, which you rustics make,

M—your Meat,  
A—your Apparel,  
L—your Liberty,  
T—your Trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letters, M—Much,

A—Ale,  
L—Little,  
T—Trust.

"The Theological is, according to the effects it works; in some,

M—Murder; in others,  
A—Adultery; in all,  
L—Looseness of life; and in many,  
T—Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, First, by way of exhortation.

M—My Masters,  
A—All of you  
L—Listen,  
T—To my Text.

Second, by way of caution.

M—My Masters,  
A—All of you,  
L—Look for,  
T—The Truth.

Third, by way of communicating the Truth, which is this: A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the alehouse's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbour's scoff; a walking swill-bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!"

Dr. Dodd concluded his discourse by a brief prayer for his hearers. The young men thanked him. They were pleased with his ingenuity, and it is said, that they profited more from this short and whimsical sermon, than from any serious discourse they had ever heard.

A valuable Temperance Work for the Young.—*MORNING DEW DROPS*; or, the Juvenile Abstinence. By Mrs. Balfour. New Edition, pp. 330. Price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s. 6d., post free.

"No Sunday School Library should be without Mrs. Balfour's 'Morning Dew Drops.'"—REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B., London.

"The Morning Dew Drops" is, in my judgment, an admirable book."—EDWARD HAINES, Esq., Leeds.





# BAND OF HOPE REVIV

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 77.]

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

[ MAY 1st, 1857.

### THE NEST ROBBER.

THE merry month of May has again come round, and the happy little birds are busy at work, building their pretty little nests. Soon they will be hatching their beautiful eggs; then with such sweet tenderness, will be feeding their little ones, and teaching them to fly.

Oh! how I love to watch the lovely birds, carrying the hay, and straw, and moss, and feathers to build their "bonny" little nests!

When a builder wants to erect a house, he

must have hands, and saws, and chisels, and hammers, and all kinds of tools, but the little birds have none of these, and yet some of them build their warm nests far better than any man or boy could possibly do. Boys who wish to be carpenters, are sent apprentices to *learn* the trade, and some boys are even years in learning to build a house well.

The merry little birds never went apprentice; they never went to school; they never read any books, telling them how to put the hay, straw, hair, moss, feathers, and other things so nicely

together! Then *whoever* was it that taught these clever little architects and builders their plans and contrivances?

Ah, I fancy I hear many young voices calling out, "It was GOD who taught the little birds!"

Oh, yes, it is our HEAVENLY FATHER who instructs these little feathered ones.

There are some unhappy people in the world, who say, "There is no God." If they would but ask themselves, "Who taught the birds?" I think they would soon be convinced of the wickedness of their infidel sayings.



THE NEST ROBBER.



Let us never forget that God cares for all the works of his hands, and that not a sparrow can fall to the ground without his notice. Open your Bibles and read the twenty-ninth verse, in the tenth chapter of Matthew, and you will see that what I am telling you is true.

I hope that none of the readers of the *Band of Hope Review* will ever be found amongst the robbers of birds' nests.

Many years ago, a lady was taking a country walk, with her daughter, when they met a boy who had in his hand a pretty nest, containing five beautiful speckled eggs. This nest the naughty boy had just stolen from a tree close by, and it was indeed sad to hear the distressing cries of the poor little birds.

The lady remonstrated with the boy, and urged him to return the stolen nest; the little girl pleaded, and even the dog seemed as if he would have said, "I should have been ashamed to use the poor birds so cruelly."

I am sorry to say that the boy was a hard-hearted fellow, and refused to replace the nest. The poor little sorrowing birds never got their pretty eggs back again.

What became of the boy? Many years after, a young man stood in the criminal's dock before the Judge, in York Castle. He was found guilty of burglary, and was sentenced to be transported for life. Who was that young man? It was he, who, when a boy, stole the bird's nest!

When I was a very little boy, I was walking one summer's day by the hedge of a field, when a pretty bird flew out and I began to search for its nest. Just at this moment a kind hearted lady came up, when she placed her hand very gently on my shoulder, and sweetly said, "My little boy! the same God who made you, made the birds. He cares for the birds and feeds them every day. He wants both them and you to be happy—don't be a robber of God's pretty birds."

I thank God that I did not steal the bird's nest. If I had done so, I should now, perhaps, have been like the other boy, a poor convict in chains!" **UNCLE JOHN.**

#### ANECDOTE OF TWO BIRDS.

THE Black-capped Titmouse, or Chick-a-dee-dee, is known in Ireland as the "blue-bonnet."

On a cold day, in the month of March, one of these birds hopped into the house of a friend of mine, near Belfast, and commenced picking crumbs about the floor and tables, when, after remaining for several hours, it took its leave. Next day it returned, and alighted on the top of a cage, where it seemed to form an acquaintance with a goldfinch. The cage door was opened, and the blue-bonnet went in, and began picking seeds with the goldfinch. It stayed in the room all night. The next morning, while the servant was opening the window shutters, she unconsciously set her foot on the poor bird, and killed it.

It was afterwards thrown out, and its untimely death soon forgotten. But during the course of the day, the attention of some one was drawn to an affecting scene outside, before the parlour windows. The mate of the blue-bonnet was standing beside it, mourning its loss in plaintive tones. It then stretched out its neck, and putting its beak below the head of its companion, raised it up and then sang as before. Afterwards it attempted to remove the body, but was unable. At length it flew away, and after some time returned, carrying a grain of corn, which it dropped before its dead partner. Then it fluttered with its wings, and endeavoured to call the attention of the dead bird to the corn.

Finding this useless also, it again flew away, and returned with another grain, which it deposited in the same manner. It then lifted the grain, and dropped it upon its mate's beak, continuing to do this for several minutes. Then it resumed its plaintive notes; but the sight was too affecting, and a person was sent out to remove the dead bird.

"At that moment" said a spectator, "I would have given anything in my possession to have seen the poor little blue-bonnet restored to life.

#### HAPPY FAMILIES.

A GENTLEMAN was walking past a neat cottage in a rural district; the cottage was not many feet from the highway, but between them was a low tree, and in the branches of this tree the gentleman observed a bird's nest. The cottage door was open, the mother was busily at work, and her children were merry in their youthful gambols; but the birds flew to and fro without alarm. How was this? On enquiry, the gentleman found that the mother took a delight in teaching her children the great importance of kindness to all God's creatures, and instead of even frightening the little birds away, they were ever ready to give not only their crumbs, but their bread, to the little feathered ones.

"You do wisely my good woman," said the gentleman, "if all mothers would thus train up their children, there would be much more happi-



ness in families than there is, for I have generally observed that where children are kind to dumb animals, they are affectionate and loving to their brothers and sisters." **AUNT FANNY.**

#### FIRST INQUIRIES.

Father, who made all these beautiful flowers, And the bright green shades of the summer bowers?

Is it the warm beaming sun that brings The emerald leaves and the blossoms; Flowers to the fields, and fruits to the tree? —Not the sun, my child, but one greater than he.

Father, whose hand formed the blue-tinted sky, Its coloured shades and its brilliancy? What are those stars we view in shining air? What power ever keeps them suspended there? Was it man formed the skies and the glories we see? —Not man, my child, but one greater than he.

Father, from whence came our own lovely land, With its rivers and seas, and its mountains so grand; Its tall frowning rocks, and its shell-spangled shore.

Were those the work of some people of yore? Owe these not birth to man's own good decree? —Not to man, my child, but one greater than he.

From God came the flowers, and the trees, and the earth, To God do the mountains and seas owe their birth;

His glory alone, lov'd, created on high, The sun, moon, and stars, and the beautiful sky. It was He form'd the land and no people of yore,

—Bend thy knee, my sweet child, and that God now adore. **C. SWAIN.**

"THE Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works. All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee." Psalm cxlv. 9, 10.

#### THE HARVEY BOYS.

##### CHAPTER XVII.

"Now," said Mr. Harvey, "I have answered your question about temperance societies in the best way I could, by letting you see with your own eyes, the evils which these societies are intended to remove. You remember I showed you the tavern, and the different kinds of people who go there. Then you saw the effects of drinking on Ben Jones, and the poverty and wretchedness of his family. After that you saw the crimes it caused, and the number of persons it brings to prison. And the same day you witnessed in the poor house its dreadful consequences to the health, reason, and property of drinkers.

"I have also shown you the blessings of temperance, by letting you see that those who do not use intoxicating liquors, are strong and healthy.

"Another practice against which I would warn you is that of smoking. Boys are apt to fancy this a very manly accomplishment. They submit to the sickness and uneasiness attendant on the formation of this injurious habit, and when at length they can smoke without experiencing a feeling of nausea, imagine it has lost its tendency to do them harm. But this is a sad mistake.

"Now, my sons, avoid these evils. Go not in the way of temptation. Have nothing to do with intoxicating liquors, any more than you would with poison. Drinking is the railroad of vice. It carries its victim with dreadful speed to all kinds of iniquity, and bears away character, property, health, mind, and hope for ever.

"Whilst you do all in your power to avoid this and every other sin, do not depend on your own strength, but look constantly to God for His help and grace. He is able and willing to deliver those who are tempted, and to find a way of escape for them.

"I am anxious that these lessons should form part of the moral instruction of every school; and that a good example should be set by every schoolmaster. The Sabbath school teacher especially, should impress them on the minds of his class. There are thousands of children in Sabbath schools, who have no other means of learning the danger of becoming intemperate than from their Sabbath teacher. Many of these children are daily exposed to the examples of drunkenness in their own homes."

A few days after this conversation, the Midsummer holidays ended, and the Harveys returned home.

They all agreed that, by the Divine help, they would abstain from all intoxicating liquors. The boys have now grown up to manhood, and have never had to regret this good resolution. Whilst many of their early schoolfellows who learnt to drink and smoke, have become bankrupts or profligate characters, they are respected and valuable members of Society. Boys! take a leaf out of the book of *The Harvey Boys*.

#### KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A PRIZE OF TWO POUNDS is offered for the best Poem on "Kindness to Animals."

No restriction is made as to age or sex, but the Poem must not exceed one hundred lines, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

The Poem to be addressed (post paid) to the Editor of the "*Band of Hope Review*," 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London, (N.) by the 1st June next.

P.S.—We cannot return rejected Poems.

**PUBLICATIONS for the SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.** Comprising:—Sailor's Home—Goose Club—Man in the Well—Leather Almanac—Door in the Heart—Ox Sermon—The Press Gang—Water is Best—Unfaithful Steward—Let every Man mind his own Business—Cold water Boy—Speak Kindly—What are Bands of Hope? and How to Form them—Two Christmas Days.

A Packet of the above 14 Publications, (12 of them illustrated) price 1s. 6d., may be had, post free, by sending eighteen stamps to Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.





### THE FLY.

WHAT a merry little fellow, our friend, the Fly, must be !  
Few things there are on earth, methinks, live half so gay as he ;  
For he roves about as pleases him, without a thought or care,  
And it costs him nought for lodging, for his home is everywhere.

He helps himself at breakfast, at home, and at his ease,  
Without so much as "How d'ye do?" or, "May I, if you please?"  
And having ate and drunk his fill, he flies away so sly,  
Nor condescends a single nod; or "Thank you, friend, good-bye."

He cares for no umbrella, however wet—not he,  
But hides him underneath a leaf, as snug as snug may be ;  
And if he's tired, or if he's hot, he seeks some pretty flower,  
And tucks himself within its folds, and rests him for an hour.

He envies not your money, nor longs he for fine clothes,—  
That russet suit of his will last, as everybody knows ;  
He never goes to market—what cares he for the price  
When he helps himself to everything, and lives on all that's nice ?

I wonder who his doctor is—but no, he needs not one,  
For gluttony and drunkenness to him are quite unknown ;  
He sips the water or the milk—(no gin and beer for him !)  
And never merely eats and drinks for pleasure or for whim.

With his great eye he sees afar the cunning spider grim,  
But keeps his distance, lest old Web should make a meal of him ;  
Yet sometimes he is not so shrewd, or else, it's very plain,  
He'd not so often butt his head against the window-pane.

And what a curious way he has of walking up a wall !  
(If you or I should try to climb we should be sure to fall ;)  
And, what's a greater wonder for our funny friend in brown,  
Of walking on the ceiling with his head all upside down.

Then we will love our friend, the Fly, and all his tricks endure ;  
And as he eats not very much, you'll welcome him, I'm sure.  
God made him, and if any think his use is not quite plain,  
While he teaches love and mercy, he can scarcely live in vain.

S. W. P.

### A PRAYING CHILD.

A LITTLE girl six years of age, was a scholar in the Rev. H. Stowell's Infant School, at Salford, near Manchester. Her father was an infidel, and despised the Holy Scriptures. The child would take him by the hand, and press him to go with her and hear the minister preach. But he always refused.

He returned home one evening, and enquired where his child was. The mother said, "She is in bed." "I'll go and give her one kiss," said the father; but as he approached the chamber, he heard the voice of prayer. It was little Jane, he heard her say, "Do, God Almighty, lead daddy to hear Mr. Hugh Stowell preach."

This artless prayer touched the father's feelings; but he was still unwilling to go with the child. Her perseverance at last succeeded. He went with his child, and heard a striking and an alarming sermon from Mr. Stowell.

On leaving the place of worship, the penitent and now believing father, said, "Jane, thy God shall be my God, and thy minister shall be my minister."

This man has become a true disciple. He is usefully employed as an Infant Schoolmaster, and has been the means of guiding many children to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.



### OUR JACK TARS.

HAVING taken a deep interest in promoting the welfare of sailors, it has been very cheering to us to receive a letter from one on board H.M.S. \* \* \* \* in which the writer states:—

"Having frequently received some numbers of your publication, *The Band of Hope Review*, I beg to state that on some of my messmates reading it, one of them, noted for his fondness of liquor, has now entirely given up this evil habit, and gives greater satisfaction to his seniors, by his application to his duty. It has raised your little journal greatly in the estimation of the officers of this ship, and I earnestly hope that you may have as much success elsewhere as you have had on board of this ship."

We hope that this interesting fact will encourage many of our readers to promote the circulation of our little paper amongst seamen. We should like the bound volume containing the complete edition to be in every ship's cabin. It would furnish amusement, and we trust instruction, for many a lonely hour on the sea.

A complete Edition of the *Band of Hope Review* may be had in one volume, price 6s., gilt edges, 7s. 6d., or in six yearly parts, price one shilling each.

"The best picture book we know."—*Mother's Friend*.

The Yearly Parts of the *British Workman* for 1855 & 1856, may be had in illustrated paper covers, price Eightpence each; or bound in one, price 3s.; in crimson cloth and gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS

A PRIZE OF A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, VALUE FIVE POUNDS, is offered for the best Answers to twenty-four Bible Questions. Two Questions will be published in each monthly number throughout 1857. By this plan the Editor hopes to secure amongst his young friends a more continuous searching of the Sacred Scriptures.

#### QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

9. Quote words from the Old Testament, which may be termed a prophecy of the hymn sung by our Saviour and his disciples at the Lord's Supper.

10. In what moment did the crowning act of human guilt, and the crowning act of Divine benevolence meet?

For Conditions, see number for April.

### THE RESULTS OF TRYING.

S. W. L., a Sunday School teacher in Yarmouth, writes as follows: "At the commencement of the present year, I determined to do what I could to obtain more subscribers for the *Band of Hope Review*, and I accordingly introduced it into our Sabbath School, where it had up to that time, been unknown. I am happy to say, I have succeeded in inducing fifty-four of the Scholars to take it in."

There are thousands of schools in the country in which our little paper has never yet been circulated. We want a few more zealous friends to do as our Yarmouth correspondent has done.

### EATING AND DRINKING.

A MEMBER of a temperance society was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner table, than wine and spirits were introduced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water.

"No thank you," said he, "I am not ill."

"Take a glass of wine, then," said his hospitable host, "or a glass of ale."

"No, thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty."

These answers called forth a burst of laughter.

Soon after this, the temperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard, and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry, as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when not thirsty."

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Our Only Day—As it should be—Saturday Half-holiday Movement—Which Sabbath will you Choose?—Opinions of Working Men—Having Two Strings to your Bow.

These Illustrated Slips are strongly recommended to the notice of those Working Men who desire to uphold the sacredness of their great charter, **THE SABBATH**.

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### ILLUSTRATED HANDBILLS.

These Handbills, (printed on paper made from straw) are suitable for general distribution. They embrace Religion, Sabbath Observance, the Sacred Scriptures, Temperance, Peace, Kindness to Animals, Truthfulness, Swearing, War, Smoking, &c., &c. Sold in assorted packets, price Sixpence, post free.

"These are just the things for distribution by Christians as they walk 'by the way' in town or country, or sit in the shade of some frequented watering place."—*Mother's Magazine*

### Cheap Postage of this Paper.

Those who cannot conveniently order the *Band of Hope Review* through a Bookseller, can have packets (of not fewer than Eight copies) sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, by remitting in advance as under.

8 copies for 4d.	Or for one year 4s.
16 "	8d. "
24 "	1s. "
32 "	1s. 4d. "
40 "	1s. 8d. "
48 "	2s. 0d. "
100 "	4s. 2d. "

All Orders to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E. C.)

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)





### THE PUZZLE EXPLAINED.

"It puzzles me," said a gentleman to his friend who was a member of the same congregation, "how you can give away so much as you do. I know that you have not so large an income as I have, and yet, although I think that I give as much as I can, I frequently find that you give sovereigns where I give half-crowns, and five-pound notes where I give sovereigns—Tell me how is it, for it puzzles me?"

"Come with me and I'll show you," was the reply. They walked into the dining room, and opening a closet door, the friend pointed to the rows of empty bottles and decanters, and said, "I save it from the bottle."

SIXTY MILLIONS of pounds sterling are spent at the shrine of Bacchus every year in Great Britain in intoxicating drinks, whilst but little more than HALF-A-MILLION is raised by all the Missionary and Bible Societies for spreading the cause of Christ throughout the world!

WITH their present yearly income, it will take the Bible Societies more than 600 years to supply a copy of the sacred Scriptures to each of the seven hundred millions in the heathen world. The sum annually spent in Great Britain in intoxicating liquor would do it in one year!

### LOVE OF CHRIST.

No subject is so calculated to touch and melt the heart as that of the Divine goodness; manifesting itself in man's redemption, by the death of God's beloved Son.

Mr. Nott, missionary to the South Sea Islands, was, on one occasion, reading a portion of the Gospel of John to a number

as to give His Son to die, that man might not die! Can that be true?" Mr. Nott a third time read the verse, and told him that it was the message God had sent; and that *whoever* believed in Him should not perish, but be happy after death. The overwhelming feelings of the wondering native were too powerful for expression or restraint. He burst into tears, and retired to meditate in solitude on the amazing love of God which had that day touched his soul. There is reason to believe he afterwards became a child of God.



of the natives. When he had finished the 16th verse of the third chapter, a native, who had listened with avidity and joy to the words, interrupted him and said, "What words were those you read? What sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again!" Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whoever* believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The native rose from his seat and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God love the world, when the world not love Him! God so love the world

### THE TWO WEAVERS.

BY MRS. HANNAH MORE.

As at their work two Weavers sat,  
Beguiling time with friendly chat,  
They touched upon the price of meat;  
So high, a weaver could not eat.

"What with my brats, and sickly wife,"  
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life,  
So hard we work, so hard we fare,  
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state?  
His house so fine, his wealth so great?  
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;  
Why all to *him*, and none to *me*?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,  
In spite of all the pulpit preaches,  
This world—indeed I've thought so long  
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.



"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,  
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;  
The good are troubled and oppress'd,  
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

"Quoth John, our ignorance is the cause,  
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;  
Parts of his ways alone we know,  
'Tis all that men can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,  
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?  
Behold the wild confusion there?  
So rude the mass it makes one stare.

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,  
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed,  
For where's the middle, where's the border?  
Thy carpet now is all disorder!"

"Quoth Dick, my work is yet in bits,  
But still in every part it fits;  
Besides, you reason like a lout;  
Why, man, the carpet's inside out."

"Says John, thou say'st the thing I mean,  
And now I hope to cure thy spleen,  
This world, which clouds thy soul with  
Is but a carpet inside out. [doubt

"As when we view these shreds and ends,  
We know not what the whole intends;  
So, when on earth things look but odd,  
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;  
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;  
The motley mixture we deride,  
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach the world of light,  
And view these works of God aright;  
Then shall we see the whole design,  
And own the Workman is Divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there  
All order and design appear;  
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,  
For there the carpet will be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll  
grumble,  
That this world is so strange a jumble,  
My impious doubts are put to flight,  
For my own carpet sets me right."





"Behold the fowls of the air."

#### HEN AND CHICKENS.

STEP softly by the side of the hedge, my dear children, and let us try to get a good view of the hen and chickens.

You need not be afraid of us, pretty hen, for we are all Band of Hope folks, and would not willingly give unnecessary pain to any of God's creatures.

Well, what a lovely sight! How very proud the mother seems to be of her little ones! See,

how her eye watches over the sweet little things! There are three of them at the water, and one of them after taking a drink, seems to be thanking our Heavenly Father for the refreshing draught. One is picking the ear of barley; two are playing at "who is the strongest," three are just peeping out so funnily under the hen's wings—and then there is that old fashioned little fellow who has climbed to the top of his mother's back, and there he is actually trying how much he can sit like her!

What a happy family! What a lovely sight!

I was once walking near a farm house, when I saw a poor hen in sad trouble. Whilst strutting about in the field so pleasantly, her chickens running merrily about, her eye caught sight of a dark spot in the sky. She uttered a startling cry of distress, and the chickens in a moment rushed under her wings. On looking upwards, I saw a large hawk hovering in the air. It had doubtless intended to make a meal of one of the pretty little chickens, but happily they were all



From a Water Colour Drawing in the Collection of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P.



safe under the mother's wings. The hawk was unwilling to leave, but the bold attitude of the hen seemed to say, "I will die before you shall seize one of my little ones."

A few minutes afterwards, the intruder flew away, when the hen sounded a note of triumph, and the chickens came out in safety from their hiding place.

My dear young friends, turn to the third verse of the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, and there you will find that our blessed Saviour once said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."

Blessed Jesus! Let us love and serve our dear redeemer. He cares for the "little ones" of his fold, and has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Under the refuge of JESUS we shall be safe from the attacks of SELF, and SIN and SATAN. S.

### THE REFUGE.

A LITTLE bird was closely pursued by a hawk, it flew for refuge into a garden and strove to hide among the bushes, but the hawk followed; the little bird again flew, but again barely escaped. Just, however, as its strength was nearly exhausted, and as it would have been torn to pieces by its devourer, the garden gate was opened, and a poor old man entered; the little bird flew towards him and darted into his breast, where it nestled safely from the hawk. How like this is to the case of poor hunted sinners; Satan seeks them—no shelter secures them until they fly to the bosom of Jesus, and there rest safely. Little children! fly to Jesus. C. H. K.

### A PIOUS MOTHER'S ADVICE.

THAT great and good woman, the late Mrs. Mary Winslow, one of the best of mothers, whose memoir should be read by every parent in the land, in writing to one of her sons, (now a distinguished minister of the gospel), said:—

"I earnestly hope nothing will induce you to relinquish your habits of temperance. How earnestly and constantly I pray that God may keep you from everything that by slow and insidious steps, might lead you to certain ruin. Anything in the form of drink, but simple water—I mean of course, of an intoxicating nature, is dangerous. I have, in the course of my life, witnessed such sad, such awful effects resulting from moderate drinking, that my heart sickens at the very remembrance of it. Place nothing to your lips stronger than water. No one but God can know how anxious I am that all my professing children may be kept walking in the fear of God, and in the love of the Spirit. Remember him who loved you unto death; live to Him and for Him, and resolve rather to die than do aught dishonouring to his dear name, who, in so remarkable a manner, called you out of darkness into His marvellous light. Dear child, bear with a fond and anxious mother; for you know not how my heart goes out after you. The Lord has wonderfully kept me twenty-eight years in his blessed way, and has never permitted me to bring dishonour upon His dear cause. And yet I feel that I as much require His upholding hand, and his restraining grace at this moment, as I did at the first. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Jesus is very precious to my soul. I feel I cannot live without him. He is my all in all. The world and all its glory and riches, is as dross to me in comparison of Him whom my soul loveth, and yet I find the Christian life to be one of constant warfare, and feel at times, as though a host were encamped against me."

If all mothers would train up their children as Mrs. Winslow did, few parents would be "brought down with sorrow to the grave," through the dissipation of their families.

### THE RESULT OF "TRYING."

THE recent efforts of our readers to increase the circulation, have already secured ten thousand new subscribers. Let the motto be "Try again."

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

As the late Mrs. Macdonnell, of Glengary, was walking in the vicinity of Edinburgh, accompanied by one of her daughters, then about five years old, they were overtaken by a drove of cattle. On a sudden, one of the cows mounted on the footpath, and, stooping down behind the little girl, caught her up between its horns, and ran off with her. Though abundantly frightened, the child had sufficient presence of mind to grasp a horn in each hand, and thus preserved



her balance; while the cow ran on, followed by Mrs. Macdonnell, in a state of great alarm, and the scarcely less terrified drover. At length, the animal, apparently tired of its freak, set the child down on the footpath, perfectly free from injury, and so utterly unconscious of the nature of the accident, that when her mamma came up, pale with terror, and breathless with running, she addressed her with great simplicity in these terms, "Mamma, don't put me to ride on a cow's horns again; for I don't like it."

Now, I have no doubt that every little boy and girl who reads this story will be ready to exclaim, "What a narrow escape! How providential that the child was not killed." Yes, my young reader, you are always ready to recognise the hand of God in things that are unusual or striking; and yet the kind and watchful care which He continually takes of you is still more remarkable, inasmuch as it never ceases, even for a moment. When you read in the Bible, that a sparrow falls not to the ground without the knowledge and permission of the Almighty, and that even the hairs of your head are all numbered by him, you are not to regard those expressions as mere figures of speech, but as facts, necessarily and unavoidably resulting from the Divine attributes, especially those of boundless wisdom and power.

### Night.

When you went to bed last night, you laid your head on your pillow in the full expectation that you would awake in the morning both alive and well; and yet you were not aware how much of the kind care of providence was necessary to enable you to do so. That you might live during one night, it was necessary that your little heart should, unknown to you, beat forty-five thousand times, without a single pause; for, if it had paused but for a minute, you must have ceased to live. And who could have enabled it to do this, but God who made it? Again, it was as needful that, while asleep, you should continue to breathe, and that eleven thousand times without any interruption; and who could have enabled you to do this but God? You see, then, that the same kind providence which preserved Miss Macdonnell from being killed, is equally necessary to keep you alive, even for the shortest space of time imaginable.

### Day-time.

When you set off to school this morning, with a light heart and a merry countenance, it never once entered into your mind, I dare say, that

you might never return home alive. And yet how much of the watchful care and providence of God was requisite, in order that you might do so! To say nothing more of the constant need of Divine power, to maintain your life, by day as well as by night, I would remind you of the dangers to which you are exposed, from accidents of various kinds, both in going to school and in returning from it; of the risks you run of being hurt by your playfellows in your sports; and of the heedless manner in which you too often place yourself in situations of peril, merely to excite the wonder or applause of your companions. In almost every news-

paper there are accounts of children being seriously injured in all these ways: and but for the kind and constant providence of God, such accounts would be still more frequent. Think of this, my young reader; and, while you cautiously avoid every form of danger of which you are conscious, lest you grieve God's Holy Spirit, be thankful for that providence which daily and hourly defends you from evils of which you know nothing.

### Food.

When you sat down to dinner to-day, you heard your father thank God for providing the meal; but as you had heard him do this every day, you perhaps thought very little about the matter. And yet every morsel of food which you eat comes from God. It is true, that your mother buys the provisions for her family in the market, and that your father gives her the money to do so; but unless the kind providence of God preserved your father's life, and gave him health and strength to labour for that money, you would have no food to eat. You know that there are many poor people in the world who have scarcely a crust of bread to put into their mouths. What makes your situation to differ from theirs? Nothing else but the kind providence of God, whose mercies are new unto you every morning and evening of your life; and who not only provides food for you, but for the smallest insect that sports in the breeze.

### Light.

A sudden gleam of light has, perhaps, just fallen on the page you are reading, and attracted your attention to the setting sun. You have stopped to watch the bright orb dip beneath the horizon; and have then resumed your reading without a moment's doubt that he will rise again to-morrow. Thus, without being aware of it, you frequently calculate on the continued operation of the kind providence of God; for nothing else than the constant exercise of that providence could cause the sun to rise and set with such beautiful regularity, that the very instant of his doing so, on any given day, can be foretold by astronomers with unerring certainty. And this is not only true of the sun and of the moon, whose movements more immediately concern us, but of every planet and every star which glitters in the firmament. And does it not give you, my young reader, a most overpowering view of the immensity, and, at the same time, of the minuteness of the providence of God, that, while it regulates the motions of the heavenly bodies, it also watches over the humming-bird's nest, and counts the spots on the butterfly's wing?

### Seasons.

In autumn, when the leaves begin to drop thick and fast around you, their fall occasions you, perhaps, a slight feeling of sadness; but the buoyancy of your youthful spirit very soon returns, and you whisper to yourself that they will be renewed in the spring. And doubtless they will, my young friend, whether you and I live to see them or not. The word of God is pledged that it shall be so, and his providence will see that word fulfilled. "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease," Gen. viii. 22. It is, however, at once humiliating and instructive to think how the very commonness and liberality of their Creator's bounties lead mankind to



forget the Giver; and to see how little boys and girls, and grey-headed men and women too, go on from day to day supported by the providence of God, whilst God himself is very far indeed from being "in all their thoughts."

### History.

There are many beautiful examples recorded in Scripture of the providential care which God exercised over the children of Israel. The most striking of these is, perhaps, that handed down to us in the book of Esther. Little did Haman think when, to gratify his paltry spite against Mordecai, he conceived the design of destroying the whole Jewish nation, that the machinery by means of which their Almighty Protector meant to save them, was already in motion. Many persons, indeed, date the commencement of God's interposition in their behalf from that night on which Ahasuerus, unable to sleep, sent for the chronicles of his reign to amuse him. But, in truth, that event was a mere link in the chain of providential circumstances, by which God's chosen people, "scattered and peeled" though they might be, were to be rescued from ruin. That chain was far advanced, even before the preferment of Haman, and certainly took its origin in the events which led to the putting away of Vashi.

### Conclusion.

I commenced these illustrations of providence with a little story, and now I shall conclude them with another, illustrative of the devout gratitude with which the genuine Christian recognises the finger of God in the simplest incidents of his life.

A gentleman, who resided at a considerable distance from London, had a son engaged in business in the metropolis. As it was inconvenient for either to be long absent from his own dwelling, they were in the habit of meeting at an intermediate point, where they dined, and spent two or three hours together, and then parted to return to their respective homes. On one of these occasions, the son happened to remark, while they were at dinner, "By the way, father, a very singular thing occurred to me to-day." "Indeed," said the father; "what was it?" "As I was riding down here pretty smartly," rejoined the son, "my horse stumbled and fell with me. I was thrown right over his head, and yet was not hurt in the least." "That was truly providential," observed the father; "but a still more remarkable thing occurred to me." "What was that?" inquired the son, with some surprise. "I rode twice the distance which you did," replied the father, "and my horse NEVER STUMBLED ONCE!"

DR. HUIE.

### SAGACITY OF A SHEEP.



CARRIER, of Ayr, was some time ago aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at the back door. As the noise was repeated several times, he arose, and cautiously opened the door. There stood a fine pet sheep, which was usually al-

lowed to run about the courtyard. The animal looked in the carrier's face, but was unable to express the reason for summoning its master from his warm bed, the man chased the sheep to its shed, and retired again to repose. Scarcely had he covered himself with the warm blankets, before the knocking was repeated. He sprang from his bed, angry at the pertinacity of the sheep, and he determined to punish it. Just as he opened the door, however, he heard a noise in his stable on the opposite side of the yard. On opening the stable door, he

found that a horse had broken loose, and would probably soon have done serious injury. The man now thanked and patted the poor quiet sheep. He felt sure that the pretty creature, hearing that all was not right, had taken the best means in its power of reporting the matter to head quarters. The carrier went to bed, and the sheep went quietly to its shed. B. S.

### KNEELING AT WORK.

A CLERGYMAN observing a poor man by the road side, breaking stones with a hammer, and kneeling so as to get at his work the better, made the remark,

"Ah! John, I wish I could break the *stony hearts* of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones."

The man replied,

"Perhaps, master you do not work on your *knees*." TEACHERS this applies to you. Let private prayer form a chief part of your preparation for teaching, if you desire to impress your class.—*Sunday Teachers' Treasury*.



### A VISIT TO THE LAMBS.

MAMMA, let's go and see the lambs;  
This warm and sunny day  
I think must make them very glad.  
And full of fun and play.

Ah, there they are. You pretty things!  
Now, don't you run away;  
I've come on purpose with mamma,  
To see you this fine day.

What pretty little heads you've got,  
And such good-natured eyes,  
That rough of wool all round your necks,  
How nicely curled they lie.

Come here, my little lambkin, come  
And lick my hand—now do;  
How silly to be so afraid,  
Indeed I won't hurt you.

Just put your hand upon its back,  
Mamma, how nice and warm;  
There, pretty lamb, you see I don't  
Intend to do you harm.

*Child's Book of Poetry.*

### TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

WE are desirous that every Sunday School teacher and parent should peruse Mrs. Balfour's valuable work, "MORNING DEW DROPS." This work is, by the Divine blessing, doing a good work. We believe that it will be the means of keeping thousands of our youth from the evils of intemperance.

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PRIZES value Ten Pounds, are offered to the readers of the *British Workman* for the best Essays on KINDNESS TO ANIMALS. Many of our readers will be glad to know that the competition is open to the children of Working Men. See the *British Workman* for July, price 1d.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS

A PRIZE OF A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, VALUE FIVE POUNDS, is offered for the best Answers to twenty-four Bible Questions. Two Questions will be published in each monthly number throughout 1857. By this plan the Editor hopes to secure amongst his young friends a more continuous searching of the Sacred Scriptures.

#### QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

- 11.—Name one who provided a table for persons who had provided a grave for him.
- 12.—Sight and blindness were the effect of one man's prayers. Explain this.

For Conditions, see number for April.

### THE BARREL OF WHISKEY.

My father, about forty years ago, was a partner in a firm which owned a distillery. On one occasion the waggon was laden with ardent spirits, and went to the market town of W—. Portions of the load were sold by my father here and there on the way.

Returning homeward, he came to a certain place where he had, a few days before, sold a barrel of spirits to a retailer. Here he witnessed a most appalling scene. Ten or a dozen persons were collected together, most of whom were intoxicated. Besides those who lay in the ditch or on the floor—others were cursing and swearing and fighting, presenting such a scene of loathsomeness and disgust as alcohol only can produce, and the hardened only can endure to behold. That all this was occasioned by ardent spirits he had no doubt, but he hoped it was not the same which he had sold. He inquired particularly, and found that the spirits used on the occasion were from the very barrel which he had sold the retailer on his way to W—.

For days the picture of the scene caused by his liquor passed and re-passed before his mind. It was not long before his mind was fully made up to abandon a business which produced such fearful results. His partner, haunted by similar reflections, resolved to follow the same example, and the fires of the distillery were put out, to be rekindled by them no more.

That father was, for many years afterwards, a pious and successful minister of the Gospel, and, about two years since, finished his course with joy, regretted by all who knew him.

If the scene occasioned by the use of one barrel, or part of one barrel of spirits, be so heart-rending, what will be the effect of the disclosures to be made in the judgment day, when the dreadful doings of alcohol in every age, in every land, and in every case, shall be presented in one vast picture of "lamentation and mourning and woe?" J. L. M.

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### A PETITION

WHICH OUGHT TO BE ANSWERED.

"WE, the undersigned, who have to carry or protect the property of our masters—the merchant princes of England, humbly ask for a drink of water. During the hot summer months we frequently suffer *great pain* from the want of this. A few hundred troughs fixed in suitable places, with a good supply of water, either from the pumps or the water-works, would help us in



many a weary journey. Kind words and kind actions are never lost upon us, and if our

petition is granted, we will try to be better servants than ever. Gladden our spirits, then, with a drink of cold water!

"THE HORSES, DONKEYS, AND DOGS OF LONDON."

### WATER! WATER! WATER!

"Thou shalt open thy mouth for the dumb."

THE Bible says, "Thou shalt open thy mouth for the dumb" and we wish all our readers to do what they can to relieve the sufferings of poor animals. We hope that what we have previously written on this important subject has led many of our young friends to practise kindness to God's creatures.

We were much pleased to hear a short time ago, of one of our readers, a little servant-girl, who, on seeing a poor sheep drop down through fatigue, ran for a basin of water. The drover was beating the poor sheep, and vainly trying to get it on. The little maid soon approached, kindly saying, "poor thing, it wants a drink." She stooped down, and gave the sheep the refreshing water. In a few minutes the poor creature's strength revived, and after a stroke or two on the head, it rose and went on its

way quite briskly. It wanted water!

A case which we witnessed in Walbrook afforded us peculiar pleasure. A heavily laden horse was standing at the wide gateway of Messrs. Maclure & Co., the well-known lithographers; the day was very sultry, and the noble horse was fainting from thirst. A lad in his shirt sleeves came out of the workshops at the moment, and as his eye caught the outstretched tongue of the horse, he quickly turned round, saying, "Poor fellow, I'll fetch him some water." He soon appeared with a bucket of water, and with a happy-looking face he gave the horse a good drink. We involuntarily exclaimed, "May God bless you my lad, and all others like you."

How refreshing to the weary traveller, to the herds of cattle, and the flocks of sheep, is the spring of water by the road side.

No wonder that the drover in the picture is expressing his thanks for the cooling draught. His faithful companion, the dog, has patiently waited until all the cattle and sheep have quenched their thirst, and now he takes his turn.

WATER is one of God's best earthly gifts. It should be received with a thankful heart, and remind us of His better gift, the "WATER OF LIFE," of which Jesus says, "Whosoever drinketh of the water I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." See JOHN IV, 14.

### "CRY TO BE WASHED."

SOME boys and girls cry to be washed. Shame upon them!

I have a fine little canary who has his water bath every morning, and do you think he cries? No, indeed! No sooner is the trough put into his cage than in he dips his little head, just as the Hydropathic doctor tells his patients to do. Then he puts in one wing; then another wing; then he dips in his tail and dashes the water over his back most cleverly. He then mounts his perch, and begins to dry his feathers by flut-

tering his tail and wings in a most wonderful way.

Many a time have I sat admiring the little cold-water bird, and have said, "Who taught you, dickey, to wash yourself so cleverly?"



Even a canary can, by his little antics, overturn the wicked arguments of the infidel.

Boys and girls! if a canary is so merry over his morning bath, will you cry to be washed? Oh, do not let a little bird beat you! S.





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## THE LOST SENSES.

I HAVE something interesting to tell you about this engraving of two pupils in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Brighton.

Caroline, the elder girl, was born with all her senses perfect; but when she was eight years old she gradually lost her sight and became blind, and in the following year she suddenly, in one night, sustained a still heavier affliction in the entire loss of her hearing. Thus deprived of all means of intercourse with her dearest friends, she suffered the deepest distress and anguish of mind, and often she had fits of crying and despair of a most pitiable description. She could not be made to understand that she was *deaf*, and she would again and again cry out, "Oh, why do you not speak to me? why do you not speak to me?" One day, a kind district visitor, Miss A—, entered the house, and she was moved with the deepest sympathy and compassion for one so heavily afflicted; and forthwith procured the means and gained her admission into the school for the deaf and dumb. The children in the Institution soon became very much attached to her, and in a short time they were able to communicate whatever they wished through the sense of *touch*. Her very imperfect knowledge of spelling made it exceedingly tedious and difficult to communicate words by means of the Manual Alphabet; but by constant "trying," this difficulty was completely mastered, and now, after six years' instruction, so clever is her

sense of touch, that any of her dumb companions can read a book, or a chapter in the Bible to her, with a rapidity almost equal to speech.

Oh, the value of *trying*! You see that it will enable even the blind to read, and the deaf and dumb to understand! Caroline cannot now speak words so as to be understood, and therefore she is usually called the "deaf, dumb,

*Hope Review* to the sightless Caroline. Do you not ask "How can a girl who is *blind*, and *deaf*, and *dumb*, know anything about the printing and the pictures? She cannot *see*, she cannot *hear*, she cannot *speak*."

Look round this engraving and you will then understand. Both the girls have been taught these letters of the deaf and dumb alphabet, and can converse with each other by means of their fingers!

Last year a benevolent gentleman and lady visited this interesting Institution; they took with them a good supply of the *Band of Hope Review* and the *British Workman* which they distributed amongst the seventy one deaf and dumb pupils.

The poor children were in ecstasies with the pretty pictures, and by their lively conversation carried on with their fingers, they soon shewed that they understood the reading as well as the pictures. It was indeed a highly interesting sight.

Poor blind Caroline could not see the papers, but little Georgina went to her and very kindly began to tell her about them by talking through the fingers.

Boys and girls! you who are blessed with the power of seeing, hearing, and speaking, be thankful to God for these blessings, and pray

that you may have sympathizing hearts towards those who are blind, or deaf, or dumb.

I hope that many of the rich who go to Brighton to recruit their health, will call and leave a thank-offering toward the funds of the Deaf and Dumb Institution. It is well worthy of their support.

UNCLE JOHN.



TWO OF THE PUPILS IN THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION, AT BRIGHTON.

and blind girl." The younger girl, named Georgina, who is about twelve years of age, is quite deaf and dumb. Poor child, she can neither hear a word spoken to her, nor can she speak a single word to anybody. Let us however thank God that Georgina has learnt to read. She is very fond of reading the *Band of*



## THE RAIN-DROPS. A FABLE.

THERE was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he ploughed it and planted the corn, and harrowed and weeded it with great care, and on his field he depended for the chief support of his family. But after he had worked hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for rain, and he began to have fears for his crop. He felt very sad, and went over every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day, as he stood looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little rain-drops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other,—

"Look at that poor farmer; I feel sorry for him; he has taken so much pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drying up; I wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other; "but you are only a little rain-drop, what can you do? You can't even wet one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much, but I can cheer the farmer a little at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best; I'll try. I'll go to the field to show my good will, if I can do no more, and so here I go." And down went the rain-drop.

One came pat on the farmer's nose. "What's that? a rain-drop! Where did that come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

The first rain-drop had no sooner started for the field, than the second one said,

"Well, if you are going, I believe I will go too; here I come!" And down dropped the rain-drop on another stalk.

By this time a great many rain-drops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about, and when they saw them going to cheer the farmer, and water the corn, one said—"If you are going on such a good errand, I'll go too;" and down he came. "And I," said another, "and I," and so on till a whole shower came, and the corn was watered, and it grew and ripened, all because the first little rain-drop determined to do what it could.

Never be discouraged, children, because you can't do much. Never forget that little word "TRY." Do what you can—angels can do no more.



## THE NEW KEY.

"AUNT," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing; for you know, aunty, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked aunty.

"It is only one little word—guess what?"

But aunty was no guesser.

"It is *please*," said the child; "aunty, it is *please*. If I ask one of the great girls in school, 'Please show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask, 'Sarah, please do this for me?' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask uncle, 'please,' he says, 'Yes, puss, if I can;' and if I say, 'please aunty,'—"

"What does aunty do?" said aunty herself.

"Oh, you look and smile just like mother, and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around aunty's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Perhaps other children will like to know about this key; and I hope they will use it also, for there is great power in the small, kind courtesies of life.

Oh, yes; kind words will even do more than the key of Chubb's wonderful locks!

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."



## NEATNESS.

How neatly all the seeds are laid  
Within the ripening pod;  
How carefully the cells are made,  
This is the work of God.

The lining is not harsh nor rough,  
But soft or polished well;  
Each little seed has room enough,  
Within its tiny cell.

How carefully the sides are closed  
Against the winds and rain;  
For if he left the seeds exposed,  
They would not grow again.

There's no disorder anywhere  
In what my Father does;  
He condescends to make with care,  
The smallest flower that grows.

Let children who would learn from Him,  
Neat habits seek to gain;  
Or they will waste much precious time,  
And do their work in vain. F. P.

From No. 1 of "Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones,"  
compiled by UNCLE JOHN.

[We commend this attractive collection of illustrated melodies to the attention of our readers. ED. B.H.R.]

## "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

TOMMY, a little boy about six years old, who had been taught those four most important words, "THOU GOD SEEST ME," being in the garden one day, by himself, as he supposed, was attracted by the sight of a lavender bush in full bloom. He stood before it for some time, and at length stretched out his hand to gather some of the twigs, but instantly drew it back, exclaiming, *Tommy! Tommy! what are you about? That is not yours; don't you know, God sees you?*

He immediately withdrew his hand from the bush, and ran out of the garden, apparently happy at the thought of having resisted the temptation. A gentleman who was in a green-house not far from the spot, saw and heard all that the dear little boy had done and said, and thus was able to bear testimony to his desire not to offend his Heavenly Father.

L. B.

Jesus said, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

## "THE PATHWAY BETWEEN THE WAVES."

Two medical students were preparing for their examination. They were each very anxious to "pass" and very fond of their profession; but they adopted different plans of study. Sydney was a christian, and on the Lord's Day he laid aside his medical books, and devoted his time and thoughts to God's house and God's word.

Basil used to laugh at him, and say, "You may afford to waste a seventh of your time, but I must give *all mine* to my professional studies, for I don't want to be 'plucked.' To this Sydney would answer by quoting the words of Wilberforce, 'Oh what a blessing is Sunday! interposed between the waves of worldly business, like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan.'"

After some months the time of examination came. Sydney went up, looking it is true, pale and anxious, but he came off successful. Where was Basil? Stretched on a sick bed, in the delirium of brain fever, brought on by over-study. Poor fellow! had he rested his weary brain on the Sabbath day, no such calamity would have befallen him. It was months before he rallied, and then was too weakly to think of medicine as a profession. Sydney is now in good practice in a large provincial town, realizing the promise, "Them that honour me, I will honour."

MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

## CURE FOR TIPLERS.

DR. PHILIP mentions that some Dutch merchants opened a storehouse for selling ardent spirits, on the border of one of the missionary settlements in South Africa, which would have counteracted all the beneficial effects of the gospel on the untutored nations, had not the missionaries fallen on a happy expedient for defeating its baneful effects. When they heard of one of their converts entering into the storehouse to purchase ardent spirits, they caused his name on the following sabbath to be read before the congregation, that the minister and the whole church might unite in prayer on behalf of a brother exposed to great and dangerous temptation. This had so salutary an effect, that henceforth not a convert would enter the spirit shop. The storehouse was speedily removed, and caused no further annoyance.

## EARLY TO BED.

AMONG other consequences attendant on the clearing out of my study, was the circumstance of my being tempted to sit up several nights to a very untimely hour. Whether my young friend who was assisting me, and who felt anxious for my early retirement, had found among my loose papers the original manuscript of my remarks on going to bed early, I cannot say, but certain it is that I found placed on my study table, the following lines neatly copied out for my own edification:—

"Go to bed early. To go to bed early is the easiest way, the best way, and almost the only way to thrive. You may rise early, strive hard, and do everything else in the world that ought to be done; but unless you go to bed early, depend upon it, it will all be in vain. In the course of my life, I have set up many a night, and my headache and my heartache on the following days failed not to tell me that I had done wrong. It is as clear that night was made for sleep as it is that daylight was given to be spent in employment. Let owls, and bats, and wild beasts be abroad at night; but if we are blessed with good, warm, comfortable beds, let us retire to them early. If mankind were divided into two parts, good and bad, depend upon it, the worst part would consist of those who sit up late; and I will answer for it that nineteen out of every twenty, who have been hung on Tyburn tree, did not go to bed early." And at the bottom of this cauterizing quotation, were added these words, "Written by Old Humphrey's very own pen."



**"GOD SAYS YOU MUSTN'T."**

WERE we more attentive than we are to what is said and done around us, we might learn much from the simplicity of children that we now disregard.

As Mrs. Galton sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, according to her usual practice, she made a pause to put a few questions.

"William," said she, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"Oh!" replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert?"

"I say because if they caught us they would be sure to send us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples and pears, or any thing else?"

"Because," said little Mary, looking meekly up at her mother, "because God says we mustn't."

"Right, love," said Mrs. Galton, "that is the true reason, and the best reason that can be given. What God commands we are bound to do, and what he forbids we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal' are his own words. If ever you are asked by anyone you know, why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me, because God says you mustn't."

Reader, the lesson set forth by little Mary is suited to a child of four years old, and a man of four-score. It is a fearful thing to sin against God. Read, then, the Holy Scriptures, and obey them, and be not persuaded by the whole world to do a deed of any kind if "God says you mustn't."

GEO. MOGRIDGE.

**BAD BOOKS.**

BAD books are like ardent spirits; they furnish neither aliment nor medicine—they are poison. Both intoxicate; one the mind, the other the body; the thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied; both ruin—one, the intellect, and the other the health—and together, the soul. The makers and venders of each are equally guilty, and equally corruptors of the community; and the safeguard against each is the same—total abstinence from all that intoxicates mind or body.—*S. S. Advocate.*

**THE HANDY LAD.**

If I find a kind master, I do not much care  
What calling I follow, if here or if there;  
Whether in-doors or out-doors, in country or town,  
If my calling be honest, at none will I frown.

I'll try to be dutiful, faithful and true,  
Whether making a coat, or repairing a shoe;  
If trundling a barrow, I'll wheel it along;  
As merrily too, as if humming a song.

If sent on an errand I'll go like a hare,  
And be back ere it seems I had time to be there;  
Be ready and waiting for something to do,  
Help the gardener to weed or the farmer to sow.

I'll carry my load with an air and a grace,  
With a spring in my foot and a smile on my face;  
If sawing a plank I will saw it with glee;  
Let drones play or idle, I'll work like a bee

My employer shall see that I look for reward  
Not only from him, but from Jesus my Lord;  
And when here on earth all my service is done,  
May Jesus, my Master, proclaim me his own.

**THE GLASS OF WHISKEY.**

ALAS! many religious parents, there is great reason to fear, have unconsciously made drunkards of their children, and their children have afterwards begged them in their circumstances, and broken their hearts. Oh, let us remember that we are not only responsible in reference to ourselves, but in a certain sense in reference to others.

A respectable gentleman in Edinburgh, relates a most affecting fact, which I will briefly repeat. A religious lady was sent to visit a woman who was dying in consequence of disease superinduced by habits of intemperance. The woman had formerly been in the habit of washing in this lady's family, and when she came to the dying woman she remonstrated with her on the folly and wickedness of her conduct, in giving way to so dreadful a sin as that of intemperance. The dying woman said, "You have been the author of my intemperance." "What did you



say?" with pious horror exclaimed the lady, "I the author of your intemperance!" "Yes ma'am, I never drank whiskey till I came to wash in your family, you gave me some, and said it would do me good. I felt invigorated and you gave me it again. When I was at other houses not so hospitable as yours, I purchased a little, and by and bye, I found my way to the spirit shop, and thought it was necessary to carry me through my hard work; and by little and little, I became what you now see me." You may conceive what this lady felt. If any of us may unconsciously have been guilty of similar deeds, the times of this ignorance God we trust hath winked at; but concerning this offence, he certainly now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.

REV. J. MACLEAN.

**"SAVED FROM MANY A SNARE."**

A YOUNG man writes us from the country:—"I am an abstainer, Mr. Editor, and I thank God for it. It has saved me from many a snare, and to your paper I owe my first impressions upon the subject."

Thousands of young men are being ruined, both for time and eternity, particularly in this great metropolis, who might be blessings to society, if, like our correspondent, they would abstain from the intoxicating cup. Young men! are you playing with the tempter? *Abstain!* and pray for God's help to avoid this snare of the evil one. Sunday School teachers! faithfully warn your children against our National Curse—Intemperance.

**PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.**

A PRIZE OF A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, VALUE FIVE POUNDS, is offered for the best Answers to twenty-four Bible Questions. Two Questions will be published in each monthly number throughout 1857. By this plan the Editor hopes to secure amongst his young friends a more continuous searching of the Sacred Scriptures.

**QUESTIONS FOR JULY.**

13. When did the sight of objects without sound of them give great comfort, and when did the sound of them without the sight occasion great dismay?

14. When did an appeal for justice astonish the judge, not so much from the difficulty of the demand, as the horror of the occasion?

For Conditions, see number for April.

**WHAT DID THE CLOCK SAY?**

THE clock upon the tower of a neighbouring church tolled forth slowly and solemnly the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked—

"Mother, what did the clock say?"

"To me," said his mother, sadly, "it seems to say, gone—gone—gone—gone!"

"What, mother! what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son. A white-winged messenger from our Father in heaven, sent by him to inquire of you—of me, what are we doing? what we are saying? what we are thinking and feeling?"

"Where has it gone, mother?"

"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words and deeds, while it was with us."

"Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

Reader, what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high for you?

THE peace of the school may be easily broken. Pride will break it—discontent will break it—anger will break it—envy will break it. Keep quietness in your class, and peace in your heart.

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ALL ORDERS to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E. C.)

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Brompton Park, London. (N.)





### THE PLEASURE VAN.

A Boy, whom I shall call George, who had been well trained by his kind parents, had long been looking forward to the day when he and his schoolfellows were to have their nice trip into the country.

When the merry party assembled, the first van, which had very good strong horses, was soon filled, George was told to get into the second van, but as his eye caught the poor, half-fed horses, his heart felt very sad, and although the act of self-denial cost him a severe struggle, he nobly resolved to sacrifice his pleasure, rather than add to the torture of the poor horses. Brave, noble-minded boy! Some of his companions thought him very foolish as he bided them good morning, and returned to his home and his books. His good mother commended him for his decision; he had also the joy of a good conscience, and above all the blessing of God.

A wealthy merchant who accidentally heard of the above, wanted a trustworthy youth in his counting-house. There were many who wanted to have the situation, but the merchant said, "Let me have the boy who would not ride with the poor horses; a boy of such principles can be trusted." So it proved.

Whilst many of the boys who went with that pleasure van, sank low in life, the boy who dared to do right, rose to eminence and wealth.

AUNT FANNY.

### AN ASYLUM FOR INEBRIATES.

The Editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, a gentleman who took a trip to Maine to see the operation of the famous anti-liquor law, speaks of it in the following manner:—

"I have been in Maine, and seen the wonderful asylum for inebriates, much larger than the Crystal Palace, being 225 miles long, 195 miles wide, and reaching to the heavens. It contains, within itself, vast forests, sweet green fields, beautiful gardens, and fine streams of

water. Here the poor inebriate can roam at liberty, confined by neither bars nor bolts, and is perfectly cured. It is kept by one Neal Dow, a man of short name and small stature, but of great skill in his profession and indomitable energy. If any New York gentleman has a drunken son, I would advise him to send him to Maine. And if our magistrates would send thither all who are committed for drunkenness to the jail, and support them there for a year, they would save much expense and trouble, and receive them back useful citizens. When I was there, a few envious spirits were crying out against it, and a New York traveller was furious because he could not find in it a drop of the drunkard's drink; but I believe it will be a model for every state of the Union." The celebrated Neal Dow recently arrived in England.



### THE WATER JUG.

On the counter of a publishing house, in Paternoster Row, there always stands, during the summer, a large stone-ware jug of spring water, with a mug by its side, for the customers and collectors to quench their thirst. This corner of the counter is a very popular one in hot weather. We have frequently seen three or four persons waiting for their "turn" to have a drink, and have heard with pleasure that the

large jug has often to be taken three or four times in a day to the pump, for a fresh supply of the cooling draught. How many visits to the public house has this one water jug prevented!

Reader! do you desire to do what you can to prevent intemperance? If so, get a water jug, or in some other way provide WATER FOR THE PEOPLE.

### THE RESULTS OF "TRYING."

MR. LANG, a town missionary at Taunton, sends us the following cheering communication:—"Your appeal led me to think, feel, and act. The following are the results:—for January I ordered one of each paper; for the two following months, my orders were for subscribers: Band of Hope Review, 370 and 434 copies—British Workman, 74 and 105 copies!"

A SUNDAY School teacher at Brierley Hill writes:—"I have been trying to do a little in extending your circulation. We circulate forty copies monthly in our school, whereas, but a few months ago, not a single copy was taken."

A FRIEND writes from Ulceby, in Lincolnshire:—"Being anxious that your excellent little Paper for the young should be known and read by the juveniles of my native village, I ordered a few copies, and went round by house-row canvassing for subscribers, and I am glad to inform you that I have succeeded in circulating above sixty copies monthly. I shall also try to do what I can for the 'British Workman'; I have

already got ten subscribers for it, and I should feel obliged if you could send me a few show-bills or circulars, which will assist me in my canvass.\* It is my conviction, if this plan of taking a few copies and canvassing by house-row was generally adopted in our towns and villages, the circulation would very soon be more than doubled."

\* These we have had much pleasure in forwarding, and shall be glad to send a supply to any of our correspondents.



# BAND OF HOPE REVIVALS

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 89.]

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[AUGUST 1st, 1857.]

### SOWING AND REAPING.

"NEVER forget, Miss Fanny," said good old Gideon the gardener to me one day, "that what the blessed Bible says is *proved* to be true, 'whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' Oh, yes, it's worth remembering, that

What you sow,  
That you'll reap.

A few months ago you were busy sowing some wallflower seeds at the corner of your flower

bed, and now what have you got there—some fine red and yellow *wallflowers* to be sure! Master Frank put mustard and cress seed into his little garden, and he was careful to water it well. What has he got there now? A fine crop of green *mustard* and *cress* of course. Master John put a few cucumber seeds into the hot bed which he made, and now he has got large *cucumbers* seven or eight inches long.

"Learn a lesson, Miss Fanny," continued old Gideon, "from the garden and the seeds. As surely as the seed brings forth the bud or flower

of 'its kind' according to God's appointment, so surely will our daily thoughts, words, tempers, and deeds, bring forth good or bad results.

"The farmer who sowed his fields with wheat, last season, is now about to gather a rich harvest; but had he been so foolish as to sow *tares*, do you think that he would have had any *corn* for the coming winter? You know that he would not have had a *single grain*."

"Youth is the grand sowing time of life. Your words, thoughts, tempers, and actions, are like seeds, and they will be sure to bring forth



J. JOHNSTON.

G.G.F.

AUNT FANNY, WHEN A LITTLE GIRL, SOWING THE WALLFLOWER SEEDS.



good or bad fruit." Pray daily, my dear children, that you may live under the influence of the Holy Spirit, so that instead of sowing *sin* and reaping *sorrow*, you may sow to the spirit, and reap life everlasting. Good old Gideon has long since gone to heaven, but I hope that his out-door teachings about SOWING and REAPING will never be forgotten by your friend,

AUNT FANNY.

### SOWING AND REAPING.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Who are sowing? who are sowing?  
These young children now at play;  
And the scattered seeds are growing  
Night by night, and day by day:  
Some with fruitful grain are shooting;  
Some will only weeds produce,  
Which, alas, will need uprooting,  
Ere the soil be fit for use.

Who are sowing? Those just leaving  
Childhood and its sports behind;  
Hearts with golden visions heaving,  
Are they sowing to the wind?  
If they toil, on Christ relying,  
If his glory be their aim,  
They may hope, with hope undying,  
They shall reap immortal fame.

Who are sowing? Those expending  
Manhood's years for objects vain;  
Earth beyond, no thought extending,  
What shall be their future gain?  
Who are sowing? Those still clinging  
To the dregs of life misspent—  
Tares around their footsteps springing,  
Earnest of their doom present.

Who are sowing? who are sowing?  
Children, manhood, youth, and age,  
And the scattered seeds are growing,  
Putting forth at every stage;  
All along life's pathway springing,  
Bearing fruit, or flower, or weed,  
On the air their odour flinging,  
Either for our bane or need.

Soon will dawn the day of reaping—  
Soon the gathering time will come,  
When each seed, its promise keeping,  
All shall bear their harvest home.

### BISHOP MIDDLETON'S MAXIMS.

1. PERSEVERE against discouragements.
2. KEEP your temper.
3. EMPLOY leisure in study, and always have some work on hand.
4. BE punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
5. PRESERVE self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction.
6. RISE early and be an economist of time.
7. NEVER be in a hurry.
8. MAINTAIN dignity without the appearance of pride. Manner is something with everybody, and everything with some.
9. BE guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak.
10. NEVER acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
11. BE not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.
12. THINK nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.
13. RATHER set than follow examples.
14. PRACTICE strict temperance.
15. And, in all your transactions, remember the final account.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."



### WHAT CHILDREN MAY DO.

"Do you really believe that it is of any use whatever having children to join your temperance society?" was asked sometime ago.

"Indeed, I do," replied a worthy minister of the Gospel, "I have had more parents reclaimed from intemperance, and added to my church through the zeal of these 'little ones,' than from any other agency. Children, make good missionaries in this great cause."

### PRIZE ESSAYS

#### KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WE have received nearly 400 Essays, and we fear they will take us at least from two to three months to examine. In the meantime our readers can be striving for the prizes value £10, which are offered in the *British Workman* for June. A copy may be purchased for one penny through any bookseller, or may be had *post free* by enclosing two postage stamps to Messrs. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row, London.

### I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

A CHILD sat in the door of a cottage at the close of a summer's sabbath. The twilight was fading; and as the shades of evening darkened, one after another of the stars shone in the sky, and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He was looking up at the stars, and counting them as they came, till they were too many to be counted; and his eyes were wandering all over the heavens, watching the bright worlds above.

He was so absorbed, that his mother called to him, and said,

"My boy, what are you thinking of?"

He started as if suddenly aroused from sleep and answered,

"I was thinking—"

"Yes," said his mother, "I knew you were thinking, but what were you thinking about?"

"Oh," said he, and his little eyes sparkled with the thought, "I want to be an angel."

"And why, my boy, would you be an angel?"

"Heaven is up there, is it not mother? and there the angels live, and love God, and are happy; I do wish I was good, and God would take me there, and let me wait on Him for ever."

The mother called him to her knee, and he leaned on her bosom and wept.

She wept too, and smoothed the soft hair of his head as he stood there, and kissed his forehead, and then told him that if he would give his heart to God, now, while he was young, that the Saviour would forgive all his sins, and take him up to heaven when he died, and then he would be with God for ever.

His young heart was comforted. He knelt at his mother's side, and said:—

"Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,  
Wash me in thy precious blood;  
I thy little lamb would be,  
Help me, Lord, to look to thee."

The mother took the young child to his chamber, and soon he was asleep, dreaming perhaps, of angels and heaven.

A few months afterwards, sickness came upon him, and the light of that cottage and the joy of that mother's heart, went out. He breathed his last in her arms, and as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear, "I'm going to be an angel."

Little reader, do you not wish to be an angel?

### THE CHILD'S WISH.

I want to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand;  
There, right before my Saviour,  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'd wake the sweetest music,  
And praise him day and night.

I never should be weary,  
Nor ever shed a tear,  
Nor ever know a sorrow,  
Nor ever feel a fear;  
But blessed, pure, and holy  
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,  
And with ten thousand thousands,  
Praise him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,  
But Jesus will forgive;  
For many little children  
Have gone to heaven to live.  
Dear Saviour, when I languish,  
And lay me down to die,  
O send a shining angel,  
To bear me to the sky.

Oh, there I'll be an angel,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand;  
And there, before my Saviour,  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'll join the heavenly music,  
And praise him day and night.

### THE NIGHT REFUGE.

WE are glad to learn from Mr. Mounstephen, that in consequence of our notice of this excellent Institution, he has received upwards of two hundred letters, with contributions amounting to between £60 and £70. If those who remitted *anonymously* will kindly forward their addresses to Mr. Mounstephen, he will transmit to them a copy of the Yearly Report. Some have asked to have their contributions acknowledged in our pages, but we cannot give the required space.

### THE TONGUE.

WHAT IT HAS BEEN GIVEN FOR.

Not to praise myself.  
Not to rail against my companions.  
Not to deceive any one.  
Not to speak evil of any one.  
Not to swear, or lie, or speak naughty words.  
Not to speak unkindly to other children.  
Not to profane the name of God.

BUT—

To confess my faults.  
To instruct my fellow creatures.  
To comfort the sorrowful.  
To rebuke the wicked.  
To speak for the fatherless.  
To honour the good.  
To plead for the truth.  
To pray to God.  
To praise the name of the Most High.

"O come, let us worship and  
bow down: let us kneel before the  
LORD our maker."





## THE COBWEB.

Oh how pretty, come and see,  
The cobweb hanging from this tree,  
How fine it is, how regular  
The threads that make its ladders are!  
And how the dew, like shining beads,  
Hangs trembling on the slender threads.

But, how sad! Poor little fly,  
You've sought that pretty home to die,  
Its beauty tempted you; you thought,  
Before the film your wings had caught,  
It was a pleasure-palace; you  
Were cheated by the sparkling dew.

See the spider comes apace,  
To seize you in his death's embrace;  
Ah, how you struggle to be free,  
I cannot bear your pain to see.  
Would I could save thee, pretty fly,  
But 'tis too late, for thou must die.

Let me try to bear in mind  
Thy fate, when snares in life I find;  
Though they beautiful may be,  
With all that most entices me,  
Let me turn my foot away,  
Lest I be the tempter's prey.

F. P.

From "ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John.

## STRIKING ANECDOTE.

In a seaport town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached one Sunday evening. The preacher was a man of great fame; and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse—to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the Sabbath—attracted an overflowing audience.

After the usual prayer and hymn, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leant his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed, but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote.

"It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came hither that evening, were three dissolute young men who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in this pulpit. Accordingly, they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the block-head—throw!' but the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point!' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he too said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which had brought them there. At this remark his two friends took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end.

"Now mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men? The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death, for murder, in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren,"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is now about to address you—listen to him!"

## THE RAGGED BOY'S PLEA.

Nor long ago, a little bare-footed ragged boy was seen in the streets of Manchester selling salt.

"Will you buy this salt from me, ma'am," asked the boy, "my mother is lying ill at home, and I want to buy her some bread."

The lady whom he addressed, enquired, "What school do you go to, my boy; do you go to the Sunday school?"

"No," replied the boy, "I have not got clothes to go to the Sunday School, but I go to *Master Stovell's ragged school*, and I just want to get threepence of my own, that I may buy a little box with a lock and key, to put the little books in my teachers have given me. I have never been absent once since I went to the school, and next Sunday I shall have sixteen 'P's' to my name, and then I shall have a bible given me."

The poor boy's plea was granted; the salt was bought, and the delight afforded to the little fellow was great. May we not hope that the boy, besides having his Bible in his box, will have the precious truths it contains in his heart.

"Despise not the day of small things," and, "Cast thy bread on all waters, and after many days thou shalt find it." W. H. B.

"PRAY THAT IT MAY BE  
CONVENIENT."

"FATHER," said little Andrew, "I have been invited to go to a Temperance Meeting; may I go?" "Oh yes, dear," said his father; "Temperance Meetings are very interesting, and very good for young people; I shall be very glad for you to go." Andrew went, and was delighted with the meeting. When he came home, he told his father and mother some of the little stories he had heard, and said he was going to the next meeting, if they had no objections. Consent was readily given; but before going, he thought his mother or father might wish to go with him, for he had noticed that some of the children were accompanied by their parents. He therefore asked his father if he would not like to go; but father said, not that night; some other time, *perhaps*, he might go.

When next night of meeting came, Andrew had not forgotten his father's "*perhaps*," and so he renewed his inquiry whether father would go that night. Father said it was not convenient, and Andrew went alone to the meeting. The stories he heard so touched his heart, that, when he got home, he wept as he told some, and smiled as he told others; and then, looking very earnestly at his father, as if he had discovered something that was of great importance, he said,

"Father, might you not *pray* to God to make it convenient for you to go next night. You say, that if I ask anything from God in prayer, in Christ's name, he will do it for me; now, father, if you want to go to the Temperance Meeting, mother, and you, and I, will all ask God, for Christ's sake, to let you go, and then you are sure to go. Come, dear father, let us pray that it may be convenient for you to go next night."

Andrew's father was surprised at his little boy's earnestness, and promised that he would go next night, if well.

When the Bible was brought for family worship, Andrew reminded his father to pray that it might be convenient, and that he might be well and able to go to the Temperance Meeting. The next night came, and Andrew's father went with him; and, with his little son,

he now labours to induce others not only to become abstainers, but what is far better, to seek after holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord,

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A PRIZE OF A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, VALUE FIVE POUNDS, is offered for the best Answers to twenty-four Bible Questions. Two Questions will be published in each monthly number throughout 1857. By this plan the Editor hopes to secure amongst his young friends a more continuous searching of the Sacred Scriptures.

## QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

15. Name an eminent servant of God whose wife was a type of the sacred temple at Jerusalem.

16. What space of time was occupied in delivering the various ordinances named in the book of Leviticus?

For Conditions, see Number for April.

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## THE BROKEN SABBATH.

"God spake these words and said, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

BOYS AND GIRLS! listen to me. I have something sad to tell you. Never forget it.

A few Sunday mornings ago, a little boy and girl, in Cornwall, instead of going to the Sabbath school, went off to rob the nests of the pretty sea gulls.

When the little Sabbath-breakers came to the high cliffs between the Cove and Land's End, the boy reached over the edge of the steep rock to get some eggs out of one of the nests, and the little girl had hold of him. Sad, sad to say, his foot slipped; the affrighted girl held him as long as she could, but her strength failed her. There was no one near to answer her cries for help; she was compelled to relinquish her hold, and the poor boy fell down the fearful depth of from 200 to 300 feet, and was dashed

to pieces on the rocks! My heart feels very sad while I write the account, but I pray that the affecting death of little William Penrose may prove a solemn warning to thousands of my young friends. May it also urge both parents and teachers to be more than ever faithful in enforcing the Divine command, "*Remember the SABBATH DAY to keep it holy.*" UNCLE JOHN.





## SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESS.

BY MR. J. GREEN,

Superintendent of Bishopsgate Sunday School.

## GOD'S CARE FOR THE YOUNG.

"It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish . . . Jesus took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them . . . and said, Feed my lambs."

From these and other sweet words and kind actions of the Saviour, we learn:—That little children are in danger of perishing—that it is not the will of God they should perish—and that it is the duty of all, especially Christians, to do what they can to prevent it.

I.—Little children are in danger of perishing, body and soul. Unless they are fed, clothed, and sheltered, their *bodies* will soon die, and so perish; and their *souls* are in no less danger—from the *badness* of their own hearts; the *enmity* of Satan; *evil* influences, examples, and habits; their *inexperience* of the world and things around them—(seeking happiness without Christ, in ease, pleasure, earthly friendships, and foolish and sinful gratifications)—and from their entire *ignorance* of God and his law, themselves, and their lost and helpless condition; of the way of salvation by faith in the Son of God; of the blessedness of pardon and peace by believing in Jesus, and also of the untold glories that await the redeemed hereafter. From these and other causes, if left to themselves, untaught and uncared for, they *must perish*; and that for ever.

II.—It is not the will of God that they should perish. O no! The great and mighty God has always pitied and cared for little children. He first planted that tender love in the hearts of parents, enabling them to labour, spend their time and their money, and even risk their lives for their little ones. He commanded the Jews diligently to teach his word to their children, and further said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." He gave his only beloved Son to suffer, bleed, and die—what could he do more? And Jesus the Son of God left his glorious heaven, became a poor little child on earth, obeyed the law of his father, yet suffered the trials of the world, the cruelties of wicked men, the assaults of Satan, the hidings of his Father's face, and the painful and ignominious death of the Cross. He laid in the grave, rose from the dead, ascended to heaven, and now intercedes and watches that souls may not perish. Could Jesus do more? And the Holy Spirit caused the Scriptures, containing all this, to be written, the Sabbath to be observed, sanctuaries to be erected, schools to be instituted, and devoted teachers to spend their time and talents to instruct them, and He is now ready to help all who are willing to read, learn, believe, and go to Jesus for salvation—could the Holy Spirit do more?

III.—It is the duty of all, especially Christians, to do what they can to prevent it. Dear

CHILDREN, and YOUNG PEOPLE, you must do what you can, or *perish*. The Scriptures say, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul, and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself;" and, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in this law to do them." You know you have not thus loved God, and your neighbour, therefore you are under the curse of God's holy law, and if you die impenitent and unpardoned, where God is you can never come, but you will hear these awful words, "Depart from me, ye cursed,

time. Thus you will learn what Jesus did, said, and suffered; the relation he bears to them that receive him, what he is doing for them, and how they should live and act towards him till he comes again. But the question is, Have you *received Christ*? Have you felt your sins a burden, grieving your heart and urging you with weeping and supplication to Jesus as your only refuge; He bids you come—"Suffer the little children to come . . ." and, "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." Only in Jesus can you find relief; but all *who receive*

him as their Lord and Master are delivered from the curse of the law, he having been made a curse for them by dying on the cross, and he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him. He is also made of God *unto them* wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, so that, if you have Christ the Son of God as your Saviour and Friend, you are safe for time, safe for judgment, safe for eternity—but if you have not Christ, you have hitherto *rejected him* and your guilt is all on your own head, and will sink you into perdition. Now, as there is no peace without pardon, and no heaven without Christ, I beg of you to learn, love, and *receive him*. Study well the Scriptures; ask the Holy Spirit to help you; improve your Sabbaths; attend the means of grace; give yourselves to prayer; value the Sabbath school, and never leave it till you die, and I will hope to meet you at the right hand of God where none ever *perish*.

FELLOW TEACHERS! these souls are in great danger, but God is on our side. Pray to him for each by name, and with the whole as often as possible; write to each as only a teacher can write. Many of them have no friend in the world caring for their souls but you. Are you willing that they should *perish*? Think of a soul from your class perishing. Oh I beseech you, speak to them as sinners, and of Jesus as the sinner's friend. Do all you can to lead them to Jesus; encourage them to pray to him; and then at the great day you may hope to see them among the



*your fellow labourer*  
*J. Green*

into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Luke xvi. 22, says, "The rich man also died and was buried, and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." Not a word about illness; he might have died in his sleep, and been found dead in his bed. How awful! to lay down to sleep, and wake in hell; no hope there, no Saviour there. But there is hope now, though not in yourselves; for God so loved the guilty world that he gave his only beloved son Jesus Christ, that you might not *perish*, but have eternal life. When Jesus was on earth, "as many as *received him* to them gave he power to become children of God," and God has exalted him now at his own right hand to be a prince and a saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins. Your first duty, then, is to *receive Christ*, as your Prince, to govern you, and then you may hope he will be your Saviour to redeem, protect, provide for, and bless you, now and for ever. Let me beg of you to read the four Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles, over and over again, and think of Christ all the

blessed through your labours.

PARENTS! do what you can; O that you would! what a mercy it would be for your dear children. Remember, they are precious jewels lent you by God, to train for both worlds. You must care for their bodies, but, O think of their *souls*! Now, what food is to the body, Christ is to the soul. Then tell them about Him, read the scriptures to them, and pray with them as well as for them. Mothers especially! let your little ones see your tears and hear your prayers to Christ for them, that they may not *perish*; and when you are in the grave, they will doubtless bless your memory and follow your pious example.

CHRISTIANS! do all you can. Time flies; let us improve it. Eternity approaches; let us be ready for it. Souls are perishing at our doors for lack of knowledge; let us be teaching. Yea, let us all be doing, for the time is short to serve and honour him here below, who died to save us from the wrath to come.





No. 81.]

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[SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1857.]

**A LOVELY SIGHT.**

ON one of the lovely evenings of last June, whilst walking in the beautiful grounds of the Culvers at Carshalton, the seat of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., my eye caught an interesting procession of village girls, headed by Mr. Pelton, the City Missionary. The happy party, with their coloured banners and flags, passed over the rustic bridge, and on coming up to the drawing room window, Mr. Pelton read a brief, but very pleasing address to Mrs. Gurney.

It expressed the heart-felt thanks of the children for the advantages of education, with which, chiefly through her kind liberality, they were favoured. The address concluded by stating, that the girls respectfully solicited Mrs. Gurney's kind acceptance of a writing case as a slight expression of their *gratitude*. The pleasing token was kindly accepted, and after a few words of good counsel, the joyous party were regaled with a bountiful supply of cake and tea.

Until the shades of evening began to fall, the girls were allowed a merry ramble in the hay-fields; their youthful voices then joined in a

song of praise to God, and they departed to their homes.

As I stood on the edge of the rustic bridge, and watched the little groups leaving the park, I could not but breathe a silent prayer that each dear girl might become a lamb of Christ's flock, and that praise and *thankfulness* might ever be the language of her heart.

Reader! pray for a *thankful heart*. It was pleasing to find that these Carshalton girls were not ungrateful to the benevolent lady who had sought to promote their welfare.

But forget not, my dear friends, that you



SCHOOL PROCESSION AT THE CULVERS, CARSHALTON, SURREY.



have far greater cause for never-ceasing gratitude to that blessed Saviour, who has done ten thousand times more for you than can be done by the richest earthly friend. Let us study to be grateful to parents, to teachers, to servants, to all our fellow-creatures; but above all, let us pray that we may be grateful to God for the numberless mercies with which he has crowned our lives. "O give thanks unto the LORD; for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever."—PSALM cxxxvi. 1.

### GOOD PRACTICAL DIVINITY.

A PLAIN countryman, whose mind and conduct had undergone a great moral and spiritual change, was accosted one day by a former companion of his drunken fits, and strongly solicited to accompany him to the ale-house again.

The plain and sincere man, steadfastly resisted all his arguments, saying, "I am a brand plucked out of the fire."

His old companion not understanding this language, it was explained as follows:—

"Look ye, there is a great difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark flies upon a brand that has been partly burnt, it will soon catch fire again; not so with a green stick: I tell you *I am that brand plucked out of the fire*, and I dare not venture into the way of temptation, for fear of being set on fire again."

Was not this good practical divinity?

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men."

Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." See PROVERBS, chap. iv. ver. 14 and 15.

### MR. GOUGH.

THIS eloquent advocate of temperance has again landed on our shores. Tens of thousands will bid him a heartfelt welcome. We rejoice to learn that it is his intention to deliver special addresses to the Young in as many of the large towns as possible. We trust that Parents and Sunday School managers will make every possible effort to bring their children within the sound of Mr. Gough's voice.

May God's blessing continue richly to attend the labours of this extraordinary man.

We cannot doubt but such will be the case, as he so faithfully exalts the Cross of Christ, in his powerful orations.

### THE SLAVE AND HIS ENEMY.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

A SLAVE in one of the West India Islands, who had been brought from Africa, became a Christian, and behaved so well, that his master raised him to a situation of trust on his estate. He once employed him to select twenty slaves in the market, with the view of making a purchase.

While looking at some who were offered, he perceived an old broken-down slave, and immediately told his master that he wished very much that he might be one of the number to be bought. The master was much surprised, and at first refused; but the slave begged so hard that his wish might be granted, that the master allowed the purchase to be made.

The slaves were soon taken to the plantation, and the master, with some degree of wonder, observed his servant pay the greatest attention to the old African. He took him to his home, laid him on his own bed, and fed him at his own table. When it was cold, he carried him into the sunshine, and when it was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa trees. The master supposed that the old man must be

some relation to his favourite, and asked him if he were his father.

"Massa, said the poor fellow, 'he no my fader.'"

"Is he then an elder brother?"

"No, massa."

"Perhaps your uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa, he no be of my kindred at all, not even my friend."

"Why, then," asked the master, "do you treat him so kindly?"

"He my enemy, massa," replied the slave, "he sold me to the slave dealer; my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; when he thirst, give him drink."



### "LET US TRY;"

OR,

#### THE VALUE OF MISSIONARY BOXES.

EIGHTEEN years ago, two collectors of the York Wesleyan Juvenile Missionary Society, were conversing together, as to how the funds of the Society might be increased. They knew that the poor heathen in many places, were calling out for Christian teachers.

"What shall we do," said one of the collectors?

"Let us get some very neat Missionary boxes, and let us try to get people to place them on their mantel-pieces," said the other.

One or two dozen boxes were procured. In the month of November, when the Missionary meeting was held, it was found that the contents of these boxes amounted to a respectable sum.

Year by year the number of boxes increased. At the last anniversary, the respected treasurer Mr. J. F. Taylor, appeared on the platform with a large roll containing the list of boxes, with the contents of each. The list included the names of Sunday Schools, servants, apprentices, as well as the children of many families in the congregation.

When Mr. Taylor reached the end of the long roll, he joyfully announced, "The total number of boxes is 116, and their contents for the year 1856, amounts to one hundred and thirty-four pounds, ten shillings and fivepence!"

Since 1839 the noble sum of £1100 has been raised by these boxes!

We trust that the friends of missions in York will stimulate others to go and do likewise. Let them not forget the words, "Let us try."

### PRISONER AND THE BIBLE.

WHEN a gentleman lately presented a Bible to a prisoner under sentence of death, he exclaimed, "Oh, sir, if I had had this book and studied it, I should never have committed the crime of which I am convicted."

If tempted to do wrong,

In error if we stray,

That book will be a barrier strong,

A lamp to guide our way.

### THE STREET OF BY-AND-BYE.

"By the street of By-and-Bye, one arrives at the house of Never."—Old Saying.

Oh! shun the spot, my youthful friends, I urge you to beware, Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes the air;

Yet none have ever passed to scenes ennobling, great, and high, Who once began to linger in the street of By-and-Bye.

How varied are the images arising to my sight, Of those who wished to shun the wrong, who loved and prized the right; Yet from the silken bonds of sloth they vainly strove to fly, Which held them gently pinioned in the street of By-and-bye.

A youth aspired to climb the height of Learning's lofty hill, What dimmed his bright intelligence, what quelled his lofty will? Why did the object of his quest still mock his wistful eye? Too long alas! he tarried in the street of By-and-Bye.

"My projects thrive," the merchant said; "when doubled is my store, How freely shall my ready gold be showered among the poor!" Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the mourner's tear to dry; He never journeyed onward from the street of By-and-Bye.

"Forgive thy erring brother, he has wept and suffered long!" I said to one, who answered, "He hath done me grievous wrong; Yet I will seek my brother, and forgive him, ere I die," Alas! Death shortly found him in the street of By-and-Bye.

The wearied worldling mused his lost and wasted days, Resolved to turn hereafter from the error of his ways; To lift his grovelling thoughts from earth, and fix them on the sky, Why does he fondly linger in the street of By-and-Bye?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends, work on while yet you may, Let not old age o'ertake you, as you slothfully delay, Lest you should gaze around you, and discover with a sigh, You have reached the house of "Never," by the street of By-and-Bye.

MRS. ABDY.

### THE "CRY" COMPANY.

A LITTLE boy who is a member of the "Try" Company, has a little sister who was sometimes very peevish. When she cried, she made a sad noise! A friend was in the room with these children one day, and on his saying that she was likely to be a member of the "CRY" and not the "TRY" Company, she was very much concerned, and said, "I don't want to be a member of the 'CRY' Company, let me be a member of the 'TRY' Company." After a few words of encouragement to the little one, in which she was urged to try not to cry; also to try and do all things as she was bid—the friend left the house. Some time after he was told that the little girl had become a good member of the "TRY" COMPANY. Parents and friends, encourage your little ones to Try! A few kind words will often do far more good than blows.

### CURE FOR TIPPLERS.

THE SWEDISH MODE.

By a recent law, the distillation of brandy has been prohibited in Sweden; the names of all persons who are seen intoxicated, are to be posted on the church doors, and the clergyman is to offer prayers for their reformation.





### THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!  
The glory of April and May!  
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,  
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,  
Above all the flowers of the field; [lost,  
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are  
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,  
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose;  
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;  
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,  
Since both of them wither and fade;  
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;  
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

DR. WATTS.

From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns," compiled by  
Uncle John.

### FILIAL AFFECTION.

THE other morning, I met two poor lads, be-  
longing to a Ragged School, and Band of Hope.  
They were carrying a basket containing some  
roots of primroses, and daffodils in bloom. I  
said "What are you going to do with those  
flowers, my boys?"

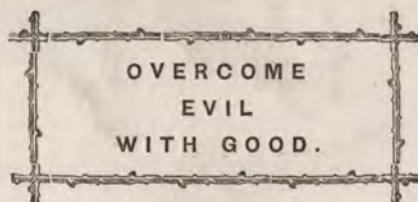
One of the boys answered,  
"Plant them on my Father's grave, sir."  
I then asked where he obtained them, and  
he told me he had fetched them from Syden-  
ham woods, a distance of two or three miles.  
When I tell my young readers, that the mother of  
this lad, is left a widow in poverty with seven  
children, through the intemperance of that father,  
upon whose grave those beautiful flowers were  
to be placed, they will think with me that the  
boy, although poor and uneducated, has a loving  
heart, and true filial affection.

God grant that by the efforts of the Band of  
Hope movement, the seven children may be  
saved from the horrors of intemperance, into  
which the father fell; and may they flee to  
Christ, through whom salvation from the wrath  
to come can alone be secured. J. P. C.

### A GENTLE WORD.

How truly sweet at seasons is a gentle word,  
descending as the crystal dew-drop on a droop-  
ing flower, or lighting up as with a sunny beam

the saddened spirit. The inspired Psalmist says,  
speaking of Our Heavenly Father's love to him,  
"Thy gentleness hath made me great," and are  
there not many who feel it even thus, that kind  
whispers have melted their hard spirits. O let  
us all endeavour to "be kindly affectioned one  
to another," merciful, as our Father who is in  
Heaven is merciful, ever remembering the golden  
rule, "To do unto others as we would that  
they should do unto us."



### THE INDIAN MUTINY.

It is indeed heart-rending to learn the sad news  
of the mutiny in India.

Not a few of the devoted English missionaries  
and Christian natives have had to suffer fearful  
hardships, and several of them have been cruelly  
murdered. The chaplain to one of the Indian  
regiments writes us:—"We trust that the prayers  
of British Christians are ascending in our be-  
half. The overland papers will exhibit India  
in one universal agony. The only hope for the

future is in the evangelization of this vast  
empire."

Let us earnestly pray that God will be pleased  
to preserve the lives of our countrymen, and let  
us in future be more faithful in sending to the  
natives of India the blessed Gospel of Jesus.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A PRIZE OF A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, VALUE  
FIVE POUNDS, is offered for the best Answers  
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tions will be published in each monthly number  
throughout 1857. By this plan the Editor hopes  
to secure amongst his young friends a more con-  
tinuous searching of the Sacred Scriptures.]

#### QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

17. What historical fact is a striking illustration of  
Solomon's words, "the ransom of a man's life is his  
riches?"

18. Of what vegetable object named in Scripture may  
it be said that its disuse was its only allowable use?

For Conditions, see Number for April.

### A STREET EDUCATION FOR BOYS.

A CITY MISSIONARY visited an unhappy man  
in jail, awaiting his trial for a sad crime.  
"Sir," said the prisoner;—tears running down  
his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it  
was my street education that ruined me. I  
used to slip out of the house, and go off with the  
boys in the street. In the street I learned to  
lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the  
street I learned to smoke; in the street I  
learned to gamble; in the street I learned to  
piller: Oh, sir, it is in the street the devil lurks  
to work the ruin of the young!"

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may be had in one volume, price 6s., gilt edges, 7s. 6d.,  
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LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the Editor,  
3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)



"GIVE PEACE IN OUR TIME, O LORD!"





"THE ASS, WHICH JESUS CHOSE TO USE, I'LL LEARN TO LOVE, AND NOT ABUSE."

#### THE USEFUL DONKEY.

AMONGST God's good gifts to the poor man, the patient and docile donkey is one of the most useful. When treated with *kindness*, he is a most faithful servant. When cruelly used, he becomes stupid. This is not to be wondered at. If any of our readers have the care of donkeys, we trust that they will use them *kindly*.

#### THE ASS.

I WOULD not beat a donkey—no!  
I would not dare to hurt it so.  
The ass, which JESUS chose to use,  
I'll learn to love, and not abuse.  
JESUS to all was meek and kind!  
I'll ask of him a lowly mind,  
A tender heart, that I may be  
Loving and kind to all I see.

WHEN you use the donkey in harness, frequently examine that the saddle, collar, and gearing, fit properly. Boys who have the care of donkeys should treat them gently, and not run races, or goad them with sticks or sharp instruments.

#### SAGACITY OF AN ASS.

SOME years ago an ass was employed at Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, in drawing water by a large wheel from a very deep well, supposed to have been sunk by the Romans. When his keeper wanted water, he would say to the ass, "Tom, my boy, I want water; get into the wheel my good lad;" which Thomas immediately performed with an alacrity and sagacity that would have done credit to a nobler animal; and no doubt he knew the precise number of times necessary for the wheel to revolve upon its axis, to complete his labour, because every time he brought the bucket to the surface of the well, he constantly stopped. He turned round his honest head to observe the moment when his master laid hold of the bucket to draw it towards him, because he had then either to recede or advance a little. It was pleasing to observe with what steadiness and regularity the poor animal performed his labour.

#### A SHIPWRECKED DONKEY.

IN March 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas, R.N., then at Malta, was shipped on board the Ister frigate, Captain Forrest, bound from Gibraltar for that island. The vessel struck on some sands off the Point de Gat, and


the ass was thrown overboard, in hope that it might possibly be able to swim to land; of which, however, there seemed but little chance, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship, was lost. A few days after, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard was surprised by "Valiant," as the ass was called, presenting himself for admittance. On entering, he proceeded immediately to the stable of Mr. Weeks, which he had formerly occupied. The poor animal had not only swam safely to the shore, but had found his way from Point de Gat to Gibraltar, a distance of more than two hundred miles, through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams which he had never traversed before, and in so short a period, that he could not have made one false turn. P. A.

#### "SHALL IT BE SO?"

AT his late lecture in Worcester, Mr. Coles said, that if the drinking usages of society continued for the *next* fifteen years as they had for the *last* fifteen, one out of every group of *eight* boys of the present day would go to a *drunkard's grave*. He sent the truth home to the heart of every one present, by pointing to a row of eight little lads, who filled a seat in front of the desk, and impressively proclaiming that in all human probability, *one* at the least, and perhaps *more* of their number, would die by the hand of the Moloch of *INTEMPERANCE*!

Parents! Sunday school Teachers! Shall one-eighth of all the boys die drunkards? God forbid; be faithful to your solemn trust, and it shall not be

so. Teach your little ones to *abstain* from strong drink, and by God's blessing upon your instructions, you will have reason to hope that they will be preserved from the tempter.



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By the Editor of the 'Band of Hope Review.'

THE  
**BRITISH  
WORKMAN.**

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THE BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC for 1858 will be ready on the 1st October. If our readers will order it, through a Bookseller, *early*, we shall be obliged.





No. 82.]

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND Co., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

[OCTOBER, 1st, 1857.]

# **"TEDDY" AND THE RACE-HORSE.**

A NOBLEMAN had the news brought to his breakfast table one morning, that his animal property had received an increase of two in number. His favourite race-horse had produced a foal, and an ass had also produced a young one. Being of a generous turn of mind, he determined to make presents of both the foals.

To a neighbouring squire, with whom he was on intimate terms, he sent the foal of his favourite horse, while the more humble animal was bestowed upon a poor labourer, whose cottage was situate upon the borders of his park. The squire on receiving his present, gave him the name of "Duke," in honour of his donor, and resolved to spare neither pains nor expense in preparing his charge for the course.

A stable was built expressly for him, and a groom was obtained, whose sole occupation was the management and training of the animal. Time went on, and the rich squire matched the horse in many races. He proved very successful, never losing a single race, and brought his owner much "fame" as well as gain. The confidence of the squire in his steed increased so much, that he at length hazarded



"TEDDY" EATING HIS WELL EARNED SUPPER.



all his property on one race. The day of running came, and the "Duke" lost the race. The squire was undone. He was ruined—for he had lost his all, and was obliged to leave his paternal estate and subsist on the bounty of friends.

Meanwhile, the young ass was allowed little or nothing by his owner. There was no pampering in his case. He had no shed to shelter him from the cold, and he was contented to eat a little of the thatched eaves of the cottage, or whatever else he could get when snow covered the ground. But in time, as he grew older, he grew stronger, and was at last put to use. The waste ground near the house afforded fuel or brushwood, which found a ready sale in a neighbouring town, and "Teddy," now caressed by the children, took a daily walk to town to dispose of the produce of the common, while his panniers were loaded in returning homewards, with such things as the village needed. The nobleman gave permission for "Teddy's" owner to enclose a certain space of the common for the purpose of a garden, and the ass, often, instead of taking brushwood to town, took vegetables. In a short time the peasant further increased his garden, so that his supplies for market found the faithful animal constant work in carrying vegetables alone; and "Teddy," now that his usefulness was felt, found that it was also recognised, in having a shed put up for him at the back of the house for his protection from the cold. Time went on, and the garden was again increased. A small cart was obtained, the panniers were laid aside to be forgotten, and the appearance of the peasant at town assumed one of the features of the market, while at home, the cheerfulness of the place, and the healthy looks and gentle demeanour of the children bespoke the fruits of economy and thoughtfulness on the part of the parents. Plenty seemed to smile on all, and a competency at last rewarded the labours of the industrious owner of "Teddy," who was thus enabled to become an influential member of society.

Thus we see that gambling brought on ruin, and that carefulness and economy produced cheerfulness and competency.

From this story learn the following lessons.—

1. To avoid anything which approaches to gambling.
2. Never to despise or illtreat the ass, since, when rightly used, it may become so great a means of assisting its possessor.
3. That instead of being cruel and vicious, children should pray to be made kind and gentle, and imitate their blessed Saviour. J. H. G.

### LOOKING TO JESUS.

CHILDREN! you have gone astray,  
Far from God, and peace, and heaven:  
Would you leave that dangerous way?  
Would you have your sins forgiven?  
Christ can all your sins forgive;  
Look to Jesus, look and live.

Children! you have sinful hearts;  
Jesus Christ can make you whole;  
He can cleanse your inward parts,  
Sanctify and save your soul.  
Jesus a new heart can give;  
Look to Jesus, look and live.

Children! you must shortly die;  
Jesus died your souls to save;  
If you to the Saviour fly,  
You shall live beyond the grave  
Life eternal he will give;  
Look to Jesus, look and live.

### THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS.

LIVE as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing, they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, and fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come. Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will, by God's blessing, take good care of you.



### NOAH'S DOVE.

When Noah had been long shut in,  
And thought the earth was dry;  
He sent a dove, to fly for him  
Into the open sky.

The raven he had sent before,  
Returned not to the ark;  
The gentle dove no safety saw,  
For all was drear and dark.

I, like the dove, may wander forth  
Into the stormy sky;  
Out of the ark there's only wrath  
For sinners such as I.

Christ, like the ark, the refuge is,  
For sinners lost like me;  
Without are floods and stormy skies,  
In Him I safe shall be.

Dear Lord! look forth and take me in,  
As Noah took the dove,  
I need not perish for my sin  
When sheltered by Thy love.

*From Uncle John's "Illustrated Songs and Hymns  
for the Little Ones."*

### THE CROOKED TREE.

HAVE you noticed that tree in the corner of the yard? When very young it was bent down to the earth, and embedded there. It then shot up again, but it is now deformed. The sun may shine, the dew and the rain may fall, but the tree will *never be straight*. So, bad habits once fixed, are hard things to root out.

A LITTLE boy, on his death-bed, urging his father to repentance, said, "Father, I am going to heaven; what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you won't love him?" Before the weeping father could answer, the child had fallen asleep in Jesus.

### THE USEFUL DONKEY.

THE Ass is a useful creature. He is a native of Arabia, and other parts of the east. The ass produced in this country is much inferior in size and beauty to those of a warmer climate. The gentleness, patience, and perseverance of the ass are very great. He is contented with the coarsest food, and never lies down to sleep, except when much fatigued. He will drink none but the cleanest water. He is so much afraid of wetting his feet, that even when heavily laden, he will turn aside to avoid the dirty parts of the road. He usually lives to the age of twenty or twenty-five years.

The services of this useful creature are too often repaid by cruel treatment. He is said to be a very stupid animal, but he is bright enough when treated with gentleness and love. It would make any creature stupid to be constantly kicked and beaten, which, alas! is too frequently the case with poor Jack. A donkey will do anything for those he loves, but he does not care to please those who beat and abuse him. I remember hearing a story of a Spanish donkey, which I will tell you. Spain is a beautiful sunny country, hundreds of miles from here. The poor people there are called peasants, and you can scarcely meet with one who does not possess a donkey, which is always treated with the greatest kindness. The children stand at the door of the cottage watching for his return from work, and when they see him

coming slowly down the road, they throw up their caps, and set up a merry shout. The donkey hears them; he pricks up his long ears, and trots fast, in a hurry to meet them. When he comes up to the door, they put their arms round his neck, and pat him on the side. They bring him a bunch of nice hay, or some of the bread they have for their own supper, and if they can find a turnip, they run gladly to give it him. He eats from their hands, and tries all he can to say, "I love you, dear children." Oh, no! The poor donkey is not stupid. It is very pleasant to him to be loved, and he gives back love to those who treat him well. But now for my story. The owner of the donkey of which I am going to tell you, was a poor man, who carried milk to market. The milk was put into bottles, and packed close in panniers, that were thrown across the donkey's back. The peasant walked along beside the donkey and his load, and thus they trudged to market together, every day for many years. The donkey knew his master and mistress just as well as they knew each other. He would come joyfully when they called his name, and feed from their hands, and follow them like a dog. He loved them, and would do anything for them. The peasant, having been taken sick, knew not what to do, till his wife suggested that the donkey knew every customer's door as well as his master, and would, doubtless, stop at each house. So they sent him off alone with the milk, and he presented himself at every customer's door, so that they helped themselves. When he finished his round he started home again; and when he came trotting up with his empty bottles, all safe and sound, it was a joyful meeting. His old mistress patted him, and called him kind names; and he nestled his head on her shoulder, and seemed to try to say, "Am I not a good donkey?" C.

"MOTHER," said a little boy, "do you know the reason I don't have to go without my meals now, as I used to?"

"Why, my child?"

"Why, because father's joined the temperance society."

"I know it, and thank God," was the reply.





### THE COCKATOO.

THERE is a bird of plumage rare,  
Which oft in gilded cage we view;  
Procured with cost, preserved with care,  
I mean the gaudy Cockatoo.  
He is a bird of price and fame,  
And talks, as other birds can do;  
For, if you ask him what's his name,  
He'll say, 'tis "Pretty Cockatoo."

Yet in those words of simple lore  
Does all this scholar's wisdom lie;  
For, put a thousand questions more,  
You'll only get the same reply.  
Ask Him, who form'd the mount and plain?  
Who first the glowing landscape drew?  
Who bade the steamboats plough the main?  
He'll say, 'twas "Pretty Cockatoo."

Thus children oft, when sent to school,  
Perform the same unmeaning rounds;  
Learn all by accident or rule,  
But see no meaning in the sounds.  
Yet, Reader! if 'tis but by rote  
Thou runn'st thy daily lessons through,  
And never giv'st the sense a thought,  
Thou'rt but a prating Cockatoo.

A bird may come to sound its name,  
A bird might almost learn to spell;  
But boys and girls must seek to aim  
At something more than birds can tell.  
The wreath, which grows on wisdom's bough,  
Is free to all, though cropp'd by few;  
Be that thy bright reward, and thou  
Shalt shame the senseless Cockatoo.

DR. HUIE.

### THE POST-DOG.

Boys! never be cruel to dogs, they have their appointed place in God's creation as well as you. The sagacity of the house dog and the shepherd's dog is well known, but I will now tell you a fact about a dog that was employed as a letter carrier to the great accommodation of those whom he served.

William Kirk removed, many years ago, from his father's residence at Wilmington in North America, to a farm about thirty miles off; he became a pioneer in a new settlement, and encountered the hardships and perils of those who first penetrated the wilderness. William and his family took with them their father's house dog to this new settlement. "Rover," it appears, was a dog of somewhat irritable temper, and easily offended. On one occasion, having received some slight insult, he set off in a pet, and travelled back to his former residence, a distance of thirty miles, having a river to swim over. He was received with great surprise and pleasure at his old quarters, and was fed and caressed as a favourite member of the family. Things continued smooth and peaceable for some time, until a slight insult having been offered to "Rover" at his old master's, he started back to his new quarters, and here again he was received with much favour. Farmer Kirk, having discovered the travelling propensities of his dog, determined to turn his abilities to some account. In those days there were neither roads, or bridges, nor postmen, and the communications between the two families were few and far between. "Rover" was now furnished with letters to the old family, which were put into a small bladder, and tied round his neck to prevent their being wetted in the river he had to swim across. Thus equipped "Rover" was bid to "be off," accordingly, he started for his old quarters, where he was cordially received, and well treated, not only on his own account, but on account of the letter bag which he had so safely conveyed. Thus did "Rover"

continue to serve his employers in the office of post-dog, travelling to and fro as occasion required, from one settlement to the other.

Boys! do no injury to dumb animals; you do not know how capable they are of being made useful to men.  
J. P.

### IT IS PLEASANT FLOATING.

SEVERAL years since, three students of a college in M—, bathing one sunny day in the beautiful river, allowed themselves to float downward towards a waterfall some distance below. At length two of them made for the shore, and to their alarm found that the current was stronger than they had supposed. They immediately hailed the other and urged him to seek the shore. But he smiled at their fears and said, "It is pleasant floating." He seemed to enjoy it much. Soon, several persons were gathered on the bank of the river, and alarmed for his safety, they cried out in deep earnestness, "Make for the shore, or you will certainly go over." But he still floated on, laughing at their fears. Soon he saw his danger, and exerted his utmost energies to gain the shore. But alas, it was too late! The current was too strong; he cried for help, but no help could now reach him. His mind was filled with anguish, and just as he reached the fearful precipice, he threw himself up with arms extended, gave an unearthly shriek, and then was plunged into the boiling abyss below.

How striking an illustration of the conduct and final ruin of thousands of immortal souls, who are floating pleasantly and thoughtlessly on the stream of life, toward the gulf of dark despair! They are warned and entreated with tears by alarmed and faithful friends. But they float on, mocking the fears of those who love them most, till too late they awake to their danger, and see just beneath them the gulf of eternal ruin!



### THE EAGLE.

THE eagle is called the king of birds. It is one of the largest birds that flies. When its wings are spread out, it measures from seven to eight feet. The eagle is a bird of prey, that is, it kills other animals for its food.

It has a double pair of eyelids, and can look on the sun without winking.

The eagle builds her nest in the caverns of rocks. It is called an eyrie. Young eagles are called eaglets. This bird is frequently mentioned in the Bible.

"The towering eagle soars from human sight,  
And seeks the sun in her untiring flight;  
High on some mountain-crag she dwells alone,  
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own.  
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,  
And with a glancing glance marks out her prey.  
Her gaze, she casts with bold and howling o'er  
The unlaughed-at host engaged in promised gore."

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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#### QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

19.—The last day of a certain king's life is the only day mentioned in his history by one of the prophets. Name the king and the prophet.

20.—Name a New Testament saint, described by a title, which, if it were possible, might excite an archangel's envy.

For Conditions, see number for April.

### COUNSEL TO TALE-BEARERS.

NEVER repeat a story unless you are certain it is correct, and even not then unless something is to be gained, either of importance to yourself, or for the good of the person concerned. Tatling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it grows fonder of it in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbour, never reproach his character by telling that which is false. He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another, until the tale becomes enormous. "A story never loses anything," it is wisely remarked; but on the contrary gains in proportion as it is repeated by those who have not a very strict regard for truth. Truly, "the tongue is an unruly member, full of deadly poison."—Farmer.

### IRISH MAINE LAW VILLAGES.

THE following extract from John Wesley's Journal, written nearly one hundred years ago, contains an interesting fact which is perhaps not generally known even to our Irish readers.

Wednesday, June 9th, 1760.

"I rode on to Killikeen, a German settlement near twenty miles south of Limerick. It rained all the way, but the earnestness of the poor people made us quite forget it. In the evening I preached to another colony of Germans at Ballygarane. The third is at Court Mattress, a mile from Killikeen. I suppose three such towns are scarce to be found again in England or Ireland. There is no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, NO ALERHOUSE IN ANY OF THEM. How will these poor foreigners rise up in the judgment against those that are round about them!"

Band of Hope Almanac for 1858. Price One Penny. If our readers will give their orders through a Bookseller, early, we shall be obliged.

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## A HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

We are glad to find that many of the wealthy in our land are in the habit of scattering large numbers of our little papers in their travels. A lady writes us:—

"We were walking in the Abbey Wood, at Torquay, with our four children, on a Sunday afternoon in the summer. There was a large party of boys playing at cricket, to some of whom we distributed the *Band of Hope Review* and little tracts, which were received with most gratifying eagerness. Several of the party took refuge in a tree to read them undisturbed.

So seated, each with his sheet before him, the appearance was most picturesque in that beautiful wood, with the gladness and richness of summer around, and the fine view of the sea in the distance.

"The party being such a large one, we could not supply each, and we observed one or two of the boys leaving the group, and when we passed further on in our walk, they met us; evidently hoping by this means to secure the last few we still had of the valued papers. We were pleased to see their determination to have them, and glad to supply them. It interested us to see how they were drawn to a more suitable and profitable employment on the Sabbath day, and further encouraged us to distribute many more copies on our journey home along the South Devon coast."

## YOU NEVER CAN RUB IT OUT.

ONE pleasant afternoon, a lady was sitting with her little son, a white-haired boy, five years of age. The mother was sick, and the child had left his play to stay with her, and was amusing himself in printing his name with a pencil on paper.

Suddenly his busy fingers stopped. He had made a mistake, and, wetting his finger, he tried again and again to rub out the mark, as he had been accustomed to do on his slate.

"My son," said his mother, "do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips; and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother's eye was on him earnestly, but she said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms round her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out this

dreadful account, but not without you pray to him to have it done. Go to him, then, and feel that he is near you like your father and mother, only more able to help you than they can be. Try to be good, and obey him, and he will help you, if you ask him.—*From the Teacher's Offering.*



SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS! when you are canvassing for new scholars, try the effect of distributing copies of this paper.

"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Proverbs viii. 17.

## A SOLEMN WARNING.

JOHN MOORES, who was executed some years

since at Chester, for a burglary, addressed the spectators to the following effect:—"My friends, you are come to see a man die. I would advise you to take warning by me. The first beginning of my ruin was *Sabbath-breaking*; it led me into bad company, and from bad company to robbing gardens and orchards, and from

gardens and orchards to house-breaking, which has brought me to this sad end. Many of you are young, and in an especial manner I warn you to beware of *Sabbath-breaking*.

THOMAS BERRIMAN was executed in 1832 at Winchester, in company with Henry Hunt, for incendiarism. Before his death he thus addressed the assemblage;—"I hope all you young men will take warning by our untimely downfall. Here we are, cut down in our bloom by drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking, which have brought us to what we are now. I hope you that are come to see us will take the *SCRIPTURES* for your guide, and then you will never come to such an untimely end."

TWO CONVICTS were asked by the Rev. J. Kingsmill, Chaplain of the

Pentonville Prison, as to their first steps in ruin. One replied, "Disobedience to parents, and from that to Sabbath-breaking and gambling." The second said, "Staying out late at night, and bad company; not taking good advice, and disobedience to parents; gaming, and such like practices." See Chapter on "Prisons and Prisoners," by the Rev. J. Kingsmill, M.A.

## MR. GOUGH.

On the 10th of August, this honoured temperance advocate delivered the opening address of his second mission to this country, in the beautiful grounds of the great Hydropathic Establishment at Sudbrook Park, near Richmond, in Surrey. We rejoice to state that Mr. Gough is much recruited in health and strength by his visit to America, and that there is no diminution of his oratorical powers. We hope that all our readers will make an effort to hear him during his tour through the country. PARENTS who can, will do well to take their children to his lectures.

The name of "Sudbrook Park" awakens in our mind many grateful recollections. It was at this lovely spot, where, by God's blessing upon Dr. Ellis's skillful treatment, we recovered from the effects of an accident which had well-nigh prevented our ever issuing another number of the *Band of Hope Review*, or a single copy of the *British Workman*.



SUDBROOK PARK, RICHMOND, SURREY.

\* In our next Number we hope to award several Prizes for the Poems on KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.





No. 83.]

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE &amp; Co., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

[NOVEMBER 1st, 1857.]

**THE SIMPLE TRUTH.**

EMILY and Julia Carlton, one day when their mother was gone out, enticed Brutus the great farm-house dog into the parlor, and began a game of romps with him. Now, Brutus was a very old dog, and did not like to be pulled about by the little girls, so he ran under the table, and sideboard, and sofa, to get away from them, while they pursued clapping their hands and laughing. But they did not laugh long, for

Brutus, in trying to escape, overturned a stand, upon which stood a glass globe containing gold and silver fish. The globe was, of course, broken, and the poor little fishes gasping and struggling, lay scattered upon the carpet.

The children were at first too much frightened to speak, but Julia soon found her tongue, and exclaimed—

“Poor little fish! poor little fish! Oh, what will mother say to us?”

“Poor little fish!” echoed Emily, “they will all die. Oh, what shall we do?”

“Mother will be very angry with us and punish us,” said Julia.

“She will be displeased with us for calling Brutus into the parlor; but she will not punish us if we tell her the truth.”

“Yes she will, I know,” said Julia, “she won’t let us go to cousin Harriet’s party to-morrow.”



“THE POOR LITTLE FISHES, GASPING AND STRUGGLING, LAY SCATTERED UPON THE CARPET.”



"Well, I shall not be so sorry for that as I am for the gold fish."

"Mother needn't know we brought Brutus into the parlor, Emily. We can run into the garden to play, and she won't find it out."

"Oh, Julia, you would not be so wicked!"

"It would not be wicked," said Julia, "I do not mean to tell a lie."

"But you mean to act a lie; and mother has told us, a great many times, that it is just as bad as telling one. It would be a great deal worse than calling Brutus into the parlor, because then we did not mean to do wrong. Mother likes to have us tell the simple truth, and I shall tell it to her, and then she won't punish us."

Mrs. Carlton came in while Emily was speaking.

"Oh, my poor fish," she exclaimed, and hastened forward to the kitchen. She returned in an instant with a bowl of water, and carefully took up the fish and put them into it.

"They do not move," she said, after she had watched them awhile. "They are quite dead."

She then turned to her daughters, and desired to know how the accident had happened.

"Brutus threw down the stand, mother," said Julia.

"How came Brutus in the parlor?" asked Mrs. Carlton.

"He came in—at the open door—I suppose," stammered Julia.

"Brutus knows he is not permitted to come into the parlour, and he must have been called, or he would not have entered it now. But how happened he to throw down the stand?"

"He ran against it, mother."

"Brutus is usually a careful dog. I think he would not have thrown down the stand unless he had been driven or forced against it. Come, Emily, you always tell a straight forward story. Let me hear how it was."

"We called Brutus into the parlour, mother, because we wanted him to play with us; but he did not like to play, so he crept under the sideboard, and table, and sofa, to get away from us. We drove him out and laughed and clapped our hands, and I suppose he got frightened, for he ran away and we ran after him, till he hit the stand and threw it down."

"How beautiful is truth!" said Mrs. Carlton, as she stooped to kiss Emily.

"I told the truth, too," said Julia, with tears in her eyes.

"Not the simple truth, and the whole truth, my dear. You merely did not tell a falsehood, but you did all you could do without telling one, to throw the blame on somebody, or something besides yourself; Emily, on the contrary, kept nothing back, neither did she try to excuse herself by accusing Brutus and the open door, but with the perfect frankness and fairness of her character, told the truth, and the whole truth. Now tell me, my dear, what you have ever gained by keeping back part of the truth, when you feared the whole of it would bring you into trouble!"

Julia was obliged to answer "Nothing."

"And what have you lost?"

"Nothing, mother."

"Is the confidence of your friends nothing, my dear child?"

Julia had often felt pain at not being believed and trusted, as her sister Emily was, and she burst into tears.

"You know, my dear Julia," said Mrs. Carlton, "I love you too tenderly ever to give you pain but for your good, and I believe, if the pain you suffer now should induce you to correct this fault, you will hereafter thank me for inflicting it. Did you ever hear what was a wise man's reply, when once asked what a man gains by telling a falsehood?"

"No, mother."

"It was, 'Not to be believed when he speaks the truth.' Remember this, and let it teach you to speak the simple truth in future."

#### A GOOD TEST.

"The secret you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret—one that will be likely to bring you sorrow"

"Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." PSALM CXXXIII. 1.



#### BE DOVE-LIKE.

"Be ye harmless as doves."

"Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted."

I must kind and gentle be,  
If I would my Father please,  
For I know he loves to see  
Children bearing fruits like these.

Nothing selfish or unkind  
Can before my Father come;  
I must have His children's mind,  
If I seek His children's home.

No more angry thoughts or rude  
Are allowed to enter there;  
We shall seek each other's good,  
And each other's pleasure share.

When these evil thoughts I feel—  
As alas! I often do—  
Lord, thy tender love reveal;  
Surely thou wilt conquer so!

From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for Little Ones,"  
Compiled by UNCLE JOHN.

#### "THE VOICE SAID, CRY."

"What shall I cry?" the prophet said, and sighed;  
"All flesh is grass," the heavenly voice replied.  
"All flesh is grass, and its most beauteous form  
"Frail as the flower that's withered by the storm.  
"The grass shall fade, the flower shall pass away,  
"Yet let this truth the fainting spirit stay,  
"The word of God is firm and lasts for aye!"

DR. HUIE.

"Watch and Pray."

#### THE GREATEST TRIAL.

A FATHER had a lovely boy who went out to swim and was brought home drowned. It almost broke the heart of the mother. But the father said he could bear that, because it was sent in the providence of God; but he could not bear to see another son, who had learned to smoke and drink, go to a drunkard's grave. That would be a greater trial.

#### THE JUG.

ONE afternoon, as Samuel was returning from school he was overtaken by a heavy fall of snow, which came on suddenly, accompanied by violent wind. There was already much snow on the ground, and this driving storm drifted it in large piles to the sides of the road. Samuel fought his way along, buffeting the wind and snow, till he came to the hill at the foot of which he lived. He was running down the hill, when he saw something red at the side of the road, and stopped to take it up. What was his surprise to find a child asleep in the snow! He looked again, it was his little sister Catherine!

A thin, red calico shawl was pinned over her shoulder, her tattered bonnet had fallen from her head, one little hand was half raised as if imploring help, the other grasped the jug.

"Oh! my sister! my sister is dead!" exclaimed Samuel. He caught her up and ran down the hill, carrying her benumbed frame in his arms. He reached the house, and fell with his burden at the door. His mother came out and gave one agonizing shriek. His father was asleep on the bed, he felt too sick to move, but not to drink, and had compelled the little girl to go to the store to procure him the poison that was fast sending him to the grave. It snowed but little when she went out, but the storm had come on violently, and her feeble frame was unable to bear it. Oh drink! what hast thou done?

Fathers and mothers! teach your little ones to abstain from the intoxicating cup. Train them up as members of the "Cold Water Army."

#### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A PRIZE OF A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, VALUE FIVE POUNDS, is offered for the best Answers to the twenty-four Bible Questions for 1857.

#### QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

No. 21.—Quote an expression, (a mere glimpse of information), which is all that is given us, of more than a century preceding the most memorable event, except one, of all time.

No. 22.—What problem did Christ give in relation to flowers, which the deepest philosophers and divines have not yet solved?

#### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

On the 1st December will be published,  
The Yearly Part for 1857 of the "Band of Hope Review," with 70 illustrations. Price One Shilling.

A complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review," for the first seven years, in one volume, price 7s., gilt edges, 8s. 6d., or in seven yearly parts, price one shilling each.

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LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the Editor 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)



## ONE SINGLE WORD FROM A MOTHER.



THE following striking illustration of the power of a mother, was recently given by the Hon. Wendell Phillips, in a public speech in New York. I was told to-day a story so touching, that you must let me tell it. It is the story of a mother on the green hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand a son sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. As she stood by the garden gate on a sunny morning she said:—

"Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of the seaman's life is *drink*. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink."

"And," said he, (for he told me the story himself) "I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, and the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hill side of Vermont, did not rise against me; and to day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of intoxicating liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was but half. For, said he, yesterday there came into my counting-room, a man of forty, and asked me—

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well, I was once brought drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside, you took me to your berth and kept me till I had slept off the intoxication; then you asked me if I had a mother; I said I never knew a word from her lips; you told me of your's at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I come to ask you to come and see me."

How far that little candle throws its beams! Oh! God be thanked for the power of a single word!

"HONOUR thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

## THE NEGLECTED BIBLE.

THE Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Dedham, when preaching about the Bible, expostulated with those of his hearers who were chargeable with neglecting the Sacred Scriptures. Addressing them as if God himself were speaking, he said

"I have long entrusted you with my Holy Bible but you have slighted it. It lies in your houses covered with dust and cobwebs. You care not to look into it. Do you use my Bible so? You shall keep possession of it no longer." He then lifted the sacred volume off the cushion, and, turning round, appeared as if he were carrying it away. Then suddenly turning back again, and personating the people, he fell on his knees, and wept and pleaded thus with God: "O Lord, whatever thou dost to us, take not thy Bible from us! take our children—burn our houses—destroy our goods—only spare us thy Bible!" Then he again addressed the people as from their Maker, "Say you so? Well, I will try you a little longer; here is my Bible for you. I will yet a little farther see in what manner you will treat it; whether henceforth you will love it and pay attention to it, whether you will yield obedience to it and live as it requires." By his actions, words, and tones of voice, he produced such an impression upon the congregation, that a general weeping ensued: and it is hoped that from that hour many sincerely repented of the criminal neglect with which they had previously treated the precious Bible. Reader! is your's a neglected Bible?

From *Cash's Illustrated Hand-Bills*, (No. 42.)



## PRIZE POEMS

ON  
KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WE have now much pleasure in announcing the Award.

We received 362 poems, the examination of which has been no slight task.

Those by the following competitors are regarded as the best.

1st.—ELIZA F. MORRIS, Eg'antise Cottage, Clapgate, Worcester, to whom the Prize of THREE POUNDS is accordingly awarded.

2nd.—WALTER BATHGATE, No. 49, St. George's Hill, Everton, to whom the Prize of Two POUNDS is awarded.

In addition to the above, the Essays by the following are deserving of notice, viz.:—

1.—EMILY JOHNSON, Mrs. Hensley's, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

2.—JAMES JOHNSTON, House of Refuge, Glasgow.

3.—W. E. MATTHEWS, Sea View, near Hyde.

4.—MARY ROSE SHARP, 71, East Hill, Colchester.

To each of these four competitors we present (by the kindness of Mrs. Patrick, of Notting Hill,) the gilt-edged volumes of the *Band of Hope Review* and *British Workman*.

## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

PRIZE POEM, BY ELIZA F. MORRIS.

I LOVE God's beautiful green earth,  
Its mountains, vales, and sylvan bowers;  
I love its rocks and rippling rills,  
Its grand old trees and fragrant flowers:  
And e'en the tender blade that bends  
When pearly dew-drops gently fall;—  
They all are beautiful to me,  
Because He made and loves them all!

Ere yet the morning star goes down,  
I love to wander through the wood;  
When fluttering wings and soft low chirps  
Are all that break the solitude.  
So like a gentle, whispered sound,  
Breathes out that first low-tittering prayer,  
The prelude to a burst of praise,  
That soon shall swell upon the air.

These are God's little choristers,  
Performing service all day long;  
Till nature's old cathedral aisles  
Are deluged with a flood of song.  
A merry group of pensioners,  
A grateful, trusting, joyous band;  
Protected by His watchful care,  
And fed by His kind loving hand!

I love to stroll in summer-time  
O'er yonder green and flowery plain,  
Where cattle take their noontide rest,  
And wild bees hum their busy strain.  
I love to watch the fleecy ewe,  
That gazes with maternal pride  
Upon the playful lamb, that bounds  
In merry gambols by her side.



I love poor patient Jack, that crops  
The thistle down the shady lane;  
I would not make his life a scene  
Of hardship, weariness, and pain.  
I love the little busy ants,  
Who toil the livelong summer day;  
And beautiful bright butterflies,  
That gaily flit their life away.

All seem to thank the bounteous hand,  
That still supplies their daily food;  
And, by their glad contented mien,  
They preach to man on gratitude.  
And every living thing that roams  
O'er hill and dale, thro' sea and air,  
Proclaims this truth—the works of God  
Are good, and beautiful, and fair.

They are as He created them,  
And ever to their nature true.  
O ye that boast superior mind,  
Our Father is their Father too.  
Yes, He who gives us daily bread,  
Supplies their wants and hears their cry.  
And every wrong which they endure  
Is marked by his paternal eye.

Despise them not, ye little know  
Of all God's great and wise intent.  
What, if some power ye now possess?  
Your sceptre here is only lent:  
And should you cruelly betray  
Your trust o'er those who can't complain,  
Beware! the measure that ye mete  
May be returned to you again.

Oh meekly learn of Him, who rules,  
In tenderness, the weak and small;  
And as He loves and pities you,  
Be kind and pitiful to all.  
Some sorrow, toil, and suffering  
Must needs be, in this world below;  
But let your earnest life-work be  
To soothe, to heal, and lighten woe.

Remember Him, whose earthly life,  
For us and our salvation given,  
Was one clear shining beacon light,  
To guide our wayward souls to heaven.  
The bright example which He left,  
All beauty, gentleness, and love,  
Is that which we must imitate,  
If we would dwell with Him above.

No evil thought, no unkind word,  
No cruelty, revenge, nor wrong,  
Can find a home in that bright world,  
Or fellowship 'mid that pure throng.  
Then let this fleeting life be spent  
In constant scenes of doing good;  
And let the law of kindness reign  
In hearts that here would worship God.

And oh, ye little pilgrim band,  
Ye tender ones, regard this truth—  
A kind and beautiful old age  
Results from habits formed in youth.  
And when ye kneel to God in prayer,  
To seek His Holy Spirit's aid,  
Ask for a gentle heart, to love  
All creatures that His hand hath made.



### "IT COMES FROM ABOVE."

In France, I once knew a poor boy who was called "Little Peter." He was an orphan, and begged his bread from door to door. He sang very prettily, and people seldom sent him away empty-handed. It was an idle and uncomfortable life he led, but Peter had no one to care for him, or teach him better. He had the singular custom of saying on every occasion, "It comes from above." When his father was on his death-bed—if indeed he had a bed, for he was very poor—he said to his son, "My dear Peter, you will now be left alone, and many troubles you will have in the world. But always remember, that all comes from above: then you will find it easy to bear every thing with patience."

"Little Peter" understood him, and in order not to forget the words, he often repeated them aloud. When he knocked at a door and the people asked, "Who is there?" he would answer, "Alms for 'Little Peter.'" Or he would say,

"Alms to 'Little Peter' give:  
Without shoes or hat I go,  
To my home beyond the sky;  
I have nothing here below."

They needed no further information, and would give him something at the window or the door. He acknowledged every gift with the words, "It comes from above."

As "Little Peter" grew up, he used to consider what the expression meant. He was intelligent enough to see that *sin* could not come from God; yet as we must believe that God rules the world, we may well say of every thing that happens, "It comes from above."

This faith of "Little Peter" frequently turned out for his benefit. Once, as he was passing through the town, a sudden wind blew off a roof-tile, which fell on his shoulder and struck him to the ground. His first words were, "It comes from above." The bystanders laughed and thought he must be out of his wits, for of course the tile could not fall from below; but they did not understand him. A minute after the wind tore off an entire roof in the same street, which crushed three men to death. Had "Little Peter" gone on, he would probably have been at that moment just where the roof fell. Thus you see the tile did indeed fall from above—not from the roof simply, but from Heaven itself.

Another time a distinguished gentleman employed him to carry a letter to a neighbouring town, bidding him make all haste. On the way he tried to spring over a ditch, but it was so wide that he fell in and was nearly drowned. The letter was lost in the mud, and could not be recovered. When "Little Peter" got out again he exclaimed, "It comes from above!" The gentleman was angry when "Little Peter" told him of his mishap, and drove him out of doors with a whip. "It comes from above," said Peter, as he stood on the steps. The next day the gentleman sent for him. "See here," said he, "there are two ducats for you, for tumbling into the ditch. Circumstances have so changed on a sudden, that it would have been a misfortune to me had the letter gone safely."

I could tell much more about Peter. When he had become a large boy he was still called "Little Peter." A rich Englishman who came into the town, having heard his story, sent for him in order to bestow on him some charity. When "Little Peter" entered the room the Englishman said, "What think you, Peter, why have I sent for you?" "It comes from above," replied Peter. This answer greatly pleased the Englishman. After musing a while, he said, "You are right; I will take you into my service and provide well for you. Will you agree to that?" "It comes from above" answered Peter, "why should I not?"

So the rich Englishman took him away. We were all sorry that he came no more to sing his pretty verse under our windows. But he had become weary of begging, and as he had

learned no trade we were glad that he was at length provided for. Long afterwards we learned that when the rich Englishman died he bequeathed a large sum of money to "Little Peter," who was now a wealthy man in Birmingham. But he still said of every occurrence, "It comes from above."

REV. DR. C. G. BATH.

### THE HONEST RAGGED LAD.

A FEW years ago in a Ragged School in London, a gentleman determined to test the honesty of one of the poor lads, by sending him with a sovereign to get it changed for silver.

"Oh," said one, "you'll never see your sovereign again—the lad will never return."



"I believe he *will* return," replied the gentleman.

Several minutes elapsed, but the lad had not yet appeared. The circumstance having got noised amongst the lads in the school, many anxious faces were turned towards the door. The excitement became very great, hopes and fears were strongly expressed, but at the end of about a quarter of an hour, the lads burst into a shout of applause, on seeing their comrade enter the school, with the silver in his hand. The gentleman counted it, and found his twenty shillings all right.

"Why were you so long?" enquired the gentleman.

"I went to several shops, sir, and they wouldn't change it, *they said they didn't believe I had come honestly by the sovereign!*"

Let us thank God that Ragged Schools are doing a great and blessed work.

### THE FIVE POUND NOTE.

MR. GENT, the esteemed Secretary of the Ragged School Union, informs us that not long ago, a gentleman entrusted a poor lad in one of the London Ragged Schools, with a £5 Bank Note, for the purpose of being changed. In a few minutes the lad returned with the correct change. He afterwards said to his teacher, "I never felt so proud in my life, teacher, as when I was trusted with a £5 Note!"

### "JIMMY" THE HORSE, AND "JACK" THE PIG.

I HAVE a favourite old horse, says a correspondent, that I have ridden and driven for years, known almost to every child in the parish, and which I once kept in an orchard close to my house. He is called "Jimmy." To record all the manoeuvres of this faithful beast would fill a pamphlet. One day, however, I saw him in the orchard in company with a large pig called "Jack," which I had bred up from a little one. The pig was rubbing the old horse's head, and at the same time making a peculiar kind of noise which seemed to say

"Come with me, Jimmy."

The pig proceeded in advance, and the horse followed until both arrived under a large apple tree, a branch of which the horse actually shook, and down fell a lot of apples. The pig grunted with evident satisfaction, whilst eating the fine apples which lay scattered on the ground. "Jimmy" then helped himself from the branches until I thought he had had enough. The most remarkable part of this story is that the horse never attempted to shake the limbs a second time after the pig had been satisfied. This is the same animal which some months since fractured his fetlock-joint at Long Ashton, in Somersetshire, through stopping instantly (whilst going very swiftly) to save the life of a child. F.

### THE GOOD SISTER.

A LADY was one day conversing seriously with her little daughter upon her ability, though young, to employ whatever talent was bestowed upon her, for the happiness and benefit of others. As one which she possessed, her mother named the influence she had over an elder and rather unruly brother, by the great affection that existed between them, and which she said she might make the means of drawing him to the Saviour and inducing him to struggle against his faults.

The little girl listened silently and apparently with some emotion to her mother's words, then suddenly throwing her arms round her neck, she sobbed out earnestly, "I do pray for him, I *always* pray for Charley!"

What a beautiful lesson the piety and love of this dear child teaches us! How few of those who

complain of the faults of others ever think of secretly and constantly praying for them. No doubt that faithful little one's prayers are all recorded, and will be answered in due time by Him who has promised to hear all who call upon Him. Little reader, have you an unkind or ungodly brother or sister? Try this little girl's plan, *pray* for them, remembering that "he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." To all who may read the lesson taught by this good little sister I would say, "Go thou and do likewise." S. E. Y.

### ALMANACS FOR 1858.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers, to the two following Illustrated Sheet Almanacs. We trust that the *first* of them will have a place as hitherto, on the walls of thousands of schools, bed-rooms, nurseries, and kitchens; whilst the *second*, we hope, will decorate the walls of not a few of our workshops, reading and waiting rooms, &c.

Just published.

Band of Hope Almanac for 1858,  
PRICE ONE PENNY.

British Workman's Almanac for 1858,  
PRICE ONE PENNY.





"My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

#### THE BLACK SHEEP AND THE BLACK MARKS.

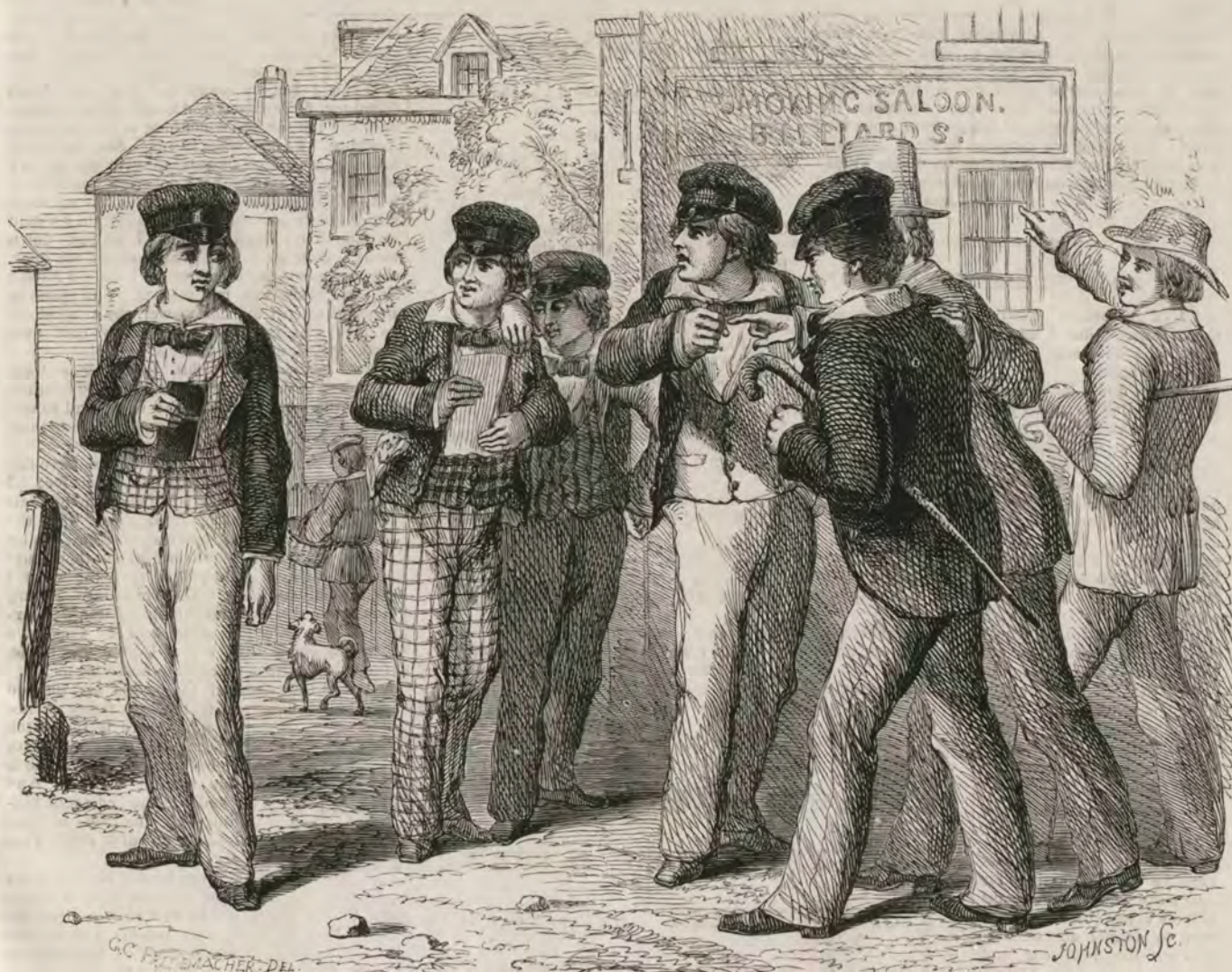
I RECOLLECT a place, in a city in which I once resided, where the butchers slaughtered their animals, and in order to get them in—for it was through a very narrow passage—they had a *black sheep*, which they had trained to walk at the head of the flock they wished to slaughter. When that black sheep walked in, the others followed, not suspecting any mischief; thus they were enticed and speedily killed, and the



black sheep was retained alive to repeat the same thing.

Now, I wish to remind you, my young friends, that there are very many black sheep, about which I wish you to be exceedingly care-

ful. There are certain marks in God's Word by which you will be enabled to know them. Those who live in open sin, they are the black sheep. They may be known by their evil tempers, their evil conversation, and their evil acts; and they are everywhere ready to invite you to go away from the paths in which you have been taught in your schools to walk; and these black sheep will be continually enticing you, if possible, to go to the theatre, or to the ale bench, or to the gambling table, or to the smoking room, or in parties of pleasure on the Lord's day; and if you follow them, you will be sure to be



"I've got orders—positive orders—not to go there; orders that I dare not disobey."



led into the slaughter-house. There is no mistake about this.

As sure as you follow the black sheep, so sure will you be led to misery, and perhaps eternal ruin. Let me repeat the caution, *Beware of the black sheep.*

There is another thing I wish to say to you, my young people—it is, that if you should miss your present opportunities, though you may, possibly, by God's mercy, at some future day get right and do better, yet you will have to suffer from such neglect of opportunity. You will never get the same amount of happiness or comfort which you would be sure to secure, if you began at once to serve God.

I met with a man a short time ago, who was very respectful in his demeanour, a man well trained, well disciplined, who knew how to conduct himself and to speak to everybody with propriety. The man was begging; and I asked him how it was that he was reduced to that condition.

He said, "I was in the Light Horse;" and on being asked why he had not obtained a pension, he replied—

"Why, sir, the fact is, I got so many black marks after my name;

X X X X

I was fond of drink, and through drink I got the black marks; and that is why I have not got my pension."

Now I wish you, my young friends, to remember that you can never sin without having a black mark attached to your name, and those black marks will be remembered even on a future day, and thus will you lose much comfort in time, and be in danger of losing your souls for ever. When you are tempted to sin, I beseech you to remember this, and pray for divine grace to enable you to avoid the black marks.

Rev. Joseph Wood.

### "I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO."

"I've got orders, positive orders, not to go there; orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so womanish—come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got; come, shew 'em to us if you can; shew us your orders."

John took out a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulling out a neatly folded paper, "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper and shewing it to the boys. They looked, and one of them read aloud, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of wicked men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you; they are God's orders, and by His help I don't mean to break them."

Oh! that all our youth would act the same manly part as John. Ever remember the words of Solomon, "*My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.*"—Proverbs i. 10.

### TRY! TRY!

WILL each of our readers help us by canvassing for new subscribers? We want helpers everywhere, who will TRY to double our circulation for the new year, and thus render it one to be remembered with pleasure.

### DON'T BE PROUD OF YOUR DRESS!

WHEN I see a person proud of his fine clothes I think "Well, you have only cast-off clothes after all; you have the jacket of the lamb, and the old great coat of the sheep: from head to foot you are covered with what the trees or the animals have used before you. Your shoes are made of hides, your stockings of the cotton shrub, your shirt of the flax plant, your handkerchief is spun by the caterpillar, and your gloves are the waistcoat of the angola."



ABEL MURDERED BY HIS BROTHER CAIN.

### THE FIRST MURDER.

"He that hateth his brother is a murderer."

Two brothers offered sacrifice,  
And made their prayers to God above;  
God looked on one with angry eye,  
And on the other smiled in love.

Cain only offered fruit and flowers,  
Nor owned that death for sin was due;  
But Abel brought a holier gift,  
The firstlings of his flock he slew.

So God accepted Abel's gift,  
But Cain no mark of favour gained;  
His heart with wrath and envy swelled,  
His hands with Abel's blood he stained.

Then God from heaven cursed wicked Cain,  
Whose cruel hands had killed his brother,  
And still God counts as murderers, all  
Who do not truly love each other.

From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones,"  
compiled by UNCLE JOHN. Published by PARTRIDGE & Co.

### THE CLOCK OF MY LIFE.

"My pulse is the clock of my life;  
It shows how my moments are flying;  
It marks the departure of time,  
And it tells me how fast I am dying."

### THE RUNAWAY'S RETURN.

A STORY FOR DISOBEDIENT BOYS.

WELL, here I am after a night's walk, once more in the village where I was born. The sun is up now, and shining brightly. Things appear the same, and yet different. How is it? There was a big tree used to stand at the corner; and where is the Carver's cottage?

Three years ago I landed at Portsmouth: it was my birth-day. For ten long years had I been sailing about on the sea, and wandering about on the land. How things come over me! I am a man; but for that I could sit down and cry like a child.

It seems to me as yesterday since I ran away from home. I got up in the morning at sunrise, while my father and mother were asleep. Many and many a time had I been undutiful to my poor mother and unkind to my father; and the day before he told me how wrong it was. He spoke kindly and in sorrow, but my pride would not bear it; I thought I would leave home. What is it that makes me tremble so now?

My father coughed as I went by the door, and I thought I heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment with my little

bundle in my hand, holding my breath. He coughed again. I have seemed to hear that cough in every part of the world.

When I had unlocked the door, my heart failed me, for my sister had kissed me over night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was. She had been knitting a pair of garters to give me on my birth-day. I turned back, opened the door of her little room and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bed-clothes, and I was afraid it would awaken her. Half blinded, I groped down stairs. Just as I had gently closed the door, the casement rattled above my head. I looked up, and there was my mother. She spoke to me, and when I did not answer, she cried aloud to me; that cry has rung in my ears ever since, aye, in my very dreams.

As I hurried away, I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he murdered his brother. My father, my mother, and my sister had been kind to me. I had been unkind to them; and in leaving thus, I felt as if I was murdering them all.

Had I been a robber, I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for? I was a robber! I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing from them what the whole world could not make up to them; yet on I went. Oh, that I could bring back that hour!

The hills look as purple as they did when I used to climb them. The rooks are cawing among the elms by the church. I was wondering if they are the same rooks! There's a shivering comes over me as I get nearer home. Home! I feel that there is no home for me.

Here is the corner of the hedge, and the old seat, but my father is not in it. There is the patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it. And yonder is the bed-room window—my mother is not looking out of it now. That cry! that cry!

I see how it is. There are none of them here, or things would not look as they do. Father would not let the weeds grow in this fashion, nor let the thatch fall in; and my mother and sister

"A WISE SON MAKETH A GLAD FATHER;  
BUT A FOOLISH SON IS THE HEAVINESS  
OF HIS MOTHER." See PROVERBS, Chap. x. verse 1.



would never suffer that straw through the broken panes.

I'll rap at the door, anyhow. How hollow it sounds. Nobody stirs. All is silent as the grave. I'll peep in at the window. It is an empty house. Ten long years! How could it be otherwise? I can bear hard work and thirst, but I can't bear this. The elder-berry is in blossom as it was when I ran away, and the woodbine is as fresh as ever, running to the window which my mother opened to call after me. I could call after her now loud enough to be heard a mile if I thought she could hear me.

It's no use stopping here. I'll cross the churchyard to see if the clerk lives where he did; but he couldn't know me. My cheek was like a rose when I went away, but the sun has made it another colour. This is a new gate. How narrow the path is between the graves! The old sun-dial I see standing there yet. The last time I was in that church my father was with me, and the text was, "My son, hear thou the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Oh, what a curse we bring upon us when we despise God's holy word!

My uncle lies under the yew trees, there, and he had a grave stone. Here it is. It's written all over now, quite to the bottom. "In memory of Humphrey Haycroft." But what is the name under? "Walter Haycroft." My father! my father! "And Mary, his wife." Oh! my mother! and are you both gone? God's hand is heavy upon me! I feel it with my heart and soul.

And there is another name yet, and it's freshly cut: "Esther Haycroft, their daughter, aged 24." My father! my mother! my sister! Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked? I deserved it. What is the world to me now? I feel, bitterly feel, the sin of disobedience; the words come to me now, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." But yet I recollect how my dear mother used to point me to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. "There is no refuge besides; Christ is able and willing to save." I paid but little attention to these words once. Oh! may I never forget them now.

### THE RESULTS OF "TRYING."

We are glad to receive such letters as the following:—

DEAR SIR, Tipton, Nov. 2nd, 1857.

Having been encouraged by your motto, "Try," I introduced your paper, the "Band of Hope," into our Church Sunday Schools, and with the help of our superintendent and teachers, we have gone on admirably. We commenced a short time ago with twelve copies, and yesterday we circulated sixty copies in our school, and next month we think the number will be much greater. You may mention this if you think proper in your next Number, and I earnestly hope that it may prove an example to other Sunday School teachers.

I am Sir,

Yours respectfully,

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

St. Martin's Parish Church Sunday Schools, Tipton.

[There are thousands of schools into which our little paper has not yet been introduced. In illustration of this fact we have only to state that if every Sunday School Teacher gave but one copy monthly in his (or her) class, our present circulation would be immediately doubled! At the close of the seventh year of our labours we may inform our young friends that we have spent many a midnight hour in seeking to promote their welfare, and we shall be glad if they will, in return, cheer us by an active canvass for new Subscribers.]



SCENE AT THE GATE OF MEERUT.

### THE SEASONS.

Swiftly roll the seasons round,  
Summer's sweets have passed away;  
Thick the foliage strews the ground,  
Leafless mourns the quivering spray.  
From the sad and naked bower  
Far each feathered songster flies;  
Led to seek, by instinct's power,  
Milder climes and fairer skies.

Swiftly roll the seasons round,  
Fast the life of man decays;  
When, oh! when shall he be found  
Prompt to tread in wisdom's ways?  
Vain his eye's resplendent light,  
Vain his cheek's vermilion bloom;  
Soon that eye is quenched in night,  
Soon that cheek shall grace the tomb.

Swiftly roll the seasons round,  
Woods and bowers shall smile again;  
Earth, in icy fetters bound,  
Pants for spring, nor pants in vain.  
Flowers shall flaunt, of every dye,  
Where all now is sear and dim;  
And the lark shall mount on high,  
Trilling forth his matin hymn.

Swiftly roll the seasons round,  
Change still pressing close on change;  
But when judgment's trump shall sound,  
Things shall happen yet more strange.  
By the Saviour's might subdued,  
Death shall lose his dreadful sting;  
And the souls by grace renewed  
Blossom in eternal spring! DR. HUIE.



"He giveth snow like wool."—PSALM cxlvii. 16.

### INDIA'S WANT.

GREAT BRITAIN mourns over many of her sons and daughters cruelly slain during the late fearful mutiny in India. But whilst she weeps for the departed, let her be humbled before God on account of her unfaithfulness. She has hitherto left the one hundred and fifty millions of her Indian subjects in heathenish darkness. Sepoys have been trained up in the use of the sword and musket; but the GOSPEL OF CHRIST has been withheld from them, nay, the very men who have embraced the Christian religion have been dismissed the army, lest their presence should give offence to the followers of Mohammed!

It is a melancholy fact that at one of the gates of Meerut, (where the late mutiny broke out) the Rev. A. Medland, of the Church Missionary Society, witnessed, not many months ago, a striking spectacle of the sad superstitions of India. An epidemic disease was carrying off many of the inhabitants, and after various ceremonies, cut off one of the poor creature's ears; this they burnt as an offering to the goddess Kali! Alas poor India! An army chaplain, writing from the scene of mutiny says, "Our only hope is in the evangelization of India."

Oh yes, India's want is the GOSPEL.

### BEWARE! BEWARE!

TENS of thousands of promising youths who have become victims to dissipation, have had to date their first downward-step to the drinking customs of Christmas. Beware! then of the intoxicating cup. Touch it not.

### NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Now ready,

The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1857, with 70 illustrations. Price One Shilling.

With Six Hundred Illustrations.

A complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review," for the first seven years, in one volume, price 1s., gilt edges, 8s. 6d., or in seven yearly parts, price one shilling each.

"The best picture book we know."—Mother's Friend.

With Four Hundred Illustrations.

A complete Edition of the "British Workman," (By the Editor of the "Band of Hope Review") for the years 1855, 1856, and 1857, bound in cloth, price 4s. 6d. Each Yearly Part may be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price Eightpence each.

Mrs. Balfour's Standard Temperance Work.—MORNING DEW DROPS; or, the Juvenile Abstinence. By Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour. New Edition, pp. 350. Price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s. 6d., post free.

"This is an admirably conceived and well-written work."—Bible Class Magazine.

### Cheap Postage of the Band of Hope

Review.—Those who cannot conveniently order the Band of Hope Review through a bookseller, can have packets (of not fewer than eight copies) sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, by remitting in advance, as under:—

	8 copies for 4d., or for one year, 4s.	in
16	8d.,	8s.
24	1s.,	12s.
32	1s. 4d.,	16s.
40	1s. 8d.,	20s.
48	2s. 0d.,	24s.
100	4s. 2d.,	50s.

Must be paid in Advance.

Fewer than eight copies cannot be sent at this rate.

All ORDERS to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)



## A PRISONER'S GRATITUDE.



HE following fact has been communicated to us by Mr. Tweedie, the well-known Temperance Publisher.

Mr. Tweedie says:—"A man came into my shop and desired to speak with me. He then informed me that he had unhappily given way to drinking and bad company, and

had been led into crime, for which he had been imprisoned at Wandsworth. That whilst there one of the Chaplains gave him an old copy of the *Band of Hope Review*, and what he read so affected him as to lead him to kneel down in his cell and seek the Almighty's forgiveness and help. That he had now been liberated, and was on his way home to Scotland, but felt as though he could not pass through London without desiring me to express his obligations to the Editor of the *Band of Hope Review*, for the good he had received from reading that little publication."

Facts like the above are very cheering.

## "A VOICE FROM THE VINTAGE."

WE have much pleasure in informing our readers, that a second and enlarged edition of "A Voice from the Vintage,"\* by the popular authoress of "Women of England," is now in the press.

We trust that this valuable work will have a world-wide circulation.

In case any of our adult readers are contemplating a purchase of "Port" or "Sherry" for the approaching Christmas, we recommend their perusal of Mrs. Ellis's book *before* giving their orders. The expenditure of a *shilling* on this book, will enable them not only to save *many pounds*, but also to increase their means of doing good.

\* "Voice from the Vintage," By Mrs. Ellis. Second Edition, Price One Shilling, *post free*. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand, London.



## FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

Hark, it is the midnight peal  
That welcomes the new year;  
Merry are the sounds that steal  
On the listening ear.

But, still whispering of my sins,  
Solemn things they say;  
If another year begins  
One has passed away.

Have I prized the fleeting hours?  
Have I lived for God?  
Used for Him my time and powers  
Who shed for me his blood?

Have I 'gainst each evil will  
Daily prayed and striven?  
Has each Sabbath found me still  
Nearer God and heaven?

Ah, the day approaches fast  
When God shall call me home;  
Pardon, Lord, the year that's past,  
Help in that to come. S. W. P.



## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A PRIZE OF A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, VALUE FIVE POUNDS, is offered by the Editor of the *Band of Hope Review* for the best Answers to the twenty-four Bible Questions which have been published in the monthly numbers throughout 1857.

## QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

23. The strangest possible motive induced a distinguished man to undertake a voyage: give his *motive* and his *name*.  
24. When was a plant made to clothe man, used to preserve God's servants from death?

## CONDITIONS.

1. Competitors to be under twenty one years of age.  
2. Each competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own, and also to give reference to a parent or teacher, in proof of the same.  
3. The answers to be written very neatly, (on one side of the paper only,) and where more than one sheet of paper is used, the whole to be fastened at one corner.  
4. The age to be stated in each case.

5. The answers to be given by searching the Scriptures, and the verses referred to, to be written out at full length, but as *concisely* as possible, and with direct reference to the question.

6. The answers to be forwarded *postage prepaid* (if any are not duly stamped, they will be refused,) addressed to the Editor of the "Band of Hope Review," 3, Cambridge Terrace, Bayswater Park, London. (N.) not later than the 31st December, 1857.

7. The award to be published in the "Band of Hope Review" for May, 1858.

N.B. The loss of time occasioned by competitors desiring the Editor to *return* their manuscripts, compels him to state that he cannot possibly undertake to return any in future.

DURING the past seven years, we have received many gratifying letters from our readers, thanking us for exciting in their minds a love for searching the Sacred Scriptures.

During 1858 we shall insert (D.V.) a series of **MENTAL PICTURES**, which we anticipate will afford *special* pleasure and profit to all our youthful Bible readers.



## A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

The daylight fades:  
The evening shades  
Are gathering round my head;  
Father above,  
I praise that love  
Which smooths and guards my bed.

While thou art near,  
I need not fear  
The gloom of midnight hour;  
Blest Jesus, still  
From every ill  
Defend me with thy power.

Pardon my sin,  
And enter in,  
And sanctify my heart;  
Spirit divine,  
O! make me thine  
And ne'er from me depart.

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC  
For 1858.

We want all our readers to have this penny sheet Almanac on their *bedroom walls*, so that they may easily read the daily texts every morning.





"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."



#### EARLY DAYS.

THERE is a very important and deeply interesting chapter in the Sacred Scriptures, in the first verse of which it is written, "REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

In this, our New Year's Number, we desire to remind our youthful readers, that it is not only their *duty*, but their highest *privilege*, to give their hearts in early life to Him, who died their souls to save.

Although about eighteen hundred years have

passed away since our blessed Saviour put his hands on the little children and blessed them, we still hear day by day through the precious Bible, those sweet and encouraging words, "*Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.*"



We trust that many of our young friends are daily coming in prayer to "OUR FATHER" who is in heaven; and, trusting in Jesus, our crucified Saviour, are being led by the Holy Spirit, in the way that leads to "joys on high."

It is our earnest prayer, that all our young friends may be in their "early days" like Timothy,

**BIBLE READERS,  
AND  
BIBLE HEEDERS;**

First, *knowing* God's will, and then *doing* it.

**BEGIN RIGHT?**

A LITTLE girl once said, "Oh, mother, how very hard it is to do right. I don't believe I shall ever be able."

"Have you really tried, my dear?"

"Oh, yes; I try every day. When I awake, before I get up, I say to myself, 'I will be good all the day. I will be gentle and kind. I will obey my parents and teachers. I will not quarrel. I will always tell the truth.' But then, mother, I don't know how it is, I so often forget. Then when evening comes, I have to say, 'There now! what is the use of trying? I have been in a passion, I have been disobedient; and once or twice, mother, you know I have said what was not true!'"

The dear child looked very much ashamed, while saying this; so her mother looked kindly at her, and said, "My dear, I do not think you have *begun* right." The little girl looked up wonderingly; and her mother went on. "The first thing is to have a new heart; have you asked for this?"

"No, mother, I am afraid not." "Then, my child, do so at once. Good fruit, you know, can only come from a good tree. If your heart is wrong, your conduct will be wrong. You cannot make it right yourself, with all your good resolutions. But ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you. He will give you His Holy Spirit, and you will not find it any longer impossible to do right."

I am glad to say, that the child took her mother's advice. That very day she asked God earnestly to change her heart, and help her to do right. God heard her prayers, as He always will; and she was never heard to say again, "It's of no use trying." For she prayed, she watched, she strove against her sins, and was able, by God's grace, to lead the life of a lovely young Christian.

**LINES**

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

THE Law and Gospel, bound in one,  
Here meet the sinner's anxious eye;  
And point him, when his hopes are gone,  
From Sinai's mount to Calvary.

There sprinkled with the Saviour's blood,  
And with the Spirit's quickening dew,  
His soul like Aaron's rod shall bud,  
And bear celestial almonds too.

DR. HUIE.

The Band of Hope Almanac for 1858, with 12 Illustrations, Daily Texts, &c., may be had through any Bookseller. Price One Penny. Four copies post free for Fourpence.



**BE HONEST.**

A KIND and judicious teacher was pained to find that some of her scholars were guilty of the sin of theft. After a faithful address, and prayer, the teacher gave to each girl a paper on which was printed in large letters,

**THOU SHALT NOT STEAL;**

adding, "Put this paper up in your bedroom, where you will see it every morning, and may you pray daily for grace to be kept *honest*."

This paper monitor was made a great blessing to several of the scholars, and we therefore recommend the plan to the adoption of others.

**LITTLE ALICE'S BIRTH-DAY  
HYMN.**

Another birth-day Lord I see,  
How very thankful I should be!  
I thank thee for each mercy shown  
Throughout the year that now has flown.

A birth-day gift I humbly claim,  
(I ask it in the Saviour's name)—  
Thy Holy Spirit let it be,  
Oh, may it now descend on me!

Fill my young heart with light and love,  
Fixing my hopes on things above,  
And on this birth-day visit me,  
That I may give myself to Thee!

27th September, 1857.

S. Y.

**FOUR QUERIES.**

Are all the readers of the *Band of Hope Review* striving, by God's help, to be—

- I. Obedient to their parents.
- II. Loving to their brothers and sisters.
- III. Watchful against bad tempers and naughty words, and
- IV. Attentive to their studies.

Can you give good answers to these Questions, my young friends? UNCLE JOHN.

"Wilt thou not from this  
time cry unto me, My father,  
thou art the guide of my  
youth?" JEREMIAH iii. 4.

**THE DRUNKARD.**

"SOME months ago, in the city of Norwich, Connecticut, I was playing with a beautiful boy. We enjoyed ourselves in a garden for a while; I forming a sort of mimic wheelbarrow, and carrying him to and fro upon my back. We enjoyed ourselves, and you would scarce have been able to tell whether the little boy or the big boy enjoyed himself most, for I loved him, and knew that he loved me. While thus engaged, a passer-by told us there was a man near by, in a pretty considerable fix, requiring our help. I took the hand of my little companion, and asked him to go with me. He consented and accompanied me. There lay before us on the cold, damp earth, a man of hoary hairs; his hat lay near him, and his grey locks were waving with the wind. With one hand he seized the breast of his coat and vest, as if it were the grip of death, and his other was contortiously twisted up

behind him—his lips were convulsively moving; with his breath their came such effluvia as were sufficient to pollute the salubrious pure air of heaven. There lay the form of a man, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sun-beam that warmed and cheered and illuminated us, playing, unfelt and unenjoyed, upon his bloated, greasy face. There he lay as drink made him, there he lay; and as I gazed on him, in his degradation, the very horses and cows around him looked nobler than he—aye, even the very swine rooting in the field seemed better than he, for they were fulfilling the end of their creation. As I looked upon the poor degraded being, seeming as if he had been swept out with the pitiful leavings of the dram-shop, and then looked upon the child beside me, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips, the perfect picture of life, peace, and innocence, and compared these with what was exhibited by the degraded and miserable being before us—as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lip grow white, and his eye filled, whilst glaring upon this poor drunkard—O then—then, did I pray God in my heart of hearts, to give me an everlasting increasing capacity to *hate, HATE, HATE!* with a burning hatred, every instrumentality that could degrade and sink the nobility of man into the horrid thing that lay before me. We ought to regard the drunkard as a *man*. That degraded, miserable, helpless object, was a *MAN*; a man with the power of looking up into the heavens, with an eye reaching into eternity! a man who might say to the sun, "I am greater than thou—thou art but a dead orb, I am a living man!" One who could say to the glorious king of day, "Thou art but a meteor passing away; but I shall live longer, for I am a man! I shall see thee die and pass away! I shall remain, because I am a man, and therefore immortal. Even the universe is but a nursery to myself." Ought not every one to nourish a quenchless hatred to an instrumentality so debasing, so degrading, so embruting to a man, physically, intellectually, and morally, as the use of intoxicating drink?"

J. B. GOUGH.

A complete Edition of the *Band of Hope Review* (from the commencement in 1851) may now be had, bound in cloth, price 7s. In crimson cloth and gilt edges, 8s. 6d.



## BIBLE MENTAL PICTURES.

*Instead of our usual monthly Bible Questions, we propose inserting, during this year, a series of MENTAL PICTURES, which we trust will induce thousands of our readers to search out the answers from the Sacred Volume.*

## No. I.

BENEATH the wide spreading branches of an old oak tree, a weary traveller has stopped to rest. Before him is an aged man, who appears to be urging some proposal, to which the other objects, but at length yields to his persuasions, and complies with his request.

## No. II.

A BESIEGING army is encamped against a beautiful city. They have just found an entrance, when their shouts of triumph are arrested by a bright red glare which is seen issuing from the royal palace, proclaiming the determination of the king, not to fall into the hands of his enemies. Soon the whole structure is in flames, and nothing but a heap of burning ruins is left for the conqueror.

## No. III.

A FERTILE valley, surrounded by mountains, in which a flock of sheep have been feeding, but they are now running bleating together as is their wont when danger is nigh. The youthful shepherd holds in his arms a lamb, which he is endeavouring to soothe, while at his feet is the cause of all the disturbance.

## No. IV.

It is the Sabbath and the people are assembled as usual in the courts of the temple. Standing at the entrance of the temple, elevated above the people, is a child, having a royal diadem upon his head, and a scroll in his hand. He is surrounded by a number of men in sacerdotal robes, but with warlike weapons in their hands. The people seem in great joy, and rend the air with their acclamations.

## WORTH TRYING FOR.

At the last census there were five millions of children in England between the ages of 5 and 15. Of these, two millions were at school, receiving more or less education; one million were at work; and two millions were neither at school nor at work.

If every one of these five millions of boys and girls subscribed for the *Band of Hope Review* our circulation would be between thirty and forty-fold greater than it is. Now, will each of our present readers set to work in good earnest and TRY to get forty new subscribers? If so, every child in the land above five years old can have a copy monthly.

In Lancashire and Yorkshire, many of our readers are exerting themselves nobly. We hope that other counties will shew equal energy.

## WHAT IS PRAYER?

A LITTLE deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?"

The little girl took her pencil and wrote the reply,—

"Prayer is the wish of the heart."

And so it is. All fine words and beautiful verses said to God, do not make real prayer, without the sincere wish of the heart.

## A NOBLE BOY.

THE following touching incident in street-life—in Paris—demands the admiration of all our young readers.

About nine o'clock in the morning, a little boy of twelve, whose jacket of white cloth and clean apron, distinctly indicated that he followed the profession of pastry-cook, was returning from market with an open basket on his head containing butter and eggs. When he had reached the vicinity of the church of St. Eustache, the little fellow, who could only with difficulty make his way through the crowd, was violently jostled by a stranger who was passing, so that his basket tipped, and fell to the ground with its contents. The poor lad, when he saw

his eggs all broken and his butter tumbled in the gutter, began to cry bitterly, and wring his hands. A person who happened to be in the crowd that gathered round the little fellow, drew a ten-sous-piece from his pocket, and giving it to the boy, asked the rest who stood grouped around him to do the same, to make up the loss occasioned by the accident. Influenced by his example, every one present eagerly complied, and very speedily the boy's apron contained a respectable collection of copper and silver. When all had contributed their quota, our young valet, whose distress had vanished in a moment as though by enchantment, warmly thanked his new benefactors for their kindness, and forthwith proceeded to count the sum received, which amounted to no less than twenty-two francs and thirty-five centimes. But instead of quietly putting this sum in his pocket, he produced the bill of the articles he had lost, and its total amounted only to fourteen francs; he appropriated no more than that sum, and then observing in the group that surrounded him, a poor woman in rags, the gallant little fellow walked right up to her, and placed the remainder in her hand.



Certainly it would have been impossible to show himself more deserving of public generosity, or to acknowledge it in a handsomer manner. The boy's noble conduct was greeted with the applause of the crowd, who were delighted to find such delicacy and propriety in one so young.

## A CURE FOR MOTHS.

WE were examining our wardrobe after the summer, and found, to our surprise and grief, many of our choicest articles of apparel sadly damaged by the moths. In the midst of our trouble, and the discussion as to the modes of protection against moths, which had been handed down by tradition, Aunt Julia came in.

"Aunt Julia, how do you keep your winter clothing from the moths?" we both asked eagerly, as that good lady proceeded to lay aside her handsome shawl, which looked as fresh as ever after seven years' wear.

"I used to suffer from moths as much as any one," replied Aunt Julia, taking her knitting from her little basket, and sitting down, "but I found a recipe in an old-fashioned book, which has relieved me of much solicitude on the subject. It was many years before I could be persuaded to try it. In my young days money was not quite so plentiful as now, but provisions were cheap, and a farmer's daughter began her married life better supplied with linen, blankets, and bed-quilts, than many a jewel-decked city-belle. As I was an only daughter, and was not married too young, a noble pile of blankets, feather-beds, bed-quilts, &c., became my portion. For many years after we removed to the city, I used to dread my summer work of airing beds, and packing very fine home-made blankets, and quilts stuffed with the softest down. I tried snuff, tobacco, camphor, pepper, and cedar chips, and yet, as we changed our place of residence several times, some colony of moths, old squatters among the beams of the garret, or in some unobserved scrap of woollen cloth, would encamp on my choicest possessions."

"Why, Aunt Julia, I thought you had a cedar closet."

"Yes, when we moved into our new house; but by that time my closet was too small for

my increased wealth, and till I used this recipe I seldom passed a year without some moth holes, but now I have not seen one in nine years."

"What was it, aunt? Have you the book? or can you repeat it from memory? It is too late to save these things, but I will write it down, and try it next spring." So saying, Anna took out her little recipe book and pencil, while Aunt Julia prepared to recall the moth preventive.

"The book was an old one, with the title obliterated, and the title-page torn out by some careless child, but the directions were these:—

*"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."*

"Oh! Aunt Julia, is that all? How does that help the matter?"

"Wait, Anna, and hear my story out. One day as I was mourning over my choicest blankets, eaten by the moths, and airing my down bed-quilts, and feather-beds, which had been rendered obsolete by the introduction of spring mattresses, as I stood ready to cry with vexation to see my choicest articles eaten in the most conspicuous places, as you have experienced to-day, my eye rested on an old Bible, which lay on the top of a barrel of pamphlets in the garret. I opened it, and almost unconsciously read the recipe for avoiding moths which I have given you to-day. I then recollected that they seldom troubled the clothing in frequent use, and that the articles which caused me so much care were not needed twice a-year. I then thought of Sophy Baker, with her large family and sick husband. They had been burned out the spring before, and were just entering upon a cold, long winter of poverty. I sat down, and writing her a note, sent two feather-beds and four blankets, and an old-fashioned 'coverlid,' that very day; and two more blankets I despatched to a poor old rheumatic neighbour, whose destitution had never occurred to me before. I then began to breathe freely; and before another week two more blankets were gone to comfort tired limbs and aching hearts. The cast-off coats, cloaks, and old pieces of carpeting which had long lain in my garret, were given to the deserving poor. A bag of woollen stockings and socks, which had been kept for cleaning brass, were sent to a charity institution, never again to become a temptation to the moths. I inquired particularly the next year, and found the beds and blankets were in such excellent preservation, that I cheerfully laid out more of my surplus property 'in heaven,' and out of the way of moth and mould. My cedar closet and trunks hold all I wish to preserve, and, when they begin to run over, I commit more articles to the keeping of my widowed and fatherless acquaintances."

"But, Aunt Julia, yours is a peculiar case. You had the home-made outfit of a rich farmer's daughter, and could not expect to make use of it; besides the Bible don't encourage wasting our goods extravagantly."

"I do think the Bible leans to what is called the extravagant side. The rest of the chapter following the verse I have quoted gives little encouragement to much forethought, either in food or raiment, and in another place says, 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none.' This rule leaves very little to pack away in a cedar closet. In my opinion, God's Providence is far from encouraging extensive accumulation either of money or possessions, especially among Christians. Fire and flood, drought, mildew, and moth stand ready to rebuke that spirit of covetousness which the Lord abhorreth."

"Surely, Aunt Julia, you wouldn't have me give away the new furs you gave me yourself last winter."

"No, my child; but let us examine for a moment this moth-eaten pile. Here are three coats of your husband's, which he never could wear again."

"Those are for fishing, aunt."

"How often does he fish?"

"Once in four or five years, perhaps," said Anna.

"Well, here is a bag of out-grown, shrunken socks and stockings, and these old dresses of Ada's, and those overcoats of the boys, that I heard you say were unfit for wear, even in the playground; and besides I think you remarked





"Surely, Aunt Julia, you would not have me give away the new furs you gave me yourself last winter?"

that the whole difficulty originated in an old carpet, which has been harbouring moths many years, when it might have been out of harm's way upon some poor widow's floor."

"Well, aunt, I believe you are half right."

"Try my rule, Anna; not after your property is ruined, but when you find you can spare it, —even at the risk of sending some of your treasure to heaven before you have obtained all you could from its use. Many an old garret have I known to be infested with moths, ruining many pounds' worth of valuable articles, when the whole evil might be traced to an old coat or carpet, selfishly or carelessly withheld from the poor. We are God's stewards, and our luxuries are not given us to feed a 'covetousness which is idolatry,' but are talents which may be increased ten times before the great day of final account. When people ask me how to prevent moths, I always long to say, 'Lay up your treasures in heaven;' because I have found from experience it is a sure and convenient way."

"Well, aunt, I own I never thought much about it before as a matter of Christian duty. I will try,

before another year, to confine my care to the articles I need, and shall hope for better success."

#### A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A PIOUS naval officer was at sea in a dreadful storm. His wife was sitting in the cabin near him, and, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel; she was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out:—

"My dear, are you not afraid? how is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, and taking his wife by the hand, he rushed from the cabin to the deck, and drew his sword. Pointing it at the breast of his wife, he exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She instantly answered "No."

"Why are you not afraid?" asked the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and that He who controls the winds and holds the water in the hollow of his hands is 'MY FATHER in Heaven.'"



"Are you not afraid?" She instantly answered, "No."

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"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

### HELP AND HELPERS.

We hope that all our readers, both young and old, have perused the "Cure for Moths," in our last month's number. We are glad to find that it has already been the means of people turning out the contents of drawers and wardrobes, and with various cast-a-way clothes, providing covering for the naked.

We know a deserving, but ill-clad waterman on one of the London cabstands, who has, in consequence, got a good warm suit, sent by one of our



readers through Mr. Shinn, missionary to the cabmen, for which the poor man is very grateful.

It is our earnest desire to awaken in the minds of the young, feelings of tender regard and pity for the *deserving* poor.

Many of the street beggars are doubtless idle and dissipated imposters, unworthy of help, and we therefore recommend all who can do so, to *seek out* cases of *deserving* poor, by visiting them in their garrets and cellars. Let the words of our Saviour ever be remembered by us, "I was sick and ye visited me."



FREDEMACH, DEL.

J. JOHNS

"Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me."—MATTHEW XIV.



What more honourable employment than for parents and children to be *Home Missionaries*, or "MESSENGERS OF MERCY" to the starving poor.

We know a pious mother who thus trained up her children, and they now live to *thank* her for so doing. The blessing of "those who were ready to perish" has richly descended upon them.

In London there is a sad amount of destitution, and we may add for the information of those who *cannot visit* the poor, that they will do well to send any cast-off clothing to the Secretary of the "STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY," Exeter Hall, Strand. This is one of the best Societies in the country, and is worthy of universal support.

### A THRILLING INCIDENT.

A GENTLEMAN returning from a visit to New Orleans, writes, "I was fortunate enough to secure passage in a line steamer, with but a few passengers. Among the ladies, one especially interested me. She was the wife of a wealthy planter, and was returning with only one child to her father's house. Her devotion to the child was touching, and the eyes of an old black nurse would fill with tears as she besought her mistress 'not to love that boy too much, or the Lord would take him away from her.'"

"We passed through the canal of Louisville, and stopped for a few moments at the wharf, when the nurse, wishing to see the city, walked out on the guard, at the back of the boat, when, by a sudden effort, the child sprang from her arms into the terrible current that swept towards the falls, and disappeared immediately. The confusion which ensued attracted the attention of a gentleman who was sitting in the fore part of the boat quietly reading. Rising hastily he asked for some article the child had worn. The nurse handed him a tiny apron she had torn off in her efforts to retain the babe in her arms. Turning to a splendid Newfoundland dog that was eagerly watching his countenance, he pointed first to the apron, and then to the spot where the child had gone under.

"In an instant the noble dog leaped into the water, and then disappeared. By this time the excitement was intense, and some person on shore, supposing that the dog was lost as well as the child, procured a boat and started to search for the body. Just at this moment the dog was seen far away with something in his mouth. Bravely he struggled with the waves, but it was evident his strength was failing fast, and more than one breast gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached him, and it was announced that he was still alive.—They were brought on board—the dog and the child.

"Giving a single glance to satisfy herself that the child was really living, the young mother rushed forward, and sinking beside the dog threw her arm around his neck, and burst into tears. Not many could bear the sight unmoved, and as she caressed and kissed his shaggy head, she looked up to his owner, and said:

"Oh, sir, I must have this dog, I am rich; take all I have—everything—but give me my child's preserver."

"The gentleman smiled, and patting his dog's head, said, 'I am very glad, madam, he has been of service to you, but nothing in the world could induce me to part with him.'

"The dog looked as though he perfectly understood what they were talking about, and giving his sides a shake, laid himself down at his master's feet, with an expression in his large eyes that said plainer than words, 'No! nothing shall part us.'"

If you cannot relieve do not grieve the poor. Give them soft words if nothing else. Put yourself in the place of every poor man and deal with him as you would God should deal with you.—John Wesley.

### "QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT."



### THE OAK.

See how yon aged oak  
Defies the wintry storm;  
What strength is in its rugged boughs,  
What beauty in its form!

Within its solemn shade  
The birds their ditties sing.  
The little flowers in safety bloom  
Beneath the forest king.

But, many ages past,  
'Twas but an acorn green;  
It sank into the ground, and soon  
A little shoot was seen.

Warmed by the summer's sun,  
And watered by the dew,  
It gathered strength from year to year;  
A lordly oak it grew.

And thus in children's hearts  
The acorns sometimes drop;  
They are but little things at first,  
But soon the plant shoots up.

Lord, hast thou in my heart  
The fruitful acorn sown?  
And wilt thou tend and water it,  
Until the oak is grown?

Then shall each spreading branch  
Thy power and grace proclaim;  
The plants that thou hast planted, Lord,  
Shall glorify thy name.

From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones,"  
compiled by UNCLE JOHN. Will shortly be published in Sixpenny Numbers (post free), by PARTRIDGE & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 9.

### BIBLE MENTAL PICTURES.

#### V.

A LARGE number of workmen and spectators are assembled at the ceremony of laying the foundation of a building; strange to say, whilst the young people shout aloud for joy in anticipation of the noble building being erected, the old men weep bitterly, so much so, that whilst the sound is heard afar off, it is difficult to tell whether the noise is one of joy or sorrow.

#### VI.

A NOBLE and zealous builder, with a great number of workmen is busily engaged in the erection of a place of worship, when suddenly a party of men rush upon the builder and order him to stop his work. The man refuses to do so, but being shown a letter from the King, he is then reluctantly compelled to desist.

#### VII.

AN old man who has got very diseased feet. He is very particular about having the advice of the doctors, but sad to say, he forgets to pray to God for a blessing upon the medicine. The doctors cannot cure the old man and he dies in great pain.

#### VIII.

A KING is obliged to fly for his life; a number of his servants having conspired against him. Sad to say, he is overtaken and slain. His dead body is brought back on horseback.

We shall offer several prizes for the best solutions of the "Mental Pictures." Full particulars, with the conditions, will be given (D.V.) in the Number for December next.

### THE BIBLE! THE BIBLE!

THE Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold,  
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;  
It speaks of a Saviour and tells of his love—  
It shows us the way to the mansions above.

The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,  
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!  
It bids me seek early the pearl of great price,  
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,  
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;  
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,  
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,  
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;  
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules,  
Shall long wave in triumph the joy of our schools.  
*Bible Class Magazine.*

### BIRTH-DAY GIFTS.

The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1863, with Seventy illustrations. Price One Shilling.

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### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS—Hundreds of communications receive no attention on account of their being sent without the writer's name and address. We do not require these for publication, but that we may know with whom to correspond in case of need. Many inquiries made anonymously, are thrown aside into the waste paper basket which would be answered by letter, if the name and address were properly given.



## A MEMBER OF THE "TRY" COMPANY.

LONDON is a great and wonderful city. Amongst its three millions of people there is much wickedness, but we rejoice that there are many zealous labourers for Christ. These are to be found not only amongst the rich and noble, but more particularly amongst the poor and humble in life.

In the top story or garret of a lofty tenement near the centre of the city, there lives a little old man, who has gone for many years amongst the crowds who assemble around the Old Bailey at executions, and by means of placards hung behind him and before—also by the distribution of tracts, and conversing with the people, has sought to warn them against the evils of drink, by which so many poor creatures have been brought to the scaffold.

ROBERT WOODWARD, for that is the old man's name, is between 70 and 80 years of age, but he seems as active and nimble as a young man! He rises every weekday morning between two and three o'clock to attend his duties as a porter in Newgate market. We are glad to learn that Robert, although once much persecuted, is now highly esteemed amongst his fellow porters, and that by his example and advice, many have not only become strictly sober men, but have abandoned the practice of swearing.

One evening, not long ago, we mounted the tall staircase of No. 9, Charles Street, Hatton Garden, and on entering Robert's little room, we found him busy at work mending his shoes. We had a very interesting conversation with him, in the course of which we found that he not only is a most zealous advocate for temperance, but also for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the observance of the Sabbath, and other good things. We rejoiced to find that he is a member of the Rev. M. Mansfield's church.

On our asking the worthy old man if a packet of tracts, with copies of the *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review*, &c. would assist him in his labours, his face was lighted up with joy; "Oh yes, sir," said he, "I can give away thousands, for I generally walk eight or ten miles after my day's work is done. When I go off to a meeting, I shoulder my boards so that as I go along the streets, multitudes read what I have painted and printed on the paper, and I can give away almost any quantity of tracts."

We feel sure that many of our readers will be glad to read Robert's testimony in favour of temperance, and therefore give a short extract from one of his unpretending speeches:—

FRIENDS,

I determined on the 14th of August, 1833, to desist from taking any intoxicating drink. After the 15th, being the birthday of Napoleon,

prejudice, rancour, and ignorance could suggest, and I suffered much privation too. Thank God I have outlived the envy and malice of many, and have won many to take the pledge of abstinence from all intoxicating drink.

Friends! having seen many executions at the Old Bailey, through strong drink, I have carried on the days of execution, for many years past,

two boards, one before, and one on my back, praying of men to leave off taking strong drink. I took the hint from Wm. Cobbett, who declared in his *Register* of Aug. 1833, that he never would drink any more beer while water or milk were to be obtained, and I have kept my pledge ever since, and shall soon complete twenty-five years from tobacco, beer, and snuff, and twenty-nine years from ardent spirits. I am seventy-two years of age, if I live to see next July. I am well in health, and a stranger to any bodily infirmity. I thank God that he has spared me to witness the great and good principle of temperance deeply rooted in the hearts of young and old, for to me, it is a great reward."

We trust that this brief narrative will encourage our young friends to try and do good in their day and generation. If an old man of seventy-two years can do so much, where is the boy or girl who cannot do something to benefit their fellow creatures? We also hope that any of our friends who can give Robert Woodward a supply of tracts and old periodicals will kindly do so. We feel assured that he will make good use of any parcels that may be sent to him.

Will each of our readers try to get at least one

new subscriber during the present year? If so, we shall be much encouraged in our work.

## Cheap Postage of the Band of Hope Review.—

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LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the Editor, care of Publisher.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF ROBERT WOODWARD, ONE OF THE PORTERS OF NEWGATE MARKET.

I also gave up smoking and snuff taking, in order that I might not be accused of such pernicious customs, and I have reason to thank God for keeping me from the same. I was in the 47th year of my age when I began to abstain, and much afflicted with asthma in the autumn and the winter, so much so, that I did not expect to live another year, but through leaving off smoking and beer drinking, I soon got better, and in the space of four years, I got clear of all appearance of my former complaints for which I am now truly thankful. My avocation being that of a slaughterman, such a change was very unpalatable among thoughtless butchers with whom I had to associate, and I had to meet every species of persecution which





### A YOUTHFUL HERO.

It is recorded of a little boy in Holland, that he was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the side of the canal. He stopped and thought what the consequence would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell of the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings, how in a few hours the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dyke, until the whole defence being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property and every thing in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers; it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently waited the approach of some villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, but there sat the heroic boy in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last the morning broke. A clergyman walking by the canal heard a groan, and looked around to see where it came from. "Why are you here, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

"Heroic boy! what a truly noble spirit of self-devotedness he shewed!" every one will exclaim. A heroic boy he indeed was; and what was it that sustained him through that lone-

some night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his limbs trembled, and his heart was wrung with anxiety did he not fly to his warm home? What thought bound him to his seat? Was it not the responsibility of his position? Did he not determine to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the darkness and the cold, in thinking what the consequences would be, if he should forsake it? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people inundated by the flood of waters, and he determined to stay at his post or to die.

Now there is a sense in which every person, every boy and girl, occupies a position of far weightier responsibility than that of the little Hollander on that dark and lonesome night; for, by the good or bad influence which you do and shall exert, you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and eternal ruin, or a pure stream of gladness and goodness, on the world. God has given you somewhere a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful in it. You are responsible for leaving your work undone, as well as having it badly done. You cannot excuse yourself by saying, "I am nobody—I don't exert any influence," for there is nobody so mean or obscure that he has not some influence, and you have it whether you will or no, and you are responsible for the consequences of that influence, whatever it is. Take your stand before the world, then, with the determination to devote your influence to virtue, to humanity, to God. Dear children, begin life and grow up with these solid principles of action, to fear and to honour God, to be true to your conscience, and to do all the good you can. Then will your path indeed be like that of the just, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

—The Christian News.

### THE MISSIONARY'S HUT.

Did not some of our little readers cry last month because it was "so cold?" What would some of the Missionaries who have gone into the frozen regions do, if they were to cry, like some little children whom we could name?

Some time ago, the Rev. E. A. Watkins, Church Missionary in Rupert's Land, had to take a long journey in that very cold country. The journey occupied sixteen days. Mr. Watkins was accompanied by a clever Eskimo named Peter, and a party of his people. They had two sledges drawn by seven noble dogs.

It was bitterly cold, and the snow in some parts was drifted, and very deep. When night came on, there were no houses where the Missionary could rest. Did Mr. Watkins sit

down and cry? Oh no! the word was "Try." "Let us try and build a hut, Peter," said Mr. Watkins. In a few minutes all hands were busily at work; the Missionary and one of the natives were clearing away the snow. Peter cut down two pines for tent poles, another brought brushwood, and the rest got ready the fire and provisions.

In a very short time the Missionary's resting place for the night was complete. Oh! how many sacrifices have to be made by those noble men who have gone into the distant parts of the world to preach the everlasting gospel to those who are now in darkness.

Let every English child who desires to succeed in any good work remember that the motto must not be "CRY" but "TRY!"

### WHAT A SAILOR THOUGHT OF MISSIONS.

At an anniversary of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr. McLeod related the following incident. Twenty-one years ago, he had read in the account of some voyage, things to the discredit of the Missionaries of his society. Shortly after, meeting with the captain of a ship that voyaged to the South Seas, he inquired of him,—"Do you think that Missions have done much good in the South Seas?" He looked at me and said—

"I do not know what you think about Missions, but I will tell you a fact. Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands, and I knew that eight years before an American whaler had been shipwrecked on the same island, and that the crew had been murdered, and you may judge my feelings, when we anticipated that we should either be dashed to pieces on the rocks during the night, or if we survived to the morning, subjected to a dreadful death. As soon as the day broke, I saw a number of canoes, manned, pulling away between the island and the ship. We prepared for the worst consequences. Judge of our amazement when the natives came on board in European dress, and spoke to us in English. In that very island I heard the gospel on the following Sabbath-day, sat down at the communion-table, and sang the same psalm that I sing in Scotland." He added with energy, "I do not know what you think of Missions, but I know what I think of them."

If any of our readers have not yet procured the "Band of Hope Almanac" for 1864 (Price One Penny), we recommend them to do so immediately, as it will not be re-printed after the close of this month.



PREPARING FOR THE ERECTION OF THE MISSIONARY'S HUT.



# BAND OF HOPE REVIVALS

AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

"By Me Kings rule."



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

## THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Most of our young friends will have heard their parents read the very interesting accounts

in the papers of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, which took place on the 25th January. We are sure that they will join

with us in praying that the union may prove a happy one, and a blessing to the two great nations which their Royal Highnesses adorn. May God save, defend, and bless, the Princess



Victoria of Prussia and her illustrious husband. Should the firstborn of our beloved Queen be spared, she will in all probability one day wear the crown as Queen of Prussia. However that may be, we earnestly hope that when her earthly titles and honours are all laid aside, she may receive from the "KING OF KINGS" a crown of glory which shall never fade away.

We met with a very pleasing anecdote the other day relative to the childhood of the Princess Royal, with which our young friends will be gratified.

"During one of the cold and stormy nights of January, 1843, the little Princess was awakened by the loud and frequent coughing of some one without, and starting up in alarm inquired of her sleeping attendant what it was.



On being informed that it was the sentinel on duty on the terrace beneath the tower, (at Windsor) the Princess observed, 'Oh, poor soldier, he has got a very bad cough;' and after repeated expressions of sorrow for the 'poor soldier out in the cold,' she again fell asleep.

"The weather continued for several days unfavourable, but one morning preparations were made for Her Royal Highness and her little brother to take their usual airing; and when the party had reached the terrace from the postern door, the Princess was again startled by the well-remembered sound which had disturbed her slumber a few nights before. Breaking from her attendants, she ran up to the sentinel on duty, an old grenadier, and addressed him, 'How is your cough to-day, soldier? I hope it is better.'

"The surprise and pleasure of the soldier was great when told, by the attendants, that it was the Princess Royal who had made this kind inquiry. But neither his surprise nor his pleasure ended here; for the Queen, hearing of the sympathy expressed by her little first-born, sent a present of two guineas, as a cure for the 'poor soldier's cough.'

#### SABBATH RIGHTS INVADED.

SOME months since, the writer was conversing with an aged Christian friend; one who had seen many reverses of fortune. Upon our first acquaintance, the individual in question was carrying on an extensive and flourishing business, and moving in a circle of high respectability. Now, in the decline of life, he was living in comparative obscurity, and often but scantily furnished with the common necessities of life. And to what might be attributed this sad reverse? Christian professors! mark well the conclusions of a convinced and thoughtful mind.

Late one Saturday night, a large funeral order arrived from a country customer. The goods were needed early on Monday. Here was a dilemma. One of the "firm" urged the strong necessity of the case, in order to overcome the religious scruples of the other; and at length prevailed so far as to have the matter attended to during the consecrated hours of the Sabbath.

"From that day," said my friend, "our business began to decline; one loss succeeded another, and I can trace it all to our grievous mistake, in a fear to offend a good customer, rather than a jealous God." K. P.

"The Lord is my Shepherd.  
I shall not want."

#### CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

LIKE mist on the mountain,  
Like ships on the sea,  
So swiftly the years  
Of our pilgrimage flee!  
In the grave of our fathers  
How soon shall we lie!  
Dear children, to day  
To a Saviour fly.

How sweet are the flowerets  
In April and May!  
But often the frost makes  
Them wither away.  
Like flowers you may fade;  
Are you ready to die?  
While "yet there is room,"  
To a Saviour fly.

When Samuel was young,  
He first knew the Lord,  
He slept in his smile  
And rejoiced in his word.  
So most of God's children  
Are early brought nigh:  
Oh! seek Him in youth—  
To a Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure?  
Then lean on his breast,  
For there the sin-laden  
And weary find rest.  
In the valley of death  
You will triumphing cry—  
"If this be called dying,  
'Tis pleasant to die!"

REV. R. M. MCHEYNE.

JESUS SAID, "SUFFER  
THE LITTLE CHILDREN  
TO COME UNTO ME."

#### THE CHILD COMING TO JESUS.

Suffer me to come to Jesus,  
Mother, dear, forbid me not;  
By his blood from hell he frees us;  
Makes us fair without a spot.

Suffer me, my earthly father,  
At his pierced feet to fall;  
Why forbid me? help me, rather;  
Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run to him;  
Gentle sisters, come with me;  
Oh! that all I love but knew him,  
Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,  
Bid me not forsake the cross;  
Hard to bear is your reviling,  
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world have chid me,  
Father, mother, sister, friend,—  
Jesus never will forbid me!  
Jesus loves me to the end!

Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder,  
Carry me, a sinful lamb;  
Give me faith, and make me bolder,  
'Till with thee in heaven I am.

REV. R. M. MCHEYNE.

"Remember now thy Creator  
in the days of thy youth."

#### BIBLE MENTAL PICTURES.

IX.

IN a chamber facing the east, on a couch near the open window, is an aged man worn by disease, but his face is calm and peaceful, and expressive of a hope beaming with immortality. He is speaking earnestly to one of noble appearance standing by, in whose hands are a bow and arrows, which he is shooting through the window, appearing meanwhile to be in the deepest distress.

X.

A NUMBER of men are assembled together, one of whom has long passed the usual boundary of life, and is evidently requesting a favour. He appears to be labouring under some great affliction, which has called forth all the sympathies of the assembled people, and his petition is at once granted.



XI.

A ROYAL city, the streets of which are thronged by warriors returning from battle laden with spoil. At their head is one of noble and courageous appearance, surrounded by a band of musicians who make the air resound with their songs of praise and thanksgiving.

XII.

A MAN is burning incense to his heathen gods, when suddenly, by an invisible power, the altar is broken in pieces, and the ashes poured out.

— The solutions to the Mental Pictures are not to be sent in until the end of the year.

#### TRUST IN GOD.

JOHN NOSWORTHY, M.A., of Oxford University, (at the time of the ejection of non-conformist ministers), on his discharge from prison, was several times reduced to great straits, but he encouraged himself in the Lord his God, and exhorted his wife to do the same. Nor did they do it in vain. Once, when he and his family had breakfasted, and had nothing left for another meal, his wife lamented her condition, and said, "What shall I do with my poor children?" He persuaded her to walk abroad with him, and seeing a little bird, he said to her—

"Take notice how that bird sits and chirps, though we can't tell whether it has been at breakfast, and if it has, it knows not whither to go for a dinner. Therefore be of good cheer, and do not distrust the providence of God, for are we not better than many sparrows?"

Before dinner-time, they had plenty of provision brought them.

#### LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

THREE Indians in the vicinity of Green Bay, became converts to the temperance cause, although previously given to "put the enemy in their mouths that stole away their brains."

Three white men formed the resolution of trying their Indian sincerity. Placing a canteen of whiskey in their path, they hid themselves in the bushes to observe the motions of the red men.

The first recognised his old acquaintance with an "Ugh!" and making a high step, passed on. The second laughed, saying, "Me know you!" and walked round. The last drew his tomahawk, and dashing it to pieces, said, "Ugh! you conquer me, now I conquer you."



## THE CHILD'S RESOLUTION.

BY MRS. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

THERE are some people who laugh at the notion of young children making up their minds to grow up in habits of strict sobriety. Children are very weak and changeable they say, and easily persuaded, so that they cannot either make or keep such a resolution. I remember a very remarkable instance of a child making a strong resolution, and as it may interest my young readers, I will relate the case.

At Daylesford, in Worcestershire, there was a little orphan boy, who lived with his grandfather. The child's parents had both died when he was but an infant, and, though they were of good family, left him in very poor circumstances. The boy went to the village school and learned his first lessons with the children of the poorest people. Sometimes the aged grandfather used to relate, in the child's hearing, stories of the rank and wealth of the family he belonged to, and in particular pointed out to the child how large a portion of the land of Daylesford once belonged to them. The little boy listened eagerly, and often thought of the difference there was between the wealth of his forefathers and his own poverty. One fine summer's day, when he was seven years old, the child, after leaving the village school, walked to the side of a little stream, and throwing himself down on the grassy bank, he looked attentively at the fields and woods, and said to himself, "All these once belonged to my family, and now we have lost them all and my grandfather and I are very poor." He paused awhile, and then made a resolution, that if he lived to grow up he would earn money enough to buy back the family estate. Yes! this poor little orphan boy, of seven years old, made that resolution. He never forgot the time or the place when this thought entered his mind. When he was a grey-headed man he could point out the very spot where he laid when this strong resolution was formed. From that moment he was an entirely altered child, and his idle sports were put away at once. He had a purpose. He learned so fast that other boys could not keep up with him, for he knew that he must be industrious if he was ever to succeed in his plan. His grandfather died, and an uncle in London, his only near relation, hearing how diligent the boy was, brought him to town and put him to a better school. The boy studied as hard as ever. This uncle being a prosperous man at last placed him at Westminster School, where he worked very hard at his books. Just as he hoped to be sent to College, this kind uncle died, and the lad was alone in the world. He was then sixteen. A friend of his late uncle's rather wishing to get rid of him, resolved to send him to India, and procured him an appointment as a clerk in one of the Company's offices. From this time the youth, without money or friends, shipped off to a distant and unhealthy climate, "a stranger in a strange land," worked his way, always remembering the home of his infancy, and his determination to buy back the lands of his ancestors. He became in time very rich, and not only bought the very estate he had set his mind on, but became at length Governor-General of India. His name was Warren Hastings.

Now, I have told you this remarkable fact, not because I think a man getting rich should be the object of your admiration, but, because it is an instance of a strong resolution, made in childhood, influencing a whole life. If a little boy of seven years old could resolve to make efforts to buy back a great estate, and through years of neglect and hardship still worked and studied till he attained his object, surely other children, in their early years, can make resolutions as to their moral conduct.

Any sensible child can resolve not to taste the drunkard's drink—not to learn the drunkard's sin—but to try to grow up strictly sober. To be wise and good is much better than to be what the world calls rich and great. No drunkard was ever wise and good.

As to the resolution Warren Hastings made, I do not know that it was so very wise. Some one must have had to part with the estate before he could get it, however honestly he might buy it, but when a child determines to have good habits, I am sure that is a wise resolution, for great principles are far better than great estates.

Above all, a child making such a determination may safely ask God's blessing. When Solomon, the son of David made his supplication to the Lord, he did not ask for rank or wealth, he asked for wisdom and understanding, and the request was so well pleasing to the Lord, that he not only gave him his request, but added also riches and honor. So that when a child makes a strong determination to a good course of conduct, God's gracious help will come in aid of his weakness, and needful strength will be given him.

When foolish companions laugh at you and say you cannot keep your resolution, tell them about little Warren Hastings, the case I have related, and say "if a boy could be so much in earnest merely to gain riches, surely I may be in earnest for truth and wisdom." Perhaps you may be told that children are not often drunkards. You can then say very properly, "Every wretched drunkard was once a little hopeful child. Step by step the drunkard went in the evil way, till he fell into the terrible and disgusting sin of intemperance." A good, strong resolution, made in early years, to grow up sober, would by God's blessing have preserved every drunkard from the sin and shame of a wasted life and a hopeless grave.

Young reader, may the good resolutions of your childhood prove a blessing to you throughout life.



## THE HAPPY ESCAPE.

IN "Kohl's Travels in Austria," a very touching incident is narrated of the escape of a goat and her little kids from the shots of a hunter. The three animals were happily eating the sweet juicy grass, when the report of a gun was heard. The goat turned round, and eyeing the hunter who was just reloading his gun, the poor creature had instinct enough to know that danger was at hand. She suddenly leaped to the top of a steep rock, and with a peculiar cry of alarm seemed to say to her little kids "Follow me." The pretty things tried, but they had not strength to jump so far.

The poor mother-goat was in the greatest distress, as she saw the hunter drawing nearer and nearer. The faithful creature suddenly jumped down by the side of her little ones, and raising her fore feet against the side of the rock, she made another strange noise, which seemed to say, "jump on my back, my little ones." In a moment one of the kids was on its mother's back, and then easily jumped to the top of the rock! The next moment the second kid did the same, and then the mother-goat gave a bound after them. The hunter fired, but the shots fell on the hard rock! The goat and kids had all reached a place of safety, far away from the reach of the cruel sportsman!

Who taught the mother-goat thus to care for, and protect its young? God!

Third Edition.

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BY MRS. ELLIS.

Author of *Women of England, &c.*

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## THE INVITATION.

LITTLE children come, and welcome,  
If you never came before;  
Christ invites you to his temple,  
Come, for He has gifts in store.

They that seek me early find me;  
Knock to-day at wisdom's door;  
Try the promise, it will bind you  
To the house of God the more.

Spread your sinful hearts before Him,  
All diseased with sin they lie;  
But a touch of Christ can heal them—  
Watch for Jesus passing by.

Day by day, dear children, seek Him,  
In His house, and in His Word;  
Search the Scriptures, they will teach you  
How betimes to fear the Lord.

Saviour, we would ever bless Thee  
For redeeming love divine;  
And with grateful hearts implore Thee,  
While we live to make us Thine.

With Thy Spirit, Lord, baptize us,  
In the precious crimson flood;  
Then with saints, in peace and glory,  
We shall sing atoning blood.

A. W.

## ANECDOTE BY DR. JUDSON.

"In the early part of my residence in Rangoon," says Dr. Judson, "a Burman philosopher, attended by his pupils, on his way to a neighbouring pagoda, was wont to pass the place where I lived, and from which I instructed the people.

"On one occasion the philosopher was stopped by the crowd which was gathered about me, when his eye incidentally fell upon the first tract that was published in the Burmese language, the opening words of which announced the existence of a *living, eternal* God. These significant words arrested his attention, and he stood a long time as in profound thought, his whole soul absorbed with the great truth which they taught. To himself, as well as to the whole nation, this was a new idea, and it led to a long course of study and investigation, which finally resulted in the renunciation of the religion of his country and the adoption of Christianity. He was baptized, and commenced a course of zealous labour as a Christian teacher. He soon became obnoxious to his Government, was tried, and condemned to death, but before the day of execution came he effected his escape and fled from the city.

"Since that time I have never seen him, nor learned any particulars of his life; but I have frequently heard of him through persons who came a long distance from the interior, in search of tracts and Bibles, having been awakened to inquiry and converted to the Christian faith by his instructions."

## EFFECT OF A TRACT.

KO SAN, a respectable elderly Burmese, made his way from a village, twelve miles north of Ava, to the Missionary Station at Rangoon, (distant from Ava, 350 miles!) that he might live there and be baptized. In questioning him, Dr. Judson found that *twelve* years before, a copy of the first edition of the first tract in Burmese found its way to his village, between three and four hundred miles distant; that Ko San treasured it up as the truth, that at subsequent times he occasionally met with disciples, particularly during the war, when some of them fled beyond Ava, with the rest of the population, and that the more he heard of the Christian religion, the better he liked it, and therefore desired to devote himself to it.

## A SWEET THOUGHT.

"This little fellow," said Martin Luther of a little bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodging; calmly holding by his little twig, and having God alone to think of him."





### THE USEFUL GOAT.

In many parts of Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, goats form an important portion of the possessions of the inhabitants; and in most of the mountainous parts of Europe they supply the natives with many of the necessities of life. There are many people who lie upon beds made of the skins of goats which are soft, clean, and wholesome.

### GRATITUDE OF A GOAT.

A GENTLEMAN who had taken an active share in the rebellion of 1715, escaped after the battle of Preston, and sought refuge at a lady's house; she caused him to be conducted to a cave, and supplied him with provisions. When he reached the centre of the cave, he found an obstacle, he drew his dirk, but unwilling to strike, lest he might take the life of a companion, he stooped down, and discovered a goat with her kid stretched on the ground. He perceived that the animal was in pain, and ascertained that her leg was fractured. He bound it up, and offered her a share of the bread beside him; but she stretched out her tongue to apprise him that her mouth was parched with thirst; he gave her water, which she took readily, and then ate some bread. After midnight he ventured out of the cave; all was still; he plucked an armful of grass and cut tender twigs, which the goat accepted with joy and thankfulness. The prisoner derived much comfort from having a living creature in this dungeon, and he caressed and fed her tenderly.

The man who was entrusted to bring him

supplies, fell sick; and when another attempted to penetrate into the cavern, the goat furiously opposed him, presenting her horns in all directions till the fugitive hearing a disturbance came forward.

This new attendant giving the watchword, removed every doubt of his good intentions, and the amazon of the recess obeyed her benefactor in permitting him to advance. The gentleman was convinced, that had a band of military attacked the cavern, his grateful patient would have died in his defence.

### THE GOAT.

THE Goat in size is like the sheep;  
He climbs up mountains very steep;  
He has no wool, but shaggy hair,  
That makes stout cloth for men to wear.

The tops of boughs and bark of trees,  
Is food that does him greatly please:  
In Wales and Scotland too, I'm told,  
That goats supply the place of gold.

Their milk does cheese and butter make,  
And we their skins for leather take;  
Their horns to handles art contrives,  
To make for pretty forks and knives.

A kid the little one is named;  
It's skin for ladies' gloves is famed;  
The names of goat and kid we may  
Find in the BIBLE every day.

Glasgow Infant School Magazine.

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# BAND OF HOPE REVIVALS

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

"Then they remembered the Lord in their trouble."

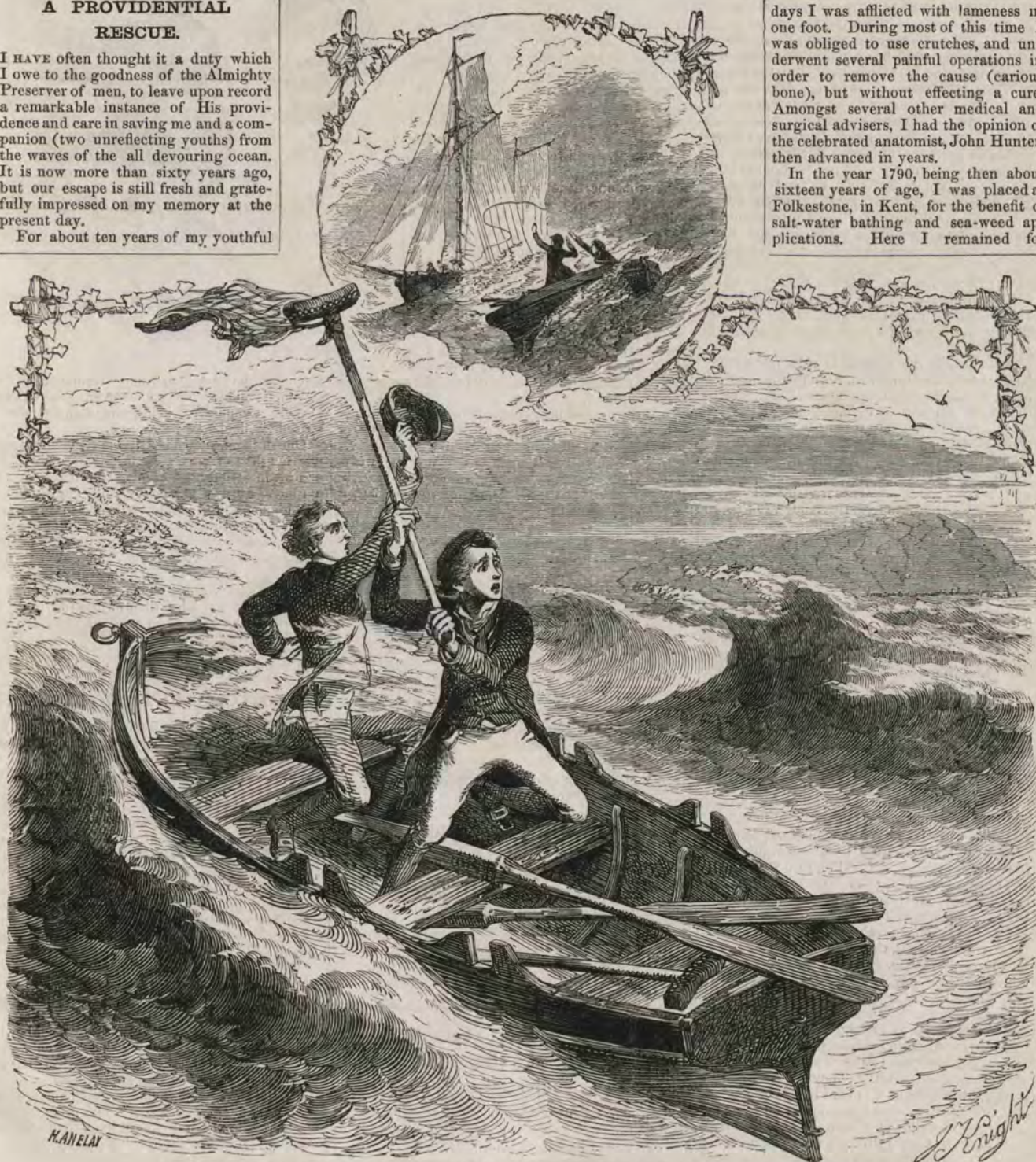
### A PROVIDENTIAL RESCUE.

I HAVE often thought it a duty which I owe to the goodness of the Almighty Preserver of men, to leave upon record a remarkable instance of His providence and care in saving me and a companion (two unreflecting youths) from the waves of the all devouring ocean. It is now more than sixty years ago, but our escape is still fresh and gratefully impressed on my memory at the present day.

For about ten years of my youthful

days I was afflicted with lameness in one foot. During most of this time I was obliged to use crutches, and underwent several painful operations in order to remove the cause (carious bone), but without effecting a cure. Amongst several other medical and surgical advisers, I had the opinion of the celebrated anatomist, John Hunter, then advanced in years.

In the year 1790, being then about sixteen years of age, I was placed at Folkestone, in Kent, for the benefit of salt-water bathing and sea-weed applications. Here I remained for



"I set up one of my crutches, with a handkerchief on the top as a signal of distress, but no one saw it."



twelve months or more, at intervals, during which it pleased the Lord to fully bless the means, and the use of my foot was gradually restored. Notwithstanding I was very lame when taken to the sea-side, it was not long ere I became remarkably nimble, and could climb on my crutches up and about the then ill-formed streets of Folkestone with great agility. Surely there never was such another ill-contracted assemblage of houses on the face of Old England. The surgeon who recommended me to go to Folkestone, (then a town very obscurely known)—was accustomed to answer the inquiry, 'what sort of a place is Folkestone?' 'You must,' said he, 'fancy to yourself the very worst part of Wapping; and the best part of Folkestone is ten times worse than that.' But a radical revolution has since then been effected in the town, which for natural situation in a healthy, picturesque district, is hardly to be excelled in England, and the surrounding country may be regarded as a miniature representation of Switzerland's glorious scenery.

But—to the object of my narrative. Whilst residing at Folkestone, I became intimate with a youth about my own age, who had come to the place with a lame hand. One fine afternoon we secretly agreed together to have an excursion on the water without the knowledge of the friends, under whose care we had been placed. My companion had borrowed a very small boat for the occasion, and we pushed off to the smooth surface of the treacherous ocean, with elevated anticipations of pleasure. The sea was calm as a lake, and the sun shone brightly on our adventure, and we, unconscious of the future, enjoyed ourselves without reflection. Sometimes we lay to, to view the receding prospect of the land; then again resuming our oars and insensibly gliding further, and far over the world of waters. At length, a solemn pause came over us, and we concluded to attempt a return to the shore. By this time, a breeze from the land had sprung up which was rapidly gaining strength. The sea had become rough, and the surge too strong for our feeble hands to make way against it. Every minute increased our danger, and our little bark became the sport of every rising billow.

After toiling a long time in vain, our strength became exhausted, and we relinquished our oars in a state of helpless despondency. I remember that I set up one of my crutches in the boat with a handkerchief on the top as a signal of distress, but no one saw it. We shouted with all our might to the men whom we could distinctly discern on the shore, but no one heard us. No boat or other vessel was in sight, except in the far distant horizon. Added to this, the shades of evening were coming on, and our frail bark was drifting further from land, beyond our control to prevent it, and we were tossed over the rising billows in a state of fearful anticipation.

This was a solemn time, and the climax of our calamity, and we gave ourselves over to the consequences of our imprudence,—not, however, without a secret, but faint hope on my part, that the unslumbering eye of a kind Providence was watching over us.

My companion wept aloud in the agony of despair. I was more calm, but full of solemn foreboding for the event, which I remembered was in the hands of Him, without whose permission, even a sparrow falls not to the ground; all other hope had now fled!

We remained in this state of helpless anxiety and suspense for some time, when we found ourselves at a distance from the shore off Sandgate, a mile and a-half from Folkestone, where we first embarked. At this juncture we observed a solitary lugger put off from the shore, in a direction not far from the course we were pursuing. She proved to be a smuggler on a trip to Holland for contraband goods. As Providence would have it, this was the means provided for our deliverance. Our hopes now revived, and we eyed our unconscious preservers as they briskly sailed along, with feelings of intense interest. When they arrived, as we hoped, within sound of our voices, we shouted in chorus with all our strength. The mariners heard us, slackened their sails, and kindly steered alongside of us. They then threw forth a rope, directing us to make it fast to our boat, and we were received on board, but without at first altering their outward-bound course; but we now thankfully felt that our lives had been spared. Although their vocation was a degrading one, they had the hearts of British

"He that believeth on the Son  
hath everlasting life."

John iii. 36.

seamen, and listened with apparent interest to our tale of woe.

After setting before us the great risk we had encountered, and the improbability that our boat would have lived until the morning; the captain interrogated us as to who we were, whence we came, and what business we had there. He then fined us about five shillings, a sum we were just able to muster, which we willingly paid. Some of the men said, their captain had dealt mercifully with us; we thought so too—for they said the delay which we had occasioned them, might prevent their saving the tide on the opposite coast. One of the men said, our 'captain has behaved to you like a father,' and we were not in a condition to dispute it. These arrangements having been adjusted, they then put their vessel about and towed our boat until we got into smooth water near the shore, into which we got and soon were able to land; our merciful conductors now left us, and were very soon out of sight on their voyage.

With the assistance of some sailors, we got our little boat hauled above the high-water mark at Sandgate, where we left her, and returned home by land to relate the sad adventures of our afternoon's frolic. I remember my hands were sore with blisters from handling the oars, and my coat sleeve was torn out behind from the exertion of rowing. In this plight we presented ourselves to our friends at Folkestone, who did not know of our excursion, and were quite unconscious of the perils we had so recently encountered.

For this, and many other favours, unnumbered and unmerited, I desire to offer the tribute of thankfulness and praise to Him who watcheth over the feeble sparrows, so that not one, without His permission, falleth to the ground!

*Extracted from the Diary of the late JACOB POST, of Islington.*

#### ONE ORANGE OR TWO.

From sucklings' mouths, the Psalmist said,  
Our Lord has strength ordained;  
And every day by children's lips  
We hear the text explained.

The simple heart of infancy  
Implicitly receives  
The truth, which manhood's boasted power  
Of reason disbelieves.

A clergyman once told a child  
He met upon the road,  
"This orange shall be yours, if you  
Will tell me WHERE IS GOD!"

"And I," replied the little one,  
Without a moment's thought,  
"Will give you two, if you will name  
The place WHERE HE IS NOT!"

DR. HUIE.

"Christ also hath once  
suffered for sins, the just  
for the unjust, that he might  
bring us to God."

1 Peter, iii. 18.

#### THE ORANG-OUTANG.

THE Orang-Outang, or Wild Man of the Woods, is the largest of all the ape species, and makes the nearest approach to the human figure.

It is found in the interior parts of Africa, in Madagascar, Borneo, and some parts of the East Indies. It is a solitary animal, avoids mankind, and lives only in the most desert places.

The largest of the kind are said to be about six feet high, very active, and strong. They are likewise exceedingly swift, and cannot be easily taken alive. They live entirely on fruits and nuts; will sometimes attack and kill the negroes who wander in the woods, and drive away the elephants that happen to approach



too near the place of their residence.

When taken young, however, the Orang-Outang is capable of being tamed and rendered extremely docile.

One of them, shewn in London some years ago, was taught to sit at table, make use of a spoon or fork in eating his victuals, and drink out of a glass. It was extremely mild, affectionate, and good-natured; much attached to its keeper, and obedient to his commands.

Its aspect was grave, and its disposition melancholy. It was young, and only two feet four inches high. Its body was covered with hair of a black colour, which was much thicker and closer on the back than on the fore part of the body; the hands and soles of the feet were bare, and of a dusky colour.

#### AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION.

THE following is an extract from a letter by a Teacher in the Belfast Berry Street Presbyterian School:—

"I am glad to be able to inform you of the delight which your periodical gives to the children of the school with which I am connected. They eagerly await the day of its arrival. I make a point of giving it to the scholars of my class (to the number of 12 or 15) as a present for their diligence during the month, and I find it has a good effect amongst them. If other Sabbath-school teachers would adopt the same plan they would find, like myself, their labours lightened by not having to look after so many absentees."

#### TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

WE are under deep obligation to the friends who are rendering most important help, by enclosing in their letters, copies of the "TWENTY-EIGHT Suggestions for increasing the Circulation of the 'British Workman,'" (equally applicable to the 'Band of Hope Review.') If more of our readers will lend a helping hand, we shall be obliged. A supply of the 'Suggestions' may be had, post free, from the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)





### THE HARE AND THE DRUNKARD.

SOMETIME ago, a fine hare rambled out of the green fields upon one of our railroads. Just at the moment, a train came up. The timid little creature was so frightened that it could not get out of the way, and the train passed over it, severing the head completely from the body. A man who was working on the railway shortly afterwards passing by, put the body of the hare into his pocket. On arriving in the town he sold it, and then went with the money to a public-house. He drank and drank until his strength and senses were almost gone. When returning to his home he endeavoured to walk by the side of the railway. He had not gone far before a train coming at a fearful rate, caught him and struck him down to the ground. The engine and carriages all passed over him. His head was found completely severed from his body. Oh, how sad an end, and how fearful a warning to poor drunkards, "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness."

### LOSSES OCCASIONED BY DRUNKENNESS.

HABITS of indulging in strong drink produce:—

LOSS OF MONEY,	LOSS OF CHARACTER,
LOSS OF TIME,	LOSS OF A GOOD CON-
LOSS OF BUSINESS,	SCIENCE,
LOSS OF STRENGTH,	LOSS OF FRIENDS.
LOSS OF HEALTH,	LOSS OF INTELLECT.

Frequently, though perhaps, more slowly than the poisoned cup, yet not less surely,

LOSS OF LIFE;

And, what is infinitely of more concern,

LOSS OF THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

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### THE LIFE-BOAT.

FAITH is, to the lost sailor, what the *Life-Boat* is to the shipwrecked sailor dashing among the breakers—his only means of escape from certain death.

The sailor refusing to seize the life-boat when he knows it would save him, is guilty of suicide; the sinner refusing to believe upon Christ, is he not guilty of soul-murder?—S.

"God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved."—JOHN iii. 17.

### THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

THE daughter of a man who was much addicted to drinking, came home from school crying one day. Her father asked her what she was crying about. She said she did not like to tell him. "Oh, yes, tell me, my daughter, I must know what ails you. Are you sick?" "No, father; but the girls call me a drunkard's daughter, and laugh at me, and I can't help crying." It was too much for the poor father. He sought God's help, and drank no more.

### BIBLE MENTAL PICTURES.

#### XIII.

It is the solemn stillness of night, and scarcely a footfall is heard; a pensive horseman is slowly riding along—he is secretly contemplating a laudable enterprise on which he has sought Divine aid, and received a partial answer to his prayer. Suddenly his progress is arrested by an obstacle which prevents his riding further.

#### XIV.

It is night. A number of soldiers are seen cautiously proceeding from one city to another. In their midst is a prisoner, whom they are carefully guarding.

#### XV.

A NUMBER of young women are gathered round a well, wishing to draw water for their flocks. They are rudely driven away by shepherds who have come for a similar purpose. A young man of benevolent countenance approaches, and kindly offers to draw water for the maidens.

#### XVI.

A MAN of venerable appearance is reproving a royal personage for having relied on an arm of flesh, rather than on the living God. The king is very angry, and orders his reprover to be cast into prison.

☞ The solutions to the Mental Pictures are not to be sent in until the end of the year.



### DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

SUPPOSE the little Cowslip  
Should hang its golden cup,  
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower  
I'd better not grow up;"—  
How many a weary traveller  
Would miss its fragrant smell,  
How many a little child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening Dew-drop  
Upon the grass should say,  
"What can a little dew-drop do?  
I'd better roll away;"—  
The blade on which it rested  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little Breezes,  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to cool  
The traveller on his way;  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they made a great mistake  
If they were talking so.

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do;  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom too.  
It wants a loving spirit  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others by his love.

[From "ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS for Little Ones." Compiled by UNCLE JOHN. The first Part of this valuable collection is to be issued next month. Price 6d. post free. Partridge & Co.]





### WHO LOVES ME BEST?

Who loves me best? My mother sweet,  
Whose every look with love is replete;  
Who held me an infant on her knee,  
Who hath ever watched me tenderly;  
And yet I have heard my mother say,  
That she some time must pass away:  
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill?  
Some one must love me better still!

Who loves me best? My father dear,  
Who loveth to have me always near;  
He whom I fly each eve to meet,  
When passed away is the noontide heat;  
Who from the bank where the sunbeam lies,  
Brings me the wild wood strawberries.  
Oh! he is dear as my mother to me,—  
But he will perish, even as she.

Who loves me best? The gentle dove  
That I have tamed with my childish love,  
That every one, save myself, doth fear,  
Whose soft coo soundeth when I come near:  
Yet, perhaps, it but loves me because I bring  
To its cage the drops from the clearest spring,  
And hang green branches around the door;  
Something, surely, must love me more?

Who loves me best? My sister fair,  
With her laughing eyes and clustering hair!  
Who flowers around my head doth twine,  
Who presseth her rosy lips to mine,  
Who singeth me songs in her artless glee,  
Can any love me better than she?  
Yet, when I asked, that sister confest,  
Of all, she did not love me the best!

Who loves me best? My brother young,  
With his healthy cheek and his lisping tongue;  
Who delighteth to lead me in merry play,  
Far down the greenwood's bushy way;  
Who showeth me where the hazel nuts grow,  
And where the fairest field flowers blow;  
Yet, perhaps, he loves me no more than the  
rest—  
How shall I find who loves me best?

My mother loves me,—but she may die;  
My white dove loves me,—but that may fly;  
My father loves me,—he may be changed;  
I have heard of brothers and sisters estranged;  
If they should forsake me, what should I do?  
Where should I bear my sad heart to?  
Some one, surely, would be my stay,—  
Some one must love me better than they.

Yes, fair child, there is One above  
Who loves thee with an unchangeable love;  
He who formed those frail dear things,  
To which thy young heart fondly clings.  
Even though all should forsake thee, still  
He would protect thee through every ill;  
Oh, is not such love worth all the rest?  
Child! it is God who loves thee best!

M. A. BROWNE.

### DID HE DIE FOR ME?

A LITTLE child sat quietly upon its mother's lap. Its soft, blue-eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story. The tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled sadness and joy. Sometimes they scarcely rose above a whisper, but the listening babe caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek, as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a long sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment and the ruby lips parted, and in tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired:—

"Did he die for me, mamma?"  
"Yes, my child, for you."  
"May I love him always, mamma, and dearly too?"  
"Yes, my darling; it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."  
"And he will love me, mamma, I know he will. He died for me. When may I see him in his other home?"

"When your spirit leaves this world, my darling."

"My spirit!" murmured the child.

"Yes, your spirit—that part of you which thinks, and knows, and loves. If you love him here, you will go with him to heaven."

"And I may love him here. How glad I am you have told me, mamma."

And the mother bowed her head, and prayed silently and earnestly that her child might love the Saviour.

### ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS.

(Compiled by the Editor of the "Band of Hope Review.")

Nos. 1 to 50 of these Handbills (printed on paper made from straw) may now be had. They are suitable for general distribution. They embrace Religion, Sabbath Observance, the Sacred Scriptures, Temperance, Peace, Kindness to Animals, Truthfulness, Swearing, War, Smoking, &c., &c. Sold in packets, containing 50 Handbills, price Sixpence (post free.)

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cloth, price 4s. 6d., crimson cloth and gilt edges, 6s., post free.

### HOW TO SECURE MONTHLY PACKETS OF THE Band of Hope Review.

Those who cannot conveniently order through a Book-seller may have Packets from London, post free, as under—

8 copies for 4d., or for 1 year, 4s.	
16 " 8d., " 8s.	Must be
24 " 1s. 0d., " 12s.	Paid in advance.
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Fewer than Eight copies cannot be sent at this rate.



Example: Eight persons in any village in the United Kingdom, uniting their subscriptions, and remitting four shillings in advance to the publisher, S. W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, will have a packet containing eight copies sent (to the address of any one of the parties) post free, for 12 months.

All ORDERS to be addressed to the publishers, S. W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)



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May 1st, 1858.



# BAND OF HOPE REVIV

## CLIMBING UP-STAIRS!

"I NEVER carry my boy up-stairs," said a gentleman; "as soon as the little one is big enough to help himself, I put him to it. I keep near to see that he does not fall, and then let him climb. The effort to surmount one step gives him courage for the second, and the confidence thus gained carries him to the top. Thus both the muscle and the mind are improved. He who would have been but a babe if carried up and set down at the top of the stairs, is now a little man; and a boy who has climbed up is the one most likely to get safely down."

J. C. and S. W. were born in the same city, and about the same time. Their fathers were respectable, each in his sphere, the one a merchant, and the other

a blacksmith. For a short time the boys attended the same school, but from some cause never revealed, J. C. learned that it was not respectable to go to school with the blacksmith's boy. Accordingly he was sent to a private school in the country, while S. W. remained at home to divide his time between his books, and aiding his father in the shop.

At the age of thirteen, long before sunrise, he was pumping wind out of the old creaking bellows, or giving the alternate blow on the anvil, till a late breakfast; after which, he just as industriously plied his books. In the busier seasons, however, he stuck to the shop, resuming his duties when he could, and with a keener relish for his abstinence. Occasionally he met J. C. in the street, but he was so consequential, that the recognition was anything but pleasing.



"I KEEP NEAR TO SEE THAT HE DOES NOT FALL, AND THEN LET HIM CLIMB"



When about seventeen years old, J. C. returned to the city. His father was understood to be in independent circumstances; hence there was no necessity for his labour. Besides, it was deemed beneath him and too much of a drudgery to take the place of a clerk; and as for being a salesman, he had neither taste nor tact for it. So for the next four years, with all his school acquisitions, it would have puzzled him exceedingly to have cast up the fractional amounts of his labour. He could attend parties, read the newspapers, sport a fancy cane in sunny weather down the fashionable streets, and on an emergency could spend half-a-day in the store to keep tally in taking an account of stock. When within six weeks of his majority, his father suddenly died, leaving him and his mother sole heirs to an estate of £40,000, two-thirds of which was his own. Thus was he *carried up* and set down at the top of the stairs.

"Wealth," says Solomon, "*maketh many friends*;" and so it now happened. Some came to condole with him on the loss of so good a father, and like some physicians, mixed their prescriptions with a good deal of molasses. Others came to ask the special favour of a small loan for a few days; and others, because their time hung heavily, and they knew not what else to do. In due time, the estate was settled, and turned into cash; the old store being of no use to the young proprietor, passed into other hands. The old residence, too, not keeping pace with the fashions, must be abandoned at a considerable sacrifice, and a new one purchased. A wife was found of congenial tastes and habits. A carriage, drawn by a pair of silver greys, was added. And servants, who can tell how many?—maids of honour, and maids of dishonour, black and white; coachman and footman, boot-black and bottle-washers. And now for his investments. Of course, he would prefer stocks yielding the largest dividends, being assured by his friends that he could thus double his fortune in less than twelve years. So he invested largely in Banks and other Joint-Stock Companies. But instead of giving, before thirty-six months had passed away, they had, more than once, imperiously demanded dividends. So that every ocean gale, and every fire alarm filled him with nervous anxiety and sad forebodings. He found his debts accumulating much faster than his dues were paid. Those loans, "just for a few days," most inconveniently for him, did not return; and pecuniary accommodations were not reciprocated. His friends knew that the man who could not take care of his own money, could not be trusted with theirs. To his sorrow, he found there was something in their prescriptions besides molasses. Within twelve years, his fortune was dissipated instead of doubled, and the boy who was not put to climb the stairs, was at the bottom, a groaning, and broken-hearted man. He could neither stay at the top, nor get safely down. In the mean time, S. W., the blacksmith's boy, having hammered out a character both for industry and energy; having learned the value of a shilling by earning it; and having moved in society as a practical and useful man, was greatly respected and loved. His patrimony though small, bestowed on his industry a happy competence, and an annual increase; so that when J. C. was groaning at the bottom, he was rejoicing at the top of the stairs, over the blessings he enjoyed, and in being, to no small extent, a blessing to others. He still lives in grateful remembrance of the days when he was required to climb up stairs instead of *being carried*.

#### KISSING THE ROD.

A FATHER having just cause to chastise his son, four years old, for a fault committed in spite of repeated warning, took hold of the child's tiny hand firmly in his own, and inflicted a slight blow with a cane. The judicious father would not have "spared for his crying," but as he was raising his hand to inflict a second stroke, the dear little fellow gently pressed his lips to his father's hand and kissed it, saying, "*I have been naughty long enough*." The evil spirit was gone. We need not tell any parent who loves his child, how instantly that kiss disarmed the uplifted blow. Oh! that both old and young would thus kiss our Heavenly Father's chastising hand, in the same spirit of humility and love!

#### TO MOTHERS.

MOTHER! watch the little feet,  
Climbing o'er the garden wall,  
Bounding through the busy street,  
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.  
Never count the moments lost,  
Never mind the time it cost,  
Little feet will go astray,  
Guide them, mother, while *you may*.

Mother! watch the little hand,  
Picking berries by the way;  
Making houses in the sand,  
Tossing up the fragrant hay;  
Never dare the question ask,  
"Why to me this heavy task?"  
These same little hands may prove  
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,  
Prattling, eloquent, and wild;  
What is said and what is sung,  
By the happy, joyous child;  
Catch the word while yet unspoken,  
Stop the vow while yet unbroken;  
This same tongue may yet proclaim,  
Blessings in the Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,  
Beating soft and warm for you,  
Wholesome lessons now impart;  
Keep, O keep that young heart true.  
Eradicating every weed,  
Sowing good and precious seed;  
Harvest rich you then may see,  
Ripening for eternity.

"Correct thy son, and he  
shall give thee rest; yea, he  
shall give delight unto thy  
soul."—Prov. xxix. 17.

#### THE FIRST MORNING OF SPRING.

BREAK from your chains, ye lingering streams;  
Rise, blossoms, from your wintry dreams;  
Drear fields, your robes of verdure take;  
Birds, from your trance of silence wake;  
Glad trees, resume your leafy crown;  
Shrubs, o'er the mirror brooks bend down;  
Bland zephyrs, wheresoe'er ye stray,  
The Spring doth call you,—come away.  
Thou too, my soul, with quickened force  
Pursue thy brief, thy measured course;  
With grateful zeal each power employ;  
Catch vigour from Creation's joy;  
And deeply, on thy shortening span,  
Stamp love to God, and love to man.

But Spring, with tardy step appears,  
Chill is her eye, and dim with tears;  
The flower-germs shrink within the ground,  
Still are the founts in fetters bound.  
Where are the warblers in the sky?  
I ask,—and angry blasts reply.  
It is not thus in heavenly bowers:—  
Nor ice-bound rill, nor drooping flowers,  
Nor silent harp, nor folded wing,  
Invade that everlasting Spring  
Toward which we look with wishful tear,  
While pilgrims in this wintry sphere.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

#### JOYOUS SPRING.

EVERY season of the year has its peculiar beauties and enjoyments, but "Spring, joyous Spring," with its buds, leaves, and flowers, appears, after the dreary months of winter, thrice beautiful. All nature rejoices at the transition. The cuckoo and numerous other birds sing its welcome in the groves and woodlands, the young lambs in their sport and play seem to say, Spring, joyous Spring, is come again. The

daisies and buttercups show forth their blossoms on the banks, the groves and the meadows. The modest violet is again shedding its sweet perfume beneath the hawthorn, and the balmy atmosphere is redolent with health, vigour, and enjoyment to all animated creation. Spring is the time when the gardener sows the seed to blossom and bring fruit in the succeeding Summer and Autumn. As Spring is to the year, so is youth to life, youth is the time for improvement, the season when the seeds of knowledge and right principles are to be sown, the seed, that if well cultivated, will blossom in life's Summer, yield a rich and happy return in Autumn, and bring peace and comfort when the Winter of old age shall arrive.

How important is life's seed-time, both for this life and eternity, "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—J. W. K.

#### A GALLANT RESCUE,

#### AND MORAL FIRMNESS OF A BOY.

ONE Saturday afternoon, in last June, as some boys were bathing in the Tay, at Perth, one of them named William Henderson, went beyond his depth, and was swept away by the current. He could swim a little, but all his endeavours, aided by those of his companions, were of no avail in effecting his rescue. Fortunately at the moment, Mr. John McIntosh, messenger-at-arms, was walking near the river-side, and perceiving what had happened, he instantly threw off his clothes, dashed into the water, and was happily just in time to reach the boy, as he was sinking, perhaps for the last time. Catching him in his arms, he succeeded in keeping his head above water, till both gained the shore.

Ere this was effected however, the boy, was to all appearance dead; but it being washing-day at Springland, and a plentiful supply of warm water at hand, the usual means of restoring animation were resorted to, and so effectually, that in about a quarter of an hour, signs of returning vitality began to be manifested. Within an hour he had recovered so far as to be able to answer questions, and not only so, but to prove that his moral firmness had not been weakened by his immersion. On being pressed to drink a little brandy, he spat it out, exclaiming, "*I winna tak it, I'm a teetotaller*." The inhabitants of Bridgend were so highly delighted with Mr. McIntosh, that they presented him with a testimonial in commemoration of the gallant rescue. The friends of temperance also felt that the conscientious conduct of the boy was entitled to public recognition, and they therefore presented him with a bound volume of the "Band of Hope Review." Mr. Richard Hodgson, the Temperance Missionary, accompanied the presentation with an appropriate and affectionate address.



#### TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

WE beg to thank those friends who are kindly enclosing in their letters the "TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS for increasing the circulation of the 'British Workman,'" (equally applicable to the "Band of Hope Review.") If more of our readers will lend a helping hand, we shall be obliged. A supply may be had, *post free*, from the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)

Our best thanks are also due to those friends who are making efforts in various schools for securing an increased circulation of our little paper.





### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS For 1857.

#### THE AWARD.

FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN COMPETITORS have sent in Answers to the Prize Bible Questions for 1857; and, as a whole, they certainly surpass all previous years in the careful searching of Holy Writ which is manifested throughout.

Every question has been correctly answered over and over again, but not by any one individual competitor. The largest number of correct answers are given by

MARIA ANNE COLLINS, AGED 15,  
Of 40, York Street, Dublin,

To whom, therefore, the Prize of a Library of Books of the value of £5 is awarded.

Very gratifying is the testimony borne in almost every case to the interest excited, and the benefit derived from searching those Sacred Writings which are "able to make wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus;" and more gratifying still is the fact stated by two youths, that in this delightful exercise, they "have found HIM of whom Moses, in the law, and the prophets did write;" so found Him as to say of Him, "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, He is altogether lovely!"

#### SECOND-BEST COMPETITORS.

Isabella Adine Hill, David McGibbon, William Jacob, Hannah Eliza Young, Harriet Beauchamp, Mary Louisa Graham, Charles William Graham, Grace Annie Galloway, Isabel Allan, William P. Evans, Henry H. Murray, Julia Maria Ruddle, Ralph Youens, Charles Jerdan, William Huie, John Huie, Amelia Ann Westbury, Henrietta Bennett, Anne Crooks, Thomas Kenwick, Thomas Shurmer.

#### THIRD-BEST COMPETITORS.

Henry Perry, James Wahn, David Lees, Sarah Robson, Anna Elizabeth Hamilton, Jane Southall, Henry C. Wilson, Fanny Molland, (not 7 years old), George Peter Buck, Alexander Webster, Donald Cameron, L. S. Moor, Charlotte Roseanna Barrall, Robert Whimster, Alice Hunter, Rosina H. Young, Frederick Wake, Anne Maria Framp-ton, Agnes Mary White, Caroline Connor, Jane Connor, Eleanor Smith, Thomas Bennett, William Knibb Bloomfield, Robert Pringle, Mary Eyre Burn, Margaret Elizabeth Slater, S. J. A. Ham-mond, Jabez Eastman, Hugh Brownlow, William Smith, Mary C. Campbell, Anne Courtness Chaundler, John E. Ellam, Henry W. Mason, William Torrance, Margaret C. Campbell, Augusta Alice Chalmers, James Muscutt Hodgson, Richard Thomas, Frances Purslow, Louisa Backhurst, Adelaide S. Burnaby, William Dale, Margaret Smith, Anna Mary Burditt, Mary Sullivan, Mary Ann Kent, Matilda S. Millar, Alexander Millar, Jane C. Powell, William Hunter, Ellen Laura Andrew, Agnes E. L. Reid, Fanny Sophia Hol-lings, Harry De Burgh Hollings, Andrew Thom-son, Rachel Budds, Francis Ward Monck, A. Smith, George Carr, Henry Snooks Gardner, Jane Alice Anderson Bates, Geraldine Villiers Stuart, Jemima Giles, Elizabeth Frost, Edward O'Neill, Henry Oakley, Rachel Dove Wilcox, Annie Eliz. Kirkhead, George Bagg, William Easton, Catherine Robinson, S. Blake, Ebenezer P. Evans, Francis Weldon Walshe, Henry M. Collison, Madeline Louisa Holland, Robert Colhoan, Walter Chivers.

### THE BIBLE QUESTIONS AND THE ANSWERS.

1. *Quote the passage of Scripture which contains the account of several brothers being put to death for stealing.*

Ans. "And Zabad his son, and Shuthelah his son, and Ezer, and Elead, whom the men of Gath slew, because they came down to take away their cattle." 1 Chron. vii. 21.

2. *Refer to two memorable occasions when the triumph was celebrated before the victory was won.*

Ans. When the Israelites partook of the Pass-over before leaving Egypt; and when at the Lord's Supper the Christian Church celebrated their deliverance before Christ suffered. Ex. xii.; Luke xxii.

3. *Quote a text so important, that one might wish to write it, with the point of a diamond, on all memories and all hearts, in which, by a certain pleonasm of language, the doctrine of Christ's atonement is announced again and again, as though for ever to exclude the contrary heresy?*

Ans. Who his own SELF bare our sins in his own BODY on the tree." 1 Peter ii. 24.

4. *A costly possession, and its most extraordinary price, are named in one verse—quote it.*

Ans. "The CHURCH of GOD, which he hath purchased with HIS OWN BLOOD." Acts xx. 28.

5. *Quote words of our Lord spoken to the disciples when He was on earth, which were repeated by Him direct from Heaven?*

Ans. "This do in remembrance of me." Luke xxii. 19. "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you.....this do in remembrance of me." 1 Cor. xi. 23-25.

6. *How did an eminent believer in making himself less than he would be, make himself less than he could be?*

Ans. By speaking of himself as "less than the least of all saints," Paul uses this singularly expressive description of his own deeply humble opinion of himself. LESS than the LEAST he could not be, and LESS than the LEAST we are sure he would not be. Eph. iii. 8.

7. *Which of the Apostle Paul's labours, recorded by himself may be termed the fulfilment of a prophecy uttered by Zechariah?*

Ans. "From Jerusalem, and round about unto Ilyricum, I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ." Rom. xv. 19. Paul's first labours after his conversion were eastward in Arabia; (Gal. i. 15-17)—subsequently he preached westerly, in Greece and at Rome. Zechariah prophesied that "living waters" (the Gospel) should "go out from Jerusalem, half of them toward the former sea, (the Dead Sea, eastward) and half of them toward the hinder sea," (the Mediterranean Sea, westward) so as to refresh and fructify the two great divisions of the world as then known to the ancients. Zech. xiv. 8.

8. *When did the use of a prohibited phrase bring upon a nation the extreme vengeance of Jehovah?*

Ans. "The burden of the Lord shall ye mention no more," "Because ye say this word, The burden of the Lord, and I have sent unto you, saying, Ye shall not say, The burden of the Lord; therefore, behold, I, even I, will utterly forget you, and I will forsake you, and the city that I gave you and your fathers, and cast you out of my presence." Jeremiah xxiii. 36-39.

9. *Quote words from the old Testament, which may be termed a prophecy of the hymn sung by our Saviour and his disciples at the Lord's Supper.*

Ans. "I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee." Psalm xxii. 22; compare with Heb. ii. 12.

10. *In what moment did the crowning act of human guilt, and the crowning act of Divine benevolence meet?*

Ans. That of Christ's crucifixion when he saved the dying thief: our Saviour was "by wicked hands crucified and slain," and at the same moment created the most affecting and unlooked for illustration of the love of God in the salvation of the malefactor. Luke xxiii. 42, 43.

11. *Name one who provided a table for persons who had provided a grave for him.*

Ans. Elisha. When the Syrians came to take him he said to the King of Israel, "Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink." 2 Kings, vi. 8-23.

12. *Sight and blindness were the effect of one man's prayers. Explain this.*

Ans. The prophet Elisha prayed for the opening of his servant's eyes to see his safeguard, and for the blinding of his enemies the Syrians, that they might not see to do hurt. 2 Kings, vi. 17-20.

13. *When did the sight of objects without sound of them give great comfort, and when did the sound of them without the sight occasion great dismay?*

Ans. Elisha's servant saw chariots and horses, but heard none, 2 Kings, vi. 17. The Syrians heard chariots and horses, but saw none. 2 Kings, vii. 6, 7.

14. *When did an appeal for justice astonish the judge, not so much from the difficulty of the demand, as the horror of the occasion?*

Ans. When Jehoram rent his clothes and put on sackcloth at the appeal of the woman, whose son had been eaten during the great famine in Samaria. 2 Kings, vi. 25-30.

15. *Name an eminent servant of God whose wife was a type of the sacred temple at Jerusalem.*

Ans. Ezekiel. (See chapter xxiv. 15-27.)

16. *What space of time was occupied in delivering the various ordinances named in the book of Leviticus?*

Ans. One month; the book may be termed the revelations of one memorable month. Compare Exodus xl. 17, with Numbers i. 1.

17. *What historical fact is a striking illustration of Solomon's words, "the ransom of a man's life is his riches?"*

Ans. "But ten men were found among them that said unto Ishmael, slay us not, for we have treasures in the field, of wheat, and of barley, and of oil, and of honey. So he forbore, and slew them not among their brethren." Jeremiah xli. 8.

18. *Of what vegetable object named in Scripture may it be said that its disuse was its only allowable use?*

Ans. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the use of which was entirely moral; it was set in Paradise as the test of man's obedience. Gen. ii. 17.

19. *The last day of a certain king's life is the only day mentioned in his history by one of the prophets. Name the king and the prophet.*

Ans. King, Belshazzar;—Prophet, Daniel; Dan. v.

20. *Name a New Testament saint, described by a title, which, if it were possible, might excite an archangel's envy.*

Ans. John; "The disciple whom Jesus loved." John xxi. 20.

21. *Quote an expression, (a mere glimpse of information), which is all that is given us, of more than a century preceding the most memorable event, except one, of all time.*

Ans. "While the ark was a preparing," 1 Pet. iii. 20. The space of time thus occupied was 120 years.

22. *What problem did Christ give in relation to flowers, which the deepest philosophers and divines have not yet solved?*

Ans. "Consider the lilies HOW THEY GROW." Luke xii. 27.

23. *The strangest possible motive induced a distinguished man to undertake a voyage: give his motive and his name.*

Ans. "To flee from the presence of the Lord." Jonah. Jonah i. 3.

24. *When was a plant made to clothe man, used to preserve God's servants from death?*

Ans. When Rahab hid the spies. "But she had brought them up to the roof of the house, and hid them with the stalks of flax, which she had laid in order upon the roof." Joshua ii. 6.

### BIBLE MENTAL PICTURES.

#### XVII.

AN aged man of peculiar appearance is seated on the top of an eminence. A man bowed before him, is deprecating his vengeance on behalf of himself, and a band of soldiers, who, at the foot of the hill, are waiting with intense anxiety for the result of the interview.

#### XVIII.

A NUMBER of guests are seated at a magnificent entertainment. Suddenly sounds of rejoicing are heard in the distance, which excite the curiosity of the revellers. Soon one enters the apartment in great haste, and communicates some intelligence which causes the company immediately to disperse in evident alarm.

#### XIX.

A COMPANY of men are rapidly passing through a fertile and well-cultivated garden towards one of the entrances of an ancient royal city, on the tower of which is a man attentively watching their proceedings. Two regal chariots are seen hastily advancing from the city to meet the approaching company.

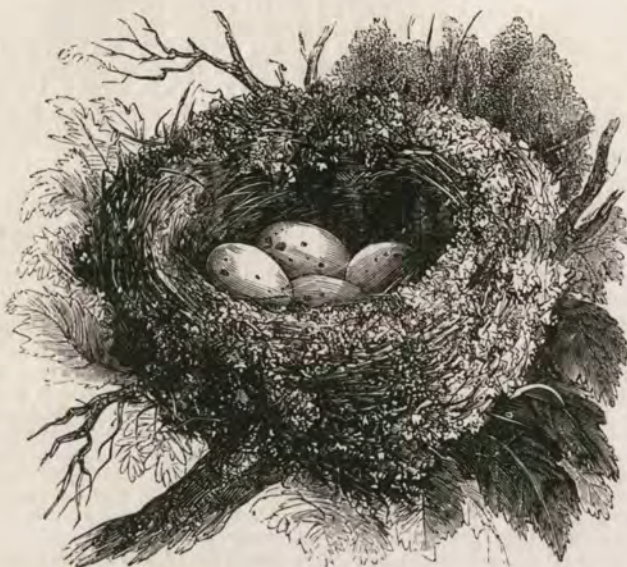
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### THE BIRD'S NEST.

WILL you take the nest away,  
From beneath the hawthorn spray,  
And the poor bird's labour spoil,  
After all her pains and toil?

She has only flown for food,  
For her young and tender brood;  
Think, oh think, how she will moan,  
When she finds her darlings gone.

Patiently for many a day,  
When the sunshine looked so gay,  
On the little eggs she sat,—  
Will you not remember that?

And her faithful mate would sit  
Near her with his joyous twit;  
Singing, all the live-long day,  
Pretty songs of shining May.

Little birds, shall all your care  
Now be changed to sad despair?  
Who would take the nest away  
From the twinkling hawthorn spray?  
P.

From "ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS for Little Ones." Compiled by UNCLE JOHN. Part 1. Price 6d.

(We anticipate the thanks of many mothers for promoting the publication of this book for the nursery.—  
ED. B. H. R.)

### BE KIND.

I WOULD not hurt a living thing,  
However weak or small;  
The beasts that graze, the birds that sing,  
Our Father made them all;  
Without whose notice we have read,  
A sparrow cannot fall.

'T was but the other day  
I met a thoughtless boy,  
Bearing a pretty nest away,  
It seemed to give him joy;  
But oh! I told him it was wrong  
To rob the little feathered throng.

I passed another by,  
It seemed a saddening thing,  
To see him seize a butterfly  
And tear away its wing;  
As if devoid of feeling quite,  
I'm sure that this could not be right.

The patient horse, and dog,  
So faithful, fond, and true,  
And e'en the little leaping frog,  
Are oft abused too  
By thoughtless men and boys, who seem  
Of others comfort, not to dream.

Yet surely in our breast  
A kindlier soul should dwell,  
For 't was our blessed Lord's request  
To use His creatures well;  
And in His holy book we find  
A BLESSING given to the kind.



### THE DYING BOY.

SISTER! I'm weary now,  
Nay, do not—do not weep,  
Oh, wipe the death-damp from my brow,  
And let me go to sleep.  
There's music ringing in my ear,  
It calls my soul away,  
It bids me join that angel choir,  
Sister! I cannot stay.

Sister! there's glory there  
Thine eyes ne'er looked upon;  
My soul shall stand serenely fair,  
Before my Saviour's throne.  
I long to plume my spirit's wing,  
And seek those realms of light,—  
Oh, sister! come and sweetly sing,  
As fainter grows my sight.

Sister! I see them now,  
Bedecked in robes of white,  
A glittering crown is on each brow,  
It hath no stain nor blight.  
How sweet they strike their golden harps,  
While heaven's high arches ring,  
They need no sun nor starry lamps,  
Jesus, our light, they sing.

Sister! they bid me come,  
I cannot longer stay;  
Oh, join me in that blissful home,  
Where tears are wiped away.

Now gently lay my dying head  
Upon thy faithful breast,  
Bright angels bend around my bed,  
Sister! I go to rest.

### REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN AMERICA.

THE *New York Herald* of the 16th March, last, gives an interesting account of the religious services and revival at Burton's Theatre, and says, that the Old Chambers' Street Theatre, formerly used by Palmo as an opera-house, was the scene of an interesting prayer-meeting yesterday, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The meeting was opened by our friend the Rev. T. L. Cuyler, who said, "At last we may congratulate the defenders of the stage that a theatre has become a school of virtue, and not a school of vice, a house of prayer, and not a haunt of profanity; a spot for the real tears of penitence, and not the scene of fictitious grief over the fictitious sorrows of the stage. For this let us give God the glory. To-day, for the second time in the history of New York, we set apart a disused play-house for a house of worship. Oh what soul tragedies may have been enacted in this very building! From yonder 'pit' how many have gone down to the pit of everlasting despair! Let our services here be as solemn as eternity. Let us invoke the presence of the Holy Spirit; and may this former habitation of the tempter be the very habitation of God!"

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Archbishop of Canterbury.

I heartily wish you success with the "BRITISH WORKMAN."

Earl of Shaftesbury.

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**"YOU CAN'T STRAIGHTEN IT!"**

LEWIS BROWN had kind parents, who set him a good example, and endeavoured to instruct their little son according to God's Word. Instead, however, of profiting from the lessons he received, he frequently caused his parents much unhappiness by his naughty conduct. He was idle and disobedient, did not always speak the truth, and on several occasions took what was not his own.

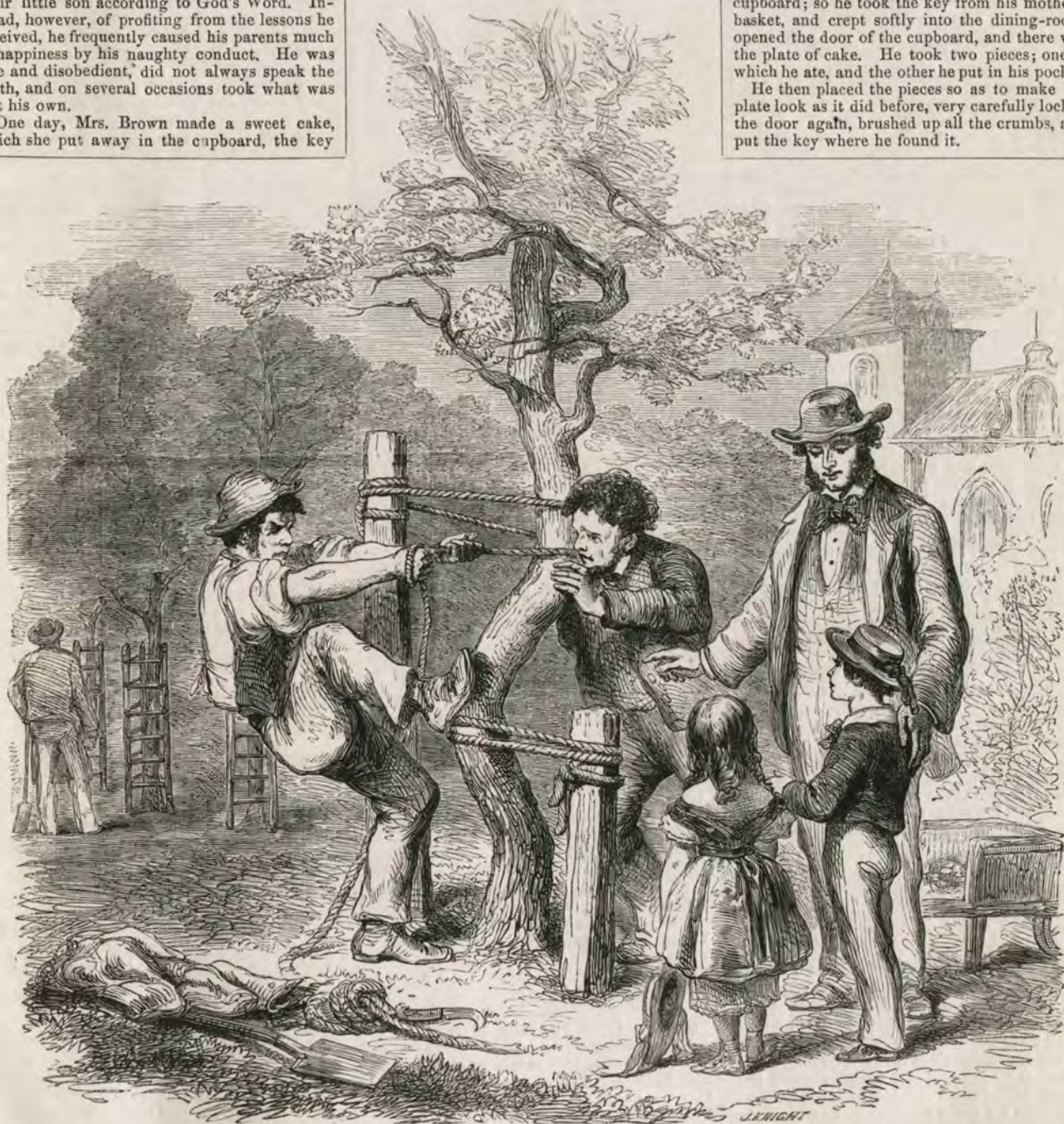
One day, Mrs. Brown made a sweet cake, which she put away in the cupboard, the key

of which she kept in her work-basket. Lewis saw the cake when it was taken out of the oven. It looked very tempting indeed. He tried

very hard to find out where his mother had put it, but it was all in vain.

By and by, his mother went out to see a neighbour, and Lewis thought he would try the cupboard; so he took the key from his mother's basket, and crept softly into the dining-room, opened the door of the cupboard, and there was the plate of cake. He took two pieces; one of which he ate, and the other he put in his pocket.

He then placed the pieces so as to make the plate look as it did before, very carefully locked the door again, brushed up all the crumbs, and put the key where he found it.

**"IT WILL NEVER DO—YOU CAN'T STRAIGHTEN IT!"**



After dinner, Lewis was drinking at the table, and the water fell upon his clothes. He suddenly pulled out his handkerchief to wipe it off, and two or three large crumbs of cake fell upon the carpet. His little sister, about a year and a half old, picked up one of them, and called out, "*cate! cate!*" for she could not speak plain enough to say *cake*. This led Mrs. Brown to examine into the matter, and so Lewis was found out. His father and mother were much shocked and grieved. They saw that Lewis was forming very wicked habits, and they prayed that God would teach them what was best to do with their naughty child. He was, of course, severely punished for taking the cake; but his father was very anxious to impress on his mind the danger of forming sinful habits, which would grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, until they would bind him, as with iron chains, in the service of wickedness. At last he thought of a plan by which he hoped, under the Divine blessing, to teach his little son this important lesson.

In the orchard, not far from Mr. Brown's house, there was a young tree; but it was so crooked, that he had more than once determined to cut it down. Close by, were some young pear trees, which were remarkable for their straight and beautiful appearance. Mr. Brown directed his men to take an axe, with some stakes and ropes, and go down into the orchard, to see if they could not straighten that crooked tree. And he told Peter the gardener, to go down at the same time, and put some more fastenings upon the pear trees. His object in all this, was to teach Lewis a lesson.

After they had been gone a short time, Mr. Brown saw Lewis running from the barn to the house, and he called to him,—"Come, Lewis, my boy, let us go down to the orchard, and see how Peter and the men get on with their work; we shall have time enough before school begins."

When they arrived at the orchard, they first saw Peter tying cords round the pear trees, and fastening them to the stakes, which were driven into the ground by the side of the trees. It seems, that when they were little trees, they were fastened in this way near the ground, to keep them straight, and to prevent the wind from blowing them to and fro and loosening the roots. As the trees grew up they were fastened in the same way, higher and higher, till, by and by, they were strong and firm enough to need no such security. Some of them were so much inclined to grow crooked, that they had to put three stakes down, and fasten them on all sides, but by beginning *early*, and keeping a constant watch, even these were kept straight.

"These pear trees seem to be doing well, Peter. They shoot up very straight and strong," said Mr. Brown.

"Yes, yes, they promise very well, sir," replied Peter, "we have had to strain them up pretty close to the stakes; but *it's the only way*, Mr. Brown. They must be taken near the ground, when a *bit of twine* will hold them, and be followed up till they get out of reach. *It's the only way, sir.*"

They went on a little further, and there were the two men at work on the crooked tree. They had a long stake on this side, and a short one on that; here one rope, and there another; but all to no purpose. Indeed, they were surprised to think that Mr. Brown should send them to do such a piece of work.

When Lewis and his father came up to the crooked tree, one of the men was just saying to the other, "*It will never do; you can't straighten it, and you may as well let it alone.*"

"Ah!" said Mr. Brown, "do you give it up? Can't you brace it up on one side, and then on the other, and make it look better?"

"Oh no, sir," said one of the men, "it's too late to make anything of it but firewood. All the rigging of the navy could not make that tree straight."

"I see it," said Mr. Brown, "and yet a bit of twine applied in season, and followed up with the growth of the tree, would have made it as straight as those pear trees yonder. Well, men, you can go to your mowing."

"I did not expect them to do anything with that tree, my son," said Mr. Brown, turning to his little boy, "but I wanted to teach you a lesson. You are now a little twig. Your mother and I want you to become a straight, tall, and useful tree. Our commands and prohibitions

are the little cords of twine that we tie around you to gird you up.

"Prisons and penitentiaries are the ropes and chains upon crooked trees, which were not guided wisely when they were twigs. We see that you are disposed to grow crooked. If you are not kept straight *now*, you certainly will not be likely to grow straight by and by. If you form evil habits *now*, they will become stronger and stronger, till nothing can break them. If, while you are a green and tender sprout, we cannot guide you, we surely cannot expect to do it when you become a strong and sturdy tree. But if we do all we can to guide you in the right way *now*, we may hope for God's blessing upon our labours, and that He will, for Christ's sake, keep you from the evil that is in the world, and make you a wise, useful, and happy man."

We trust that Mr. Brown's excellent lesson will do good to many of our readers.



#### "ONLY THREE-PENCE A DAY."

A and B, two young journeymen each aged 21, enter into business life. A resolves that he will be very moderate, and spend "only three-pence a day," in beer and tobacco. B resolves that he will be a water drinker, and "put by" three-pence a day, and at the end of each year buy a little land. The first year this trifling daily saving enables B to purchase 547 yards of good pasture land worth FORTY POUNDS per acre! Year after year he does the same. Both men arrive at the age of sixty. A is disabled and has to apply to the Guardians for help, for he is penniless. On his way to the Workhouse, he passes a nice little field between four and five acres in size, in which he sees his former comrade reaping the golden corn. He enquires, "Old shopmate, *whose* fine field is this?" "MINE," is the reply, "and you might have had one too; for '*only three-pence a day has bought it.*'"

#### THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

FLOWERS of the field! 'tis yours to preach  
Lessons of truth, and humbly teach  
The faithless and the proud:  
Arrayed in garb of lovely hue,  
OUR FATHER's care we trace in you;  
And still to HIM who made you, true;  
Ye warn the thoughtless crowd.

Let those of feeble faith, whose breast  
With doubts and fears can never rest,  
Consider how ye grow:  
Ye toil not with perplexing care,  
Ye do not spin the coats ye wear;  
Nor paint those colours bright and fair  
In which ye sweetly glow.

The hand of HIM, who built the skies,  
Adorns His flowers with varied dyes,  
And clothes each beautiful plant;  
THE ETERNAL ONE, whose sovereign power  
Can make earth's haughtiest despot cower,  
Stoops to regard the humblest flower,  
And tend each little want.

REV. J. S. BROAD, M.A.

#### A DRUNKEN MOTHER.

THE eight boys of my class in the Sabbath school are from as many different families, and of the heads of those families two fathers and one mother have long been habitual drunkards.

One of the fathers, however, was lately reclaimed by the efforts of the Temperance men, and his little son told me, with laughing eyes,—

"We are all so glad, father's joined the Temperance Society, and now he don't get drunk any more, or beat mother."

I said one of my boys had a drunken mother. I have called on her at home, and found her a most pitiable object indeed. She is the most abject slave to rum I ever saw. I warned her as to the certain consequences of her degradation; she acknowledged it all with many tears, but said, with a sort of piteous moaning, that would almost have moved a statue to tears. "I know it all, but it is all over with me. I shall certainly die a drunkard, for oh, sir, you must know I have joined the Teetotal Society twice, and I *can't* keep my pledge. When I get a smell of the rum, it makes me crazy, sir, it makes me crazy! The boy's miserable home was directly over a grog-shop, and here it was, with drunkards reeling around him, his home constantly reeking of rum, a drunken mother staggering before him, here it was that I found my Sunday-school scholar. What a school for a boy twelve years of age! Is there any hope that such a boy can be saved from ruin?—that he can be induced to take and keep a total abstinence pledge? His mother has taught him, and he knows it well, that a pledge may be broken; she has taught him by the example of years to drink and disregard all decency. But the Sunday-school teacher has taught him that it was wrong to violate the pledge, and that God has said 'no drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

I called on him lately, and he was just recovering from a severe sickness. He had been brought nigh to the grave by the scarlet fever. During his illness some person prescribed bathing his feet in rum.

His mother, who was in a state of intoxication, was about to apply the rum to his feet, but the little fellow smelt the enemy that had always made his home a desolation and with the little strength he had, he drew his feet up under him, and waved her off his bed.

He was teetotal even to his feet; he would not have the poison touch him anywhere.

Oh, that the strong arm of the law, would suppress the vile grog shops which curse our land!—A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

#### A SONG FOR THE BOYS.

Strive to learn,—strive to learn,  
Time is marching on, boys;  
Summer days will pass away,  
Youth will soon be gone, boys.  
Seize the moments as they fly,  
Make the most of Time, boys;  
Onward, onward, be your cry,  
Bravely labour 'till you die!

Don't despair,—don't despair,  
'Tis a glorious way, boys,  
Make the highest point your aim,  
And you 'll win the day, boys!

Don't you know,—don't you know,  
Honours crown the wise? boys,  
And if you work with all your might,  
You will gain the prize? boys!  
Lives of great and noble men  
Examples are for you, boys;  
You may make your lives the same,  
And renown and glory gain!  
Don't despair, &c.

Persevere,—persevere  
In the path of Truth, boys;  
Labour hard to store the mind,  
In the days of Youth, boys.  
There are spirits great and true  
Join the noble band, boys;  
Let not trifles conquer you,  
Ever keep the goal in view!

Don't despair, &c.  
E. F. MORRIS.



"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE, O LORD!"



"HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD."

### THE CHICKENS.

You pretty little chickens,  
So soft and round and small;  
What makes you run so quickly?  
I want to count you all.

Stop here, you little tiny,  
And answer me, I beg;  
Come tell me how you managed  
To creep out of the egg?

Do let me stoop to touch you;  
You need not be afraid!  
I would not dare to hurt you,  
Whom God, my Father, made.

But hark! the hen is calling,  
She trembles for her brood,  
Perhaps she wants to give them  
Some little grains for food.

My darling must not keep them,  
'T would frighten the poor hen  
And tho' you would not hurt them,  
God would be angry then.

F. P.

From "ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS for Little Ones." Compiled by UNCLE JOHN. Part 1. Price 6d.

### THE FIRST CONVERT FROM BUDDHISM TO CHRISTIANITY.

LONG had the devoted Missionary (Dr. Judson) and his wife laboured, seeking to declare the one true God to an idolatrous nation before they were permitted to see any successful result.

At length a soul was won from the surrounding darkness, and the hearts of the labourers were made glad. We will relate one of his interviews with his teacher, Mrs. Judson.

"Besides Jesus Christ," he exclaimed, "I see no way of salvation. He is the Son of God, who has no beginning, no end. He so loved and pitied men that he suffered death in their stead. My mind is sore on account of the sins I have committed during the whole of my life particularly in worshipping a false God. Our religion, pure as it may be, does not purify the minds of those who believe it; it cannot restrain from sin. But the religion of Jesus Christ makes the mind pure. His disciples desire not to grieve Him by sinning. In our religion there is no way to escape the punishment due to sin; but according to the religion of Jesus Christ, he himself has died in order to deliver his disciples.

"I wish all the Burmans would become His disciples, then we should meet together as you do in your country, then we should all be happy together in heaven. How great are my thanks to Jesus Christ for sending teachers to this country, and how great are my thanks to the teachers for coming! Had they never come and

built that church, I should never have heard of Christ, and the true God.

"I mourn that so much of my life passed away before I heard of this religion. How much have I lost."

Mrs. Judson adds, "it is peculiarly interesting to see with what eagerness he drinks in the truth from the Scriptures. A few days ago, I was reading with him Christ's sermon on the mount. He was deeply impressed, and unusually solemn. 'These words,' said he, 'take hold on my very liver, they make me tremble. Here God commands us to do everything that is good in secret, not to be seen of men. How unlike our religion is this! When Burmans make offerings to the pagodas, they make a great noise with drums, and musical instruments, that others may see how good they are. But this religion makes the mind fear God; it makes it of its own accord fear sin.'" When Mrs. Judson read this passage, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, &c." he said, "What words are these? It does not mean that we shall take the silver and gold from this world and carry them to heaven; but that by becoming the disciples of Jesus, we shall live in such a manner as to enjoy heaven when we die."

May we prize the Scriptures as did this Burman, or he may rise up in judgment, and condemn us for neglecting our great privileges.

### "A WORD FITLY SPOKEN."

ONE day a boy was tormenting a kitten, when his little sister said to him, with tearful eyes, "Oh, Philip, don't do that—it is God's kitten." The word of the little one was not lost; it was set upon wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten, but many serious thoughts were awakened regarding the creatures that he had before considered his own property. "God's kitten—God's creature, for He made it." It was a new idea. The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions, who was beating unmercifully a poor starved-looking dog. Philip ran up to him, and almost unconsciously using his sister's words, he said, "Don't, don't, it is God's creature." The boy looked abashed, and explained that the dog had stolen his breakfast. "Never mind," said Philip, "I will give you mine, which I have in my basket;" and sitting down together, the little boy's anger was soon forgotten. Again had a word been unconsciously set upon wheels. Two passers by heard Philip's words, one a young man in a prosperous business in the neighbouring town; the other, a dirty ragged being, who, in consequence of his intemperate habits, had that morning been dismissed by his employer, and was now going home sullen and despairing. "God's creature!" said the poor forlorn one—and it was a new idea to him also; "if I too belong to God, He will take care of me, though no one else will." Just then he came to a public-house where he had been in the habit of drowning his miseries, and then staggering home to inflict new ones on his wife and children. He stopped, the temptation was strong, but the new idea was stronger.

"I am God's creature," and he passed on. His wife was astonished to see him sober, and still more when he burst into tears, declaring that he was a ruined man, but that he was determined to give up drinking, and to trust in God. At that moment, a knock was heard at the door, and the gentleman came in to whom we have before alluded. He, too, had been rebuked by the boy's words, for the scorn and loathing which he had felt to the miserable object before him. "God's creature! therefore entitled to help and pity." We need not detail the words of hope and comfort, the promise and the performance of active assistance, which, in a short time, lifted up the poor man's head, and made him one of God's thankful and joyful "creatures." It would be well for us all, old and young to remember, that our words, actions, ay, and our thoughts also, are set upon never-stopping wheels, rolling on and on into the pathway of eternity.—From "Work, plenty to do, and how to do it."

### A BEQUEST TO DOGS.

ON the 5th of May, 1805, Mr. Busby, a gentleman of considerable property, who died at Knightsbridge, left by his will a pension of £25 to four of his dogs. He had been remarkable for his attachment to the canine race, and when it was remarked to him that a portion of the sums he expended upon them would be better employed in the relief of his fellow creatures, he replied, "Men have attempted to deprive me of life; a faithful dog has preserved it." Mr. Busby, had, in fact, owed his safety to a dog, when attacked by brigands during a tour in Italy, and the four animals to which he had made that bequest had descended from that one. The deceased, feeling his last hour approaching, had the four dogs placed on chairs by his bedside, received their last caresses, returned them with a trembling hand, and died as it were between their paws.



### A HAPPY FAMILY.

'BIRDS, in their little nests agree,  
And 'tis a shameful sight,  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide, and fight."

DR. WATTS.

"BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"—PSALM cxxxiii. 1.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

[At the solicitation of some of our friends, we shall insert "Questions" during the remainder of the year in lieu of "Mental Pictures."]

1. Name a Scriptural patent shield for warding off the sharp strokes of anger.
- 2.—Name one who was punished with loss of sight, of whom it may be said that he was more unhappy that he saw so long, than that he was blind so soon.
3. Give four short sentences from Holy Writ, containing in them more of the knowledge of God than all the unaided wisdom of man could ever have discovered.
4. Of whom may it be said that she was twice a mother, yet had but one child?





### WATER OR BEER?

A DEVOTED minister of the Gospel, whose efforts for the cause of temperance have been much blessed by God, was once dining with a family, when the lady who presided at table, said, "Ah! I do not like your doctrine: you go too far in refusing the good creatures of God."

No notice was taken of the remark by the minister at the time. At length he said, "Pray, madam, can you tell me who made *this*?" holding up a glass of water.

The lady replied, "Why, God, I suppose." "Then," said the minister, "I think you do us an injustice, when you accuse us of refusing the good creatures of God."

Silence again reigned. By-and-by, the minister said, "Madam, pray can you tell me who made *that*?" pointing to a glass of beer which the lady had at her side.

"Why, no sir, I cannot exactly say: I suppose the brewer and maltster."

"Then," replied he, "allow me to say there is some apparent inconsistency in your first remark. You prefer taking a thing that *man* has made, to that which God has so very bountifully provided; and yet you accuse me of rejecting God's good creatures, because I prefer water to beer! Let me leave the matter to your more serious consideration."

The above has just been published as No. 55, of the "ILLUSTRATED HAND BILLS." Sold in Sixpenny Packets. Fifty Copies in each Packet.

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ORDERS to be sent to the publishers, Messrs. Partridge & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

### MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

WE rejoice to find that the "London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews," is making special efforts for promoting the knowledge of the Saviour amongst the scattered tribes of ancient Israel.

The annexed engraving shews a missionary travelling party, consisting of Mrs. Brühl, Mr. and Mrs. Eppstein, Mr. and Mrs. Dubenski on their way to Bagdad. They are just passing the town of "The Tomb of the Prophet Jonah," a place in which Mr. Layard's discoveries have excited deep interest. We trust that God will graciously bless the labours of these missionary pioneers, and give them favour in the sight of the people amongst whom they have gone to preach the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We hope that our



young readers will help the great and good cause of Missions to the Jews, with both their prayers and their vance.



Number 91.

July 1st, 1858.



PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR, ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

THE  
TREMBLING EYELID.  
BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

(We commend the following affecting narrative to the special attention of Boys. Those Mothers who desire to guard their sons against one of the direst scourges which afflict our fallen world—Intemperance—will do well to give it their serious and prayerful perusal. It is worthy of being read over and over again.)

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778, during the revolution, that an armed vessel sailed out of the port of Boston. She was strongly built, and carried 20 guns, with a



well-appointed crew of more than a hundred, and provisions for a cruise of six months. As she spread her broad white sails, and steered from the harbour, with a fair, fresh breeze, she made a noble appearance. Many throbbing hearts breathed a blessing on her voyage, for she bore a company of as bold and skilful seamen as ever dared the perils of the deep. But soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they came to anchor, with difficulty, near the harbour of Plymouth. The



Touching scene in a cottage near Boston, in the winter of 1778.



strong gale that buffeted them became a storm, and the storm a hurricane.

Snow fell, and the cold was terribly severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a reef of rocks. She began to fill with water, and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above the main-deck, sweeping over it at every surge. They made every exertion that courage could prompt, or hardihood endure. But so fearful were the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two blows in cutting away the mast, without being relieved by another. The wretched people thronged together upon the quarter-deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, and could obtain neither provisions nor fresh water. They were all covered by the deep sea, when the vessel became a wreck.

But, unfortunately, the crew got access to ardent spirits, and many of them drank to intoxication. Insubordination, mutiny, and madness ensued.

The officers remained clear-minded, but lost all authority over the crew, who raved about them. A more frightful scene can scarcely be imagined. The dark sky, the raging storm, the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel, and the half-frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason and to duty, or fighting fiercely with each other. Some lay in disgusting stupidity, others, with fiery faces, blasphemed God. Some, in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in palaces surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servants; who, they supposed, refused to do their bidding. Others there were, who, amid the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the home that they never more must see, and with hollow, reproachful voices, besought bread, and wondered why water was withheld from them by the hands that were most dear.

A few whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol to a fiend-like fury, assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making shrieks of defiance, and their curses heard above the roar of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attitudes. At length Death began to do his work. The poor creatures fell dead every hour upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse as it became breathless, was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors. Those who drank most freely were the first to perish. On the third day of these horrors, the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies stiffened in every form that suffering could devise. Many lay in a vast pile. Others sat with their heads reclining on their knees; others grasping the ice-covered ropes; some in a posture of defence, like the dying gladiator; others with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate.

Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished amid the mass of dead only by the trembling of one of his eyelids. The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, and every effort used for their restoration. The captain and lieutenant, and a few others, who had abstained from the use of ardent spirits, survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen on the south-west side of the burial-ground at Plymouth.

The funeral obsequies were most solemn. When the clergyman who was to perform the last service, first entered, and saw more than seventy dead bodies, some fixing upon him their stony eyes, and others with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last mortal agony, he was so affected as to faint.

Some were brought on shore alive, and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others were restored after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost, as to become cripples for life.

In a village, at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother, with her daughter, were constantly attending a couch, on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy whose trembling eyelid attracted the notice of pity as he lay among the dead. "Mother," he said in a feeble tone, "God

bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits. It was this that saved me. After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do to protect myself from them. Some attacked and dared me to fight. Others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips, and bade me drink. My lips and throat were parched with thirst, but I knew, if I drank with them, I must lose my reason as they did, and perhaps blaspheme my Maker.

"One by one they died, these poor infuriated beings. Their shrieks and groans still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain that the captain and other officers, and a few good men, warned them of what would ensue, if they thus continued to drink, and tried every method in their power to restore them to order. They still fed upon the intoxicating liquor. They grew delirious;—they died in heaps.

"Dear mother, our sufferings from hunger and cold you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box among fragments of the wreck, far under water.

I toiled with a rope to drag it up, but my strength was not sufficient. A comrade who was still able to move a little, assisted me. At length it came within our reach. We hoped that it might contain bread, and took courage. Uniting our strength, we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive oil, yet we gave God thanks; for we found that by occasionally moistening our lips with it, and swallowing a little, it allayed the gnawing, burning pain in the stomach. Then my comrade died; and I laid beside him as one dead, surrounded by corpses. Presently the violence of the tempest, that had so long raged, subsided; and I heard quick footsteps and strange voices amid the wreck where we lay. They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger to save us. They lifted in their arms and wrapped in blankets, all who could speak. Then they earnestly sought all who could move. But every drunkard was among the dead. I was so exhausted with toil, and suffering, and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverer. They passed me again and again.

They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind. Then, I prayed earnestly in my heart, "Oh, Lord, for the sake of my widowed mother, for the sake of my dearest sister, save me!"

Methought the last man had gone, and I besought the Redeemer to receive my spirit. But I felt a warm breath on my face. I strained every nerve. My whole soul strove and shuddered within me. Still my body was immovable as marble. Then a loud voice said, "Come back and help me out with this poor lad. One of his eyelids trembles—he lives." Oh, the music of that sweet voice to me! The trembling eyelid, the prayer to God, and your lessons of temperance, my mother, saved me.

Then the living sister embraced him with tears, and the mother said, "Praise be to Him who hath spared my son to be the comfort of my age."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

ECCLES. xi. 1.

#### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

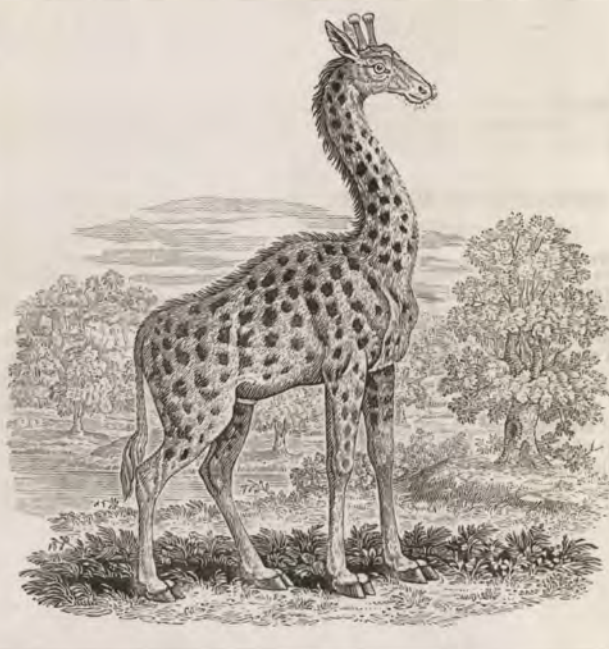
5.—On what occasion was a message four times repeated, and the same answer four times returned?

6.—In what words did our Lord assert that the Old Testament Scriptures are full of Him?

7.—An angel was promised to direct the Israelites: what statement made concerning that angel proves Him to have been the Redeemer, or our Lord Jesus Christ?

8.—Every tenth man from the surrounding country was on one occasion compelled to take up his abode in a certain city: name the city, and the plan adopted to carry out this law.

9.—Give a summary of all the tabernacle furniture from a New Testament writer.



THE GIRAFFE,  
OR CAMELEOPARD.

THIS is the tallest quadruped on the face of the earth, measuring some sixteen or eighteen feet from the crown of the head to the ground. Its ears are long, and its eyes large and beautiful. The head somewhat resembles that of the camel.

The Giraffe is a timid and gentle creature, but not very swift; from the great length of its fore legs, it is obliged to divide them to a great distance when it grazes, which it does with great difficulty. Its food consists chiefly of the leaves and tender branches of trees. The tongue of the Giraffe is exquisitely contrived for grasping. In its native deserts, the animal uses it to hook down branches which are beyond the reach of his mouth.

The Giraffe is cloven-footed, has no teeth in the upper jaw, and is a ruminating animal, that is, it chews the cud, as the cow and some other animals.

It is a native of the wild and unfrequented deserts of Ethiopia, and other interior parts of Africa.

#### A CHILD'S IDEA.

O FOR the warm and simple faith  
An infant's breast pervading,  
When all that charms or pains it here  
Is from its eyesight fading!

Familiar with the Saviour's name,  
And with His life's sad story,  
No doubts or fears it knows, to cloud  
Its hopes of future glory.

"My bonnet!" cried a little maid,  
Upon her death-bed lying;  
"Why ask for it?" her mother said,  
"My darling, you are dying!"

"Do bring it me," the child replied,  
With look and accents steady;  
"Christ Jesus comes to take me home,  
And I shall not be ready!"

DR. HUIE.



## CONSCIENCE; OR, "JEM, JEM."

A LITTLE boy, named Jem Roberts, having been set to weed in a gentleman's garden, and observing some very beautiful peaches on a wall, was strongly tempted to pluck one.

"If it tastes but half as nice as it looks," thought he, "how delightful it must be!" He

stood for an instant gazing on the tree, while his mother's words, "Touch nothing that does not belong to you," came vividly to mind. He withdrew his eyes from the tempting object, and with great diligence pursued his occupation. The fruit was forgotten, and with pleasure he now perceived he had nearly reached the end of the bed which he had been able to clear. Collecting in his hands the heap of weeds he had laid beside him, he returned to deposit them in the wheelbarrow which stood near the peach-tree. Again the glowing fruit met his eye, more beautiful, more tempting than ever, for he was hot and thirsty. He stood still; his heart beat; his mother's command was heard no more; his resolution was gone. He looked around; there was no one but himself in the garden. "They can never miss one out of so many," he said to himself. He made a step—only one, he was now in reach of his prize; he darted forth his hand to seize it, when at the very moment a sparrow from a neighbouring tree, calling his companion, to his startled ear seemed to say, "Jem! Jem!" He sprang back to the wall, his hand fell to his side, his whole frame shook; and no sooner had he recovered himself, than he fled from the spot.

In a short time afterward he began thus to reason with himself: "If a sparrow could frighten me thus, I may be sure what I was going to do was very wicked."

And now he worked with greater diligence than ever, nor once again trusted himself to gaze on the fruit which had so nearly led him to commit so great a fault. The sparrows chirped again as he was leaving the garden, but he no longer fled away at the sound.

"You may cry 'Jem, Jem,'" said he, looking steadily at the tree on which several were perched, "as often as you like; I will never forget you now; but this I will say, I will never forget how good one of you has been to me, and I will rob none of your nests again."

"For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great."

"The friends of peace, temperance, and the sanctity of the Lord's Day, when travelling or visiting the country or sea-side, may preach many a pithy sermon without opening their lips, by distributing these ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS."—*Christian Weekly News*.



## TRY, JOHN! TRY, JOHN!

Try, John; try, John: from temptation fly, John;

Drunken Joe and idle Ned—pass such comrades by, John

Shun the tempting tavern door,

Set not foot within, John,

Each old chum avoid, though dear,

That would lure to sin, John.

Every thing and every place

That tends to lead astray, John,

Give them up, renounce them all,

From this very day, John.

Try, John; try, John: I will tell you why, John,—

He who fights 'gainst what is bad, will conquer by-and-bye, John.

If with all your powers you strive

With your habits wrong, John,

While they daily weaker grow,

You will grow more strong, John.

What if shopmates jest and scoff

Because you hate the sin, John,

Surely if they laugh that lose,

They may smile that win, John.

Try, John; try, John: wherefore do you sigh, John?

"I'm afraid I shan't succeed"—is this what you reply, John?

Nonsense, man! such coward fear

Never won a fight, John;

Let's have faith and courage too,

In what is true and right, John.

Like the little barking curs

That love to snarl and scold, John,

Evil habits soon will fly

When we're stern and bold, John.

Try, John; try, John: think, in days gone by, John,

Habits have been conquered vile as those o'er which you sigh, John.

How this idle loon became

An energetic man, John;

How that hoary, hopeless sot

Loathed the pipe and pot, John—

Mark their upward histories well,

Histories stern and true, John,

Teaching you what *you* may be,

How you may dare and do, John.

Try, John; try, John: were that mother nigh, John,

Who her dear, her darling boy, once did proudly eye, John.

How that loving heart would mourn

O'er the wretched change, John,

Turn her from the sight away—

Sight so sad and strange, John.

Shall a vile degrading sin

Keep you unforgiven, John,

Not alone from peace and joy,

But from her and heaven, John?

Try, John; try, John: look with faith on high, John:

You've a Father and a Friend, mighty, loving, nigh, John.

Go and tell him you repent

Of your evil ways, John;

Pray for help and strength to live

Happier, holier days, John.

Prayer and effort—this, combined,

All success ensures, John;

And, with joy and peace of mind,

Victory shall be yours, John.

S. W. P.

Music for the above published by Andrews, Manchester, and Partridge and Co., London: Price 1s. 6d.

## Illustrated Hand-bills. No. 51.

Sold in Sixpenny Packets, assorted or otherwise. Each Packet contains fifty Hand-bills. May be had through all Booksellers; or post free, by enclosing six stamps to PARTRIDGE and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London; A. W. BENNETT, 5, Bishopsgate St. Without; or W. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am GOD, and there is none else."

Isaiah xlv. 22.

## DOG AND LOST CHILD.

A GREAT while ago there was a poor woman wandering about the mountains in the vicinity of the convent of St. Bernard, in company with her son, a very small boy. They were overtaken by a snow storm, when the mother was buried beneath an avalanche, and the child saw her no more.

Poor boy! the storm increased; the wind howled, whirling the snow into huge heaps. In the hope that he might possibly meet a traveller, the child forced his way for a while through the snow; but at last, exhausted, benumbed with the cold, and discouraged, he fell upon his knees, joined his hands devoutly together, and cried, as he raised his face, bathed in tears, towards heaven, 'O God! have mercy on a poor child, who has nobody in the world to care for him!' As he lay in the place where he fell down, which was sheltered a little by a rock, he grew colder and colder, and he thought he must die.—But still, from time to time, he prayed, 'Have mercy, O God! on a poor child who has nobody in the world to care for him!' At last he fell asleep, but was awakened by feeling a warm paw on his face. As he opened his eyes he saw with terror an enormous dog—the celebrated and noble "Barry,"—holding his head near his own. He uttered a cry of fear, and started back a little way from the dog. The dog approached the boy again, and tried, after his own fashion, to make the little fellow understand that he came there to do him good, and not to hurt him;—then he licked the face and hands of the child. By and by the child confided in his visitor, and began to entertain a hope that he might yet be saved. When Barry saw that his errand was understood, he lifted his head, and showed the child a bottle covered with

willow, which was hanging around his neck. Of this bottle the little fellow drank, and felt refreshed. Then the dog lay down by the side of the child, and gave him the benefit of the heat of his own body for a long time. After this, the dog made a sign for the boy to get upon his back. It was sometime before the boy could understand what the sign meant; but it was repeated again and again, and at last the child mounted the back of the kind animal, who carried him safely to the convent."





### TINNEVELLY CHRISTIANS.

NO DOUBT our readers have heard of Tinnevely, and some know where it is. Those who do not should look at a map of India. Tinnevely is a province on the right hand (or eastern) side of the lowest (or most southern) part. It is just opposite the upper (or northern) part of Ceylon.

On the sandy plains of Tinnevely there are about a million and a half of people. Among them are 27,140 Christians connected with British Missions. That is, about one Christian to fifty-five heathen. Very many of these heathen do not worship the Hindu gods, but cruel, blood-thirsty devils. They sacrifice goats and other creatures to these supposed devils, hoping thus to turn away their anger. It is a religion of fear. How different from Christianity! "God is love," and we go to Him as "Our Father."

We cannot take you to Tinnevely, to see the Christians, so we have brought some of the Christians to see you. Our engraving is copied from one of the Rev. W. Knight's photographs—that is a picture drawn by the light of the sun. Some of you have had your portraits taken in this way. Look at the happy group. It is almost like seeing the real, living people.

The man at one time could not bear to hear idolatry in the least spoken against. When he first came to the school, he astonished even his school-fellows by his fierce heathenism. But God changed him. One day he was walking out, with some of the other boys, when they came to a pagoda, outside of which was an idol. "Is this one of our gods?" he asked his companions. "Yes," they said. He boldly denied it, when he was threatened with the idol's revenge. To show that he was not afraid of a stone, he lifted his foot and gave it a kick, to the horror of one or two, and the merriment of the rest. He is now an assistant in the Church Mission Institution for training teachers. He holds his little Kate in his arms. His wife is a daughter of good old John Dewasagayam, a Hindu clergyman, of whom you may have heard. Leaning against her is Joanna Nasami, their

other child. You would not suppose that Joanna is only five years old! Yet that is her age. In India children grow apace, as "ill weeds" are said to do. But we hope better things of Joanna. She can read a chapter in the New Testament already—that is, the Tamil Testament. Tamil is the language of Tinnevely. It sounds very strange to English ears. We have heard it compared to "the rattling of pebbles in an iron pot." But Joanna is learning English too.

Last year the Tinnevely Christians subscribed for charitable objects 677l. 10s. That is, if you divide the sum equally among them, sixpence was given by every man, woman, and child! These Christians are ahead of us. For many years we have been sowing seed in Tinnevely. It has sprung up, and borne fruit. Now the people are sowing seed themselves, among their heathen brethren, at a rate that should make

Britain ashamed. For the Tinnevely expences are given out of "deep poverty." Most of the Christians, even heads of families, only earn about a shilling a week! How many British Christians give at this rate?—*Quarterly Token*.

### FEMALE INFLUENCE.

ON how much sorrow may be relieved and good effected by active, pious, female workers. In taking up Sampson's "Illustrated Guide to the City of York," a few days ago, and seeing

the engraving of "Walmgate Bar," I was forcibly reminded of a circumstance which occurred near that venerable pile many years ago. Two of the daughters of the late, and highly esteemed Mr. Samuel Tuke, were, at that time, active supporters of an excellent school in Laurence Street. They felt anxious to promote habits of sobriety in the locality, particularly amongst the parents of the children, and they invited me to take part with Mr. Edwards, the Missionary, in holding the first Temperance Meeting. Amongst those invited to the Meeting, was a poor man who had brought deep sorrow upon his family through his intemperance. At the close of the Meeting, he hastily left the room, but not before one of the young ladies had pleasantly handed him a tract, with a kind invitation to join the little Society. Apparently, the Meeting did no good in this man's case. Thank God, however, the tract was read, and the good advice remembered. A few Sabbaths afterwards, I was proceeding with my Sunday School children up Fossgate, to my usual place of worship, when a stranger, respectfully dressed in black, touched his hat to me. Judge of my joy, when I found that it was the man who had attended the Misses Tuke's Meeting! He had already exchanged the alehouse for the House of God. If the full power of female influence was brought to bear upon the intemperance of our land, I believe that one-half of the gin-shops and beer-houses might be turned into bread or provision shops within the next twelve months!

AN OLD SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.



Now ready, price 6d., with seventeen Woodcuts, (two of them printed in colours), No. 1 of

Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones.

This work is intended to supply a want which has long been felt by thousands of mothers.

London: PARTRIDGE & Co., 34, Paternoster Row.



WALMGATE BAR, YORK.





"And the dogs came and licked his sores."

# ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

## CHAPTER I.

"WHAT a noble Dog that is, keeping watch over his little sleeping master on the trunk of the tree, yonder! What a beautiful sight!" said I.

"Why, sir," said old Larry the gamekeeper, "Rover is the finest dog I ever had; he's almost as *knowing* as a human creature. He'll stand watch over that child and guard him for hours just like a mother. If all nurse-girls were as faithful as poor Rover, it would be a good

thing for thousands of little ones."

"The sight of your noble Rover reminds me of an affecting story of a little dog whose life was sacrificed through its faithful guarding of its master's gold."

"I always like to hear about dogs; they are



ROVER, THE FAITHFUL WATCHER, AND THE SLEEPING CHILD.



such noble and useful creatures. Perhaps you will kindly tell me the story, sir," said Larry.

"With pleasure, my friend.—A French merchant set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive some money. Having settled the business, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home, —while his faithful dog, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his master's joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted, to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side, under a hedge, and on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived this, and ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran after his master, and, by crying, barking, and howling, tried to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying in vain to stop the horse, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant at length began to fear that the dog was gone mad; and, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if he would drink; but the animal continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"O dear!" cried the afflicted merchant; "it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad: I must kill him. Oh, could I find any one to perform this sad office for me! But there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired; but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow. Suddenly he missed his money. "Ah," he thought, "wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend my faithful friend, and I have sacrificed him. He only wished to inform me of my loss."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-turned eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted: he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted: but in vain did he look for his dog; he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he was in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable any longer to follow his master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death he lay watching beside it! When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail. He could do no more; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone; the vital tide was ebbing fast. Even the caresses of his master could not prolong his life for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes in death.

UNCLE JOHN.

#### A PRAYER FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Jesus, love me, make me good,  
Take my naughty heart away;  
Jesus, teach me, for I would  
Love Thee better every day.

Thine, dear Saviour, I would be;  
Always gentle; always kind;  
Make me, Jesus, just like Thee,  
In my heart, and in my mind.

But a little child I am,  
Yet, sweet Jesus, I do know,  
I may be a little lamb,  
In thy sheepfold here below.

Keep me, Jesus, while I live;  
Take me, Jesus, when I die;  
And my little spirit give  
A happy home with Thee on high.

From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones."

#### ALWAYS LEARNING.

Waste not your precious hours in play,  
Nought can recall life's morning;  
The seed now sown will cheer thy way,  
The wise are always learning.

Nor think when all school days are o'er,  
You've bid adieu to "learning;"  
Life's deepest lessons are in store,  
The meek are always learning.

When strong in hope, you first launch forth,  
A name intent on earning,  
Scorn not the voice of age or worth,  
The great are always learning.

When right and wrong within you strive,  
And passions fierce contending,  
Oh, then you'll know, how, while they live,  
The good are always learning.  
*From "Poems for Young People."*

#### VIRTUES OF WATER.

"If people would but accustom themselves to drink water, they would be more free from many diseases, such as tremblings, palsies, apoplexies, giddiness, pains in the head, gout, stone, dropsy, rheumatism, piles, and suchlike; which diseases are most common among those that drink strong drinks, and which water generally would prevent." — *Dr. Pratt on Mineral Waters.*

#### In Memory

OF  
JOSEPH EATON, ESQ.,  
OF BRISTOL.

*Who, after labouring for many years in promoting the temporal and spiritual benefit of his fellow-creatures, left this world for a better one, on Wednesday the 26th May, 1858, in the 66th year of his age.*

For many years past the departed might truly have said with Job,—"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

"Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

#### TOUCHING SCENE.

SOME gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, about nine o'clock at night, a few weeks ago, had their attention directed to a dark object in the Churchyard. On going in to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face and apparently sound asleep over a recently-made grave.

Thinking this not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up and asked how he came to be there? He said he was afraid to go home, as his relative with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him.

"And where do you live?" asked one of the party.

"In Dumbarton," was the answer.

"In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off! and how came you to wander so far away from home?"

"I just cam'" sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mither's grave was here."

His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow, was a beautiful touch of nature in a child, who could scarcely have yet learned to realise the true character of that separation which knows of no reunion on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, for he had evidently cried himself asleep. May God bless the motherless child!

#### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

*The Answers to the Mental Pictures and Bible Questions are not to be sent in until December. Full particulars will be given in the December number.*

10. An Old Testament saint took an oath of persons consenting to obey him, accompanied by a most significant symbol. What language describes it?

11. On what occasion did the highest order of created intelligence, and the lowest form of animal existence, unite to prostrate and punish impiety?

12. Where was there a king and no king at the same time?

13. A small parenthesis of two words serves to point out a man faithful to the Lord, and prevents his being confounded with a man of totally different character?—Give the parenthesis.

14. A city on one occasion must have had more guests than inhabitants: name it, and the occasion.

#### THE KITTEN.

I WAS sitting one morning in my study, engaged in writing a letter to an absent friend, when I heard various confused sounds proceeding from the garden. Now and then there was a faint and melancholy mew, while at other times the cook seemed to be conversing with some one, in a tone of expostulation or entreaty, but without receiving any reply. To these sounds, however, I paid no attention at first, as I was much interested in the subject upon which I was writing; but at length my son Richard burst into my study, exclaiming that the kitten had climbed to the top of a young ash tree, and could not get down again. I could not help smiling at the incident, as it reminded me of the folly of those sons and daughters of ambition, who, in their haste to raise themselves above their proper level, so often involve themselves in difficulties, from which they find it impossible to escape.

On descending to the garden, I found the circumstances to be precisely as Richard had stated them. The kitten, sure enough, had contrived to climb up to the top of a young ash tree, about sixteen feet in height; and there, unable to advance, and afraid to return, she was mewling in the most piteous manner for assistance. I called to her, as the cook had previously done, and endeavoured to coax her down; but all to no purpose. I shook the tree in order to frighten her, but she only clung the closer to it, and mewled still louder for relief. What was to be done? The trunk of the tree was no thicker than my arm, it was therefore impossible to ascend, or to rest a ladder upon it. To bend it, so as to bring the kitten within my reach, I found to be equally difficult. An expedient however struck me, which proved to be successful. I desired the cook to bring out the housemaid's steps, and place them close by the tree. These were seven feet in height; standing on the top of them I was six feet higher; and my arm, stretched as far as possible above my head, was a foot and a half more. Still I could only touch the kitten's feet, and was unable to lay hold of her. I again called





## Illustrated Hand-bills, No 56



## "TOO POOR TO KEEP A CONSCIENCE."

"I wonder neighbour, your conscience lets you work on the Sabbath-day," said a decent man, going to his place of worship as he passed a garden, and saw the owner busily at work in it.

"Conscience!" replied the man, "Oh, I'm too poor to keep a conscience." A gentleman, who was passing at the time, heard the words, and looking hard at the man, said, "That's a very foolish answer;" but the man became abusive, and the two who had remonstrated with him walked away to the house of God.

A great many trials brought poverty to the Sabbath-breaker, and he had to give up his house and garden, and seek employment. He heard of a gentleman who wanted a jobbing gardener, and he applied for the place.

"I think," said the master, "you used to work in your garden on the Lord's-day, and you said you were too poor to keep a conscience."

"Why—yes, sir, I left all that about conscience and such like to my betters."

"If you are too poor to keep a conscience, I am too poor to keep you," the gentleman replied. "A servant who breaks God's law, will break man's law."

The man told this grumblingly to the neighbour who had first admonished him, and added, "I don't know how it is, but you are better off than me, and you have only worked *six* days a week, and I've worked *seven*."

"Ah, friend," replied the other, "I have kept a conscience, and my conscience, by God's grace, has kept me."

Reader! if you want to be kept from care, and pain, and waste, and want, and sin, and ruin, *keep a conscience*,"—B.

"Six days shall work be done; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation; ye shall do no work therein: it is the Sabbath of the Lord.—Lev. xxiii. 3.

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and coaxed, but she would not move. I then broke a twig from the tree, and began to whip her with it. To escape from the pain, she turned cautiously round, and crept downwards a few inches, which enabled me to seize her by the nape of the neck, and drop her into the cook's apron, which was held up to receive her below. As a faithful historian, I am compelled to add, that with the usual selfishness and ingratitude of her species, the kitten seemed immediately to forget the service which had been done to her; for, as soon as she was set upon the ground, she turned her back upon her benefactor, cocked up her tail, and ran into the house, as if nothing had occurred.

Ungrateful, however, my young readers, as the kitten was, I was not sorry that I had shown her kindness. On the contrary, I felt that I had rendered a service to one of God's creatures; a small and insignificant one, indeed, compared with many, but still one on which God had conferred life and the capacity of enjoying it. I felt that it would have been cruel to have left her trembling and mewing on the top of a tree,

when it was in my power, even at some little risk and trouble to myself, to take her down. Nay, more; I felt that her want of gratitude was a reproof to myself, who had often shown more insensibility to still greater kindness. It was not, perhaps, in her nature to exhibit signs of thankfulness; at least her species very seldom display feelings of that kind; but such is not the case with man. Created in the image of God, with a mind capable of understanding, and a heart capable of feeling the extent of his obligations to Infinite Love, how prone is he to forget, how slow to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which he owes, for life and health, for food and clothing, for civil liberty and domestic happiness! How prone, alas! is he to forget, how slow to acknowledge his obligation to Divine grace, for a boon more costly and more important than all these, the eternal redemption of his never-dying soul! "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem," said the Saviour himself, "thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth

her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

But although many of the lower animals, by their apparent insensibility to kindness, may thus forcibly remind us of our own ingratitude to the Creator of our bodies, the Author of our comforts, and the Saviour of our souls; there are others, and those not a few, which, by their attachment to such as have nourished and shown them favour, might put man himself, with all his boasted superiority, to the blush. "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth; for the Lord hath spoken: I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

My young readers, I hope that you are never ungrateful to those who show you kindness. However lightly men may think of it, ingratitude is a sin in the sight of God, even when only exhibited to mortals like ourselves. St. Paul classes the "unthankful" with those who are "blasphemers, disobedient to parents, and unholy." How much more heinous, then, must ingratitude be, when exercised towards God, from whom "cometh every good and perfect gift!" It is a part of the lamentable description which St. Paul gives of the heathen world, that "when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful;" and when the same inspired apostle exhorts the Christians at Colosse, to cultivate those graces which became their profession, he sums up the whole by saying, "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful."

Be grateful then, my dear children, to your parents, who have fed you in infancy, and nourished you in childhood, watched over you in sickness, and supplied all your little wants. Be grateful to your teachers, who do all that in them lies to fit you for stations of usefulness and respectability in the world. Be grateful to your benefactors, for all the kindness and encouragement which they have shown you. More especially, be grateful to Almighty God, who is the kindest Parent, and the best Teacher, and the greatest Benefactor of all; and who, in sending Jesus Christ to die for your salvation, accomplished a work which God only could have conceived, and the Son of God only could have carried into effect. "Enter," then, "into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and bless His name. For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations."

DR. HUIE.

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The above Engraving (printed in colours) forms the frontispiece of the attractive Nursery-book which is now completed, entitled

### ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

COMPILED BY UNCLE JOHN.

#### A CRY FOR HELP.

BY THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

I PRAY you do not hate the drunkard; he hates himself. Do not despise him; he cannot sink so low in your opinion as he is sunk in his own. Your hatred and contempt may rivet, but will never rend his chains. Lend a kind hand to pluck him from the mire. With a strong hand shatter that bowl—remove the temptation which, while he hates, he cannot resist. Hate, abhor, tremble at his sin. And for pity's sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, for humanity's sake, rouse yourself to the question, What can be done? Without heeding others—whether they follow, or whether they stay—rushing down to the beach, throw yourself into the boat, push away, and bend on the oar, like a man to the wreck. Say, I will not stand by and see my fellow-creatures perish. They are perishing. To save them I will do anything. What luxury will I not give up? What indulgence—will I not abstain from? What customs, what shackles of old habits will I not break, that these hands may be freer to pluck the drowning from the deep?

God my help, His Word my law, the love of His Son my ruling motive, I shall never balance a poor personal indulgence against the good of my country and the welfare of mankind. Brethren, such resolutions—such high, and holy, and sustained, and self-denying efforts—the height of this evil demands.

Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. In this country, blessed with freedom and plenty, the Word of God and the liberties of true religion, I charge it as the cause, whatever be their source elsewhere, of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and almost all the misery, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion, that disgrace and afflict our land.

"I am not mad, most noble Festus. I speak the words of truth and soberness." I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge which swept over the highest hill-tops—engulfing a world, of which but eight were saved. As compared with other vices, it may be said of this, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands."—From "*Our cities, their sins and sorrows.*"

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works."—Hebrews x. 24.

"PURE water is the fittest drink for all ages and temperaments; and of all the productions of nature and art, comes the nearest to that universal remedy, so much sought after by mankind, but never, hitherto, discovered."—Hoffman.

#### DRINKING TROUGHS

FOR

#### THE THIRSTY CATTLE.

WE are delighted to find that a number of Drinking Troughs for Cattle have been placed in various parts of Belfast by the Water Commissioners. The troughs are made of iron; and, being furnished with ball-taps, secure a constant supply of water. Further particulars as to the cost, &c. of these valuable troughs, may be had on application to the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Belfast.

All honour to the Belfast Commissioners for this act of humanity! We hope that their good example will soon be followed in hundreds of other places.

We are very desirous that all our young readers should ever bear in mind, that God has said, "Thou shalt open thy mouth for the dumb." Why should not the boys and girls in our various Market Towns present petitions to the authorities, asking for these "Troughs for the Cattle?" They will thus be "pleading for the dumb."

Thou shalt open thy mouth for the dumb.



A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.

One of the Belfast Drinking Troughs—a credit to Ireland.



Number 93.

September 1st, 1858.



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lions of poor slaves in America! Some of them run away and try to escape, but the planters have large dogs, and these are trained to hunt down the poor blacks, and thus prevent their escaping to a land of freedom. Oh! how sad!

One of these oppressed brethren of ours, sometime ago, managed to escape from slavery. By hiding himself amongst the grass and rushes, he kept out of sight of his pursuers. A kind-hearted American enabled him to get on board a vessel, just sailing to England. He is now on English soil,—“THE LAND OF LIBERTY.” He has published an interesting little book,\* giving an affecting account of

his eventful life, which I hope many of my friends will purchase and peruse. It will lead them to pray more earnestly, and labour more zealously, for the coming of that happy day, when “liberty for the captive,” shall be proclaimed throughout the “wide, wide world.” “Whatsoever ye would that men

should do unto you do ye even so to them.” S.

\* SLAVE LIFE IN GEORGIA. By John Brown. Published at 22, New Broad Street, London. Price One Shilling.

tries, the horrors of slavery still exist in various parts of the world, to a fearful extent.

Oh, how thankful my young readers should feel, that they live in a land where they are in no fear of being torn away from their dear parents and their happy homes, and then sold for slaves.

The poor little black boy in the picture, whom the cruel Mahomedans are bargaining for, has been stolen from his fond parents, and is about to be sent far away on the sea, never more to see the home of his childhood. Poor little slave boy! There are about three mil-



“Am I not a man and a brother?”

**PITY POOR AFRICA!**

NOTWITHSTANDING the great efforts that have been made by the Christians of various coun-





## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

PROBABLY, most of the readers of the *Band of Hope Review*, have heard something of the Submarine Telegraph, which has, during the last month, been successfully laid across the Atlantic Ocean.

It has the appearance of a rope of wire, about the thickness of a man's finger; and consists of seven very fine copper wires, which are encased in Gutta Percha, and then covered very firmly with iron wire.

From shore to shore it measures 2,022 miles; and upwards of £400,000 have been expended upon it. It now connects the two greatest countries in the world, and traverses "a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it."

By an ingenious invention, a clerk in London may now print a letter of the alphabet in good roman type in London, and the same letter, at an interval of a few seconds, will appear on a slip of paper in New York!

May this telegraph which now brings the two nations so near to each other, bind them together in a bond of brotherhood—never to be broken.

But who has not heard of the still more wonderful telegraph of prayer, mercifully opened many, many years ago, and which, instead of communicating between two countries, unites two worlds, and connects man on earth, with God in Heaven?

This, like the other, involved a great outlay, and access to God was obtained for us, not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ.

Those who employ the Atlantic Telegraph, must pay for the use of it, and communicate their message to the clerk; but prayer may be offered without money, and without the knowledge of any one but God.

One message can only travel at once, along the telegraph to America; but along *this*, thousands can be sent at the same time, and all receive attention together.

By *that*, before an answer can be received, the message must be delivered; but by *this*, the answer often comes before the message is sent, for, "It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Isaiah lxx. 24.

By *that*, it will often be said, that one who was alive is dead, but by *this*, the pleasing intelligence is often received, that one who was dead is alive again.

*That* will be made use of to increase men's wealth; but *this* to lay up treasure in Heaven.

A very slight accident may render *that* quite useless, but nothing except sin, can cut off our communication with God.

Few who transmit a message across the Atlantic, will ever visit the American shores, or see those with whom they communicate, but all who continue in the exercise of prayer, shall one day "see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." R. T.

SIR WILLIAM COOLES, Governor of Virginia, was conversing one day, with a merchant in the street, when he saw a negro pass who saluted him. Sir William, having returned the salutation, the merchant in surprise, asked him:—

"How! does your excellency condescend to bow to a slave?"

"To be sure," answered the Governor, "I should be very sorry that a slave should shew himself more civil than I."

THINK of the blood of Jesus, and plead it—of the yoke of Jesus, and wear it—of the example of Jesus, and follow it—and of the love of Jesus, and never be satisfied without feeling it.

"THOU SHALT NOT  
STEAL."



## "LITTLE TODDLES."

Every morning, over the green,  
Bob and his dear little Jane are seen  
Wending their way to the cottage there,  
Where grandpa sits in his old arm-chair.

Punctual as morn they go together,  
Though wet the day, or cold the weather:  
Nothing shall harm Bob's sister dear  
While her kind brother's hand is near.

And the old man throws his stick aside,  
And fondles his darling with love and pride,  
And seems as pleased as a man can be,  
With his "little Toddlers" on his knee.

And the child—she crows, and runs to meet  
Her grandpa dear in his ancient seat;  
And which is the happier of the two  
I'm sure I cannot tell—can you?

S. W. P.

From "ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS for the Little Ones," compiled by UNCLE JOHN. Published in Sixpenny Numbers by PARTRIDGE & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are now ready.

"Prove all things:  
hold fast that which is  
good."—1 THESS. v. 21.

## BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age, all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be inmates of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat tremblingly upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while a fortune had smiled upon him he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress; but now, misfortune was his. Of his four boys, not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. Various misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling finger towards Heaven.

"Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand on earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my

duty to my fellows. Oh, of all the kind deeds I have done for my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one of them blotted from my memory! Ah, my fond wife, it is the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy! Even now, I can hear again the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas, there is a present upon which we must dwell! We must beg for food, or starve!"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg!" he replied with a quick shudder. "No, Susan we are —"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor-house!"

"Oh, God, I thought so!" fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought; but my poor heart will not bear it!"

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God have mercy upon us!"

"He will," murmured Jacob.

The old couple sat for awhile in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a light cart in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the porter of the poor-house. "Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the guardians have arranged to crowd you into the



poor-house. The cart is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man, that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back in his seat.

"Come,—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the porter.

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door. A kind-looking gentleman got out and asked,

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the newcomer. "Are you from the work-house?" he continued, turning towards the porter.

"Yes, Sir."

"And are you come for these people?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The porter gazed inquisitively, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me," exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory, now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams!" repeated Jacob, starting up from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the gentleman before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy whom, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes,—yes,—I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in my early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown, brighter and brighter ever since. With an affluence for life I have settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements. I know that the children of your own flesh are all gone, but I am a child of your bounty,—a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter, and happier. Come, my more than father,—and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again, he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said in a choking, trembling tone, "My bread has come back to me!"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive,—God holds us in His hands."

"Ah!" murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to Heaven, "I will never doubt Him again."



### THE SABBATH—A GIFT OF LOVE.

"MOTHER! I suppose one reason they call this day a holy day is because it's such a *loving day*," said a little boy as he stood by his father's side and looked up in his mother's face, as she was nursing the youngest child in her arms.

"Why every day is a loving day," said the mother. "I love father, and father loves me, and we both love you and baby every day, as well as this Sabbath day."

"Ah, but you have not time to say so," replied the child quickly, "and father cannot take me to hear the minister and the singing on other days, and he cannot nurse me a bit on his knee, and talk to me, about good boys and men. Oh mother, it's a *loving day*."

"Yes, my child," said the father, "it is a loving day and a holy day. God gave it to us in love, that the tired man might rest from his work, and fathers who see but little of their children on other days, might have happy hours of sweet companionship with them. Yes, my child, God is love, and Jesus Christ is Divine love in the likeness of man, and the Sabbath is a gift of love, and the Gospel is a message of love, and the Bible is a book of love, and fathers and mothers and children must live in love, for those who 'live in love, live in God.'"

The old grandfather, with feeble voice, remarked, "Value the Sabbath, children;—it is one of God's best gifts to man."

The father then opened the old family Bible, and read one of David's psalms; the Evening Hymn was then sweetly sung, and after prayer had been offered, the happy family retired to rest, with grateful hearts, for THE SABBATH—a gift of love.

May each returning Sabbath prove  
A foretaste of the joys above;  
And may we all when life shall end,  
A bless'd, eternal Sabbath spend.

### HINTS FROM HELPERS.

MR. JOHNSON writes from Holymoorside:—

"I think you will be pleased to hear that I have obtained in our Sunday School, twenty-four subscribers to the *Band of Hope Review*, and twenty-five subscribers to the *British Workman*.

I have also circulated sixty-three of your Almanacs.

If all Schoolmasters and Superintendents would make the effort, I am sure they would succeed in gaining many new subscribers.

### THE BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC For 1859

Will be ready on the first October. If our readers will order it through a Bookseller, early, we shall be obliged.

### TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

COPIES of "SUGGESTIONS" for increasing the circulation of the *British Workman* and the *Band of Hope Review* may be had, gratis, on application to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. (N.)

### PRIZE

#### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

15. Name a priest, a poet, a prophet, a warrior, a herdsman, a statesman, a scholar, and a fisherman from the writers of Scripture.

16. Refer to an occasion on which God spoke to persons, and they had such sensible proofs of His power, that they desired to hear His voice no more without a Mediator.

17. The wife and aunt of an Israelite, was the mother of three very distinguished children, and the daughter of an eminent man. Give her name, and the names of her father, her husband, and her children.

18. Whathero, (honourably mentioned in the New Testament) nobly refused a proffered crown, but afterwards countenanced an infringement on the national worship?

19. Quote an inspired expression (*three words only*), which describes the extent of the Christian's treasures.

#### A LITTLE BOY'S RESOLUTIONS.

I will not swear,  
I will not dare  
God's Name in vain to take;  
I will not lie,  
But I will try  
The truth my guide to make.

I will not steal,  
For I should feel  
Degraded and ashamed;  
I will be kind,  
My parents mind,  
Nor be a fighter named.



If I begin  
In youth to sin,  
My misery is sure;  
No peace of mind  
Can I thus find,  
No pleasure good and pure.

But if I love  
Our God above,  
My friends and parents kind;  
My teacher true,  
And schoolmates too,  
Great peace I then shall find.

#### HOW TO SECURE MONTHLY PACKETS OF THE Band of Hope Review.

Those who cannot conveniently order through a Bookseller may have Packets from London, post free, as under—

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24 " 1s., " 12s.	Paid in advance.
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PAPER FOR PARENTS.

(By the Editor of the "Band of Hope Review.")

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WATER TROUGH FOR CATTLE.

TROUGH FOR DOGS.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

### DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

We hope that some of our young readers have been talking to their parents since reading our last Number, about the "Drinking Troughs for Cattle." We have now much pleasure in telling them, that a liberal hearted gentleman in Liverpool, Mr. C. P. Melly, has, at his own expense, erected a number of beautiful granite Drinking Fountains in that town. We give a picture of one of them, shewing a valuable addition made by a benevolent lady. She felt very thankful to Mr. Melly for having put up a fountain near her house, but she was very sorry that the poor horses and dogs could not have a drink. A good thought came into her mind about the waste water from the fountain. So she got two troughs put up, just as you see them in the picture, and by means of a pipe, the waste water from the fountain, now flows into them. Oh, how happy Mr. Melly and that good lady must feel, when they pass by, on a hot day, and see old men and children, as well as horses and dogs, quenching their thirst!

Sixty thousand persons were refreshed with draughts of water at the Liverpool Fountains during one of the hot days of this summer!

### A PRAYING CHILD.

In my Sunday School class I had an interesting and attentive little girl, whose father I found was a poor unhappy drunkard. I was led to pray earnestly to God that He would direct me into the best way of seeking to do good to this family. Providentially, Mrs. Balfour's remarks on Sunday Schools and Intemperance,\* came under my notice. For the sake of *example* I was led to give up my occasional glass of wine, and I resolved that I would, by God's help, be an abstainer from all those beverages which produce drunkenness. Several of my scholars cheerfully united with me, and I urged them to pray for the salvation of poor drunkards. Little Mary became deeply concerned for her father, and frequently retired to her bedside to pray for him. One night, she was overheard by her father, just as he came home from the public house. The words "Lord save my dear father," went to his heart. He trembled, wept, and began to pray for himself. God in mercy heard his prayer. The drunkard became a sober man, and his name has now stood for many years in my Temperance Pledge Book. Thousands of times I have thanked God that ever I gave up my "occasional glass of wine."

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

\* We presume that our correspondent refers to the remarks of Mrs. Balfour, on "Sabbath Schools," in her valuable work, "MORNING DREW DAWNS, or the Juvenile Abstinence." We feel that we cannot too strongly recommend every Sabbath School Teacher to peruse this most excellent book.

"Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with HUMILITY, for God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble." Read more about this in 2 Peter v. 5.

### A VOICE FROM THE BENCH.

SIR WILLIAM WIGHTMAN in his charge to the Grand Jury, at the recent Warwick Assizes, said:—

"I regret that the Calendar for this County is unusually heavy, in point of numbers, at least, there being no fewer than sixty-seven prisoners for trial. I have not had time to read the whole of the depositions in all the cases, but from what I have seen, I find that most of the offences are traceable to that *unfailing source* of crime and demoralization,—the vice of DRUNKENNESS; and until that blot in our national character is removed or lessened, it is hardly to be expected that any great improvement will take place. I cannot but express a hope that the efforts now being made to spread the benefits of education among the children of the working classes will, in due time, be



### THE HAND THAT SAVES US.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding, constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight.

Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and almost paralyzed with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the picture with unsightly blotches of colouring!

successful in checking, if not in eradicating, that fruitful source of crime, and giving the rising generation, at least, an inclination to other modes of employing any intervals of leisure they may have, than running to the beer-shop and losing their money, their health, and time, in brutal intoxication to the ruin of themselves and families."



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Number 94.

October 1st, 1858.



# BAND OF HOPE REVIVALS

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR, ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH.

BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

**TRY TRY! TRY!**  
OR,

A VOICE FROM SCOTLAND.

ELEVEN years ago, a gentleman in Aberdeen felt very sad on account of the unhappy condition of the people who lived in one of the lowest localities of that city. Drunkenness, rags, and wretchedness met his eye, and oaths and blasphemy fell on his ears whenever he visited the place.

Most people thought it was of no use whatever attempting to do any good there, but the



Rev. J. H. Wilson, the gentleman to whom we have referred, prayed to God to direct him *what to do*. He felt that *something* must be done, as the people were dying and passing into eternity.

"I must *Try! Try! Try!*" said Mr. Wilson. The use of a small room was obtained; some fir slabs were placed for seats, and by the light of a penny candle, the first address was given. About twenty of the most depraved and neglected men and women that



THE REV. J. H. WILSON, OF ABERDEEN, AND THREE STEPS IN THE SCENE OF HIS LABOURS.



could be found in the City of Aberdeen, were present, and listened with respectful attention.

After a time the attendance was so far increased, that the little room was too small to contain all who came to hear the message of mercy. The little word "Try" came again to Mr. Wilson's help. Close by, there stood one of the lowest dens of infamy then to be found in Scotland—a penny "gaff" or theatre. By the help of a few liberal-hearted friends, this nursery of vice was pulled down, and a neat little "Mission Chapel" was erected in its place.

Mr. Wilson states: "Thirty persons attended, the first evening this new place of worship was opened. They were literally of the poor, the halt, the maimed, and the blind. One lame man led in his blind sister; a cripple was able to walk into the chapel on his staves; and a vagrant sailor, without legs, was carried to a seat from a low lodging-house near by, where his companions were eating, drinking, dancing, and fighting, while he attended with earnestness to the preaching of the truth. The meeting was addressed in faithful and affectionate terms; the congregation listened with attention; and when told, at the close of the service, that the chapel was built expressly for such as attended no place of worship; that there would be a Sunday-school for their children, and week-day meetings for temperance and other benevolent purposes, they were evidently filled with surprise. Next Sunday there were sixty persons present, and soon after, the chapel, which held a hundred people, was crowded to excess."

Intemperance being the great cause of the moral and social degradation which abounded in the locality, a Temperance Society was formed at once.



Dirty faces which had previously known but little of soap, water, and towels, began to be well-washed, and the change in the appearance of the place became monthly better and better. Instead of revelry and cursing, order and sobriety prevailed.

Step by step the good work advanced. In addition to a Temperance Society, Mr. Wilson formed a self-supporting Tract and Bible Society; a Sunday-school; a Visiting Committee; a Sacred Music Class; a Lending Library; and a Penny Bank. A striking illustration of the value of helping the poor to take care of their "pennies" is afforded by the fact, that since Mr. Wilson opened his Penny Bank, the astonishing sum of £2,300 has been deposited!

In the course of a few years it was necessary to erect a much larger chapel, and in 1855 the neat and commodious chapel shown in the centre of the large engraving, was erected. A rich reward has graciously been vouchsafed to Mr. Wilson's persevering labours. Many poor outcasts have been gathered into the fold of

Christ, and some who were once apparently amongst the hopeless ones, have passed away to the "better land."

The list of subscribers for the new chapel was headed by QUEEN VICTORIA, for fifty pounds!

Our engraving represents the scene of Mr. Wilson's labours, in three stages, viz:—

1. What it was in 1845.
2. What it became a few years after.
3. What it now is.

We hope that many of our young readers as they grow up will be encouraged to become "Home Missionaries." They may not all be able to do as much as Mr. Wilson, but let the watchword be "TRY." Mr. Wilson lately attended a meeting of ministers in London, and one paragraph of his address to them deserves to be remembered by all who desire to do good. He said, "Had I not taken hold of the Temperance cause, and worked it along with other efforts for good, I believe all my labour would have been in vain."

Those who desire to know more of the Albion Street Mission will do well to peruse No. 2 of the "BRITISH EVANGELIST," an excellent monthly periodical, now edited by Mr. Wilson.

### THE GATHERED FLOWER.

One Sabbath day, with joy I sat,  
Among the children of my class,  
And talked to them of Jesu's love,  
Which doth all other loves surpass.

A darling child sat by my side,  
With golden locks, and cheeks so red,  
And with her pretty clear blue eyes,  
She looked up in my face and said:—

"Teacher, I do love Jesus, so,  
I want to see Him, if I may;  
If He's in heaven above the sky,—  
Is that so very far away?"

I took the child upon my knee,  
And in some simple words I told,  
That Jesus Christ was ever near  
The little lambs within His fold.

And if they love and serve Him here,  
And from all evil try to flee,  
He says, they shall to glory go,  
Where all His beauty they shall see.

Before the next bright Sabbath came,  
That lovely child was call'd away,  
To see her Saviour, and to dwell  
With Him in realms of endless day.

When her sweet breath was going fast,  
Her sparkling eyes she open'd wide,  
And said, "I'm going to Jesus now,"  
And drooped her pretty head and died.

The pretty flower we lov'd so well,  
For this cold world was much too fair;  
It's to the heavenly garden gone,  
To grow to full perfection there.

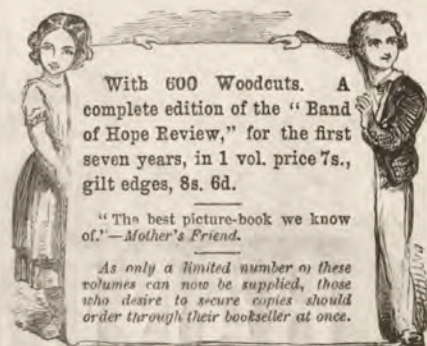
A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

### LITTLE BOY AND INFIDEL SHOEMAKER.

A little boy who loved the Saviour was one Sabbath-day passing by the shop of an infidel shoemaker, who not content with breaking the rest of this holy day by his work, amused himself as he sat his bench by singing profane and ribald songs. When the little boy went home he told his father, and asked for a tract to give the blasphemer; but the father replied that it would be of no use, as many efforts had already been put forth without the smallest success, and that the last time a tract had been offered him the shoemaker had attempted an assault upon the giver.

"Never mind, father," said the child, "give me a tract about Sabbath-breaking, and I will drop it at his door." It was done, and when sweeping out the shop, the shoemaker picked up the tract, and without looking at it, threw it, with other waste paper, under his counter. Another was put in the same place the next day and shared the same fate, and likewise also a third, and a fourth, not one of which had been even glanced at by him for whose benefit they were intended.

On the next Sabbath morning, in soling a pair of shoes, having occasion to use some



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paper for filling up the false soles, he drew from their hiding-place under the counter, sundry refuse bits, among which were the tracts. As he spread them out on his last, his eye fell on the words, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." With a gesture of impatience, he turned the tract over; when lo, as if written with the point of a diamond, stood out in bold relief, the emphatic denunciation, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all the words of the law to do them. I the LORD have spoken it."

"Pshaw," he exclaimed; "who is this Lord? I do not believe in His existence, and why should I obey His command?" Then wishing to shut out from sight the unpleasing words, he caught up another tract and spread it resolutely over the first; but now his eye fell on the startling passage, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;" and, as by a strange impulse, he went on to read the reasons why men *try* to persuade themselves that there is no God. As he read, conscience whispered, "It is true," and the Spirit of God carried home to his heart its message of mingled wrath and mercy, till he was driven in anguish to the feet of Jesus, and found joy and peace in believing in Him.

Who shall say that a *child* may not be useful; that "little ones" who love the Saviour, may not be instrumental in winning others to His blessed service?

In a few short months that precious boy passed away from earth to join the angel band on high, and was followed ere long, by the converted infidel. Could we look beyond the veil what a joyous recognition should we behold, as that child-missionary and his aged convert praise together the wonders of redeeming love and cast in concert their glittering crowns at the Redeemer's feet, ascribing all the glory of their salvation to "Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever."

F. G. R. D.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

20. Refer to an extraordinary interview which happened at a watering-place south of Judea, and give the name by which the place was afterwards called.

21. Quote a beautiful and original description of the extreme fruitfulness of a land, given by an ancient Hebrew bard nearly 800 years before Christ.

22. Refer to a very homely incident in the life of a venerable seer, in which we read of his dining-room, his guests, the provision, and the servant in attendance.

23. The Bible contains a full and most comprehensive account of the nature and variety of commercial transactions pursued by a certain city; and in describing its shipbuilding, states a fact respecting it that alone proves its luxurious prodigality. What is it?

24. Give a most truthful accusation of Christ's enemies, and His own testimony to its truthfulness.

25. Who was the longest lived of all the patriarchs after the flood?

BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC for 1859, with several Illustrations, Daily Texts, &c., may be had through any Bookseller. Price 1d.

ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS for the Little Ones. Compiled by Uncle John. Parts 1, 2, 3, & 4, may be had, 6d. each.





### THE FALL.

THE LORD GOD said, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake: in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it was thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."—Gen. iii. 17—19.

Adam and Eve in Eden dwelt,  
And passed their happy days  
In love and innocence and peace,  
In childlike prayer and praise;  
In Eden's garden grew one tree  
Of which they might not eat,  
Though every other herb and fruit  
Was given them for meat.

Now Satan's cruel heart was grieved  
Their happiness to see,  
And so he tempted them to eat  
Of the forbidden tree:  
Like a wise serpent he appeared,  
And told a wicked lie,  
He said that they might eat thereof,  
And yet they should not die.

Eve first looked at the pleasant fruit,  
And then she touched and took,  
Oh how much misery has come  
From that one foolish look!  
Then Adam too did take and eat,  
Although full well he knew  
That God had said "Thou shalt not eat,"  
He thought the Devil true.

But when they heard the voice of God,  
Whom they had disobeyed,  
They hid themselves among the trees  
Because they were afraid;  
And then God said that they should die  
For that which they had done;  
But promised them a better life  
Through Jesus Christ His Son. F. P.

### ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

#### CHAP. II.

#### The Police Dog.

For nearly three years past a dog of the shepherd breed has been in the habit of accompanying the Doncaster policemen while out on night duty, and during the whole of that time the animal has never once missed being at his post! When the men leave the office to go on their beats at half-past nine at night, their canine friend is always found waiting for them in front of the Guildhall, and no matter what the weather may be, whether hot or cold, wet or dry, he keeps their company until morning.

"Laddie," as the dog is called, is not very particular which officer he goes on with first, but before the night is over he never fails to

visit them all, for he knows their beats as well as the oldest policeman in the force. At six o'clock in the morning he is again found in front of the Guildhall, and as soon as the men go into the police-office he either trots off home at once, or does so after just peeping into the station-house. In the daytime he will not go near any of the force but one, and at night he generally takes that man's beat the first if he is on duty.

"Laddie" is not only a good companion, but he has also more than once proved himself a good detective, and it is due to him to say that on one occasion especially the police succeeded in apprehending a prisoner through his instrumentality, but he has not yet been rewarded with a testimonial. The dog is an old one, and why he should take such a liking to his blue-coated friends we know not. He never belonged to one of them, and we understand they give him very little encouragement to keep their company, but still he will go, and on one occasion, after travelling on foot from Goole to Doncaster, he actually went on duty at night as usual, and remained with the men until six o'clock the following morning!

#### The News Dog.

A pretty sight is witnessed every weekday by the passengers on one of the Omnibuses near London. The daily newspaper is taken from the City by the driver, and on arriving at a certain point of the road, a little dog is seen waiting, like a faithful little servant, to carry the paper to his master. A gentleman who has

frequently seen the paper thrown by the coachman, and caught by the little dog, has kindly sent us a sketch of the interesting scene.

\*\* We shall be glad to receive any well-authenticated anecdotes relative to dogs.

### A MOVING LECTURE.

AN enthusiastic meeting was lately held in Preston, when a lecture was delivered by Mr. Reynolds, of the British Anti-Tobacco Society. Mr. Reynolds, in the course of his address, remarked that 5½ millions of acres of land are set apart for the cultivation of tobacco. Ninety-nine parts of every hundred are the produce of *slave labour*. Tobacco contains two very poisonous properties: one an essential oil, which acts directly on the brain and nervous system; the other a narcotic poison, which acts directly on the heart and circulation. The smoker receives also into his system another property, which is generated by the action of fire, known as empyreumatic oil, and which inflicts very serious mischief. For a time the use of tobacco might in any form be resorted to without giving alarm after its first effects are overcome, but very few could venture its use for any length of time without having very serious penalties to pay. When a vote of thanks was proposed to the lecturer, it was suggested by the mover that an Anti-Tobacco Society should be established in Preston, and thirty-five persons remained to enrol their names. So powerful was the impression produced, that several *pipes*, *snuff-boxes*, and *tobacco-boxes* were actually given up to the Lecturer, amidst the applause of the audience!

We understand that Dr. Lee, of Hartwell Park, has offered a Prize for the best Essay on Smoking, to be competed for by Females. Particulars may be had by enclosing two postage stamps to Mr. Reynolds, Sec. of the British Anti-Tobacco Society, 10, Camden-sq., London.

### INVITATION TO COME TO JESUS.

Tune.—"Rousseau's Dream."

Come, dear children, come to Jesus,  
He, himself, has bid you come;  
He has promised to be with you,  
And will safely lead you home;  
Home to heaven, that place of safety,  
Home to God, who rules on high;  
Where you'll dwell in peace and glory,  
Never, never more to die.

Oh! that more would come to Jesus;  
Oh! that more would taste His love,  
Then they too should see His glory,  
And with Him should dwell above.  
He has promised to be with them,  
And has said that all may come;  
He has suffered to redeem them:  
Come to Jesus, come, then, come. J. D.

Weston-super-Mare.



THE LITTLE DOG CARRYING THE NEWSPAPER TO HIS MASTER.





### OLD JACK, THE DONKEY.

OLD Jack was as sleek and well-looking an ass  
As ever on common munched thistle or grass;  
And—though 't was not gaudy, that jacket of  
brown—  
Was the pet of the young and the pride of the  
town.

And indeed he might well look so comely and  
trim,  
When his young master, Joe, was so gentle to  
him;  
For never did child more affection beget  
Than was felt by young Joe for his four-footed  
pet.

Joe groomed him and fed him, and, each mar-  
ket-day,  
Would talk to his darling the whole of the way;  
And Jack before dawn would be pushing the  
door,  
As though he would say, "Up, Joe; slumber  
no more."

One day Jack was wandering along the road-  
side,  
When an urchin the donkey maliciously eyed,  
And aiming too surely at Jack a sharp stone,  
It struck the poor beast just below his shin bone.

Joe soothed and caressed him, and coaxed him  
until  
They came to a stream by the side of the hill;  
And with the cool water he washed the swell'n  
limb,  
And after this fashion kept talking to him:—

"Poor Jack, did they pelt him—the coward, so  
sly!  
I wish I'd been there, with my stick, standing by:  
It does n't bleed now—'t will be well in a trice;  
There, let me just wash it—now isn't that nice?"

And Jack nestled down with his soft velvet nose,  
As close as he could under Joe's ragged clothes;  
And he looked at his master, as though he would  
say—

"I'm sure I can never your kindness repay."  
S. W. P.

From "ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS for  
the Little Ones." Compiled by UNCLE JOHN.

**DUTIES.**—In the morning think what thou hast to do, and at night ask thyself what thou hast done.

**ERROR.**—A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

**TIME.**—The hours have wings and fly up to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage; all our prayers cannot entreat one of them to return, or slacken his pace; the ill-usage of every minute is a new record against us in Heaven.—*Zimmerman.*

**SLOTH.**—Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarcely overtake his business at night: while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him.—*Franklin.*

**INTEMPERANCE.**—Gluttony is the chief source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a super-  
abundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural heat of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.—*Burton.*

### THE GOSPEL FOR CHINA.

The missionaries in China often make long journeys to distribute books and preach the Gospel. Mr. Cobbold, of the Church Missionary Society, travelled for more than three weeks in the province of Chekeang, accompanied by an American missionary. In many places, the people had never seen Europeans, and followed the missionaries about in crowds.

The engraving shows what happened several months ago at Sin-kyü in China.

The party lodged at the chief temple, and thousands flocked to see the "red-haired men," as Europeans are often called. The missionaries now told them about Jesus Christ, and then begged to be left alone, being very tired. Hundreds, however, still kept thronging upstairs.

The door on the ground-floor was battered down in trying to keep the crowd out, and upstairs there was no door at all.

At last, Mr. Cobbold seated himself just over the threshold of the broken door, having a lantern hung over

his head. This kept the stairs clear. For half an hour he sat thus, the people coming with lanterns to stare at the wonderful sight—a live European, in a coat and trowsers! Everywhere there was great eagerness for books.

In China, as in all heathen countries, the women are little cared for, and are, therefore, idle and ignorant. If one woman able to read, could be found in a town of 20,000 people, she would be thought a wonder.

The missionaries have hitherto had much to contend with in their work from the opposition of the Chinese authorities. We rejoice, however, that now that vast empire is opened to the free exercise of the Christian religion. Our missionaries are to be admitted everywhere, and the laws against Christianity are to be abolished. The great field of China is already ripening for the harvest. Let us pray that the Lord may send forth many more labourers into that part of His vineyard.  
C. S.

### CHEAP POSTAGE.

Those who cannot conveniently order the "Band of Hope Review" through a Bookseller, can have Packets sent post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, by remitting, as under—

8 copies for 4d., or for one year, 4s.	
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**BRITISH COLONIES.** A copy of the Band of Hope Review sent per post to any address in any British Colony, for one year, for eighteen-pence, paid in advance.

**ORDERS** to be sent to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.



REV. R. H. COBBOLD, M.A., PREACHING TO THE CHINESE.



Number 95.

November 1st, 1858



PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR, ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW LONDON.

**A MOTHER'S LESSONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.**

"Our Father which art in Heaven."—My young readers, no doubt, learn many lessons. I hope they read their Bibles and other good books;

but yet I know, and they know too, that it is possible to learn by rote, and to read a great deal, and yet never to *think* about the meaning of the words learned or read. No one ever grew up wise and good without being thoughtful. All the words in all the languages

of the world will avail nothing in the way of wisdom, unless a child strives to think about their meaning. Whenever I see a young person reading over quickly the pages of a book, I always feel inclined to say, as Philip did to the Eunuch (Acts viii. 30), "Understandest thou what



"Oh, mother, I have a Father yet, you have a Father, Jesus Christ says so. He told us to pray to OUR FATHER."



thou readest?" And particularly when I hear children saying the words of that most perfect and beautiful prayer that our Lord Jesus Christ taught His disciples, I often wish to know whether they think of the solemn admonition, to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" such holy teaching.

I once knew a little girl, who lived in an old farm-house in the Isle of Wight, with her mother. The farm belonged to her uncle, and her mother kept his house. The child's name was Lydia, and a bright, merry little creature she was; fond of play certainly, but fond of learning too. She read every book that came in her way, they were not very numerous to be sure, but they were good. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was Lydia's great favourite, she had read it over and over again, and as she had good talents, she committed scores of hymns and pieces of poetry, and chapters of the Bible to memory, and she was very much praised by her friends. But she has since told me, that she seldom thought about the meaning of all she learned. One thing that made my little friend Lydia wish to learn was her father, who was abroad, had left England when she was a little child of three years old—too young to remember him—and after an absence of six years, he was coming home. He had gone to America to make a home for his wife and child; for some years he had not succeeded, and did not wish to come home to tell of loss and failure; at length he prospered, and in the autumn that Lydia completed her ninth year, he was to return, spend Christmas in England, and then in the spring his wife and child were to go with him to their new home in the Western world. Little Lydia was not a child who lived without thinking at all, very few children do. Some have their play to think about, and some poor little toiling creatures who work in mines, or factories, or fields, have their work to think about, and some who have wicked parents that turn them out hungry into the streets, are thinking how to get food. Lydia's chief thought was about her absent father. She saw her mother's fair face, pale and anxious; and when the time came for a letter, and Peggy the postwoman did not bring one, that dear face grew still paler; and when a letter really did at length come, it was so wept over in mingled joy and grief, that the child was deeply impressed about this long absent father, who one day was to come back and claim his wife and daughter. Somehow, in all she did, her father was mingled in her mind with her doings. How quickly she learned to write, so that she might put a few lines at the end of her mother's letter. How her little heart beat as she wrote for the first time, "My dear Father." "Will it really go to him over the wide ocean, and will he look at the words? Oh! I hope they will please him," was Lydia's wondering remark, and over and over again, she told her little schoolfellows, that she had really written to her father. Then when she read or repeated any portion of poetry or Scripture, she would say, "When my father comes he will hear me. And do you think he will be pleased?" she would add.

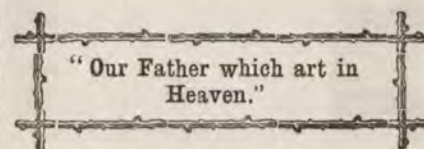
Oh, what deep joy there was at Beecheroff Farm, when the time was fixed for this much-loved husband and father's return. At the end of the old orchard that skirted the farm-yard, there was a summer-house with a flat roof, and from the top of it there was a fine view, between two lofty green downs, down to the sea, and little Lydia, who had always loved far better to run in the orchard, or sit reading in a favourite old apple tree, began to neglect her usual places of resort, and to climb up the rough steps to the top of the summer-house and look out seaward, as if she expected to be able to descry in the offing, the ship that was to bring her father; when it was fine and clear, she would clap her little hands, and say, "Father will soon be here." And even when the stormy winds of that autumn were blowing wildly, her childish hopes never flagged. "Ships sail faster, mother, when there is a good wind," she would say, while her mother would answer, halt sadly, "Yes, dear! when there is a good wind."

It used then to take a sailing vessel, a month at least, and often six or eight weeks, to come from America to Portsmouth; and at length as time went on, and October passed away, and November set in with heavy fogs, a gloom fell on the mother, and even merry little Lydia knew not what to say; for if winds were good, fogs were dangerous. One misty afternoon, Lydia

crept out of the house unobserved, and went through the orchard to climb to her favourite look-out, though she could scarcely see ten paces before her, when the mastiff dog in the farm-yard began to bark loudly, and a strange voice at the gate seemed to be trying to still him. In a moment the child ran to quiet the dog with her well known voice, and looking up at the gate, saw a poor tattered sailor; she shrunk back afraid. "Don't fear, little missy," said the man, "but tell me if one Mrs. Silburn lives here?"

"Yes, that's my mother;" and running to the wicket that opened to a path at the side of the farm-yard, she told the man to come in, and led him up to the kitchen-door. "Who could he be? What could he want?" were doubtless thoughts in her mind, for the man must have seen them in her face, when he said, with something like a sob:—"My little maid, I bring bad news—the worst of news." With a kind of awe, the child went in, leaving the man on the threshold, and in a few moments her uncle came. Lydia had wisely brought him out. She stopped a moment, and heard words that twenty years after, she told me, seemed still fresh in her mind. The ship from America, had been wrecked off the Needles, in a fog, and all but three sailors had perished!

For a moment, little Lydia heard the words as though she was in a dream, they sounded as if spoken at a distance, or her hearing was dull. But half-stupified, she walked instantly into the parlour; her mother was quietly at work by the fire-side. At sight of that dear pale face, the little girl gave a wild cry, ran to her, laid her head in her lap, and wept bitterly. The poor mother hardly needed to be told the dismal news, her heart felt the cause of her child's grief, almost before the words were spoken that



told her she was a widow. Yes! that was indeed a night of woe in the old farm-house. The uncle in his sorrow for his brother's death did not forget to give shelter and succour to the poor sailor, who, remembering that one passenger was destined for the Island that had proved so fatal to the ship; had inquired out the abode of his relatives, and told the tidings. As for little Lydia and her mother, clasped in each other's arms, they wept that bitter night together for many hours, refusing to be comforted, and shut up from the rest of the household. At last, at the entreaty of the uncle, the mourners were to retire to rest—such rest as grief permitted; and Lydia as was her custom, knelt down at her weeping mother's knee, and between her sobs, repeated the simple prayer she had said from her infancy. She came to the familiar words: "God bless my dear father," when her mother gasped out, "Oh child, not that, not that, you have no father! my poor Lydia, you are fatherless, my darling." The child paused, she was put out of her usual form, and knew not what to say; but as she always concluded with the Lord's Prayer, she left the other unfinished, and began with the tender, holy words:—"Our Father which art in Heaven."

As she uttered the words, a light seemed to come into her mind; for the first time she felt their meaning. She paused, and said them over again, and again a third time, and looking up in the grieving widow's face, said:—"Oh, mother, I have a Father yet, you have a Father, Jesus Christ says so. He told us to pray to OUR FATHER." Again, with streaming tears, the little girl uttered the first sublime sentence of that prayer; her heart was too full to add any more, she and her mother wept in silence together, and were comforted. The thought that had flashed into the mind of the child, and made her speak, came like a voice from Heaven to the poor widow. Neither ever forgot the sweet consolation of those simple, Sacred words, "Our Father." Lydia remembered how she had tried to please her earthly father, how she had thought of him, how she had looked for his letters. And her mother brought nearer to God in her sorrow, than she had ever been before, led her child to see that it was a sweet privilege to try to please her Heavenly

Father, to think of Him in all her doings, to go to Him in prayer, to read His Holy Word, His letter sent to guide her—to feel sure He loves His children! And God blessed the widow and her child, He spared her to see Lydia a good and useful woman, a wife and a mother, living in the love and fear of "Our FATHER which art in Heaven."



### ANECDOTES OF DOGS

CHAP. III.

PASSING through Barnsbury the other morning, I met some happy-faced boys with their books and slates, evidently on their way to school. They were merrily jumping along, when suddenly a large Newfoundland dog came running out of a gate-way and barking at them. Perhaps the dog thought that the boys were making too much noise—I think the boys did, for they all ran off terribly affrighted, save one little fellow. He stood quite still, and commenced patting the dog, saying, "Please, it was 'nt me."

The dog seemed to understand what was said, for he began to wag his tail, and immediately he and the little boy were on the most friendly terms.

Mr. JESSIE, in his interesting book on dogs, says:—

"Those who have been, at Windsor, a few years ago, must have seen a fine Newfoundland dog, called 'Baby,' reposing occasionally in front of the White Hart Hotel. Baby was a general favourite and he deserved to be so, for he was mild in his disposition, brave as a lion, and very sensible. When he was thirsty, and could not procure water at the pump in the yard he has frequently been seen to go to the stable, fetch an empty bucket, and stand at the pump till some one came for water. He then by wagging his tail, and expressive looks, made his want known, and had his bucket filled."

The Editor will be glad to receive any authentic Anecdotes of Dogs.

### HINTS FROM HELPERS.

AN esteemed Correspondent writes from the Botesford National School:—

"About four months since I came into this village, and to my surprise the "Band of Hope Review" was scarcely known. I ordered six copies, and through these being circulated, there was such a demand, that I actually had orders for five dozen, and last month I sold six dozen copies of them!"

The above shows what may be done by energetic friends who are connected with week-day schools.

**PUBLICATIONS FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTemperance.**—The Sailor's Home—The Goose Club—The Man in the Well—The Leather Almanac—The Door in the Heart—The Ox Sermon—The Pressgang—Water is Best—The Unfaithful Steward—Let Every Man mind his own Business—Cold Water Boy—Speak Kindly—What are Bands of Hope? and How to Form them—Two Christmas Days.

A packet, containing a copy of each of the above 14 Publications (12 of them illustrated), may be had through all Booksellers, or post free on receipt of eighteen postage stamps.

London—PARTRIDGE & Co., 34, Paternoster Row.





### WHO WILL HELP?

"It is cruel to sell him drink, and to send him home in this state," said a weeping wife, who was recently vainly endeavouring to drag her husband home from the door of a London gin-shop. "There must be a curse on a trade that robs me and my children of bread." Thousands of poor broken-hearted wives like the above, call aloud for the redoubled efforts of the friends of Temperance. It is a pleasing fact, that in upwards of thirty of the parishes in Scotland, there are now no public-houses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and the commitments for crime therein are very rare. We want a few such model parishes in England.

### CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Ere in my bed my limbs I lay,  
God grant me grace my prayers to say!  
O God, preserve my mother dear  
In health and strength for many a year,  
And oh, preserve my father too,  
And may I pay him reverence due;  
And may I my best thoughts employ,  
To be my parents' hope and joy!  
My sisters and my brothers both  
From evil guard, and save from sloth,  
And may we always love each other,  
Our friends, our father, and our mother!  
And still, O Lord, to me impart  
A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,  
That after my last sleep I may  
Awake to Thy eternal day! Amen.

COLERIDGE.

### THE ORPHAN EMIGRANT.

WHILE passing recently by steamer to Owen Sound, in Canada, I noticed a little boy standing alone. I knew he was English by his fustian clothes and little blue cap, and going to him, asked where he was going. "Don't know sir," he replied. "Why," I said, "don't you know where you're going?" "I'm going to Owen Sound, but I don't know where that is." "And where are you from?" "Wandsworth, in Surrey, sir," he answered. "Are you alone?" "Yes, sir; another boy and I were sent out by the Emigrant Aid Society to get places in Canada. He left me a week ago, and I've got a place to learn printing." Have you no mother, no home? "I asked, touched to see so young a child in a strange land alone. "My father's dead, sir," he answered; "and my mother's married again." "Were you ever at school?" I asked, for he was so polite I knew he had not been brought up on the street with bad boys. "Yes, sir; I was five years in the Orphan Asylum, and went to school there."

I cheered up the little fellow, for I pitied his friendlessness, and wanted to comfort him if I could. "Have you a Bible?" I asked at last. "Oh yes, sir," he said; "a kind lady gave me one, and I have it now." I spoke to him about reading it, and advised him to make it his daily companion, and never do what it forbade. He seemed to feel this was needful, and said he would. "You must write to your mother," I at last said; "she must be anxious to hear from you." "Yes, sir; I've a letter in my trunk waiting till I get on shore," he said; and

then he showed me a letter to the printer to whom he was going, which he had kept in the folds of his cap-lining.

My friend and I, struck by the boy's loneliness and destitution, and admiring his honest independence, which preferred labouring alone in a foreign land, even in his childhood, to being a burden to his mother, gave him a small sum each, and a hearty blessing. Just then the boat stopped, and I left him guarding his box and looking for his employer, who was to meet him. Next morning I inquired for him, and found Mr. D— had come for him and taken him home, where I trust he will be well-treated, and grow up to be useful in the service of the orphan's heavenly Protector and Friend.—*A Correspondent of American Messenger.*

### A VERSE OF QUESTIONS.

CAN you point out a verse in the Bible of twenty-two words, which contains six questions? Without repetition it has only twelve words.

The verse next after it, answers all the six questions in fourteen words.

### THE "BRITISH WORKMAN."

As many of our young readers are the children of working-men, we shall be glad if they will inform their parents, that we are publishing a monthly paper specially for them. It is called the "BRITISH WORKMAN, AND FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL," and has several good pictures every month. As it costs only a shilling a year, we hope many of our juvenile friends will induce their fathers to subscribe for the paper; it may be had through any bookseller. In



many week-day schools the parents are supplied through the schoolmasters, who kindly undertake the trouble of ordering the copies from London, or through a bookseller.

### A WARNING TO BOYS.

A FEW weeks ago, the *Times* informed its readers that George Norris, a respectable-looking lad of 14, had been charged at one of the London Police Offices, with attempting to destroy himself by cutting his throat. Police-constable Smith, C 28, said that he found the accused on the bed with his throat cut, and the bedclothes saturated with blood. He took the boy to Charing Cross Hospital, where he had been ever since under medical care. When sufficiently recovered, the boy told him he could not account for doing this sad act, except from his having smoked for the first time, a pipe of tobacco, which had made him very giddy and ill, and really affected his brain. The boy's answer to the charge was the same. He said he had had no intention to destroy himself, and could only account for the act by attributing it to the effect of the pipe of tobacco he had smoked affecting his senses. Mr. Bingham, the magistrate, after expressing a hope that it would be a lesson to him for the rest of his life, and that he would never try another pipe of tobacco again, which was an expensive and offensive habit, handed the boy over to his uncle and friends.

To every boy we would affectionately say—

"SMOKE NOT."

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

26. What search for sin is the most certain and the most terrible?

27. Two eminent believers died on mountains, and both expired without previous affliction or present disease—name them.

28. What expression, of frequent recurrence in Scripture, is applied only to three persons, and who were the three?

29. On how many head all of his own family, did the crown of David rest in succession?

30. Which of the ancient prophets walked aloft to his own tomb?


31. Where have we a fine example of true spirituality, and ejaculatory prayer?




### A CRY FOR FOUNTAINS.


DURING one of the hot days of last summer, I saw a poor lad in one of the public streets of the wealthy parish of Islington, kneeling down on the ground with his mouth close to the water-pipe plugs. On approaching him I found that he was actually lapping a little of the water which was escaping to the surface from a defective plug! The poor lad was parched with thirst, and there was no pump or other supply of water to be had near the spot! Oh, how the lads of London would be thankful if another Mr. Melly would arise and do for the metropolis what has been so generously done in Liverpool.


Will be ready on December 1st.


 The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review" for 1858, price 1s. Also, the Yearly Part of the "British Workman," price Eighteen-pence.

 A complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review, 1851—1858, with 700 engravings. Also, a complete Edition of the "British Workman" from 1855—1858, with 500 engravings, bound in cloth.

Just published.

 Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, & 5, price 6d. each, with numerous woodcuts, "ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John.

 The Band of Hope Almanac for 1859, with 13 Illustrations, price One Penny. Also, the British Workman's Almanac for 1859, price One Penny, with 8 Illustrations. We hope these Almanacs will be acceptable to our readers.

 Assorted Packet of the Illustrated Hand-Bills, price Sixpence.

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### ROBIN REDBREAST.

PRETTY Robin Redbreast,  
Hopping in the snow,  
Why are you so early here,  
I should like to know?  
Did Mrs. Redbreast send you, pray,  
To get a dainty crumb,  
And bid you bring your little ones  
A tiny morsel home?

No, poor Robin Redbreast;  
While 'tis winter stern,  
No fond mate nor little ones  
Wait for your return:  
Not till leafy summer comes  
Will they glad your nest,  
Leaving you, these dreary months,  
Friendless and unblest.

Faithful Robin Redbreast!  
With returning spring  
Soon the birds will come again  
To glitter or to sing.  
But, though some have gayer coats,  
Some a sweeter song,  
You, friend Robin, stay with us  
All the winter long.

Come, then, Robin Redbreast,  
Prythee do not fear;  
No rude boy is standing by,  
No sly pussy near.  
Come nearer to the window, friend,  
For safely you may come:  
There, eat your fill, and take, beside,  
A tiny morsel home.

S. W. P.

From "ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS for the Little Ones." Compiled by UNCLE JOHN. Nos. 1 to 5. of this attractive work for the Nursery may be had. Price Sixpence each.

### SINGULAR SAGACITY IN A BULL.

A FEW weeks ago, a little boy, the grandson of Mr. David Smith, weaver, Kinross, while herding cattle on a farm, near Balbeggie, Perthshire, was suddenly attacked by a bull, and tossed to the distance of some yards. The bull was following up the attack, when it suddenly desisted. The screams of the boy at once was the cause, and the animal went up and licked him all over with marks of kindness and recognition of an old acquaintance! The boy had put on a strange upper garment to protect him from the rain, and the bull thus mistaking him for a stranger, a fatal result had nearly taken place but for the animal recognising the well-known voice of the boy. We need scarcely indicate, the practical hint here given to those in charge of such animals.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

### WARNING.

ABOUT twenty years ago, a fine little boy, the son of a Minister of the Gospel, went with his father to a Temperance Meeting. The little fellow was so deeply impressed with the evils arising from strong drinks that he signed the pledge.

Unhappily, his mother, although a good woman, ridiculed the temperance cause, and she never rested until her child's name was taken off the pledge roll.

That mother has gone to her grave with sorrow, and that son is now a wretched barman in one of the London gin-shops! S.

throwing the Doctor upon his back, and of being once more, for a time at least, his own master.

We hope the good Doctor was not much hurt on any of these occasions. He thought so little of such accidents as a tumble from an ox, or any little trouble of that kind, that he scarcely names them. He was soon on Sinbad's back again, travelling on his journey through the swamps and forests of Africa.—*Quarterly Token.*



### THE BIBLE.

THIS is a precious book indeed,  
Happy the child that loves to read!  
'Tis God's own Word, which He has given  
To shew our souls the way to heaven.

It tells us how the world was made;  
And how good men the Lord obeyed;  
Here His commands are written, too,  
To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,  
Because our souls can never die;  
It points to heaven, where angels dwell,  
And warns us to escape from hell.

Be thankful, children, that you may  
Read this good Bible every day;  
'Tis God's own Word, which He has given  
To shew our souls the way to heaven.

Will our readers kindly do what they can to gain more Subscribers before the old year expires. Large as our circulation is, it is as nothing compared with what it might be. If every Sunday School Teacher gave but one copy away monthly, our present issue would be double what it is!



proaching winter. Let young and old, rich and poor, all unite with the Psalmist, in saying, from the heart, "Bless the LORD, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise His holy name."

### DR. LIVINGSTON AND HIS OX.

DR. LIVINGSTON, the celebrated traveller, tells us, in his book of travels, that his ox Sinbad had the very unpleasant habit of trying to get his rider off his back. One of his favourite ways of doing this, was to run with Dr. Livingston under the branches of a tree. These entangled the Doctor; and a good jerk from Sinbad soon brought him to the ground. A saucy toss of the head showed how glad Sinbad was to have accomplished his feat of



DR. LIVINGSTON AND HIS OX "SINBAD."



Number 96.

December 1st, 1858.



PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR, ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE &amp; CO. 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

# A MOTHER'S LESSONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

No. II.

"Hallowed be Thy name."—EDWARD and Jane Willis, were a brother and sister, who,

having lost their parents in their infancy, had been put to a Protestant school in France, at a little town called Gueires, in the Pas de Calais, where a great many English children go, chiefly to learn the language. For some years this brother and sister had no rela-

tives who could offer them a home, and so they spent their holidays at school; but when Edward was eleven, and Jane ten years old, their aunt, the only sister of their father, who had been many years a governess, was married to a clergyman who lived in a pretty village in Kent;



"My children, the second sentence in that perfect prayer, is 'Hallowed be Thy name.'"



and the very first Christmas after her marriage, she invited her nephew and niece to her home, with the intention, if her husband on knowing them, approved of her bringing them up under her own superintendence. Mrs. Forbes would hardly have undertaken such a task; but she had a step-daughter, Ellen, about the same age as her niece Jane, and Mr. Forbes wished his little girl to have the companionship of other children, and yet as she was delicate, he did not wish to send her from home for her education.

It was a clear, bright December day, when Edward and Jane with a troop of merry youngsters, the boys all dressed in uniform, with small French caps, and bright-buttoned frock coats, that made them look like little policemen, embarked on board the Calais packet, and in two hours, were safe alongside the Dover pier. Mrs. Forbes and Ellen had been watching for them, and among so many, the aunt would hardly have found her nephew, but Edward expected a lady and little girl, and as he and his sister stepped on shore, they ran up to them with a joyful shout of "England for ever! dear aunt, here we are;" and after some little delay at the Custom-House, waiting for the boxes of the brother and sister, the whole party set off in a chaise, for a ride of six miles, and were soon safely housed in a neat parsonage, and seated round a cheerful tea-table, in a comfortable parlour bright with fire and candles, and loving eyes brighter still.

Edward and Jane had had some fears about their new uncle, whether he would like them, and whether they should like him, and some very foolish thoughts had been on their minds, lest their aunt should love her little step-daughter so much, that she would cease to love them; but all such idle fancies fled, as they felt the kindness of Mr. Forbes's welcome to them, and the winning gentleness of Ellen, who, though she was rather older than Jane, was so much smaller, that both brother and sister when speaking of her, called her always "little Ellen." But if she was less in stature, Ellen was not less in mind, indeed, she was far beyond them both in many things. True, Edward and Jane could speak French as well as their native language, and that was a great advantage, and they were not backward in school studies, but they had some serious faults, which their kind aunt, and even little Ellen soon detected. The French have a habit of using many exclamations when they are animated, such as "Oh!" "Ah!" "Alas!" (Hélas!) and the Great and Holy name of the Most High is a common exclamation with them ("Mon Dieu!"). I wish I could say that England, Christian England! was blameless in this particular, but sacred names are often heard from thoughtless tongues. People who would shudder at the thought of swearing; yet lightly, and therefore *profanely*, use the Greatest Name. Edward and Jane had learned the bad French habit, and they introduced it into their common conversation.

"Hush my dear!" said their aunt, one day, as she stopped Jane, "We use that name in prayer, and on solemn occasions, but not in ordinary conversation."

Jane coloured very red, and whispered afterwards to Ellen:—"I was just blessing my brother; surely that was not wrong." But Ellen replied softly:—"You know it is said in the Bible, 'Holy and reverend is His name,' and 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.'"

"I don't know that it is vain, when I mean kindly," said Jane, looking rather angry.

"The word means 'good,'" said Edward boldly, "surely there's no harm in saying that."

"It is derived from 'good,'" replied his aunt gravely, but as a name, it means a title, not a quality. You speak of a person, 'the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity;' when the learned men of old transcribed the Scriptures, they always took up a fresh pen when they wrote that solemn name; and they always made a pause before they pronounced it."

Edward and Jane were silenced, but were not convinced. They both thought their aunt very particular, and they complained to Ellen, that they would not have been spoken to more seriously, if they had been using bad words.

"Perhaps," said little Ellen, "good words may be badly used."

That very evening, Edward and Jane had an opportunity of proving how true were Ellen's words; for a rough-spoken woman, who had nursed little Ellen in her infancy came to see

her, and the brother and sister happening to enter the room, where for a few minutes the child was speaking to her old nurse; the woman said in a rude, but not unkind way:—"So this little miss and master be your new cousins! And they've got no father and mother, pretty dears. How long have your father and mother been dead?"

At the sound of these names abruptly spoken, that had always been associated with a sort of tender, solemn awe in their minds, the two children clasped each other's hands, and without speaking a word left the room; and when "little Ellen" came to seek them, she found them both weeping.

"How cruel! said Edward, "to speak of our dear parents' names to us in that way."

"We never hear dear papa and mamma spoken of, rudely or lightly;" sobbed Ellen. "They are saints in Heaven."

"Nurse Jenkins meant no harm; it was abrupt and rude I know," faltered Ellen, as she turned from one to the other, none of the children in their agitation, observing that their aunt and uncle had entered the room, and had heard the conversation.

"My dears," said Mr. Forbes, drawing Edward and Ellen to him, and sitting down, still holding the children between his knees; "you are grieved, that any one should have roughly and hastily spoken the sweet names of 'father and mother' to you, because those names are so very dear."

"Very, very dear," said both the children at once.

"So dear," he continued, "that they are sacred. Good, kind parents smiled upon your infancy, and then were taken from you, and for their sakes, the very name of father and mother goes to your heart."

"Yes uncle, that it does."

"Well, my dears, you are right to keep their name and memory among your most cherished thoughts; they should be ever sweet and dear to you. How much you would dislike these names used as idle expressions. Suppose people said, as an exclamation; 'Oh my father!' 'O my mother!' or 'Good father!' or 'Father knows, I don't!' and such phrases; would you not think they were not only very foolish, but that they never deserved to have a father?"

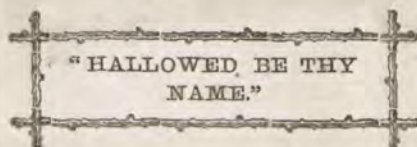
Edward and Jane coloured deeply, for they saw the drift of their uncle's remarks.

"In proportion to our love, is our reverence," he added. "There's a Name above every name, the Highest, the Holiest; yet thoughtless people, my dears! use it lightly; bring it into simple conversation and idle wishes. If they really loved that Name, they could not use it so, their hearts would revolt as yours did just now, when your dear departed earthly parents were carelessly named."

"Oh! uncle, I hope we do love our Heavenly Father."

"My children, those whom we love we honour."

"We never thought of it as you explain it; we were wrong, said Edward, while Jane leaning on her uncle's shoulder, sobbed out the tender plea:—"we have had no father and mother to teach us right."



"My love! you know the Lord's Prayer; I suppose you have said it twice every day, since your earliest childhood."

"Yes, uncle, but I don't exactly remember that it blames light careless words."

"My children, the second sentence in that perfect prayer, is 'Hallowed be Thy name.' Hallowed, that is revered, sacred; what is it in French?"

"Tu nom soit sanctifié—Thy name be sanctified."

"Yes, it must be so, nothing less; neither lightness nor indifference. Hallowed, revered, so the Blessed Jesus taught, and He was the 'brightness of His Father's glory; the express image of His person.' And now ring the bell for the servants, and we will have prayers."

As the children upon their knees that night, repeated the words of their Saviour's prayer; their young hearts felt the full force of the passage that had been so brought home to them; and I am glad to be able to say, from that time forth, the Sacred Name, by them, was never lightly spoken. They grew up under their aunt and uncle's kind care, and all three were wise with the wisdom from above.

I wish I could believe, that they were the only children who required to be solemnly reminded of the words; "Hallowed be Thy Name."

[We are anxious that these Chapters on the Lord's Prayer should find their way into families, where, at present, this little paper is unknown.]



#### DR. LIVINGSTON AND HIS OX.

In our last month's Number, we gave an account of Dr. Livingston's celebrated ox, 'Sinbad,' and of the mischievous habit he had of frequently throwing his rider off his back. We must not forget, however, to speak of his good deeds. As no horses were to be obtained in that part of the country where the Doctor was travelling, he would have been unable to perform many of his wonderful exploits without the assistance of Sinbad.

In the engraving, you have a representation of the manner in which the worthy missionary frequently had to cross a river, mounted on the back of this useful animal.

#### A CRY FROM THE CABMEN.

THE time is at hand when the Annual Cab Licenses are renewed. We are rejoiced to learn that many of the SEVEN-day men are earnestly entreating their masters to take out six-day plates for the new year. Thousands are crying, "Give! Oh give us our Sabbath!"

The fourth Edition (enlarged) of Mrs. Balfour's "MORNING DEW-DROPS, or, The Juvenile Abstinence," is now in the press.





## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE late John Barlow, Esq., of Rhodes, Lancashire, had a dog named, "Toss," which was for years the guardian of the property, and the frequent companion of his master. The general hour of Mr. B.'s return from business was known to Toss, and on those occasions on which he was not permitted to accompany him, as soon as the clock had struck nine, the animal could no longer be confined, but must go in search of him. On weekdays, nothing was more gratifying to him than a walk with any of the family; but on Sundays he could not be induced to leave the house; his business was to guard the premises in the absence of their owners. His affection for his master was almost without parallel. If when Mr. B. was out, and any one said "Toss, your master is coming," he would immediately leave his food, and go to meet him. During Mr. B.'s last sickness, the faithful creature would not quit the bedside. And when he saw the coffin, which contained the remains of his beloved master, taken out of the house, he was inconsolable. Poor Toss never overcame the shock. The rest of his short and disconsolate life was spent in going the same rounds, which, in his happier days, he had gone with his departed master; and, it is supposed, grief shortened his days.

The Editor will be glad to receive any authentic Anecdotes of Dogs. Names, places, and dates should be given.

## WANTED

For the New Year, as many new subscribers as our readers can procure!

There are millions of young people in the United Kingdom, who never see the *Band of Hope Review*, and we are anxious that during the coming year, our little paper should reach many amongst these millions. We heartily thank those of our readers who have exerted themselves to increase the number of subscribers during this year, and hope that they will all continue their efforts, so that we may be cheered by an enlarged circulation.

With 70 illustrations. The Yearly Part of the "*Band of Hope Review* for 1858," may now be had.

With 700 woodcuts. A complete Edition of the "*Band of Hope Review*," for the first eight years, in 1 vol. price 8s., gilt edges, 10s.

"The best picture-book we know of."—*Mother's Friend*.

The Yearly Part of the "*British Workman*" for 1858 is now ready, with One Hundred Illustrations, price Eightpence, post free.

With Five Hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "*British Workman*" for the years 1855, 1856, 1857, and 1858, may now be had, bound in cloth, price 6s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d., post free. The Four Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price Eightpence each.

BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC  
for 1859, with several Illustrations,  
Daily Texts, &c., may be had  
through any Bookseller. Price 1d.

WHAT CHILDREN  
CAN DO.

CHILDREN think they can do little good; and even their parents generally think the same.—They can be obedient and affectionate—this all admit; but few think they are old enough to do anything for the salvation of the world. Now children this is a great error.

Cannot a child do as much as a worm? "Why, yes," exclaims every little reader, "and more too." Let us see. Imagine that you and I are sailing in a vessel upon the South Seas. How beautifully

we glide along! The vessel skims the ocean like a swan. But what is that yonder rising above the billows like a painted island?—How it sparkles in the rays of the sun like a rock of silver, and now it assumes different colours. Red, golden, silvery hues, all blend together in delightful richness. Nearer and nearer we come to the attractive object, all the while appearing more beautiful and brilliant than the Crystal Palace, when lo! we discover it is the splendid work of sea-worms, so small that we cannot see them with the naked eye. Yes, the little coral worm threw up those many coloured reefs, a little at a time, until we have this magnificent sight. And just over there, beyond that line of reefs, you see that little island, covered with tall palm-trees, so green and slender. The foundation of that island, now a fit habitation for men, was laid by the same little coral worm. Myriads of them lived and died there, and left their bodies to make the foundation of the coral island; then the soil accumulated, and the trees grew as they are now seen. Yes; coral is made of the skeletons of little sea-worms.

Would you not be as useful as the little coral worm? You cannot build islands, but you can help the people who live upon them, and those who live in other parts of the earth. A penny is a small gift, but twelve of them make a shilling. A grain of sand is very minute, but enough of them make a mountain. So the little which one child does for God may seem too small to be counted, but perhaps twenty of these little are equal to the work of one full-grown man or woman. Do not forget that if you do nothing for God, you are not worth as much as a coral worm.

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

32. What bird is honoured to present an emblem of the Divine care over God's chosen people?

33. On what occasion was Divine worship commenced, before the foundation of the House of God was laid?

34. There is in the Pentateuch, a most important prediction of Christ, indicating His character, His position, the superiority of His claims, and the fearful consequences of rejecting Him:—give the passage.

35. In describing a dreadful battle in which the Israelites engaged, a statement is made, remarkable as indicating the shield of Omnipotence which had been stretched over God's people:—quote it.

36. The proclamation of a certain king, after the efforts of an usurper, was attended with manifestations which settled the popularity of the movement; what significant language describes this?

Conditions to be observed by Competitors in answering the Bible Questions and Mental Pictures.

1. Age not to exceed 18 years.
2. Answer as concisely as possible, giving reference to book, chapter, and verses, clearly written on one side of the paper only. Where more than one sheet is used, they must be fastened together at the corner.
3. The Bible only to be consulted; and no assistance given by Parents or Teachers.
4. All answers to be sent in by the 1st of February, 1859, (post paid) addressed to the Editor of the *Band of Hope Review*, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. (N.)

N.B. No manuscripts can be returned.

A £5 Library  
Will be awarded for the best Answers.

## THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

Suggested by reading a "Murderer's Confession."

A CONVICT sat in his narrow cell,  
When the light was waning fast;  
Each passing hour rang a doleful knell,  
For to-morrow must bring his last!

The night came down with an awful gloom,  
A horror of darkness was there;  
His soul like wrecks in the breaker's foam,  
Was dashed on the rocks of despair.

He swooned into sleep, and dreamt a dream,  
A glorious dream dreamt he—  
Of an ancient house with an ivied porch,  
O'erspread by an old oak tree.

'Twas the joyous home of his early youth,  
He had gambolled there in glee;  
The story of Christ of Nazareth  
Had learnt on his mother's knee.

He dreamt of a night when guests were there,  
(He gnashes his teeth in rage;)  
'Twas a night of mirth and jollity,  
For the heir was come of age.

Honoured he sat at that festive board  
As some rich old wine was quaff'd;  
Each guest as he raised the sparkling cup  
Pledged the heir in a potent draught.

Proudly his sire with an eager hand,  
Filled the goblet to the brim;  
And a maiden fair, with a modest air,  
Bore that goblet unto him.

He woke with a start!—"That cursed draught  
Lit the furious fires within;  
That same strong drink has my demon been,  
Inciting to every sin." P. C.



## A CLERGYMAN'S ADVICE.

"My dear children," said an old Clergyman to some of the children of his flock, "never forget to keep on the right side of the Public-house, and that is the OUT-side! Many a poor convict would have been saved from a life of misery, and many a man from the scaffold, had he never tasted the intoxicating cup."

## CHEAP POSTAGE.

Those who cannot conveniently order the "*Band of Hope Review*" through a Bookseller, can have Packets sent post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, by remitting, as under—

8 copies for 4d., or for one year, 4s.	
16 " 8d., " 8s.	Must be
24 " 1s. 0d., " 12s.	Paid in advance.
40 " 1s. 8d., " 20s.	

Example: Eight persons in any village in the United Kingdom, uniting their subscriptions, and remitting four shillings in advance to the Publishers, will have a packet containing eight copies sent (to the address of any one of the parties only) post free, for 12 months.

BRITISH COLONIES. A copy of the *Band of Hope Review* sent per post to any address in any British Colony, for one year, for eighteenpence, paid in advance.

ORDERS to be sent to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND  
HYMNS for the Little Ones. Com-  
piled by Uncle John. Parts 1, 2, 3,  
4, 5, 6, and 7, may be had, 6d. each.





## A CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heavenly blessings without number,  
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,  
Horse and home thy friends provide;  
All without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be;  
When from Heaven He descended  
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;  
When his birth-place was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features,  
Spotless, fair, divinely bright!  
Must He dwell with brutal creatures!  
How could angels bear the sight!

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,  
Where the horned oxen fed;  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from endless flame,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May 'st thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy day;  
Then go dwell for ever near Him,  
See His face and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire;  
Not a mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire!

DR. WATTS.

[From "ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS  
for the Little Ones," compiled by UNCLE JOHN.]

At a meeting of the North London Reformatory, under the presidency of Lord Robert Grosvenor, in Edward St., Portman Square, the only adduced instance of crime in a Reformatory, was that of a boy stealing his associate's tobacco box! A visit to the Reformatory at Blackley, near Manchester, brought to light that out of the fifteen inmates twelve had been smokers, eight chewers, ten had stolen either tobacco or money with which to buy it!—*Anti-Tobacco Journal*.

A LITTLE child, not quite two years old, the son of a pious Irish clergyman, was taken to the house of a relative, and, being too young to be separated from his nurse, went with her to dine in the servants' hall, where, having waited in vain for a blessing to be asked before commencing, put his baby hands together, and lisped a simple prayer. The aged butler was affected to tears, and uttered words to this effect: "Never again shall a babe like that teach me my duty."

Beautiful always, in soft sun-lit showers,  
Or sparkling like diamonds in jessamine bowers.  
Adorning the lily, or kissing the rose,  
Or in the bright tulip-cup finding repose.

Beautiful, beautiful, always so fair; [air,  
In soft southern climes, or the keen northern  
In the fountain's pure streams, or the avalanche  
Beautiful always in every land. [grand,

Beautiful either on Afric's parch'd sands,  
Or bound in the icebergs of far distant lands,  
For ever I'll love thee, so bright, pure, and free;  
Water, clear water, bright water for me! H. R.

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Our months and years are passing by,  
And soon must all be gone;  
For day by day, as minutes fly,  
Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years must have an end,  
Eternity has none;  
'Twill always have as long to spend;  
As when it first begun!



Great God! an infant cannot tell,  
How such a thing can be;  
I only pray that I may dwell,  
That long, long time with Thee.

J. TAYLOR.

## WATER, BRIGHT WATER!

Written after hearing one of Mr. Gough's Orations.

BEAUTIFUL water! sparkling and bright,  
Brilliant in beauty, and radiant with light,  
Oh, how I love thee, beautiful, free;  
Water, bright water, pure water for me.

Always so beautiful, seeming so brave,  
In the ocean's wild roar, or the tempest-toss'd  
wave;  
Yet soothing, soul-calming, so gently thou 'lt  
flow  
'Neath willows, where cowslips and violets grow.

LET us not forget the good old adage, that "prevention is better than cure." The Recorder of Liverpool states, that the commitments for crime have been reduced since the erection of Mr. Melly's Drinking Fountains



ONE OF THE LIVERPOOL "MELLY" FOUNTAINS.

THE Eighth Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review" (with 79 engravings, price one shilling) is dedicated to C. P. Melly, Esq., who has conferred a boon on the nation by the erection of Drinking Fountains for the People.



Number 97.

January 1st. 1859.

# BAND OF HOPE REVIV

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR, ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & CO. 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

### "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

How rapidly the old year has passed away! Again have we to wish our readers "a happy new year."

On New Year's day, it is the custom with many parents to give to each of their children, whose good conduct merits rewarding, a pretty New Year's gift.

In many instances the parents kindly allow their children to accompany them to the toy shop, or bookseller's shop, and there choose for

themselves what they like best. It is very pleasing on such occasions to find that a good book, or some other useful article is solicited.

Many of our readers, we doubt not, have looked forward to this New Year's day with high expectations of pleasure.

We desire that amid their joy, they should remember that their Heavenly Father is daily bestowing upon them far better gifts than





the kindest earthly parents can possibly bestow, and that Jesus Christ is waiting to give them the best gift—a new heart.

Oh, that this New Year may be the time when many of our readers will give their hearts to God, and with one of old cry,  
"MY FATHER, thou shalt be the guide of my youth!"

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

### CHAPTER V.

In the village of Harbury, Warwickshire, there exists a noble specimen of the Newfoundland dog, rejoicing in the name of "Friend," and belonging to the Vicar, the Rev. W. Wight.

It is no uncommon thing to see "Friend" trudging along to the vicar's garden, with a large basket in his mouth, to fetch some fruit or vegetables; or trotting off in the early morning with the milk-can to a neighbouring farmer's to fetch the milk. But his useful propensities are more than equalled by his playful ones, and his amusing antics when having a romp with the vicar's school-children, must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.

R. Mumpriss, Esq., the promoter of the Graduated System of Simultaneous Instruction in the Gospel History, occasionally visits "Friend's" master, when a treat is usually given to the school children, and the proceedings terminated by a general scramble. It is on these occasions that "Friend" becomes more than ever a "schoolfellow," watching with intense eagerness the hand that throws the fruit, nuts, sweetmeats, and cakes; and darting in amongst the children after them, with the utmost good humour, never showing the least violence to the many youngsters who fall upon him in the struggle, but always securing his share, which he brings out and devours with the greatest relish, be the eatables hot or cold, sweet or sour.

Another favourite game of "Friend's," is a trial of his strength with the girls, a number of whom hold the ends of a rope, while "Friend" seizes the middle with his teeth, both parties pulling opposite ways. With all kinds of "ball-play" he is delighted, especially the game of "bat-trap, and ball." In this game he has been known to watch the batter, take his place among the catchers, and actually succeed in securing several of the balls in his mouth at once, playfully resisting all attempts of the children to remove them.

In this game as in many others, his good temper, sets an example to many of his playmates, while his gentle disposition procures for him many a "Friend's" friendly pat.

In the town of Honiton in Devonshire, a fine Newfoundland dog (named "Lion"), belonging to the Golden Lion Inn, used quietly to spend hours every day at the entrance of the house. There passed by, several times in the day, a little barking cur. This little impudent dog never passed without insulting "Lion," who, after bearing the annoyance several months, apparently with perfect indifference, one day rose up very deliberately, and seizing the little barker by the neck, carried him across the street, and then ducked him into a pond of water. He kept him head and tail fairly immersed for a few seconds. Generous "Lion" then took him out, laid him on the kerb of the footpath, there to drain, and there to repent. He then walked back with becoming dignity to his usual lounging place.

An eye-witness communicates the fact.

### TEMPERANCE.

MAKE temperance thy companion; so shall health sit on thy brow. It has those

particular advantages above all other means of preserving health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season or at any place, without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time.



### WINTER.

The leaves have dropped from every bough,  
The tall old trees are bare;  
And all is sad and cheerless now  
Around us everywhere.

The gleesome singing birds are gone  
To seek a warmer sky;  
The rook sits swinging, all alone,  
Up in the tree so high.

No butterfly comes twinkling past,  
There are no fragrant flowers;  
Before the cold and bitter blast  
The hungry robin cowers.

But come, we'll wander in the wood,  
Among the leaves so brown;  
An hour's brisk walk will do us good  
Before the sun goes down.

And when the mists, so cold and grey,  
Arise, the woods among,  
We'll while, at home, the hours away  
With talk, and books, and song. S. W. P.

From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John.

THE Directors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway have set a good example, to all the managers of Railways in the north, by placing beautiful little fountains at each end of their fine railway station at Darlington.

"HE THAT SPARETH HIS ROD HATETH  
HIS SON: BUT HE THAT LOVETH HIM  
CHASTENETH HIM BETIMES."—PROV. xiii. 24.

### A PLEASING FACT.

W. R. BAXTER, Esq., of Bristol, one of the Inspectors of Schools, has sent us the following interesting fact:—

"In the course of my examination of a country British School, in the Holy Scriptures, one boy was so ready and eager to reply, that I found it necessary, in order to give the others a chance, to request him to keep his 'hand down and be still,' promising to ask him a *difficult* question now and then, and to turn to him when others failed to answer. In every instance in which I did either, I received a prompt, full, and intelligent reply.

"At the close of the engagements, I inquired of the teacher the reason of this boy's unusual proficiency in the knowledge of the Bible. The reply was to the following effect.

"This lad had long been carefully reading and comparing Holy Scripture with a view to furnish answers to the Prize Questions inserted in the 'Band of Hope Review.' His frequent and protracted retirement to his own room attracted the notice of his father, who at length determined to find out the reason of his boy's preference for solitude. When asked, the young student frankly explained to his parent both his purpose, and the process by which he aimed at its accomplishment. The father offered his son the use of a 'concordance' to assist him in his researches, but this was instantly declined for the plain and honest reason,—'Father, the Review says that we must search out the answers for ourselves, and if I used a concordance, I should not be doing it by myself.' The boy therefore continued to read and re-read that Book out of which even 'well instructed scribes' can bring things 'new' as well as 'old.' Whether this youth ultimately proved a successful competitor, or not, I have never heard; but one thing was clear enough, that if he missed the prize, he acquired, in the effort to obtain it, a large acquaintance with that Volume, which made Timothy, and I trust, has made him—'wise unto salvation.'"

### A NOBLEMAN'S REASON

FOR

### ABSTINENCE FROM STRONG DRINK.

A FRIEND of ours was dining one day with a party of the highest position in life. A young English nobleman was observed to prefer water to wine, and on being asked his reason for this preference, replied, "There is fire enough in a young man's blood without adding fuel to it."

### A CLEVER DONKEY.

AN old couple, named John and Mary Baker, who lived some years since at Honicknowle, had a nice little donkey, named "Peter." This old couple had a kitchen-garden, and sold vegetables. "Peter" on marketdays used to carry Mary Baker to Devonport to sell vegetables, and was ready to do any other work, for he was always well-fed, and kindly treated. Good old John taught "Peter" not to injure the vegetables, and he often said, "Peter" would walk with care between the beds of leeks and onions, and weed them as well as any old woman." John might often be seen with his donkey following him just like a dog.

We shall be glad to receive well-authenticated facts, relative to Donkeys, Dogs, or Horses.





## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS, 1858.

We regret that by an oversight, the age of eighteen was inadvertently inserted instead of twenty-one in the conditions given last month. We have also extended the time one month for sending in the answers.

The following are the corrected conditions; we hope competitors will attentively read them.

## CONDITIONS.

1. Competitors to be under twenty-one years of age.

2. Each competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own, and also to give reference to a parent or teacher, in proof of the same, if required.

3. The answers to be written very neatly (on one side of the paper only), and where more than one sheet of paper is used, the whole to be fastened at one corner.

4. The answers to be given as concisely as possible, and with direct reference to the question. Chapter and verse always to be stated.\*

5. The answers to be forwarded, postage prepaid (if any are not duly stamped, they will be refused), addressed to the Editor of the *Band of Hope Review*, 13, Barnsbury Square, London, (N.) not later than the 31st March.

6. The award to be published in the *Band of Hope Review* for June, 1859.

N.B. The loss of time occasioned by competitors desiring the Editor to return their manuscripts, compels him to state that he cannot possibly undertake to return any in future.

The Questions for 1859, will not commence until next month.

\* We would direct the attention of our young friends to the "Pleasing Fact" on the opposite page, and recommend them to follow the example there given in finding out the answers.

## EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

"Early to bed, and early to rise,"—

Ay, note it down in your brain,  
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,  
And uproots the weeds of pain,  
Ye who are walking on thorns of care,  
Who sigh for a softer bower,  
Try what can be done in the morning sun,  
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day for ever is lost

By delaying its work till to-morrow;  
The minutes of sloth have often cost  
Long years of bootless sorrow.  
And ye who would win the lasting wealth  
Of content and peaceful power,  
Ye who would couple Labour and Health,  
Must begin at the early hour.

## EARLY RISING.

There resides in England, a venerable minister of great celebrity, both as a preacher and writer. For upward of sixty years he has maintained a high degree of popularity in his public character, and has been singularly respected, beloved and honoured in private life. A few years since, the writer of these lines, being on a visit to his house, was not a little surprised to see the good old gentleman, between five and six o'clock in the morning, working in his garden with the agility and energy of a young man; and this too on a Monday morning, after having conducted two public services on the preceding day. He stated that this was his usual practice, and a source of health and enjoyment. From a youth he had never been in bed after six

o'clock, except on occasions of real illness, which were of rare occurrence.

"But," said he, "do not imagine that it has cost me no effort to rise early. When young, I was much inclined to lie in bed, but being convinced that it was a wicked waste of time, and a bar to improvement, I resolved to put an end to it. So every night I had a large basin of water placed by my bedside, and the moment I awoke out I turned, and dipped my head into the water; then, you know, sleep was gone, and I had my senses about me. For a short time I required to be awakened at a certain hour, but it soon ceased to be necessary; I awoke of my own accord. The only thing required was to get my head into the water without entering into any debates. Any young person may by this method successfully cure himself of wanting to lie a-bed late. I am not sure that it would be effectual for an old sluggard, but it is worth making the trial."

The late celebrated Dr. Kitto, was accustomed to rise at four o'clock every morning.

## A MOTHER'S LESSONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

## No. III.

"Thy kingdom come."—SICKNESS is a terrible affliction to all, but it is very hard to see a child suffer with a slow, miserable disease. Children are generally so merry, and active, and full of life, that when the young head lies month after month on the feverish pillow, and the little wasted limbs are languid and still, how very sad it seems! And yet I once knew an afflicted child who was a greater blessing to his parents and family, than any healthy child they had. I will tell you his history.

Arthur Benson was the second son in a family of four children—three sons and a daughter. Their respective ages were, William thirteen, Arthur ten, Frank seven, and Mary five. The parents of this family had met with many heavy troubles. When they began life, they were in good circumstances. The father had a large boot and shoe shop in a great thoroughfare in London, but he failed in business, and came down by very slow degrees until he kept a very little shop in a small back street, and could scarcely get trade enough to keep his family from want. The poor mother had been well brought up, and was very industrious, but she became melancholy at the troubles of her household, and forgot the pious instruction she had received in her youth—and she tried to bear her troubles, instead of taking them in prayer to Jesus, that kind Friend who has promised to be with His people "always, even to the end of the world." People who thus neglect the great comfort, as well as duty of prayer, are sure to be unhappy. And in truth everything went wrong with this family, the father grew impatient and irritable; William the eldest boy, in a fit of disobedience ran away, and when the distressed parents heard of him he was at sea, on board a merchant-ship that traded to South America, so that all hope of his being a help to his father in his business, or a comfort to his mother, was over. Perhaps the parents felt the undutiful conduct of their eldest son the more, because he was a very fine, strong boy, and looked years older than he really was; while their next child, "poor Arthur," as they called him, in consequence of an accident in his infancy was weakly and deformed. For a long time the feeble child had not seemed to grow, but yet he did not become quite helpless, until his tenth birthday, when in playing with his little sister, he fell from his chair, and was so shaken, that he laid for many days seemingly at the point of death; and when he partially recovered, he

never was well enough to walk, or even to sit up, but laid day and night on a little couch in the small room, at the back of the shop. It was a very close, dull place, but the family had only one other room at the top of the house, and Arthur could neither bear to be carried down and up the stairs daily, nor could he be left entirely alone, as he must have been if he was laid in the bedroom. At first when the little sufferer took to his bed, he was too ill to think very much, or to notice what went on around him, but as the more severe symptoms abated, he asked for his schoolbooks, and when he tired of these, he had a pictorial Bible and he never wearied of reading that. Children who only read a chapter or a few verses as a task, seldom know anything of the power and beauty of the Book of Books—but poor Arthur as he rested the Holy Volume on a little cushion by his pillow, and turned over leaf after leaf with his thin hands, often forgot that he was weak and ill, and that his little brother and sister made a noise in the room when they came home from school, for he was thinking of the Holy men of old, and of the words that God inspired them to write. And when he read the New Testament, and all the sweet and gracious teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. No wonder the lovely record went to his heart. For he thought how Jesus had healed the sick, and cured the afflicted, and sometimes he would close the book with a sigh, and repeat the words of the beautiful hymn—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men,

How He called little children as lambs to His fold,—

I should like to have been with Him then."

But as weeks went on, and day by day poor Arthur read the Sacred page, he found a new feeling spring up in his heart. He not only read about Christ, and thought about Him, but he felt a deep love in his young heart towards Him, so that he must pray to Him. Often, every day, he lifted up his heart in prayer, and at such times he was so happy, that all his weary pain was unfelt. But though, by God's grace, poor Arthur's heart was so cheered, he had many griefs, for he began to think how sad it was that his father and mother did not pray, that day by day there was sighing and scolding, and complaining, and tears, but no prayers. Arthur could not bear to see his mother look so downcast and wretched, and his father so careworn and cross; often he turned his pale face to the wall of an evening that he might not see what grieved him. "I wish I could do something mother," I'm sorry I'm so long ill father," were words he frequently uttered, but he never complained, for he had read how Jesus suffered the cruel, lingering death on the cross for sinners, and how He prayed for His murderers, and that scene of anguish made his own sufferings seem but light.

One day after some hours of silence, Arthur said to his mother suddenly, "Dear mother, do not cry, but pray, and God will comfort you." But she answered him with "How can I help crying, I have had no line from your brother William for months, his ingratitude in going away from us, and never writing, breaks my heart."

"Well, but mother—I must speak—God is your Father, and you never think of Him—you keep far off from Him."

"Hush child! you must not talk so to me," replied the mother. But that night instead of hearing the children "say their prayers," in their bedroom, she led them to Arthur's bedside, and told them to kneel down there and repeat them. Frank and Mary said over the Lord's Prayer very fast, and without a moment's thought, and then they went to bed.

"Mother, that was not prayer!" said Arthur when his mother came down.

"Why, child, it was the Lord's Prayer!"

"Yes! but words, without we feel them in our hearts, are only sounds. It says in the Testament, 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'"

"But Frank and Mary are mere children, how can they feel as you say?"

"When they say over the words of Jesus, they can try to think about them, and God gives his grace to help the weakest, if they try. My dear mother, he has helped even me, and I feel his kingdom in my heart."



The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1858, (with upwards of seventy engravings) price One Shilling. The Complete Edition for the Eight Years, also may be had bound in cloth, 8s.; gilt, 10s. "The best picture book we know of."—*Mother's Friend*. The volume of "Illustrated Songs and Hymns," compiled by UNCLE JOHN. Price 5s.







"Well, but mother—I must speak—God is YOUR Father, and you never think of Him—you keep far off from Him."

"God's kingdom in your heart, child, I do not understand that. God's kingdom is in Heaven."

"Mother, it is on earth too—it is in every Christian's heart, young and old. Christ came to preach the Gospel of the kingdom, and in my Bible dictionary, I read that Gospel means 'good news'—the good news of the kingdom. And St. Paul said, 'the kingdom of God is not far from any one of you.'—and mother, if you read in the thirteenth of Matthew, the chapter full of parables, there our Lord compares the kingdom of God to many different things. I think, dear mother, if we give our hearts to God, He makes them His kingdom, and Christ comes and reigns there, and puts out vile thoughts and ways, and makes us holy, and that is the meaning of the words in the Lord's Prayer, 'Thy kingdom come.' It does not mean a kingdom out of us, but a kingdom in us."

"My child," said the poor mother, as tears rolled down her cheeks "I think indeed the kingdom of God has come to you." She bent down to kiss him, and as he fondly returned her kiss, the child whispered, "Let us pray, mother!" and she knelt at poor Arthur's bedside, and all his simple prayer was, "Blessed Jesus, set up Thy kingdom of grace in our poor hearts—Thy kingdom come."

From that night there was a change in the anxious mother, she went about her duties with a more cheerful spirit—the home became happier, and the husband, without knowing why, felt there was an alteration for the better. On the first Sabbath after the events recounted, the mother and father went to the House of God—and the week thus well began went on more

comfortably. The customers in the shop were more pleasantly and punctually waited on: little Frank and Mary repeated their lessons to Arthur, who, weak as he was, loved to help them—and he helped his father also, for he kept a day-book of orders, and soon could cast accounts well enough to keep all the books, and by the help of a little desk a kind neighbour contrived for him, he wrote the bills—and poor Arthur was not only his father's helper but his mother's friend.

"I never saw any one like our sick boy," the father would fondly say.

"It's because he's a Christian," replied the mother, and both parents were so won that they too by the grace of God, became real Christians, and though they had many trials, they were able to labour diligently, and to make progress both in temporal and spiritual things.

Poor Arthur lingered on for two years; at length, one bright winter's day, a young sailor entered the shop, and rushed into his mother's arms—it was her long lost William. He excused himself for not writing, with his sailor's frequent plea, want of opportunity, but Arthur noticed that he felt he was wrong—and also that he observed what a changed home he had come to. "Ah! my son," said the father in answer to his inquiries—"Satan's kingdom was set up here when you left us, and there was nothing but sin and sorrow;—but we had a young child in our midst, like those of whom Jesus said 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and he taught us. Yes! old as we are, your mother and I, we learned of him, and we found the truth, that the kingdom of God is righteousness, and joy, and peace, in believing."

William was impressed, and when that night the family worship concluded with the Lord's Prayer, the words "Thy kingdom come," seemed to him very forcible—for it had indeed come to that poor home, and made it rich.

Before another week passed, Arthur was free from pain—safe in that kingdom which he had by faith enjoyed on earth. He departed so gently one night after prayer-time, that his parents thought he was sleeping, and it was not until his mother went to give him her nightly kiss, that she found he was cold and dead. Never was the most active and healthy boy more lamented or more missed, than this afflicted child, whose short life had been one long disease—but father, mother, brothers, and sister, always remembered that it was his voice which had told them of the Gospel of the kingdom, and they never forgot him as they uttered their daily prayer—"Thy kingdom come."

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A MOTHER'S LESSONS ON THE  
LORD'S PRAYER.

No. IV.

"Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven."—  
WHEN children are full of health and activity,

they can not only pursue both their work and their play with diligence and pleasure, but they generally take delight in helping their parents to the best of their power; and they look forward to the time when they will be able to maintain themselves, and to perform the duties of

men and women. Sometimes they repine that so many years must pass before they cease to be children. "Oh! I wish I were grown-up" is a common saying of children. "When I am a man I shall be able to do as I like," cry some unruly little folks, forgetting that there is a law



"MOTHER, HAVE YOU READ WHAT IS PUT IN GOLD LETTERS ON THE TOMB?"



of obedience for people of mature years, as well as for children. "I'm sure I mean to have my own way when I am grown-up," said a boy in my hearing one day, and I replied, "No! you will never have your own way." "What! not when I am as old as my father and mother?"

"No! for when you have no parents to obey, there will be man's laws, and God's laws, and both must be obeyed if you are to live an honest, useful life."

I then told this boy about two large villages I had seen, one is in Kent, and one in Staffordshire. The people in both places are paid high wages, and are very well off, or might be so, for working people. There are more freeholders, owning the houses they live in, and the ground the houses are built on, than in any place of similar extent in either Kent or Staffordshire. But these villages are very ugly-looking places, for every one that built a house determined to build it on his own plan, so some are high and some low, and some project into the main-road, and some lie a great way back, and the main-street looks full of gaps, and ups and downs, and instead of a nice regular street, and neat, uniform houses, all looks disorderly and ugly. What was the reason of the village being thus spoilt? Why every one had his own way, and built his house as he liked, instead of being advised by the sound judgment of some one better informed, and adopting a general plan.

Have you never known a large party of young people made quite uncomfortable by some un-early member of the company, who would have his own way, and who soon convinced every person that nothing is so troublesome as a self-willed companion?

What is all education for, but to teach the young self-government—the control of the will? If perverseness tempts you to anger, you must strive against it. If quarrelsome words rise to your lips, you must check them. Your evil will must be brought under subjection, or you will be miserable in this life, and what is worse, in the life to come also.

But I do not think any child can gain the power to correct and restrain angry and evil feelings and words without Divine help. Our Saviour, who framed the Lord's Prayer to meet the wants of all human beings, young and old, says in the fourth petition, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven."

Thy will—that is God's will. How many children repeat that, and never for a moment think of God's will. My readers may say, "How are we to know God's will?" By reading His Word. God's Word contains God's will. The wisest and oldest man living is bound to study, and to obey God's will. So far from yielding to his own will, he must pray and strive that his will—that is, his desires and purposes—may be in all things subject to God's will. Even Our Lord, who was both the power of God, and the wisdom of God, prayed, "Not My will, but Thine, be done."

While children are too young to think rightly, God has put them under subjection. Their parents and governors are in the place of God to them, and they must obey—without delay, questioning, or murmuring. That is God's will. Here again the Lord Jesus gave an example for all children to follow. Though at twelve years old, he was so wise he could converse with the learned Jewish Doctors in the Temple; he listened to his mother's words—went down with her and with Joseph, his reputed father, "and was subject unto them"—that is, obeyed and honoured them.

"But how are we to do God's will on earth?"

"Why, as it is done in Heaven."

"How is that?"

Angels that excel in swiftness, hearkening to the voice of His power, fly to do God's will. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who are the heirs of salvation? We must do God's will freely, cheerfully, lovingly.

"How can a little feeble child do God's will on earth as angels do in Heaven?"

They can try. No creature—not the bright seraphs before the Throne of God, can do more than God, their Creator and ours, gives them power to do. They obey their Maker to the best of their ability, and we must, young and old, obey Him to the best of our power—that is our duty—to do our best. The angels in Heaven can do no more. A child on earth should do no less. "But it is very hard"—you say. I'll tell you what will make it much easier.



BE SLOW TO SPEAK.

KEEP THE DOOR OF THY LIPS.

"Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged.—Snap went the tongs.

Going to Jesus—telling Him how weak the good is in you, and how strong the evil, and He will give you His strength, and make the struggle end in victory.

In the cemetery at Kensall Green, a poor woman was walking with her little girl, they were both dressed in black, and looked as if they had recently lost some dear relation. They looked at many of the tombs, and the mother with a sigh said, "What a city of the dead, it is like a world of graves!" and I noticed that they were both sorrowful, doubtless thinking how hard it was to live a life of toil that ended but in death, and the grave. At last, the two reached the upper end of the main avenue, and stood before the marble tomb of the Princess Sophia—the aunt to our most gracious and beloved Queen—and after looking awhile at its form, I heard the little girl say, "Mother, have you read what is put in gold letters on the tomb?" "No, child, I have forgot to bring my glasses, and the words rather dazzle my eyes."

The words are, replied the child, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Dear me! They are our Lord's own words," said the woman—"Why if you could afford to put up a stone at my grave, child, when I die, those very words would do for me—and I am a poor woman, and she was an illustrious Princess."

"Mother! she might be 'weary and heavy laden' for all that, for I have heard our minister say, sorrow comes to all."

"Yes! my dear, and there's only one remedy for the peasant and the prince—Jesus Christ. The words in gold and marble are the same as in our dear old Bible at home. It is Christ's will that all should come unto Him, and however weary with toil or sorrow, or heavy laden with poverty, sickness, or grief, Christ gives rest: rest on earth in His Word: rest in Heaven in His presence."

The face of the poor mother flushed as she spoke, and the light of faith gleamed in her mild eyes, and was reflected from her little daughter's upward gaze. And as I witnessed this little scene at the royal tomb, emblazoned with the words of Christ, and the mother telling of rest in Jesus to her child—it seemed to me, in its faith and tenderness, to exemplify the words, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven."

#### A BRIGHT SPOT IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

THE Pitcairn Islanders have recently settled in Norfolk Island, and the Governor of New South Wales has prepared a constitution for them, one clause of which says:—"That no beer, wine, or spirituous liquors are to be landed on the island, except for medical use." This affords a pleasing proof that the ex-Pitcairners find their temperance practice answer in their new abode, and that change of situation has effected no change in this vital part of their social economy.

#### THE MAGIC OF SILENCE.

A GOOD woman in New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbour, who often visited her, and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to set herself quietly in the chimney corner when next visited, take the tongs in her hands, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbour's lips, gently snap the tongs, without uttering a word.

A day or two afterwards, the good woman came again to her pastor with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effects of this new antidote for scolding. Her troubler had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade.

Snap went the tongs.

Another volley. Snap.

Another still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged. Snap went the tongs.

"Speak," said she. Snap.

"Do speak; I shall split if you don't speak!" And away she went, cured of her malady by the magic power of silence.

From "Illustrated Hand-bills," No. 61.

#### A LITTLE WORD.

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,

A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thought you bring,  
A heart may heal or break. A. L. R.

#### WHAT LACK I YET?

A RESIDENT in the Province of Dalecarlia, in Sweden, worked for a rich lord in the neighbourhood of Stockholm. His lordship once entered into conversation with him as they were walking together, and asked whether he knew to whom this and that estate belonged. The peasant replied to each question, "No," and each time his master said the words, "it belongs to me—yes, all," went on the lord, "all that thou canst see is mine." The Dalecarlian stood still a moment, stuck his spade in the earth, took off his cap, and pointing up to Heaven, said, with a serious voice, "There I see the Heaven, is that also thine?"

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place in every Sunday School Library. Ed. B.H.R.]





### VOICES FROM THE JUDGES.

"THERE is scarcely a crime comes before me that is not *directly or indirectly caused by strong drink*."—JUDGE COLERIDGE.

"If it were not for this *drinking*, you (the Jury) and I would have nothing to do."—JUDGE PATTERSON.

"If all men could be dissuaded from the use of intoxicating liquors, the office of a judge would be a *sinecure*."—JUDGE ALDERSON.

"I find in every calendar that comes before me, one unfailing source, directly or indirectly, of most of the crimes that are committed—*INTEMPERANCE*."—JUDGE WIGHTMAN.

"Experience has proved, that *almost all crime* into which juries have had to inquire, may be traced in one way or another, to drunkenness."—JUDGE WILLIAMS.

### THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL ON TEMPERANCE.

SIR FITZROY KELLY, M.P., presided at one of Mr. Gough's meetings held in the Corn-Exchange, Ipswich, a few weeks ago. We learn from the *Times* that in addressing the meeting, Sir Fitzroy said, "It was with great satisfaction that he appeared to give his countenance and support to a movement which was making great—and he hoped its friends would shortly be enabled to say completely successful—progress among many classes of the people. The movement was one in which he could not but feel that the *well-being, the happiness, and the best and dearest interests, both temporal and eternal*, of our fellow-creatures were involved. His friend, the late Mr. Baron Alderson had declared his conviction, after many years' experience at the bar and on the bench, that *four-fifths* of the crimes committed in England might be traced to *INTEMPERANCE*, and he (Sir F. Kelly) was sure that, if this degrading vice could be removed from society, an amount of innocence, virtue, and general happiness would follow such as no man would be sanguine enough to foretell. Impressed with this belief, he had felt it a sacred duty, amidst many other occupations which left him little time to attend meetings, however important their objects might be, to lend the temperance movement what little aid he could. He had rejoiced to hear from time to time, that the principles of temperance were advancing, and were supported and practised to a considerable extent in the borough of Ipswich." Sir Fitzroy's observations were warmly applauded by the crowded audience.

### PICTURE BOOKS.

The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1858, (with upwards of seventy engravings) price One Shilling. The Complete Edition for the Eight Years, may also be had bound in cloth, 8s; gilt, 10s. "The best picture book we know of."—*Mother's Friend*.

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"A VOICE FROM THE VINTAGE." By Mrs. ELLIS, Authoress of "Women of England," &c.

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London: WM. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand.

### THE TOAD.

It is delightful to see the young show a protecting kindness to such harmless creatures as are often harshly treated. Some children are so silly as to be afraid of the toad, and say they are poisonous, but the gardener knows better, he will tell you that they do good instead of harm, and that they are very useful in clearing his garden of slugs, worms, and flies, that would spoil the flowers and eat the fruit.

A benevolent English gentleman, once took pains to reclaim a toad from its timid habits. It improved by his attentions, grew to a large size, and at his approach, came regularly from its hole, to meet him, and receive his food.

Ladies who visited the garden, sometimes desired to see this singular favourite. It was even brought to the table, and permitted to have a dessert of insects, which it partook without being embarrassed by the presence of the company. It lived to be forty years old. What age it might have attained, had it met with no accident, it would be difficult to say. For it was in perfect health when wounded by a fierce raven, as it one day was coming from its house under the steps of the door, which fronted the garden. The poor creature languished awhile, and then died, and the benevolent man who had so long protected it, took pleasure in relating its history, and in remembering that he had made its life happy.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.



### ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

We have received several very interesting anecdotes of Dogs, which we regret we cannot insert, on account of their being sent *anonymously*. We desire to have, in every case, not only the name of the writer, but if possible, the name and address of the owner of the dog, so that we may ensure authentic narratives.

#### CHAPTER VI.

The following extract from a recent number of the *Troy Daily Times*, will interest many of our readers, and increase their attachment to that noble animal—the faithful Dog:—

"One of the most astonishing instances of the sagacity of the dog transpired this morning, which ever came under our knowledge. The Messrs. Staude, Tobacconists, No. 35, Congress Street, closed their store last evening, leaving their favorite Newfoundland dog inside. This morning, on opening the store, the floor in the back room was found to be on fire, and the dog was labouring with his forefeet and mouth, trying to subdue it. A pail of water which stood in the room had been poured down the hole. The faithful animal had so successfully combatted the fire as to prevent its spreading beyond a spot two or three feet square. How long the noble fellow had stood sentinel and fought down the advancing flames can only be conjectured—it must have been several hours! His feet, legs and mouth were badly burned, and it is feared that he is seriously injured internally by inhaling the hot air. He refuses food, and is apparently in much pain. We trust the sagacious and faithful creature is not dangerously injured. This is the same dog which discovered the man Lally on the ice a few weeks since. He is worth his weight in gold, and may safely be pronounced the noblest of his race."

A LARGE Newfoundland dog, that may be seen any day at No. 9, Argyle-street, Glasgow, has added one more instance to the many on record of the extraordinary sagacity of dogs. It seems that being, like other juveniles, sometimes rather fond of fun, he required to receive occasional discipline, and for that purpose a whip shaft was kept beside him, which was occasionally applied to him. He evidently did not like this article, and was found occasionally with it in his teeth,

moving slyly to the door with it. Being left at night on the premises, he found the hated article, and thrust the small end below the door, but the thick end refused to go. A few nights afterwards the whip shaft was left beside him, and was never seen again. He had put the small end below the door, and some one had pulled it out. On the dog being asked where it was, he looked very guilty, and slunk away with his tail between his legs. The same dog gets his provisions brought to him in a tin can. Taking a walk he saw a child carrying a tin exceedingly like his. He quietly seized it by the handle, and carried it to his quarters, the child holding on and screaming all the way. When shown his own he seemed quite ashamed of his mistake, and allowed the frightened child to go with the tin he had mistaken for his own. This sagacious dog is in the habit of begging money from his biped acquaintance, with which he marches to a baker's shop and buys bread, which he brings home and eats when hungry.

### SOCRATES AND HIS PUPIL.

A YOUNG man, who was a great talker, was sent by his parents to Socrates to learn oratory. On being presented to Socrates, the lad spoke so incessantly that he was out of all patience. When the bargain came to be struck, Socrates asked him double price. "Why charge me double?" said the young fellow. "Because," said the orator, "I must teach you two sciences; the one to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak."

### PRIZE

#### BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR 1859.

None of our young friends have perhaps the slightest conception of the heavy cost, both in money and loss of time, which we incur through the continuance of the Prize Bible Questions. The answers to one set of Questions filled SEVEN SACKS, and took a person *three weeks*, to open and peruse the letters! We believe that the Prize Questions have induced many to "Search the Scriptures" diligently, and we therefore fear to incur the responsibility of discontinuing them. It has, however, become absolutely necessary that we should adopt some alterations in the mode of sending in the Answers, whereby a saving of time and labour can be effected. As we write this notice in December (we have to compile our Nos. two months in advance), and cannot conveniently conclude our new arrangements until the New Year, we must ask our readers to wait until next month for a further announcement. In the meantime we may state, that the competition for 1859 will be open to all under the age of 21. There will be several prizes awarded for the best Answers to the Questions and Mental Pictures for 1858.

The application from the children in Victoria, Australia, for several months' longer time for sending in Answers to Questions, shall have consideration.

1. Refer to a period in Israel's history, when Palestine maintained *thirteen hundred thousand men*, besides women, children, impotent persons, and two tribes that were not reckoned.

2. Where do we read of a WILDERNESS that contained SIX CITIES,—and what were their names?

3. The wall of a certain city, gave both death and grave-stones to twenty-seven thousand soldiers,—name it.



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ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS FOR THE LITTLE ONES. Compiled by USKEL JOHN. This work is intended to supply a want which has long been felt by thousands of mothers and teachers.

London: PARTRIDGE & Co., 34, Paternoster Row.



A PENNY SAVED—A PENNY GAINED.



MANY NICKLES MAKE A NICKLE.

## "SMOKE NOT."

BY A WORKING MAN.

Two schoolfellows, of equal age,  
Were 'prenticed in one day;  
The one was studiously inclined,  
The other boy was gay.

The pocket-money each received,  
Was just the same amount;  
And how they both expended it,  
I briefly shall recount.

Whilst George was smoking his cigars,  
And sauntering about,  
With youths as idle as himself,  
Shutting all knowledge out;

At the Mechanics' Institute,  
And with his books at home,  
Tom wisely spent his leisure hours,  
Nor cared the streets to roam.

One eve, when their apprenticeship  
Had nearly passed away,  
George at his friend Tom's lodgings called,  
An hour or two to stay.

He entered smoking his cigar  
Ill-mannerly enough,  
And staring round the room, he blew  
A most portentous puff.

"Why, Tom!" he cried with much surprise,  
Is your old uncle dead?  
And left you cash to buy those books  
That round the walls are spread?"

"O. no," said Tom, "I bought those books  
With what my friends allowed,  
Had you not smoked away your cash,  
You might the same have showed!"

"Why, my Havannahs only cost  
Me threepence every day!"

"Just so," said Tom, "you've only smok'd  
A library away!"

"Now reckon up threepence a day  
For seven long years to come!  
And you will find that it will count  
A very handsome sum!"

"Why that," said George, with humb'l'd look,  
"Full THIRTY POUNDS would be;  
How foolishly I've smoked away  
A handsome library."

[The above will shortly be issued as one of our series of "ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS," and sold in Packets, containing fifty copies each, price Sixpence. We hope that many will be scattered amongst the boys of our land.]

## AN AFRICAN GRAMMARIAN.

THERE is no part of the world that claims the sympathy of the friends of Christian Missions more than Africa. That interesting land, cursed by the slave trade, calls aloud for the Gospel. It will interest our readers to learn that the African, named Ali, of whom we give a picture, was once a poor slave, but was recaptured by Capt. Hick in a British ship and taken to Sierra Leone. There, Ali has been very useful to Mr. Koelle, the good Missionary, in preparing an African Grammar. Ali is a member of the Trv Company, and tries to make himself very useful. A very interesting narrative of poor Ali's capture from slavery is published in the "Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor" for last year. We wish our young friends to take a more lively interest in the cause of Missions. Our English readers will be gratified to learn that the "Band of Hope Review" circulates in several parts of injured Africa.



## HALLELUJAH IN THE MOUTH OF A BABE.

(Translated from the German.)

A POOR woman had two little children, who were in the habit of attending the Sunday-school of the village. The eldest was about three years old, the other scarcely more than two. It gave the elder great pleasure to teach his little brother what he himself had learnt. In the winter of the year 1832, both the children took the measles; and while they were lying in the same room, the elder was often heard to make the attempt to teach the little one to pronounce the words, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord," yet without success, and the child died before he could repeat the words. When the intelligence of his death was brought to his brother, he was silent a moment, and then said, as he looked up joyfully to his mother, "Mother, now Hauschen can say, Hallelujah!" A few days afterwards, this dear child also died, and could himself sing the Hymn of Praise before the throne of his Redeemer.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Ps. xc. 12.

## A PLEA FOR THE HORSE.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

At the Meeting of the British Association in Dublin, in August, 1857, Mr. Charles Bianconi of Cashel, read a paper relative to his extensive car establishment, after which a gentleman stated that at Pickford's, the great English carriers, they could not work a horse economically more than ten miles a day, and wished to hear Mr. Bianconi's opinion on the subject. Mr. Bianconi stated, he found, by experience, he could better work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, than six miles a day for seven days in the week. By not working on Sunday, he effected a saving of twelve per cent. This statement elicited loud applause.



"Horses have a right to their Sunday."—Speech of a Cabman.

Mr. Bianconi's opinion on this point is of the highest authority, for, although the extension of railways in the land have thrown thirty-seven of his vehicles out of employ, which daily ran 2,446 miles, still he had over nine hundred horses, working sixty-seven conveyances, which daily travel 4,244 miles, it is also founded on the result of forty-three years' experience.

Thus it appears that if men will only act from selfish motives, "that in keeping God's commandments there is an exceeding great reward."

## CHEAP POSTAGE.

Those who cannot conveniently order the "Band of Hope Review" through a Bookseller, can have Packets sent *post free*, to any part of the United Kingdom, by remitting as under—

8 copies for 4d., or for one year, 4s.	Must
16 " 8d., " 8s.	be paid
24 " 1s. 0d., " 12s.	in
40 " 1s. 8d., " 20s.	advance.

BRITISH COLONIES. A copy of the "Band of Hope Review" sent *post* to any address in any British Colony, for one year, for eighteenpence, paid in advance.

ORDERS to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Patridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. (N.)



Number 99.

March 1st, 1859.

# BAND OF HOPE REVUE

AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR, ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & CO. 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

## A YOUNG HERO.

MR. WALTERS, a well-known village school-master, had been much annoyed by some of his scholars whistling in school. Whenever he called a boy to account for such a naughty dis-

turbance, the culprit would plead that it was unintentional—"he forgot all about where he was." This became so frequent that Mr. Walters threatened a severe punishment to the next offender.

The next day, when the schoolroom was

unusually quiet, a loud sharp whistle suddenly broke the stillness. Every one asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation not only of being a mischief-maker, but also a teller of falsehoods.

He was called up, and, though with a some-

"Speaking the truth"—"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."



Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.

"FERULE me, SIR, AND NOT him."



what stubborn look, he denied again and again that he had whistled. Mr. Walters placed no dependence upon his word, and he was commanded to hold out his hand. At this instant, a little slender fellow, not more than seven years old, came forward, and with a very pale but decided face, held out his hand, saying, as he did so, with the clear and firm voice,—

"Please, Mr. Walters, do not punish *him*—it was *me* that whistled. I was doing a long, hard sum, and, in rubbing out another, rubbed it out by mistake, and spoiled it all, and before I thought, whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and act a lie, when I knew *who* was to blame. *Ferule me, sir, and not him.*" And with all the firmness he could command, the noble-minded boy again held out his little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was much affected.

"Charles," said he, looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who had made such a conquest over his natural timidity—"I would not strike you a blow for the world. *I have never found you out in a falsehood, my boy; no one here doubts that you speak the truth; you did not mean to whistle. I forgive you; you have acted like a hero, Charles. May God bless you!*" Oh, how great is the value of a character for truthfulness!

Charles went back to his seat with a flushed face, and quietly went on with his sums. Every eye was fixed upon him in admiration, for the smallest scholar could appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Charles grew up, and became a devoted, consistent Christian. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic, and truthful conduct.

#### ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

##### CHAPTER VII.

##### BRAVE BOBBY.

SOME years ago, an American ship, called the "Washington," bound for China, had on board, among other passengers, an officer, with his wife and child, a little boy five years old, and a large Newfoundland dog called "Bobby."

Everybody in the ship liked Bobby, he was so good-tempered and frolicsome, but the little boy was the dog's constant playmate. He was a merry little fellow, and as fond of Bobby as Bobby was of him.

One evening, when it was growing dark, the little boy and the dog were romping together—the ship gave a sudden roll, and splash went the child into the ocean.

A cry was raised—"A hand over! A hand over!" Bobby sprang over the side of the ship, and swam towards the stern.

The little boy's father, half-frantic, leaped, with others, into the jolly-boat, but it was too dark to see far before them.

All gave the child up for lost.

At last they heard a splash to the larboard. "Pull on quick," cried the father; the helmsman turned the tiller, the men pulled with redoubled force, and in a moment brave Bobby, holding up the child in his mouth, was alongside. Joy! Joy! Joy!

The boat was rowed back to the ship, the half-drowned boy was recovered; the parents were overpowered with thankfulness; and the brave dog was patted and caressed by all.

The little boy hugged his favourite in his arms, and every man on board the ship loved the dog as a father loves his child.—W. H. H.

A GENTLEMAN having rode sixteen miles in the winter, followed by his faithful dog; the poor creature, wearied with his journey, fell so fast asleep before the fire, that his master went out of the room unperceived by him. On his return, the gentlemen in the travellers' room, said to him, "We have been amused, Sir, with your dog. When he awoke, he was in great trouble at finding his master gone. He, however, went round the room and smelt at all the great coats hanging up on the wall, and when he found his master's great coat, he returned to the fire-place, and composed himself for another nap, and as if he had reasoned with himself, and come to the conclusion: 'My master won't go away without his GREAT COAT!'"

He that has not religion for a pillow, is without a resting-place.

"All the paths of the LORD  
are mercy and truth unto  
such as keep His covenant  
and His testimonies."

#### HINTS FROM HELPERS.

A FRIEND at Upper Hanley writes:—"A short time ago I selected five of the elder boys from the 'Band of Hope,'—took one with me each night—visited twenty houses, presented each householder with a copy of the 'Band of Hope Review,' and solicited them to take it in for their children; each boy to furnish his own district monthly with the numbers. Out of 100 houses thus visited, we secured 92 subscribers!"



#### FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

WE have been much pleased by the inspection of several very handsome clasps for children's belts, manufactured by Mr. Wright, of Birmingham. They are specially designed for members of Bands of Hope, and we feel sure that thousands of juvenile abstainers will rejoice to wear such excellent badges of membership. Our engravings represent two of the designs adopted by Mr. Wright, to whom the thanks of the friends of temperance will be most freely awarded.



#### DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

SAMUEL GURNEY, Esq., M.P., has headed a subscription list with £500, for the erection of Drinking Fountains in London. About £5000 will be required. The Vestry of Islington have resolved to erect five fountains in that parish.

"Behold, the eye of the  
LORD is upon them that fear  
Him, upon them that hope in  
His mercy."—PSALM xxxiii. 18.

#### A WORD TO THE BOYS.

I VISITED, a few days since, our great prison. It was an awful scene, and one I should be unwilling to look upon again. I cannot forget it if I would. I seem to see them still—that motley array of all ages and conditions. Not a word, or even a look at their fellows allowed, ever under the eye of a vigilant keeper; and then, as they were examined, marched to their cells and locked up for the night, only to pursue again that unvaried round of labour for months and years, and some for life. Oh, how it made my heart ache. It was sad to see among them young men in their freshness and vigour doomed by crime to a wretched life. Old men too, even with grey hairs, were there: not a "crown of glory," but badges of shame were theirs. But if possible, it was sadder still to see among them boys, one less than fourteen years of age, younger than one of my own little boys at home. And then I thought if he and other boys could once look upon such a scene, it would be a life-long lesson to them.

The warden very kindly answered all our inquiries, and what do you think brought that boy there? It was passion, uncontrolled temper. He commenced only in play, and then got angry with a playmate, and in the heat of passion dealt blows that took his life. "He did not mean to do it," he said. Probably he did not, but his sorrow could not restore life. An indictment was found. He pleaded guilty, and now, in silence and in shame, the weary years that should have gladdened his parents' home, are dragged on in those prison walls. Would he not say to you, "Boys, govern your temper?"

Another sad fact the warden related. Of those one hundred and one convicts, all but six were brought there by the use of intoxicating drinks. I would hope not one of all the boys to whom this paper speaks, ever touch, taste, or handle the destroying cup; but very many of them, I fear, have not perfectly learned that difficult lesson—to conquer self. Do you ever think, when tempted to anger, to what it may lead? SELINA.

#### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 4.—The necessities of the body are in Scripture summed up in two words. Name them.
- 5.—Where is the thoughtless tranquillity of the rich compared to the fixed, unbroken surface of fermented liquors?
- 6.—Refer to a most interesting edict, and one of the very few GRATIFYING ones Moses had to issue.

FOUR PRIZES will be given for the best sets of Answers to the 36 Questions for 1859, viz:—

A Purse of Five Sovereigns,  
For the best Answers.

A Purse of Three Sovereigns,  
For the second-best Answers.

A Purse of Two Sovereigns,  
For the third-best Answers.

A Purse of One Sovereign,  
For the fourth-best Answers.

#### CONDITIONS.

1. Competitors to be under twenty-one years of age.
2. Each competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own, and also to give reference to a parent or teacher, in proof of the same, if required.
3. The answers to be written neatly and clearly on the printed form specially prepared for this purpose. (None others will be received), a copy of which may now be had, post free, by enclosing two postage stamps to the Editor of the Band of Hope Review, 13, Basinghall Square, London. N. (Please write outside the letter of application, "PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.")
4. The answers to be given as concisely as possible, and with direct reference to the question. Chapter and verse always to be stated. It is not necessary to write out the verses in full.
5. The answers to be sent in not later than the 31st of January, 1860.
6. The award to be published in June, 1860.

With 70 Illustrations.

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"THE LORD GOD MADE THEM ALL."

**GOD MADE ALL THINGS.**

ALL things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them, high or lowly,  
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset, and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky,

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,—  
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water,  
We gather every day;—

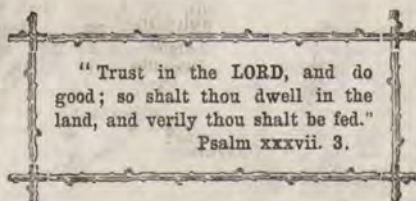
He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well. A.

From No. 7 of "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John. Vol. I. is now ready, in cloth, price 5s. Handsomely bound, with gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

**ATTACHMENT OF A GOAT.**

The following affecting incident is worthy of record. A seafaring lad named Morfee, who resided with his parents, near the Croft, Hastings, and who was very fond of keeping and rearing dumb animals, expired, after a short illness, a few weeks ago. Amongst his other pets, deceased kept a young goat, which has frequently been seen gambolling in St. Clement's upper burial-ground. This animal seems to have become instinctively acquainted with the death of its friend and master. It appeared to be in great distress, and butted against the house with great energy, as if determined to effect an entrance. The attention of the boy's relatives was excited, and on Sunday afternoon they admitted the affectionate little animal,

when, strange to tell, it made its way to the room where the corpse lay, and leaped upon the coffin, uttering loud cries of distress and licking the deceased's face. The poor little sorrowing goat had to be removed by force.

**A MOTHER'S LESSONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.**

No. V.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Did you ever, my dear young reader, look at a grain of wheat, and think how wonderful it is that such a little hard-looking seed should produce the principal food for man, in most countries of the world? Bread is called "the staff of life," for though mankind have many varieties of food suited to different climates and seasons, bread can be eaten by all people, and with all their diet. No one ever tires of it, every one feels it a dreadful hardship to be deprived of it, even for a little time. Bread and water are the necessities that will support life, and God in His great power and goodness has amply supplied them to the whole world, making grain to grow in regions the most distant, and in climates the most varied, and giving a vitality and multiplying power to the seed, that enables it to flourish amid many disadvantages, and however the manners and customs of the world have altered in other things, bread is now, as it was in the beginning, man's chief support.

How beautifully Our Lord brought this before the mind of His disciples in this perfect prayer. We depend on God for all our temporal, as well as spiritual blessings. We are in danger of forgetting this, because our mercies are fresh every morning and renewed every evening, and we often expect them as a right rather than take them gratefully as a favour, therefore Our Lord brings to mind our most common, and yet most necessary food, and requires that we should humbly and gratefully ask for it. He encourages us to pray for needful food, and not for fancied and costly benefits. Think how this supplication for daily bread goes up from Christians in all parts of the world. In far

distant Australia, in the Islands of the Southern Seas, from large portions of every quarter of the globe, as the twenty-four hours of day and night pass on, and the earth turns in its orbit to the sun, there is the cry, at once a petition in its dependence, and a thanksgiving in its gratitude, from all believers, "Give us this day our daily bread."

If we could know them, what special instances there are of God's good providence in giving bread to the hungry. A young man, named Wilkinson, who had been unsuccessful in business, emigrated from a town in Wales to Australia. His wife and little daughter did not go out with him, for he wished first to make trial of the new country, and then meant to send for his family. Mrs. Wilkinson had no ties in Wales after her husband's departure, and not finding much business in her trade as a dressmaker, she came in 1854 to London, to reside with her aged mother. People may live all their lives in the Great City, and yet be known to very few, and it happened that Mrs. Grant, who was deaf and infirm, and had depended hitherto on a small allowance that her son-in-law in his more prosperous days had made her, was living a very secluded life, in a poor suburb of the south of London.

Mrs. Wilkinson had a little money when she joined her mother, and she was fortunate in obtaining some work, her daughter Emma helping her with a diligence beyond her years. People who passed their little parlour window, during that summer, might observe Emma and her mother working at dress-making, and the poor old grandmother, with trembling hands trying to be of use, though it seemed probable her work in this world was nearly done. She helped her children most by her pious words—when letters did not come from Australia—she had always a word of trust and comfort; though the weakest of the three in body, the soul of the aged pilgrim was strong, for God strengthened her.

In the August of that year, the cholera visited London, and in many homes this dreadful malady passed over the feeble, and seized upon the strong, and so it was in this little home. Emma, a delicate child of eleven years old, obliged to sit close to work many hours of the day, and Mrs. Grant tottering with the weakness of age, were spared; but Mrs. Wilkinson, in the prime of her days, was taken off in a few hours by the destroyer. It was all so sudden and terrible—the sickness, death, and funeral, following so rapidly—that the poor child and her grandmother seemed stupified by the blow, and felt as if they were visited by a frightful dream. But when, after the funeral, the two helpless creatures sat together alone through the quiet evening; and knelt down, as usual, to their prayers, they realized their forlorn state, and it is no wonder that they could not find or remember words—but they poured out their hearts unto God, and in the language of Scripture, "They lifted up their voice and wept bitterly."

It was, indeed, the desolation of grief, for neither knew exactly what to do, without money, or friends, or ability to obtain a livelihood. People were afraid to come near the dwelling, and the landlord, a hard-man, required them to remove, that he might make some alterations, and strive to save himself from future injury, by removing all traces of the visitation from his premises.

Hand in hand, Emma and her grandmother sought out a lodging at some distance, and as they were now nearly destitute, they were obliged to hire a little garret, and for some weeks they lived on their small stock of money; when that was gone, they began, piece by piece, to sell their clothes and furniture. What greatly added to their distress was, that when the clothes in which Mrs. Wilkinson died, were burnt by medical order, her husband's Australian address was in her pocket, and was destroyed; neither of the mourners remembering more than that it was Geelong. Emma wrote as well as she could, and directed her letter to the post-office there, and tried to find comfort in her grandmother's words, "The Lord will provide." But even the hopeful heart of childhood was chilled, as the autumn deepened into winter, and want stared them in the face.

From the garret window, Emma could see a baker's shop opposite, and she used to watch the baker's children go and return from school;





"THEY LIFTED UP THEIR VOICES AND WEPT BITTERLY."

she saw also that there was a baby in the house, and she began to wish she could speak to the baker's wife and ask her for work—but Emma was a very timid child, and never had been able to summon up courage. Never, never, had the poor little girl felt her prayers as she now felt them, and one cold morning, when she knew there was but a small piece of hard bread left in the cupboard, as she followed her grandmother's words, "Give us this day our daily bread," she burst into tears, and clinging round the aged woman's neck, sobbed out, "What shall we do, whatever shall we do?"

The poor old soul, though she could scarcely hear, understood the meaning of this burst of grief, and shared it. "We must trust in God, my dear," she said; "the Psalmist says, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

"But we must do something; the bread, grandma, won't come as the manna came to the children of Israel, we must do something to earn it." Little Emma never thought of begging—God put a better plan in her heart. It happened that Mrs. Grant had a fine piece of patchwork, nearly large enough for a baby's cradle quilt, and Emma proposed they should set to work in all haste and finish it that day. They ate their last piece of bread, moistened with their tears, and then they worked away. They could not finish it as they wished, for they had not enough cotton, but they made it look very neat, and then poor Emma, trembling very much, took it over to the baker's shop. She stood at the door hesitating, but a glimpse

of her grandma watching her from the window, and the sight of the bread before her hungry eyes, all forbade delay. She rushed at last into the shop, put the cradle quilt on the counter, before the startled woman, vainly strove to speak, and broke out into crying.

Her manner, her grief, the incident altogether, won attention. As soon as she was composed by a kind word from the baker's wife, she told her simple story, adding, "The quilt is our work, ma'am; grandma and I are willing to work for our bread, if we can get work to do." Before many minutes were past, the kind woman went back with Emma, saw the aged grandmother—bought the quilt at a higher price than either of its makers had expected, and that night there was a cheerful fire in their little grate, and a supply of food in their cupboard, and Emma tasted the sweets of a meal she had won by her industry and energy. "If God does not send bread now as He once sent manna," said her grandma, "He puts wise thoughts in His people's hearts, and gives them the means to get it; and it is His bread, my dear—every good gift, either in you or around you, comes from Him."

From that time there were better days. Emma was advised to make inquiries at their former lodgings for an Australian letter, and sure enough at Christmas, there was one waiting, with a remittance to take them out. Assisted by the friendly baker, Mrs. Grant proved the right of herself and Emma to the money sent for poor Mrs. Wilkinson, and it was an

affecting sight to see the two—one near the beginning, and the other near the end of life—embark for that distant land. They both seemed to feel that a mighty hand was guiding them, and all fear was taken away. "The Lord gave us bread in our need, His promise will never fail," said the aged pilgrim; "Jesus is the bread of life; Lord! evermore give us that bread." The prayer was heard.

Mrs. Grant lived to see Emma safe in her father's care in Australia, and then departed to her reward in Heaven. Emma is now nearly grown-up, and she will never forget the lesson she learned in her sorrow—by God's grace she utters both a spiritual and temporal supplication when she prays, "Give us this day our daily bread."

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### A MOTHER'S LESSONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

No. VI.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."—I once heard

a boy say, "Well! if I often fall out, I bear no malice—I soon forgive." When people praise themselves, it is very doubtful whether they deserve the praise they have the self-conceit to utter; and so it proved with this boy. He was a hasty, noisy, quarrelsome boy—fond of disputing, and ready to contradict;

and when his petulant temper brought him into trouble, then he would be uncomfortable and sorry after a fashion, and would wish to make it up and be friends, and this he called forgiveness. This kind of disagreeing and agreeing is not the forgiveness that our Lord teaches. If we are apt to offend others by our tempers



H. ANELAY.

J. KNIGHT.

THE RESCUE OF THE FAITHLESS FRIEND.



and our ways, we are the parties that should ask forgiveness, and should set a watch upon ourselves that we offend no more. I once heard a foolish mother say, that her child was very forgiving, because, after it had been punished for a fault, it soon forgot the punishment, and was playing about as merrily as ever; when the truth was, the child had a careless, easy temper, and the remembrance, both of offence and punishment speedily passed away. The great Christian duty of forgiveness is a very hard matter with all who feel deeply—and because our Lord knew it was hard, he made it a petition that not only calls out our thoughts to God, but turns them inward to ourselves. Before we are called upon to forgive, we must innocently have suffered an injury. This is not common; most of our fancied injuries are brought on by our own evil-doing; we can but seldom say we are completely blameless, and when without provocation we have been injured—perhaps by one we love—it is a very great effort to be able to say, "I freely forgive—as freely as God my Saviour forgives me." For, my dear young reader, have you ever thought how God forgives you? A line of Scripture tells us, "Herein is love, not that we loved Him, but that He loved us, and gave His only-begotten Son to be the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." So, for us rebels, Christ came to die that we might live! That was, indeed, God-like forgiveness—and if we call ourselves Christians, we too, must be godly—that is, God-like, as far as our feeble nature, aided by Divine grace, is able.

Some years ago, two boys used to pass my house in going to school. One was lame, and was drawn to and fro in a little carriage by his schoolfellow, who was a very fine healthy boy. The crippled boy, Harry Jessop, was older by a year than Arthur Floyer, but not much more than half his size. These boys were neighbours; Harry was the son of a well-to-do tradesman, and Arthur's mother was a widow, who, though by birth and education a lady, could hardly afford to keep her son at school. It was a very pleasant sight to witness Arthur's love for his crippled schoolfellow; he not only drew him daily to and from school, but helped him in his lessons, and saved him every trouble that he could. As for Harry, he looked not only a sickly, but an unhappy boy, and it seemed wonderful Arthur should love him so well. But by constantly doing him acts of kindness, and taking care of him, Arthur had become so fond of him, that no brother could be more affectionate—indeed, I fear few brothers love so well as Arthur did. I wish I could say Harry really returned the feeling; he was exacting and peevish, but Arthur, whenever he noticed it, always said, "Poor Harry! he is weak and that makes him cross." For some time things went on in this way, when, during the midsummer holidays, Harry was taken to a watering-place. Some baths were tried for him that entirely completed the cure nature had been slowly effecting, and the boy returned after three months' absence, hale and well. Small in stature certainly, but in no danger of being a cripple. I wish I could say that Harry's deformed mind and bad temper improved with his health. He had been petted until he was selfish and cunning, more than any boy I ever knew. How bright Arthur's honest face looked as he welcomed his schoolfellow home, and still continued to go to school with him, carrying his books, and seeming unable quite to believe the weak boy he had guarded so long could now very well wait upon himself if he chose. Arthur was not a very quick, but he was a very diligent boy. He had not a ready memory, and often, when he knew his lesson thoroughly, he would be so anxious about it that he was nervous and bungled; and he had a habit in class of pulling his belt when any puzzling question was asked him, so that his schoolfellows often said, "Do you pull your answers out of your belt?" As Christmas was coming, Arthur very much wanted to gain the prize in one particular class, for an uncle of his had promised, if he got that prize, he would put him to a higher school, and take the expense of his education—but the uncle being rather fond of his money, it was feared would not be sorry to have an excuse for getting out of his offer; and therefore Arthur worked very hard indeed, and most of the boys, though they tried to rival him, respected and liked their diligent schoolfellow,

but Harry, though he was idle and peevish, envied Arthur. It was in vain, that night after night Arthur helped his companion with his lessons, and got him on in many ways, Harry wanted the prize Arthur was working for, and yet would not honestly compete for it. Those who are good and kind themselves, never suspect evil in others, and though Arthur's mother more than once noticed a look on Harry's face that she did not like, and named it to her son, saying, "Are you sure that Harry is the friend you think him?" "Oh, yes, mother—think how long he was helpless; that makes him sometimes seem strange, he has suffered so much." Meanwhile, Arthur had several misfortunes at school, he lost one of his best and most necessary books. He believed he had left it safe in his desk, but it could nowhere be found; and a report got abroad somehow, that Arthur had thrown the book into the canal as he went home—indeed, one boy who walked at a distance from Arthur and Harry declared he saw a book go over the bridge. Nothing but Arthur's previous good conduct saved him from punishment, and caused his innocence to be believed. But when a bottle of ink was thrown all over his exercise and copy-books, and Arthur said he did not know there was any ink in his desk, his master began to suspect and speak harshly to him. This made Arthur unable to say his lessons properly from fright, and so for many days there was nothing but trouble; until one afternoon in class, as poor Arthur, eager to keep his place, was fidgeting with his hand on his belt, just as it came to his turn to answer, a wicked hand, armed with a penknife, suddenly cut his belt behind, and it fell down, the buckle striking the floor, making a noise, and not only annoying the master, who thought it arose from some play or inattention, but putting every word of the answer out of

"FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THEM THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US."

Arthur's head. Harry took his place, and thought no one had seen his shameful deed—but Arthur's eye was quick, and he noticed the knife as his false friend hurried it into his pocket. Arthur gave a great cry, like a wounded hare, and actually fell down on the ground, overcome by his feelings on this terrible discovery; the master thinking very ill of him for such a "display of temper," as he called it. "I have been deceived in you, sir," he said sternly, and Arthur, that evening, was detained to write an imposition after the rest of his companions were gone. Harry had slunk away without a word; and as the injured boy sat alone in the large room, now looking cold and gloomy, his heart was so sad that he sobbed aloud, and did his work very slowly and badly—and when at length he reached his home, and his mother, with her tender smile, asked him, "What had happened?" she was frightened to behold his grief. "It is all over, mother; I shall not get the prize, our lessons cease to-morrow, everything has gone wrong for a fortnight." "But you surely are not so grieved about that, my boy. How will you bear the disappointments of life if this school trouble is so intolerable." "It is not that only, mother! it is not that."

Mrs. Floyer urged him to tell her, but Arthur had really loved Harry, he could not bear to tell of his cruel ingratitude. So he continued silent, and his mother, thinking him bound by a promise, ceased to urge him. As was their custom, mother and son knelt together, to their evening prayers, but Mrs. Floyer noticed Arthur did not repeat the Lord's Prayer. "How is this, my son?" she said, as she rose from her knees. "Mother, I fear I do not forgive, and I am afraid to say words I do not mean, in my prayers. It is telling a lie to God." "Well, my son, but you ought to be afraid to have such bad feelings in your heart—you must forgive; I am ashamed that the words of your master, or the offense of any schoolfellow, can make you feel so evil." "Oh, mother, as to my master, though he was hard on me—that of course, I never thought of as an

offence. If he bears with me, I am bound to be thankful to him—and my schoolfellows—(here his voice faltered)—any of them I could forgive—but my friend—mother—my friend, that I loved! for him to be false; oh, it is too bad; how can I forgive him?"

There was a pause of some minutes, broken only by Arthur's sobs, and then his mother said, "My child, you feel how much harder it is to bear unkindness from one you love than from others; God loves you, my child—is your constant friend, always doing you good. He condescended to become man, and died the death of the Cross for us, and yet how often we have grieved Him; in many things we all offend—but He forgives, and requires that we should also forgive—for no one can offend against us as we have offended against God. Now, my dear, kneel down; repeat the words of the Lord's Prayer to yourself, and say, 'Forgive me as I forgive my friend who has grieved me this day.'"

Arthur had been trained to obey. He knelt and wept as he put up his silent prayer, but the grace of God came to him and he rose peaceful, and was able to listen to his mother as she spoke to him of Jesus forgiving His murderers, and praying for them, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The next morning, as Arthur, with a calm and saddened face, was walking to school, he saw some boys disputing at the canal-side, and the words, "I'll expose you! I know you did it!" were loudly shouted. Then followed blows, and a struggle that ended in loud shrieks and a plunge in the water, as one of the combatants, incautious in his rage, slipped over the bank into the canal. It was Harry! Arthur saw it all at a glance, and as the other boys ran away in a panic, he rushed to his faithless friend, calling out, "Don't cling to me, Harry, and I can save you." He was strong, and could swim well, and just as Harry, who had sunk once, rose the second time, he caught him by his long curly hair, and succeeded in dragging him safely to land, as some men were coming to the rescue. Both boys were very exhausted; Harry was insensible. He was carried home, and it was a long time before he was restored. As soon as he recovered consciousness, the thought of how he had acted to his friend was a pang nearly as bad as death. He called his parents, and confessed the whole. For he it was who had done all the mischief. His parents were just people, and truly loved Arthur, so that they made no delay in acquainting the master, and in two days from that time, after an examination, amid the plaudits of the whole school, Arthur won the prize.

He had also a medal given him by the Royal Humane Society, for he had risked his life in saving Harry.

The shock, and the agitation of the wretched Harry's mind, threw him into a fever, and for a long time it was feared he would not recover. He could not bear to see Arthur, and yet he keenly missed the kind companion whose worth he had once so little valued. One night, when he was very low, he said to his mother, "Do you think it is possible Arthur has forgiven me." "Let us send and ask him," said Mrs. Jessop, and in a few minutes after, Arthur was at his bedside, saying, "Don't grieve, Harry, about the past—it is all over."

"Do you forgive?" faltered the sick boy. "To be sure I do; why not? Let us ask God to forgive us both," and no other words coming to the good youth's mind, he faltered out,—

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

That evening was the turning-point, not only in Harry's illness, but in his spirit. He truly repented, and trying to imitate the example of Arthur, he grew up to be a good man.

A book for Every Family. Fourth Edition, enlarged. Post free. Price 3s. 6d. Gilt, 4s. 6d.

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### THE BIRD'S PETITION.

Oh, stay your hand, my little boy,  
And do not rob my nest;  
Why should you, for a moment's joy,  
My happy brood molest.

My little ones, my hope and pride,  
Have not yet learn'd to fly;  
And if you take them from my side,  
They soon will pine and die.

Think, gentle boy, what you would feel,  
And your dear mother too,  
If to your bed some thief should steal,  
And hurry off with you?

Oh, do not, do not climb the tree,  
To spoil our nest so warm,  
For you indeed must cruel be  
If you would do us harm.

Return, then, to your happy home,  
And be it happy long;  
And to your window I will come,  
And thank you with a song. S. W. P.

### ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

A CLERGYMAN, in Dorsetshire, had a faithful servant in a large dog of the St. Bernard breed. He lived some distance from the road, where the coach passed every morning with his letter-bag. His dog regularly went to meet the coach at the end of the lane which led to the turnpike road. He was never "too late." Sometimes, for the amusement of the passengers, the coachman would throw down the wrong bag, but he would not take it; as soon, however, as his master's bag was thrown he snatched it up in his mouth, and scampered home with it. He always expected his breakfast as soon as he had delivered the bag. The coach did not run on the Sunday; how the dog knew Sunday no one could imagine, but he *did*, for on that day he was never to be seen going for the letter-bag!

*The Editor will be glad to receive any authentic Anecdotes of Dogs.*

### DR. GUTHRIE'S TESTIMONY.

THE REV. DR. GUTHRIE, of Edinburgh, that eminent Christian philanthropist, in addressing a large Band of Hope gathering in Dundee, said:—

"I told a gentleman in Dundee that the moment I got his letter I felt that I could not

resist the call. I was prepared to come at any inconvenience, because I felt that in presence of this multitude, and in presence of a noble lord, distinguished for supporting every good and blessed cause, we are, as it were, this day, by these Bibles, to marry before this country in the bonds of a matrimony never to be broken, the Bible and the temperance cause together. Men have called this an infidel movement. I never heard of abstinence making a man an infidel, but I have heard of drinking having that result. I never heard of abstinence ruining a woman's virtue, but I have heard of drink doing so. Thousands have become inmates of our prisons by drink, but none by abstinence. Abstinence never broke a man's character, but drink has done so in ten thousand instances. Infidelity must be another thing than it used to be if it leads its disciples to buy Bibles. A curious sort of infidelity that. I say to you,

my young friends, long to live with God's blessing to fight this noble battle. You have done unspeakable service to the abstinence movement. You have shut the mouth of the gainsayer, and over the statue of temperance you have this day thrown the mantle of religion. Out of the mouths of these babes and sucklings God will rebuke the slanderers of the temperance movement. Out of their mouths He has ordained strength to still the enemy and the avenger. Bless God, my dear young friends, that you live in this favoured land where you can by your savings buy that precious boon—A BIBLE."



### A BIRD'S NEST.

It wins my admiration  
To view the structure of that little work,  
A *bird's nest*. Mark it well, within, without;  
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,  
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,  
No glue to join; his little *beak* was all;  
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hands  
With every implement and means of art,  
And twenty years apprenticeship to boot,  
Could make me such another? Fondly then  
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill  
Instinctive genius foils.

### AN OLD SHEPHERD.

IN Epping Forest, in the County of Essex, there dwelt an old shepherd who understood the Sacred Scriptures better than many who had been favoured with a good education. You may ask why he understood them better? Well, I will tell you. It was because he read a chapter every evening, and then selected a verse which he learnt and pondered over the next day whilst he was attending his flock, so that by learning different verses every day, he acquired such a stock of information, that the hut of the old man was often visited by people who came to be instructed in the way of truth, until he died at a good old age. W. S. B.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

7.—What wonderful portion of Solomon's writings may be termed Messiah's own account of Himself?

8.—One engaged in business as a law stationer presented petitions admirably adapted for all young people: name him.

9.—Two most remarkable habitations of Jehovah are mentioned in the Old Testament: name them.

FOUR PRIZES will be given for the best sets of Answers to the 36 Questions for 1859, viz:—

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For the best Answers.

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For the third-best Answers.

A Purse of One Sovereign,  
For the fourth-best Answers.

#### CONDITIONS.

1. Competitors to be under twenty-one years of age.
2. Each competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own, and also to give reference to a parent or teacher, in proof of the same, if required.
3. The answers to be written neatly and clearly on the printed form specially prepared for this purpose. (*None others will be received*), a copy of which may now be had, post free, by enclosing two postage stamps to the Editor of the *Band of Hope Review*, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. N. (*Please write outside the letter of application, "PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS."*)
4. The answers to be given as concisely as possible, and with direct reference to the question. Chapter and verse always to be stated. It is not necessary to write out the verses in full.
5. The answers to be sent in not later than the 31st of January, 1860.
6. The award to be published in June, 1860.

### ANOTHER WARNING FROM THE BENCH.

MR. JUSTICE HILL, at the assizes held at Haverford West on the 24th of February, with great feeling gave expression to the following memorable words.

"And here again is the influence of that drink to which I have had occasion to refer more than once this day before; that horrid drink which produces more crime in this country than any other cause of crime whatever."

### DEATH OF A SWEARER.

SOME years ago, at Cave's Inn, in the parish of Churchover, Warwickshire, a drover was pushing cattle into the field, near the inn, for the night, and they were somewhat troublesome.

He swore so violently, that the housekeeper rebuked him, and begged he would swear no more.

He answered her by another oath, and instantly dropped down dead.

### REWARD BOOKS, &c.

*The Yearly part of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1858 (with upwards of seventy engravings), price One Shilling.*

*The complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review," for the Eight Years, may also be had, bound in cloth, 8s.; gilt, 10s. "The best picture book we know of."—Mother's Friend.*

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## "GIVE HIM TIME."

MANY years since, I paid a visit to a Sunday-school, and one of the teachers urged me to take his class, which I did. It was in the morning, and there were lessons to be repeated. One or two of the boys had said their portions, when there stood up a poor fellow whose first few words showed that he stammered very painfully. Perhaps fear of a strange teacher made the matter worse, for he came to a stop. One of his classmates hastily interposed.

"Please, sir, he can't say lessons; he can't speak plain."

To my great delight, another boy broke in:

"Yes, he can; if you will only give him time."

Need I say that the time was given, and the lesson fairly repeated! It is no disparagement to the generous defender of his schoolfellow to say, that I then thought to myself: "Here is the influence of a patient teacher, accustomed to give time, in a spirit of Christian sympathy, to him who really needed it."

\*\*\* WE shall be glad if each of our subscribers will endeavour to procure at least one new subscriber. We feel deeply indebted to those of our young friends who have been zealous in canvassing amongst their schoolfellows for new subscribers. By the united efforts of the various helpers, we have had an increase of several thousands to our list of readers during the last few months. There are still hundreds of thousands of families where our little paper is never seen. To these homes we desire that it should be introduced by our present readers. Will those who are glad to receive their paper monthly, cheer us on in our labour by doing what they can to gain new subscribers? Mr. Ranton, of Hull, gives a good hint; he writes:—"It was thought that by forming a CANVASSING COMMITTEE of five or six of our young friends, we might succeed in doubling the circulation. We have succeeded very well, and are now in hopes that we shall obtain three or four times the number of subscribers than we have had previously."

This good example will, we trust, be followed.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT."



SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

God, who hath made the daisies,  
And every lovely thing;  
He will accept our praises,  
And hearken while we sing.  
He says (though we are simple,  
Though ignorant we be),  
"Suffer the little children,  
And let them come to Me."

Though we are young and simple,  
In praise we may be bold;  
The children in the temple,  
He heard in days of old.  
And if our hearts are humble,  
He says to you and me,  
"Suffer the little children,  
And let them come to Me."

He sees the bird that wingeth  
Its way o'er earth and sky;  
He hears the lark that singeth  
Up in the heaven so high.  
But sees the heart's low breathings,  
And says (well pleased to see),  
"Suffer the little children,  
And let them come to Me."

Therefore we will come near Him,  
And solemnly we'll sing;  
No cause to shrink, or fear Him,  
We'll make our voices ring;  
For in our temple speaking,  
He says to you and me,  
"Suffer the little children,  
And let them come to Me." E. P. H.

From "ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS FOR THE LITTLE ONES," compiled by UNCLE JOHN.

## LET THE GUN ALONE.

MR. MERIAM, of Brooklyn, New York, made a list of the number of persons killed and wounded within two years, while engaged in shooting or hunting harmless animals and little birds. One hundred and five persons were killed, besides thirty-two who were wounded,—far outnumbering the deaths by lightning, recorded by him during the same time.

"I would thus, he says, 'sound a note of warning to those who indulge in this cruel sport, that death is on their track. The cry of the wounded bird reaches the ear of the Most High, and He heeds its cry. The patriarch Noah commissioned a bird to explore a drowned world; and when the dove was sent forth, it returned bearing a green olive-branch.'

What an emblem was this! The ravens were sent by God to feed the prophet Elijah, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice."

There is a solemn rebuke in facts like these. Let the young men and boys stop and think before they go out into the beautiful fields and for mere sport consent to become the murderers of the harmless, defenceless, innocent, and happy creatures which God has made to inhabit them. They have a right to live as well as you. There is room enough, and food enough, and home enough for you and them. They are the creatures of God, and the cruelty that wantonly destroys them is offensive to Him.

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"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."



# BAND OF HOPE REVIVALS

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

### BOB,

#### The Fireman's Dog.

ONE of the most useful dogs we have ever seen or heard of, is "Bob," the London fireman's dog. Whenever the fire-bell rings at the Southwark Fire-Brigade Station, there is no one in a greater hurry to be "off" than Bob. The noble animal runs before the

engine, and clears the way. Arrived at the scene of the fire, no one is more ready to "obey orders" than Bob. He will run up ladders, jump through windows, and enter dangerous rooms, more quickly than any of the firemen! Some time ago, Bob did a noble act for which his name deserves to be long and honourably remembered. A house was on fire



"Bob" is an illustration of the power of kindness.

Treat the dumb kindly—they'll serve thee better.

"BOB" AND HIS MASTER.



in Duke Street. The flames were spreading rapidly, and threatened soon to bring the building to the ground. Bob darted into the burning house, and in a few moments was seen coming out with a poor cat in his mouth! He carried pussy very carefully, and gently dropped her in a place of safety. We think many of our little readers will be disposed to clap their hands and shout, "Well done—brave Bobby! thank you for saving pussy from being burnt to death!"

We might tell many pleasing stories about this clever dog, had we time and space to do so. We must, however, tell our readers about his saving the life of a little child not long ago in Westminster Road. A house was on fire, and Bob was there as usual. The firemen thought that all the inmates had been got out of the house. Bob, however, knew better. He kept barking and scratching at a small door. The firemen ordered Bob to "hold his noise, and get away." Although usually a very obedient dog (we wish that all our little readers had as good a character for obedience), yet Bob barked more loudly than ever, and seemed almost to say, "Be quick—do open this door!" The firemen were afraid that if this door was opened, it might make the fire burn more rapidly, but as Bob was so very boisterous, one of the firemen said, "There's some reason why Bob makes this ado—let's break open the door!" The door was burst open, when the astonished firemen found a poor little child, who, but for Bob, might have been burnt to death!

Bob, and his kind-hearted master, have been to see us, and we were not a little amused with one of Bob's clever little tricks. On his master saying, "Pump the engine, Bob," the good-tempered dog sat up on his hind-legs (just as you see him on the left-hand side of the picture) and began working his fore-legs up and down with as much regularity as the firemen use their arms when working the engine!

Bob has been presented with a collar, on which is the inscription:—

"Stop me not,  
But onward let me jog,  
For I am Bob,  
The London Fireman's Dog."

If any of our readers would like to see "Bob," let them ask their parents to accompany them to the Annual Meeting of the ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, which will be held in St. James's Hall, Regent Street, at one o'clock, on Friday, the 27th of this month. We have asked Mr. Henderson to kindly allow brave "Bob," and his master to be there. We shall be glad to see a goodly number of our readers present.

#### DR. NEWTON AND A DOG.

ONE evening after the late Rev. Robert Newton had been preaching at Cheetham Hill, and was about to return to Manchester, a person in the vestry of the chapel, kindly offered to accompany him along the lonely part of road. Mr. Newton declined the favour, alleging that his friend would have to return alone. He had not gone far on his way, before a large dog came to him, and followed him very closely. Soon after, he saw two suspicious-looking men standing upon the footpath. The dog eyed them both with great care; and the men, seeing the formidable animal, divided right and left, so as to allow the preacher and his faithful attendant to pass unmolested. He resolved that if his canine friend should follow him home, he would reward him with a good supper, but as he entered into Manchester, the animal disappeared, and he saw him no more! Mr. Newton, who believed, on the authority of his Saviour, that the very hairs of his head were all numbered, could not ascribe this occurrence to a blind chance, but to the providence of God. He therefore recognised in it a motive to gratitude for the past, and of trust for the future.—*From Life of Dr. Newton.*

"HEarken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old."



THE NIGHTINGALE'S NEST.

#### THE BIRDS' HOUSES.

Who was it that taught the clever little birds, to build their pretty nests? Who taught them to lay the twigs across, so beautifully, and line the nest so warmly? Who taught them to sing so sweetly? It was God! And He who taught the little songsters the wonderful art of nest-building, and sweet-singing, must be angry with those cruel boys who rob the poor birds. I wonder how the boy, who is so hard-hearted as to rob a poor bird, would like a great giant to come and take away his father's house! We hope that none of the readers of the *Band of Hope Review*, will ever be found in the list of ROBBERS OF BIRDS' HOUSES.

#### "A SPARROW'S NEST!"

AND what a medley thing it is!  
I never saw a nest like this,—  
Not neatly wove with decent care  
Of silvery moss and shining hair;

But put together odds and ends,  
Picked up from enemies and friends.  
See, bits of thread, and bits of rag,  
Just like a little rubbish bag!

See, hair of dog and fur of cat,  
And rovings of a worsted mat,  
And shreds of silks, and many a feather,  
Compacted cunningly together.

Well, here has hoarding been and hiving,  
And not a little good contriving,  
Before a home of peace and ease  
Was fashioned out of things like these!

Think, had these odds and ends been brought  
To some wise man renowned for thought;  
Some man of men a very gem,  
Pray what could he have done with them?

If we had said, 'Here, Sir, we bring  
You many a worthless little thing,  
Just bits and scraps so very small  
That they have scarcely size at all;

And out of these you must contrive  
A dwelling large enough for five;  
Neat, warm, and snug: with comfort stored;  
Where five small things may lodge and board.'

How would the man of learning vast,  
Have been astonished and aghast!  
And vowed that such a thing had been  
Ne'er heard of, thought of, much less seen.

Ah! man of learning, you are wrong;  
Instinct is more than wisdom, strong;  
And He who made the sparrow, taught  
This skill, beyond your reach of thought.

And here, in this uncostly nest,  
These little creatures have been blest;  
Nor have kings known in palaces,  
Half such content as is in this—  
Poor simple dwelling as it is!"

*From a most interesting book recently issued, entitled "What is a Bird." JARROLD & SONS, St. Paul's Churchyard.*

#### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

10.—What special provision was made for Israel's shelter in the wilderness, which acted as a screen, an umbrella, and a cloth of state?

11.—The great family, for which God provides every day, is described in three words; give them.

12.—What phrase in connexion with the sun, expresses the whole earth?

FOUR PRIZES will be given for the best sets of Answers to the 36 Questions for 1859, viz:—

**A Purse of Five Sovereigns,**  
For the best Answers.

**A Purse of Three Sovereigns,**  
For the second-best Answers.

**A Purse of Two Sovereigns,**  
For the third-best Answers.

**A Purse of One Sovereign,**  
For the fourth-best Answers.

#### CONDITIONS.

1. Competitors to be under twenty-one years of age.  
2. Each competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own, and also to give reference to a parent or teacher, in proof of the same, if required.

3. The answers to be written neatly and clearly on the printed form specially prepared for this purpose. (None others will be received), a copy of which may now be had, post free, by enclosing two postage stamps to the Editor of the *Band of Hope Review*, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. N. (Please write outside the letter of application, "PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.")

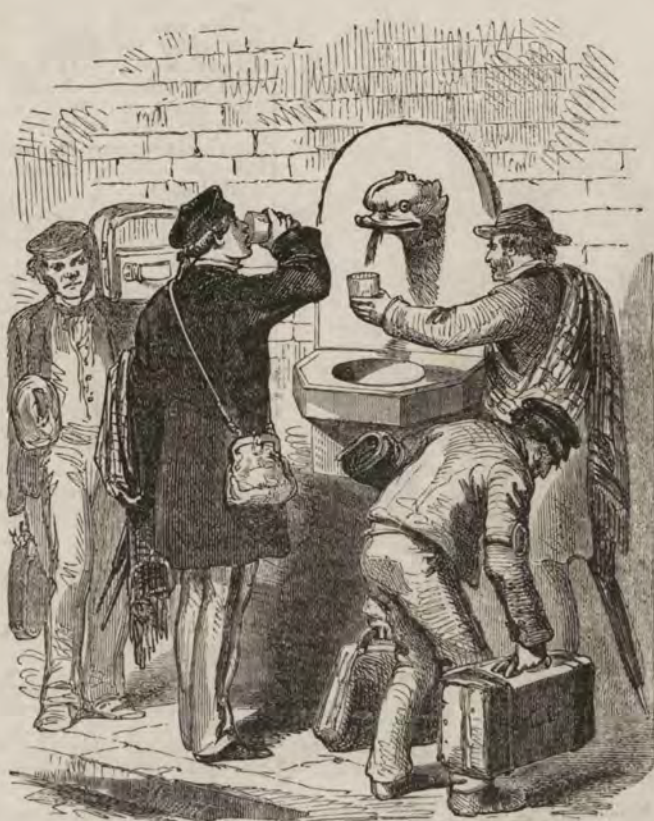
4. The answers to be given as concisely as possible, and with direct reference to the question. Chapter and verse always to be stated. It is not necessary to write out the verses in full.

5. The answers to be sent in not later than the 31st of January, 1860.

6. The award to be published in June, 1860.



"Of all the efforts I have been called to make, there is none that so strongly commends itself to my feelings and my judgment, as the 'Free Drinking Fountains' Movement."—*Earl of Shaftesbury*.—"Erect Drinking Fountains, and habits of intemperance will soon shew a diminution, and with a diminution of intemperance will be stopped the most prolific of all the sources of crime and misery."—*Earl of Carlisle*.



### DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

We have much pleasure in inserting an engraving, of one of the two fountains erected in the Leicester Railway Station, by the liberality of one of the Directors, E. S. Ellis, Esq. So highly have these fountains been appreciated by the public, that the Directors of the Midland Railway, have agreed to place one of these "boons for thirsty travellers," at each of the principal stations on their line. All honour to Mr. Ellis, and his brother Directors! We hope to hear of many other Railway Boards doing likewise. We rejoice in the progress now being made in London in this good movement, commenced by the liberality and perseverance of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P. A noble meeting was held in Willis's-rooms, on the 12th April, at which the Earl of Carlisle presided, and pleaded with irresistible eloquence in favour of the erection of at least 400 drinking fountains, in the metropolis. Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Radstock, Lord Albermarle, Lord John Russell, the Hon. Mr. Cowper, Rev. Mr. Rogers, Rev. Mr. Thorold, C. P. Melly, Esq., E. T. Wakefield, Esq., &c., powerfully advocated the good cause.

The meeting resulted in the formation of the "FREE-DRINKING FOUNTAINS' ASSOCIATION," of which full particulars will be given in the "British Workman" for June. Subscriptions to the amount of about £1500 were announced at the close of the meeting!

We recommend all who desire to promote the erection of Drinking Fountains, to peruse Mr. Wakefield's excellent pamphlet, just issued, "A PLEA FOR DRINKING FOUNTAINS." Published by Hatchard & Co., 187, Piccadilly, price Sixpence, post free.

### THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY'S ADVICE.

This distinguished statesman and philanthropist gave a harvest-home dinner to 430 of his farm-labourers at Chisbury Hall last autumn. In his speech, he said:—

"I do implore you to turn to good account the advantages you now enjoy. It is within your power greatly to improve your own condition. It is in your own power to realise such wages as may place you and your families in a far superior condition than hitherto. But when you make these wages, recollect they are not

to be expended in idleness and indulgence. Above all things, beware of the pot-house; above all things, beware of drink. It is the great, the besetting curse of the working population of these realms. I have told you before, and will tell you again, lest you forget the fact, that the working-people of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland expend upon beer, ardent spirits and tobacco—I am almost ashamed and regret to say it—no less than

**£65,000,000**

every year of their lives. Why, only conceive what such a sum of money would be in the pockets of the working men—only conceive what such a sum of money would be expended in the improvement of their homes, in the education of their children, for the general benefit of themselves, to be laid up in savings' banks for an evil day, or the period of old age! Yet all this you have within your own reach; and that enormous sum of money, which, if the Queen were to endeavour to take out of your pockets in the shape of taxation would cause a revolution—you spend yourselves, to your own misery, the misery of your families, and those who come after you."

### WHAT OUR FOREFATHERS THOUGHT OF TOBACCO.

The following is extracted from the proceedings and debates in the House of Commons: "Wednesday, April 18, 1621. Sir William Stroud moved that he 'would have tobacco banished wholly out of the kingdom, and that it may not be brought in from any part nor used among us;' and Sir Grey Palmes said that 'if tobacco be not banished, it will overthrow one hundred thousand men in England; for now it is so common that he hath seen ploughmen take it as they are at the plough.'"

**CHEAP LIBRARIES.** Those who desire to establish Libraries for the Working Classes, will do well to correspond with Mr. Turner, Secretary of the Pure Literature Society, 11, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London. Through the liberality of a wealthy member of the Committee, this Society is supplying valuable libraries for the Working Classes, at half the cost price.

### HINTS TO HELPERS.

An esteemed correspondent writes as follows:—

"A WORKING MAN has, for more than two years, given away thirty copies of the *Band of Hope Review* monthly, to the Sabbath-school children at the Chapel at Friston. Thus, through his instrumentality, more than sixty dozen copies of this valuable little paper, have been circulated in an insolated village in Suffolk. If all your readers will endeavour to do what they can, and make use of the means in their power, there would soon cease to be a Sabbath-school unsupplied with your little monthly paper. I hope that many well-wishing readers, will take the hint, and as far as they can, will 'Go and do likewise.'"

### THE BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.

"O GRANDFATHER! see my beautiful new dress," exclaimed a gaily-attired little girl, skipping into the garden, where her grandfather was, sitting on a garden chair—"see how becoming it is."

She walked to and fro before her grandfather, turned round this side, and that side.

"Very pretty," said her grandfather, faintly smiling; "but it is not what I should choose."

"O, father says, pink is so becoming to my complexion. What colour should you choose, grandfather?" and the little girl fingered the pink trimmings on her pink robe as if no trimmings equalled hers."

"White, pure, shining white."

"Mother says I tear white dresses so, I do not deserve to have one," answered the little girl.

"This will never tear."

"O, grandfather, do think how awkward I look in my out-grown white dress"—and the little child seemed to shrink from the very thought of another white dress.

"This you could never out-grow."

"Always fit me! why, grandfather, you don't mean so!"

"Yes, my child, it will always fit you."

"Now, grandfather, you are making fun;" and yet the little girl looked into her grandfather's face, and saw that it looked mild and serious as it ever did.

"Could I burn it!" asked the little questioner; for she remembered on a cold winter's day what a hole the hot stove made in her new plaid dress.

"No fire can burn it," answered the grandfather.

"Nor sun fade it?"

"No, neither can the rain wet it."

"O, grandfather! I know now, it's made of asbestos—you mean an asbestos dress"—and she leaned upon her grandfather's knee, looking eagerly into his face. Perhaps all children do not know that asbestos is a mineral that can be made into threads, and wove into garments, which heat cannot consume.

The grandfather shook his head.

"If it's such a beautiful white, I should soil it very easily, I suppose."

"Yes, you could easily soil it, even a thought, a wrong thought would sully its delicacy."

"O, grandfather?" cried the little girl, looking very incredulously upward, "how funny! I should be afraid to wear it."

"But it will shield you from harm."

"I should like that—is it so very strong, then, grandfather?"

"So strong, my little girl would never wear it out, and then it becomes more beautiful the longer you keep it, if you keep it carefully," said the grandfather.

"How careful Nancy would have to be in washing it?" exclaimed the child.

"I do not think it will ever need washing—"

"O, grandfather!—well, will it be becoming; shall I look pretty in it?" asked the little girl eagerly.

"You could wear nothing so beautiful. It has some very precious ornaments, a great deal more handsome and more costly than any gold chain or coral necklace."

The eyes of the astonished child danced with delight.

"Are they always worn with it?"

"Yes, always; you should never lay them aside for fear of losing them."

"Why I never saw such a dress," and she looked thoughtfully.

"Where can I buy one?"





"There is one already bought for you, my child."

"O!" and she looked surprised, "O, I am so glad; who did buy it for me?"

"Your best Friend."

"You, grandfather, did you buy it? How very, very good of you," said she, earnestly regarding her grandfather's face.

"No, it was not I—a better Friend than I,"—and he spake solemnly.

"O, you mean something, grandfather!" cried the child. "Please tell me what you do mean? What is this wonderful dress? I am sure I want one."

"This dress, so wonderful, is the garment of salvation. It was bought by Jesus Christ at a great price, even His life; its ornaments are a meek and quiet spirit. Will my dear little girl wear this beautiful garment?"

The sweet and solemn earnestness of the venerable grandfather touched the heart of the child.

"I wish I could," breathed the little one, and her head bowed low.

"Then would you have a wardrobe for eternity, my child, fitting you for the company of the heavenly hosts of the upper world, where the redeemed are hymning their songs of praise; and the grandfather pressed the little child to his bosom, and breathed over her the prayer of love. Who will not wear this beautiful garment? Who will get ready his wardrobe for eternity?"

H. C. K.

#### "PITY POOR SLAVES."

THERE are still millions of our fellow-creatures suffering the cruel wrongs of SLAVERY. These claim the pity and the prayers of every lover of freedom, and especially of every British child. Even in professedly Christian America, a day seldom passes without our coloured brethren and sisters being sold on the auction block just like oxen or sheep! To the children of America we look for the removal of this foul stain from the

flag of the States. We are anxious that all our readers who can, should attend the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, which will be held in the large room over the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, on Wednesday, the 25th day of this month, at twelve o'clock at noon. They will hear much that will excite their sympathy on behalf of the oppressed and deeply-injured slave.

[Chapter VII. of "A Mother's Lessons on the Lord's Prayer," is unavoidably postponed.]

The Yearly part of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1858 (with upwards of seventy engravings), price One Shilling.

The complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review," for the Eight Years, may also be had, bound in cloth, 8s.; gilt, 10s. "The best picture book we know of."—Mother's Friend.

The Yearly part of the "British Workman," for 1858, with One hundred Illustrations, price Eighteenpence.

"Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John. Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, & 8, are issued, price 6d. each, with numerous woodcuts. Vol. I. bound in cloth, 6s., gilt, 7s. 6d.

With Five hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "British Workman," for 1855, 1856, 1857, & 1858, bound in cloth, price 6s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d. The Four Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price Eighteenpence each.

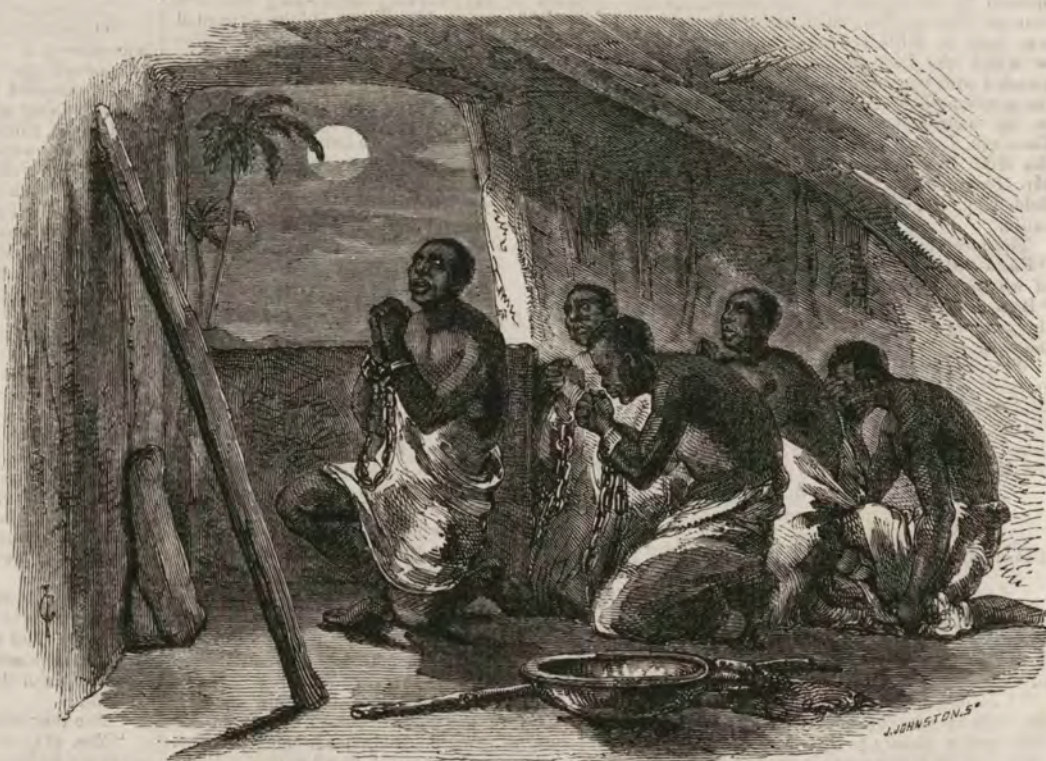
#### CHEAP POSTAGE.

Those who cannot conveniently order the "Band of Hope Review" through a bookseller, can have Packets sent post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, by remitting, as under—

BRITISH COLONIES. A copy of the Band of Hope Review sent per post to any address in any British Colony, for one year, for eighteenpence, paid in advance.

8 copies for 4d., or for one year, 4s.	
16 " 8d., " 8s.	Must be
24 " 1s. 0d., " 12s.	Paid in advance.
40 " 1s. 8d., " 20s.	

ORDERS to be addressed to the Publishers, MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON. (E.C.)



"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death and those that are ready to be slain; If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"—Proverbs xxiv. 11, 12.



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June 1st, 1859.



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**"BILL," THE FIRE-ESCAPE DOG.**

THERE is a noble band of heroic men in London who have charge of the Fire-escapes. Samuel Wood, one of the bravest of these brave men, has saved nearly one hundred men, women, and children from the flames! Much of Wood's success, however, is justly due to his wonderful little dog "Bill," around whose neck the parishioners of Whitechapel have placed a silver

collar in token of his valuable services during the nine years that he has filled the important post of "Fire-escape Dog."

"Bill," like his master, has to be very wakeful, and at his post of duty during the whole of the night, and therefore, he sleeps during the day, close to his master's bed. He never attempts to run out of doors until the hour approaches for them to go to the "station." Bill does not allow his master to sleep too long. He is

sure to wake him if he is likely to be late! How the dog knows the time is a puzzle, but know it he does! When the Fire-escape is wheeled out of the Whitechapel churchyard, at nine o'clock, Bill is promptly at his post. When an alarm of fire is heard, Bill, who is at other times very quiet, now begins to bark most furiously. Wood has no occasion to sound his rattle, for the policemen all around know Bill's bark so well, that they at once come up to

**"BILL," THE WHITECHAPEL FIRE-ESCAPE DOG.**



render their valuable help. If the alarm of fire takes place when but few people are in the streets, Bill runs round to the coffee-houses near, and, pushing open the doors, gives his well-known bark, as much as to say, "Come and help, men! come and help." Bill has not to bark in vain. His call is cheerfully obeyed.

In dark nights the lantern has to be lit, when "Bill" at once seizes hold of it, and like a "herald," runs on before his master. When the ladder is erected "Bill" is at the top before his active master has reached half-way! He jumps into the rooms, and amid thick smoke and the approaching flames, runs from room to room, helping his master to find and bring out the poor inmates.

On one occasion, the fire burned so rapidly, and the smoke in the room became so dense that Wood and another man were unable to find their way out. They feared that escape was now hopeless. "Bill" seemed at once to comprehend the danger in which his kind master was placed, and the faithful creature began to bark. Half suffocated, Wood and his comrade, knowing this to be the signal "Follow me," at once crawled after "Bill," and in a few moments they were providentially led to the window, and their lives were saved.

On another occasion, a poor little kitten was found on the stairs of a house that was on fire. "Bill" immediately drove the kitten down from stair to stair, until it reached the door, and was there tenderly taken up and cared for by a kind-hearted policeman.

Richly does "Bill" deserve his silver collar. It bears this inscription:—

"I am the Fire-escape-man's dog—my name is BILL, When 'fire' is called, I am never still. I bark for my master, all danger I brave, To bring the 'Escapes,' human life to save."

Poor "Bill," like human beings has had his trials and sufferings, as well as honours. At one fire, through a hole burnt in the floor, he fell down into a tub of scalding water, from which he suffered dreadfully, and narrowly escaped a painful death. On three other occasions he had the misfortune to be run over; but with careful doctoring he was soon able to resume his duties. When we last patted "Bill" on the head he was suffering from a cough which has never left him since his last accident.

We fear, therefore, that poor "Bill" will not have many more years of active life, but he will long have a honoured place in the records of the "Royal Society for the Preservation of Life from Fire,"—a society (Sampson Low, Jun., Esq., 47, Ludgate Hill, is the Secretary) which merits the support of every resident in the Metropolis.

Let this narrative of "Bill," the Fire-escape-man's dog, illustrate the important lesson that KINDNESS TO ANIMALS IS REPAID TEN-FOLD.

#### A TOUCHING STORY.

A LADY was walking along a road in the vicinity of a large town, when she overtook three ragged children; the eldest, a boy of about ten years, carried a little infant, wrapped in a piece of old carpet. It was not their tattered garments, shoeless feet, and pallid countenances which attracted her attention, but the pleasant manner in which they talked together, as they paced on before her. The baby seemed the point of attraction to the group, and many means were resorted to, to keep it happy, and make it comfortable:—"Now Jem, whistle to it for its growing tired," then "rock it gently, I think it will go to sleep," and the bit of old carpet was pulled this way and that, to make it cover the little creature. Poor baby! at any rate it had fallen among loving hearts! The lady slackened her pace, for she was anxious to keep behind those little ones to listen to their pleasant voices, and their words were all words of love; no angry reply or sullen sound did she hear. At length they came near a cake shop, and calling the hungry-looking tribe in, she gave them each a bun and a halfpenny, they thanked her with looks of delight. She watched them a little, expecting and hoping to see them eat their buns, but to her surprise, after a little talk among themselves, they put them all safely into an old basket and trudged off! The lady quickly followed and overtaking them, said—"Are you not hungry, my children, why do you not eat your buns?" The pure joy of benevolence lighted up their pale faces, as one replied

—"Oh, yes, we are hungry, but we are keeping our buns for father, poor father has been ill, and lost all his teeth, and he can't eat the hard bread."

These children were residents in a cellar in a large town; their father a street-sweeper, had evidently got what many poor parents lack, that is the love of his children. It was a little act, but full of significance,—that "poor father" was rich, for his children loved him!

A lady visited the cellar, and found that the buns and halfpence had been all given to "father." She also found that the eldest boy attended a ragged-school, and that he rehearsed at home, much of what he learnt there. Yes, it was a "home," though a poor cellar in a low street; very little comfort to be seen by the casual visitor, yet, notwithstanding poverty, it was more of a home for human hearts, than many a richer habitation, for love was there! The parents loved the children, the children loved the parents, and it is believed that, that cellar-home was not destitute of love to God! G.



#### WATER! WATER!

To the Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR of London:

MY LORD—We, the poor thirsty boys and girls of London, ask your Lordship to be kind enough to order the erection of more Drinking Fountains. There are always so many men wanting to drink at the beautiful Fountain erected by Mr. Gurney, on Snow Hill, that we have hard work ever to get a drop. We have sometimes to walk more than a mile before we can find even a leaky watering-cart-standard from which we can catch a few drops! Please do have some nice Fountains put up, and you will have the thanks of tens of thousands of the

Thirsty Boys and Girls of London.

#### WAR.

What means this trampled garden,  
With the roses broken down;  
And the sparks of red fire rolling  
On the smoke-wreath from the town?

And the dead men lying silent,  
And the horses, in their pain,  
Trampling down the fallen rider,  
Straining at the bloody rein?

Oh, the white and ghastly faces  
Of the dead men on the ground!  
Oh, the anguish of the horses!  
Oh, the terror all around!

"It was war, child, fierce and cruel,  
War, that laid those brave men there,  
War, that trampled to a desert  
All that smiling garden fair.

When you kneel to-night, my darling,  
Praying to the 'Prince of Peace,'  
Ask, O ask Him of His mercy  
That He make earth's wars to cease."

C. F. A.

From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John.

#### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

##### Award for 1858.

ANSWERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM 935 OF OUR READERS, WHOSE MANUSCRIPTS, FOR THE MOST PART, MANIFEST GREAT DILIGENCE AND PAINSTAKING.

THE PRIZE IS AWARDED TO

ROBERT MILLER, AGED 15,  
OF ROTHSAY, BUTE,

who has given the largest number of correct answers. The Editor feels much pleasure in the spontaneous testimony of many of his young friends to the interest these Bible Questions have excited, and, in cases not a few, to the spiritual profit which has resulted from their searching the Book of books. Several are able to say, that while carefully studying its sacred pages in order to find their answers, they have found the greatest of all treasures—the best of all prizes—that Saviour whom the Scriptures reveal—"the Author of eternal salvation to all them that obey Him."

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS, 1858.

1. Name a Scriptural patent shield for warding off the sharp strokes of anger.

Ans. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Prov. xv. 1.

2. Name one who was punished with loss of sight, of whom it may be said, that he was more unhappy that he saw so long, than that he was blind so soon.

Ans. Zedekiah, who saw his sons slain just before his eyes were put out. 2 Kings, xxv. 7.

3. Give four short sentences from Holy Writ, containing in them MORE OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD, than all the unaided wisdom of man could ever have discovered.

Ans. "God is a Spirit." John iv. 24. "God is light," 1 John, i. 5. "God is love," 1 John, iv. 8—16. "God is one," Gal. iii. 20.

4. Of whom may it be said that she was twice a mother, yet had but one child?

Ans. The Shunammite. 2 Kings, iv. 14—37.

5. On what occasion was a message four times repeated, and the same answer four times returned?

Ans. When Nehemiah was invited to a conference in the plain of Ono, for the pretended object of amicably settling differences; suspecting the stratagem, he excused himself in consequence of the greatness of the work, Neh. vi. 4.

6. In what words did our Lord assert that the Old Testament Scriptures are full of Him?

Ans. "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: ought not Christ to have suffered, &c. . . . and beginning at Moses, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Himself. All things must be fulfilled which were written in the Law of Moses, (that is the first five books) and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me." Luke xxiv. 26, 27, 44. "Moses wrote of Me." Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of Me." John v. 39, 46. (And several other passages.)

7. An angel was promised to direct the Israelites: what statement made concerning that angel proves Him to have been the REDEEMER, or our Lord Jesus Christ?

Ans. "He will not pardon your transgressions." Ex. xxxiii. 20. An angel, —i.e., a created angel, cannot pardon sin; this therefore was the Angel of the Lord, "The Lord of Hosts is His name."

8. Every tenth man from the surrounding country was on one occasion compelled to take up his abode in a certain city, name the city, and the plan adopted to carry out this law?

Ans. Jerusalem. The tenth man was chosen by lot. Neh. xi. 1.

9. Give a SUMMARY of all the tabernacle furniture from a New Testament writer.

Ans. Hebrews ix. 1—5.

10. An Old Testament saint took an oath of all persons consenting to obey him, ACCOMPANIED BY A MOST SIGNIFICANT SYMBOL. What language describes it?

Ans. "Also I shook my lap, and said, So God, shake out every man from his house, and from his labour, that performeth not this promise, even thus be he shaken out and emptied. And all the congregation," &c. Neh. v. 12, 13.

11. On what occasion did the highest order of created intelligence and the lowest form of animal existence, unite to prostrate and punish impiety?

Ans. When Herod affected to be thought a God; the two extremes in the scale of creation—an angel, and the meanest insecta—expressed sympathy with injured Deity:—the angel smites him, and at the same moment worms begin to devour him. Acts xii. 23.



122. When was there a king and no king at the same time.

Ans. "There was then no king in Edom: a deputy was king." 1 Kings, xxii. 47.

123. A small parenthesis of two words serves to point out a man faithful to the Lord, and prevents his being confounded with a man of totally different character. GIVE THE PARENTHESIS.

Ans. "Not Iscariot." John xiv. 22.

124. A city on one occasion must have had more guests than inhabitants: name it, and the occasion.

Ans. Jerusalem at the time of the Passover, when all Judea seemed enclosed in it.

125. Name a priest, a poet, a prophet, a warrior, a herdsman, a statesman, a scholar, and a fisherman, from the writers of Scripture.

Ans. Ezra—Solomon—Isaiah—David—Amos—Daniel—Moses and Paul—Peter and John.

126. Refer to an occasion on which God spoke to persons, and they had such sensible proofs of His power, that they desired to hear His voice no more WITHOUT A MEDIATOR.

Ans. When God spoke to the Israelites at Sinai. Ex. xx. 19.

127. The wife and aunt of an Israelite, was the mother of three very distinguished children, and the daughter of an eminent man. Give her name, and the names of her father, her husband, and children.

Ans. Jochebed, daughter of Levi; wife and aunt of Amram; mother of Moses, Aaron, and Miriam. Ex. vi. 20. Numbers xxvi. 59.

128. What hero (honourably mentioned in the New Testament), nobly refused a proffered crown, but afterwards countenanced an infringement on the national worship?

Ans. Gideon. He permitted the fabrication of an ephod, which "became a snare to him and his house." Heb. xi. 32. Judges, viii. 22—27.

129. Quote an inspired expression (THREE WORDS ONLY), which described the extent of the Christians' treasures.

Ans. "All are yours." 1 Cor. iii. 22. "Possessing all things." 2 Cor. vi. 10.

220. Refer to an extraordinary interview which happened at a watering-place south of Judea, and give the name by which the place was afterwards called.

Ans. That between the Angel and Hagar in the wilderness of Shur, at the fountain which was afterwards called Beer-lahai-roi.—i.e., "the well of him that seeth me." Gen. xvi. 7—14.

221. Quote a beautiful and original description of the extreme fruitfulness of a land, given by an ancient Hebrew bard nearly 800 years before Christ.

Ans. "The plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the trader of grapes him that soweth the seed." &c. Amos, ix. 13.

222. Refer to a very homely incident in the life of a venerable seer, in which we read of his dining-room, his guests, the provision, and the servant in attendance.

Ans. "And Samuel took Saul and his servant, and brought them into the parlour, and made them sit in the chiefest place among them that were bidden, which were about thirty persons. And Samuel said unto the cook bring the portion which I gave thee, of which I said unto thee, set it by thee. And the cook took up the shoulder and that which was upon it, and set it before Saul," &c. 1 Sam. ix. 22—24.

223. The Bible contains a full and most comprehensive account of the nature and variety of commercial transactions pursued by a certain city; and in describing its shipbuilding, states a fact respecting it that alone proves its luxurious prodigality. What is it?

Ans. See the description of ancient Tyre. Ezekiel, chapters xxvi., xxvii., and xxviii. "Even the very sails of their ships were of fine linen with embroidered work from Egypt."

224. Give a most truthful accusation of Christ's enemies, and His own testimony to its truthfulness.

Ans. "He made himself equal with God." John v. 18, x. 33. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." John xiv. 9. "I and my Father are one." John x. 30.

225. Who was the longest lived of all the Patriarchs after the flood?

Ans. Eber. See Gen. xi. 16 17, in connection with other Patriarchs named.

226. What SEARCH FOR SIN is the most certain and the most terrible?

Ans. That instituted by sin itself. "Be sure your sin will find you out." Numbers xxxii. 23.

227. Two eminent believers died on mountains, and both expired without previous affliction or present disease—name them.

Ans. Moses and Aaron. Deut. xxxiv. 1—7. Num. xx. 25—28.

228. What expression of frequent recurrence in Scripture, is applied only to THREE PERSONS, and who were the three?

Ans. "Son of man,"—once to Daniel, eighty times or more to the prophet Ezekiel—and upwards of forty times to our Lord Jesus Christ.

29. On how many heads, all his own family, did the crown of David rest in succession.

Ans. No fewer than seventeen. 1 Chron. iii.

30. Which of the ancient prophets walked afoot to his own tomb?

Ans. Moses, Deut. xxxii. 49, also chap. xxxiv.

31. Where have we a fine example of true spirituality, and ejaculatory prayer?

Ans. Nehemiah ii. 1—4.

32. What bird is honoured to present an emblem of Divine care over God's chosen people?

Ans. The eagle. Ex. xix. 4. Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.

33. On what occasion was Divine worship commenced before the foundation of the House of God was laid.

Ans. Before the building of the second temple. Ezra iii. 1—6.

34. There is in the Pentateuch a most important prediction of Christ, indicating His character, His position, the superiority of His claims, and the fearful consequences of rejecting Him:—give the passage.

Ans. Deut. xviii. 15—22.

35. In describing a dreadful battle in which the Israelites engaged, a statement is made remarkable as indicating the shield of Omnipotence which had been stretched over God's people:—quote it.

Ans. "Thy servants have taken the sum of the men of war which are under our charge, and there lacketh not one man of us." Numbers xxxi. 49.

36. The proclamation of a certain king, after the efforts of an usurper, was attended with manifestations which settled the popularity of the movement. What significant language describes this?

Ans. All the people rejoiced with great joy, so that the earth rent with the sound of them." 1 Kings, i. 39, 40.



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
### QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.


13.—What significant word is used but once in the New Testament, though it frequently occurs in the Old?


14.—Give a declaration of Scripture, from one of the prophets, fearfully descriptive of the unjust.


15.—Quote an absolute promise recorded concerning Zion.

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## A MOTHER'S LESSONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

No. VII.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."—THERE is no quality more lovely than humility. The true Christian, whether old or young, must strive after this grace. Our Blessed Lord in describing Himself, says, "I am meek and lowly of heart," and His followers must pray to be made like Him.

How sad it is to see young people neglecting the admonitions of their parents and friends, and following their own devices in a proud, rebellious spirit. Alas! they are going in the broad way to destruction. When a few years have passed, and they begin to reap the consequences of their folly—then they feel how wrong and wilful their conduct has been, and have to lament in bitter grief, their wasted time, and mis-spent talents.

To be preserved from temptation is as needful for the protection of the soul, as to be fed with "daily bread," is needful for the support of the body. Let none of my young readers suppose that our merciful God and Father, tempts any of His children "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man." James i. 13.

The prayer means, *may we not be led into temptation*. We have a spiritual enemy who whispers evil thoughts, and helps us to do evil actions, and ever lies in wait to tempt us. Our only security is to lift up our souls in prayer, and to say when the wicked thought comes—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." The second clause of this petition fully explains the first. Our Lord never leads us into temptation, for He it is that delivers us from all evil.

I once knew a most engaging, clever little boy, who had a very strong will, and sometimes shewed a very perverse temper. He was but five years of age, and so intelligent that he was taken great notice of, and very much praised. His good mother saw that he had many faults, and she told him his will must be subdued, and he must learn to govern his temper, or all his cleverness would not avail to make him a good and happy man. He wept very much one evening when she talked to him thus, and said, "Mamma, what can I do, for I feel the naughtiness gets up with me every morning?" "You can pray to Jesus, who loves little children, and He will take it away, or help you to overcome it," replied the mother.

"Tell me what words I shall say?" he asked. "Our Lord's own words, my child. 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'"

From that time, the angry spirit was subdued—not all at once overcome—it cost Henry a struggle, but at length the victory over self was won, and the boy when grown to manhood was able to say, "I bless my Saviour for every word of His perfect prayer, but most of all for those words that led me to seek His deliverance from temptation and evil."

But many who day by day merely say the Lord's Prayer, never think about the dangers of temptation. They run wilfully into it. They fall into evil, not so much because temptation comes to them, as because they go into the way of temptation. In our country, there is one vice so prevalent, it is called our national vice—**INTemperance** is the reproach of our nation, and the curse of our people; and yet there are many who do not see that taking a little of the drunkard's drink creates the love of it, and that thousands are in this way tempted and led on, until they become drunkards, and are ruined, body and soul.

One of the most affecting instances I ever knew of a ruined life, occurred through yielding to a temptation in childhood.

In a remote moorland parsonage in the North of England, there lived a clergyman and his four children. The family had lost their mother while they were too young to remember her distinctly. There was one brother, a sister older, and two sisters younger than the boy, whose name I shall call Bernard. He was a very bright, clever, intelligent, witty boy. He had far better health and spirits than his sisters, for they were all very delicate in constitution. This family of children loved each other very much indeed, the sisters in particular had the tenderest love for their only brother. It seemed as





if their mother's death had deepened their affection for Bernard. When he was wilful and troublesome they pitied him, because, as they said, "he had no mother to teach him to be good and gentle."

Their good father had very heavy duties to perform in a wild, scattered parish, and could therefore only give a small portion of his time to the children. Added to this, he had bad health, and was troubled with a dimness of sight that threatened him with blindness.

It happened that close to the churchyard-gate and near to the parsonage, there was a public-house. And sometimes there would be guests there, who found the place dull. The landlord knew what an amusing boy, Bernard was, and he would say to his customers, "Would you like a companion? we have one of the cleverest boys in England in this village." "Bring him by all means," would be the reply. Then the landlord used to go to the side-door of the parsonage, and whisper Bernard out, and often when the father supposed his son was safely sleeping in his bed, the boy was making merriment for the guests of the tavern.

Now this boy every day at home, and many times every week at Church, said the Lord's Prayer with his lips (surely not with his heart), yet he ran into temptation; and what followed? He learned to love the drunkard's drink, and to deceive his father! Long before he grew to manhood, he was ruined by these dreadful vices.

In vain his sisters wept and implored him to amend, Bernard had given place to the tempter,

and he was "led captive at his will." Many situations were found for him, he did well in none. He carried his evil propensities with him, and though his talents were great, his vices were greater. Oh, had he but with earnest cries, and in the might of prayer, gone to the strong for strength, and pleaded with his Heavenly Father to be delivered from evil, he might have become a blessing and a joy, instead of a curse and disgrace to his family, and himself. Bernard ran his course of riot, and found his recompense was pain and sorrow. One Friday—it was a bright September day—he was drinking in the village, he was seized with that most dreadful form of drunkard's madness, called *delirium tremens*. Furious, raving, tearing himself in his agony, he was carried home. The house resounded with his yells; nothing soothed or gave him any relief;—after nearly forty-eight hours of frightful torture, the hand of death was on him. Calm rose the blessed Sabbath morn. Out of the window of the room

could be seen the old church tower gilded by the morning's sunshine. Suddenly, with a desperate effort, Bernard leaped from his bed, as if to struggle and fight for a little more of life. The cries of the terrified sisters brought the aged father into the room. He clasped the wretched sufferer in his arms, Bernard threw back his head on his father's shoulder, and lifting his wasted arm, gasped out, "I have done nothing either great or good," and so standing, his agonized spirit departed! Oh, what remorse was his in that last bitter moment, as his wasted life was taken from him.

Dear young reader, if you would escape such a doom, go not in the way of temptation, and earnestly pray to be delivered from evil.

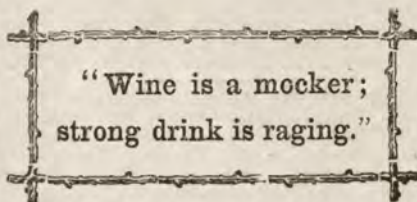
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**A MOTHER'S LESSONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.**

No. VIII.

"For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."—My dear

young readers, have you ever thought what a lovely, happy thing it is to praise God? Praise is the employment of angels, and when loving children sing their psalms and hymns, they are joining the chorus of happy spirits that surround the throne of the Redeemer. It has been said.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath." In every time of trial, in every hour of sorrow, in every season of temptation, whenever you have a sin to confess, or a danger to avoid, that is the time of prayer. Confession, and supplication, are the two great means by which the soul



"ANNIE COULD SEE AT ONCE THOSE WIDE-OPEN EYES WERE BLIND."



lays its cares before God. Thanksgiving and praise are the blended notes that carry our joys up to the Heavenly throne. Oh children! it is a blessed thing to make the earth resound to the songs of angels, and to add your hallelujahs to the Divine strains of glorified spirits.

"Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen," is the great anthem of praise that completes our Lord's perfect prayer.

But, dear children, we cannot praise God, unless we have a spirit filled with gratefulness and joy. We must be holy before we can be happy. God's grace if we ask it, will be given to take away our cold, hard, cross hearts, and give us the new loving nature, warmed and softened by a Saviour's love.

I once knew a little girl (I fancy many of my readers have known children like her), who had every comfort of a good home, kind parents, and all the enjoyments of life. She had never known want or sorrow of any kind. Yet amid all, this child was not happy. She had a fretful temper. She was clever and read many books, but she did not profit by them. At meal times, she generally wanted something different to what was on the table,—when her new clothes came home, she always thought she should have preferred a different colour or pattern. On fine days, she would complain how it tired her to walk out, and on wet days, she murmured that the rain kept her in the house. Now, this Anne Osborn was not an unkind child. She was good to dumb creatures, and very charitable to the poor; and she was not idle, for she attended to her studies diligently—but her temper was peevish, and she saw some trouble in every thing that happened to her.

This disposition of course brought its own punishment; few children ever shed more tears than poor fretful Anne. She made herself thin and delicate by her worry. Her parents deeply grieved over this sad gloomy spirit. They tried change of air and scene, and the company of other children, and admonitions and punishment, still the child kept her discontented nature, and never made a friend, or enjoyed the blessings around her.

Mrs. Osborn was very charitable, and visited many of the poor in her neighbourhood. She had not hitherto taken her little daughter, because the child had always complained that it made her still more unhappy to see poverty and sickness.

One fine June day, Mrs. Osborn and Anne were walking in a pleasant country lane, and the little girl was watching the light fleecy clouds, and saying, "Don't you think it will rain, mamma? Whatever shall we do if it should rain? Had we not better turn back?" But Mrs. Osborn still went on. "I'm tired, mamma," said Anne. "I should like to sit down on that bank, but I'm afraid there are insects there." Still Mrs. Osborn continued her walk. Suddenly there came a sweet sound borne by the still summer air. It floated to them—a pleasant melody, sung in a clear, full, soft voice. The walkers paused to listen. "Oh, how lovely!" said Mrs. Osborn. "What is it mamma?" said Anne half frightened. "A singer, child, I should say, a most happy as well as sweet singer." Again and again came the strain; they recognised a simple melody—that like the wild flowers is none the less beautiful because familiar—they walked on faster in the direction of the voice, and the words came distinctly,—

"Around the throne of God in Heaven,  
Thousands of children stand;  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.  
Singing glory, glory, glory,  
Singing glory, glory, glory."

Oh that chorus! how it swelled upward, scattering notes of joy, as if the air was filled by an angel's voice.

A sudden bend in the lane brought the singer into full view. There was a little lowly cottage in a garden, and sitting at the porch surrounded by osiers and willow wands, was a boy with an unfinished basket on his lap, at which he was working. The mother and daughter stayed their steps and looked and listened in silence. With wonderful quickness the boy's fingers moved. Anne noticed he did not look at his work, his head was erect, he seemed to be gazing upward, while the rich notes of his voice poured out their gift of sweetness. They crept nearer. Anne could see at once those

wide-open eyes were blind; yes, the boy sitting there in the sunshine, amid the bloom of flowers and under the waving trees, saw none of the flush of beauty around him, yet, how happy he looked, his face seemed all aglow with the light of a joyful spirit—again, again the chorus rang out,—

"Singing glory, glory, glory."

Suddenly he stopped, his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps, and of a hand upon the gate, he turned his head round instinctively.

"Is your mother at home?" said Mrs. Osborn, seeing she was heard. "No, ma'am," replied the boy, "she had to go to work at farmer Rose's, and she will not be back till night."

"What! are you left alone all day?"

"Yes, ma'am, mother was obliged to go—but I'm not lonely, I have my work to do, it's as much as I shall get done by four o'clock," he added, twisting away quickly all the time at his basket.

"You do not work after four o'clock then?" said Mrs. Osborn. "Not to-night, ma'am, three days a-week I go to the school to help to teach the children to sing."

"You learned to sing at the blind-school I suppose?" "Yes, ma'am, and since I've been home Mr. Potter, the master, thought I might be of use to the children." "I've not been able for the last month to call on your mother," said Mrs. Osborn, "but," she added, "I wish you to tell her I have been here," and then she gave her name. "Oh, ma'am, you are one of the kind ladies who got me into the blind-school. I don't know how to thank you, ma'am, I've learned a good deal and I think I can get more than my own living, I want to help mother,—to keep her if I can."

"My poor boy," said Mrs. Osborn, "it's very lonely and hard for you."

"Oh, not at all, God has been so good to us,—indeed, ma'am, I'm as happy as the day is long."

It was a June day, and Mrs. Osborn, looking more at her daughter than the boy, said, "The days are nearly at their longest, and you must be happy indeed." She thought of that long day in the blest abode, where it is said, "There is no night there," and silently gave God thanks that He had filled this dear child's darkened body with a spirit of light, and joy, and gladness.

As they walked home, Mrs. Osborn explained how the boy had been three years away at a school for teaching the blind; how he had returned during the last month, and was making himself useful without fee or reward, beyond the joy of his own heart, in the school. She did not fail to point out the contentment of his spirit to Anne. Poor and blind, toiling, and often lonely; yet out of his feeble lips God had perfected praise. Anne's eyes streamed with tears, she felt the lesson, she resolved to try to conquer her peevish temper. It was hard work; but from that day she tried. Whenever she was fretful, she thought of the blind boy, and in the course of time she also was able to say,—

"Oh Lord, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me;" and then it was no longer a form or a mockery for her to use the words, "For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

## WATER! BRIGHT WATER!

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

[Extract from Speech at the Children's Meeting in Exeter Hall, Wednesday, April 27, 1859.]

Do not suppose that wine and beer are needful for you. Old people and sick people often fancy they need such drinks, but you are neither old nor sick. Your bounding steps, and radiant faces, and jubilant songs, and ringing laughter, plainly tell us that you do not want such things. All nature, at this spring-time of the year, gives you lessons on teetotalism. Would you be beautiful?—what so beautiful as flowers? and they are all teetotallers. Would you be strong?—what so strong as the sturdy oak? and every oak is a thorough-going steadfast teetotaller! I was lately spending a very happy day at the house of that good friend of children, Joseph Tucker, Esq., of Pavenham. I went into the grounds, and admired the primroses twinkling like yellow stars out of the dark verdure of the copse-wood. I asked them what they drank

to make them so beautiful? and they said they only drank cold water. The periwinkles, as they



trailed their purple flowers and glossy leaves over the rocky banks, smiled at me and said, "We, too, are all teetotallers." Great patches of celandines and of daisies were stretching their necks as high as they could, and turning their happy faces to the sun, as if to thank him for drawing up the vapours, and letting them fall back again in dew and in rain. I asked them whether gin and beer made them so full of merriment, and they said, "Oh, no! gin and beer would soon kill us—we only drink cold water." The blackbird was calling to me with his deep liquid voice from the wood; the thrush in the tree above me was doing his very best to rival the nightingale, and the bonny lark was twinkling, and soaring, and singing, as if his dear little heart would burst for very gladness; and I asked the blackbird, and the thrush, and the lark, which side of the question they were on, and they all said, "We've been teetotallers ever since we were hatched." I mounted the beautiful brown mare Hebe, and went for a ride round the park. She ambled, and she trotted, and she cantered, and she galloped, as if happy to show how perfect were all her paces; and as she frisked along the lawns, and bounded over the banks, and curvetted among the trees, I told her how her young mistress who was to ride her was a teetotaller, and I hoped Hebe was a teetotaller too. And Hebe pawed the ground, and arched her neck, and said, "Do you think I could carry you as I do if I were not? My young mistress shall never be ashamed of me for breaking my pledge." Then I went to dinner; and a very merry dinner it was; for the decanters were all filled with bright teetotal water. And then I went to the public meeting in the village schoolroom—and told what the flowers, and the birds, and Hebe had said to me. At the close of the meeting a man remarked that he should have liked my speech better if I had not told so many fables! Now, I am surprised that any man did not understand my meaning. You understand me. Yes, you know that all Nature, though it does not speak with words like ours, has a voice which utters the praises of temperance, and tells you that you will be stronger, happier, better, if you avoid intoxicating drinks. But chiefly I ask you to be teetotallers, that you may be safe from the temptation to a great and prevailing sin; and that you may help us in saving those who are already its victims. But you must not be satisfied with teetotalism. This alone will not fit you for God and Heaven. We want you to be true Christians, and by the help of the Holy Spirit to resist every sort of evil. We want you to love Jesus; and because you love Him, to try, like Him, to be always going about doing good. And I am sure that amongst many other ways of doing good, there is not one which, at the present time, is more important, than persuading old people and young people to abstain from intoxicating drinks.

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"THE FEAR OF THE LORD PROLONGETH DAYS."



"THE LIPS OF THE WISE DISPERSE KNOWLEDGE."

**THE PRETTY TALE.**

A KIND old man is Walter Gill;  
And oft, on summer evening still,  
Beneath his favourite tree,  
He round him calls a youthful crowd,  
And reads them pretty tales aloud,  
As long as he can see.

And Harry leaves his trap and ball;  
And Robert stays to hear it all,  
Devouring every word:  
Jane hears the village clock no more;  
And Mary's aunt at yonder door,  
Shouts to the girl unheard.

What read you, Walter; let me know  
What chains your little audience so?  
And pretty pictures too!  
Oh yes, I see: 'twere strange indeed  
Were they not pleased to hear you read  
"The Band of Hope Review."

S. W. P.

*From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for Little Ones,"  
compiled by Uncle John. (Parts 1 to 8 may now be  
had, price Sixpence each.)*

**A SHORT METHOD WITH AN INFIDEL.**

THE "Christian Index" gives an incident of travel which illustrates the value of Christian consistency on all occasions. The writer of the anecdote was one of several gentlemen, among them a lawyer and an editor of some note, who were quartered for a night in the same room at a country tavern. Before retiring to rest, the editor introduced a dispute on the subject of religion, by avowing his disbelief in and contempt for its doctrines. He indulged in a lengthened display of his bitterness and folly, with but an occasional reply from the lawyer, until the latter commenced preparations for rest, by withdrawing quietly to his bedside and kneeling in prayer. An instant hush fell on the scene. An audible rebuke from heaven could scarcely, it seemed, have interrupted the current of blasphemy with more surprise and awe. Little was said further; but the retiring of that company of travellers was a season of speechless solemnity long to be remembered by every one of them.

If you know any good of a man, let others know it; if any ill, tell it to himself.

**THE PREACHER AND THE ROBBERS.**

AN aged minister, many years ago, was journeying to a village where he was to dispense the Word of Life, according to the usual routine of his duty, and was stopped on his way by three robbers. One of them seized his bridle-rein, another presented a pistol and demanded his money, the third was a mere looker-on. The grave and devout man looked each and all of them in the face, and with great gravity and seriousness said, "Friends, did you pray to God before you left home? did you ask God to bless you in your undertakings to-day?" The question startled them for a moment. Recovering themselves, one said, "We have no time to answer such questions; we want your money." "I am a poor preacher of the Gospel," was the reply, "but what little money I have shall be given to you." A few shillings was all he had to give. "Have you not a watch?" "Yes." "Well, then, give it to us." In taking the watch from his pocket, his saddle-bags were displayed. "What have you here?" was the question again. "I cannot say that I have nothing in them but religious books, because I have a pair of shoes and a change of linen also." "We must have them." The preacher dismounted. The saddle-bags were taken possession of, and no further demand made. Instantly the preacher began to unbutton his greatcoat, and to throw it off his shoulders, at the same time asking, "Will you have my greatcoat?" "No," was the reply, "you are a generous man, and we will not take it." He then addressed them as follows: "I have given you everything you asked for, and would have given you more than you asked for. I have one favour to ask of you." "What is that?" "That you kneel down and allow me to pray to Almighty God in your behalf; to ask him to turn your hearts, and put you in the right way." "I'll have nothing to do with the man's things," said the ringleader of them. "Nor I either," said another of them. "Here, take your watch, take your money, take your saddle-bags; if we have anything to do with you, the judgment of God will overtake us." So each article was returned. That, however, did not satisfy the sainted man. He urged prayer upon them. He knelt down; one of the robbers knelt with him; one prayed, the other wept, confessed his sin, and said it was the first time in his life that he had done such a thing, and it should be the last. How far he kept his word is known only

to Him to whom the darkness and light are equally alike; to Him whose eyelids try the children of men.

**NEVER SAY "NO," WHEN YOU MEAN "YES."**

Two little girls whom we will name Annie and Lucy, once called upon that excellent lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. After they had sat a little while with her, she reached from the sideboard a plate of cake, kindly saying to Lucy, "Wouldst thou like a piece of cake?"

Lucy, like some little boys and girls I know, gave way to a foolish feeling, sometimes called shyness—and although she would have liked a piece, said, "No, thank you, Ma'am." The lady then asked Annie who immediately said, "Yes, Ma'am, if you please." Whereupon she gave her piece, and turning to Lucy said, "Wouldst thou like a piece now?" Lucy emboldened by Annie's example, said she would. "Ah, but," replied Mrs. Fry, "thou hast told an untruth, thou must not have a piece."

Boys and girls, don't fear to speak the truth at all times, ever pray to your Heavenly Father to give you a heart to love the truth, and always avoid saying what you really do not mean. J. W.

**MENTAL PICTURES AND PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR 1858.**

As some of our young friends express disappointment that in the notice of award in the June No., no reference was made to "Mental Pictures,"—it may interest them to know that, with scarcely an exception, every Mental Picture was answered by the 935 competitors, and as the successful competitor in the case of "Bible Questions," also answered them correctly, no special reference to them was considered necessary. The painstaking and perseverance manifested by several young persons, whose replies were not sufficiently correct to entitle them to the £5 prize, have been noticed privately. Several minor Prizes, and above one hundred CERTIFICATES OF MERIT have been awarded and forwarded by post. The list is too long for insertion.

**PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS For 1859.**


FOUR PRIZES, value £11 (incorrectly printed £10 in our last), will be given for the best Answers to the Questions for 1859. Competitors must send in their Answers on the printed form specially provided for the purpose. Conditions of competition, and a copy of the necessary printed form, may be had, by forwarding two postage stamps, with name and address, to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. N. Letters of application to be marked on the outside, "PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS," otherwise they may be unattended to for several days.


**BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JULY.**


16.—The whole duty of man is comprised in two brief sentences: give them.


17.—A traitor bore his dying testimony to the integrity of his Master: quote his words.

18.—A father gave his son a significant name from the circumstance that his house was in calamity at the time of the child's birth: give chapter and verse, and state what is said respecting this child's sister.

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## THE TWO GOATS.

One day, two goats met on a very dangerous bridge, so narrow that it was impossible for them to pass each other. Below them were the rapids and a tremendous precipice. What was to be done? According to the most approved mode of settling such difficulties among bipeds of the human species, one would have butted his fellow, and the fight continued till one animal, overpowered and exhausted, was sent headlong down the precipice, and the other, gored indeed and

wounded, but still victorious, would have pursued his way. But not so did these sensible creatures. One of them quietly stretched himself across the path, and allowed the other to scramble over his body, and then, gently rising, advanced on his way.

I have thought that an instructive lesson might be learned from this little story, on the advantages of forbearance and mutual accommodation. Children, neighbours, and even nations, are too apt to quarrel when trifling difficulties arise, even when not exactly caused by either party.

Dear children! do you sometimes struggle for the best seat, or the most comfortable place? If you happen to be hurt, or some plaything is accidentally injured by a companion? Think of the accommodating goats.

Neighbours are often prone to dispute about trifles—some little trespass on field or garden, is viewed as an injury, and too often resented in a harsh and revengeful spirit. Might they not learn something of the advantage of mutual friendly accommodation, by remembering the conduct of the sensible goats?

And even statesmen who quarrel about trifling points of honour, and will not abate one tittle of their national pride, but rush into destructive and expensive wars, often on the most petty occasions, is there no lesson for them? They may call submission degrading; but was the goat degraded by allowing himself to be a pathway for his brother, and thus ensuring the safety of both? Was he not as free as before to bound from crag to crag, and to browse the fresh herbage, and to sniff the mountain air? Oh, yes! and men, too, would find, if they would but try the experiment, that the words of Divine Wisdom are sure; "He that HUMBLETH HIMSELF, shall be EXALTED." J. R.

## THE LATE MR. JOSEPH STURGE.

THE favourite chapter in the Bible of this great and good man, who has lately been taken home to Heaven, was the 12th of Hebrews. He frequently read it, and its perusal had a blessed influence in moulding his eminently benevolent and Christian character. Boys and Girls! Let it be YOUR GUIDE.

## LORD BROUGHAM ON WAR.

"My principles—I know not whether they agree with yours: they may be derided, they may be unfashionable; but I hope they are spreading far and wide—my principles are contained in the words which that great man, Lord Falkland, used to express in secret, and which I now express in public—"Peace! PEACE! PEACE!" I abominate war as unchristian. I hold it to be the greatest of human crimes. I deem it to include all others—violence, blood, rapine, fraud, every thing which can deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the name of MAN."

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Literary Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. (N.)



## GOING ABOUT DOING GOOD.

WHILST enjoying a delightful ramble in Richmond Park, a few years ago, I was surprised to observe that nearly every person I passed was reading a tract, or a copy of the "*Band of Hope Review*," or "*British Workman*!" On approaching the fine old trees, near to Lord John Russell's residence, and Sudbrook Park, I saw a carriage, from the door of which a benevolent-looking old gentleman was handing papers to several "little ones," and also addressing words of kindness and encouragement to them to be "diligent at school—obedient to their parents—kind to their brothers and sisters"—and above all, to be "Bible-readers, and Bible-heeders." Wherever I turned my steps, whether towards Petersham, or Richmond, or Kingston, or Twickenham, or Ham, I was sure to find evidence that Mr. Jacob Post, THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND, had been there. Like his Divine Master, he "went about doing good." Whenever he took a ride the pockets of his carriage were filled with papers and tracts.

He has now gone to his eternal reward. "He rests from his labours, but his works do follow him." Hundreds who were trained up in the Orphan School, at Haverstock Hill, will long honour his name and memory.

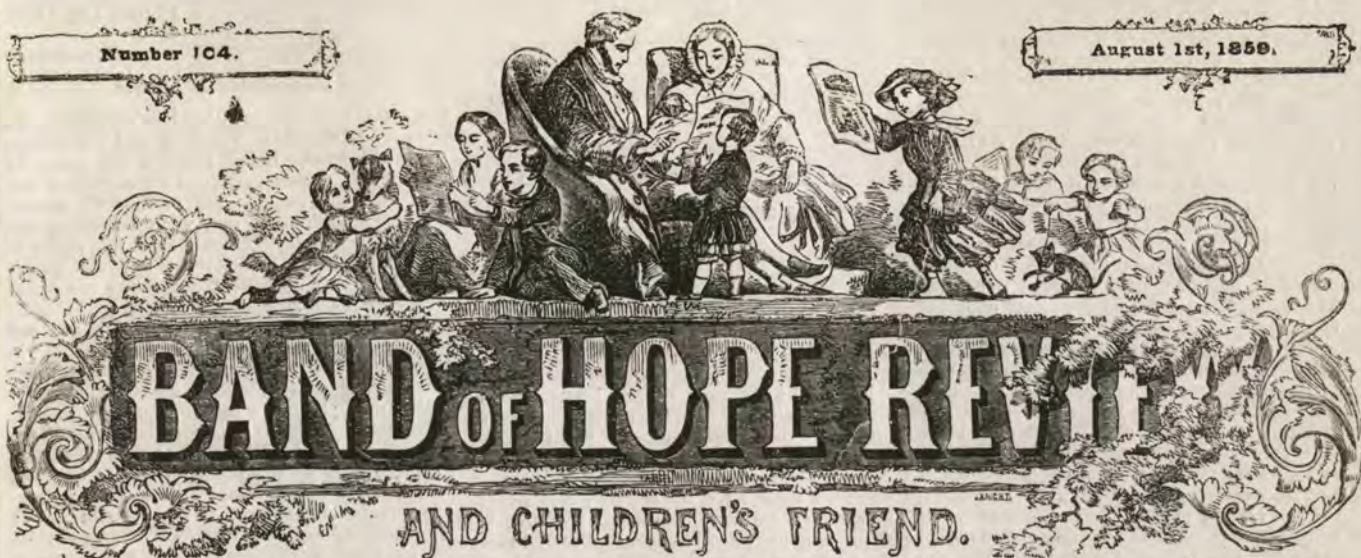


THE LATE MR. JACOB POST, IN RICHMOND PARK.



Number 104.

August 1st, 1859.



PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR, ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

**THE TIGER.**

ALTHOUGH many of our young readers have seen a tiger in the Zoological Gardens, we think they will feel very much obliged to our friend, Mr. Alexander, of Ipswich, for kindly enabling us to insert the engraving of such a noble animal.

How Mr. Alexander contrived to get near to the tiger, so as to procure the photograph without his being torn to pieces, is a puzzle which at present we leave our friends to solve.

Many interesting anecdotes might be inserted about tigers, but we have not space in the present number for more than the following.

Captain Brown gives a remarkable account of the innate love of flesh displayed by the tiger:—"A party of gentlemen from Bombay, one day visiting the stupendous temple of Elephanta, discovered a tiger's whelp in one of the obscure recesses. Desirous of kidnapping the cub, without encountering the fury of its dam



THE TIGER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM NATURE, BY R. D. ALEXANDER, ESQ., IPSWICH.



they took it up hastily, and cautiously retreated. Being left entirely at liberty, and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame, and in every respect domesticated. At length, when it had attained a great size, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, it began to inspire terror by its tremendous powers of doing mischief. A piece of raw meat, dripping with blood, fell in its way. Hitherto it had been studiously kept from animal food; but the instant it had dipped its tongue in blood something like madness seemed to have seized upon the animal. A destructive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened; it darted fiercely and with glaring eyes upon its prey, tore it to pieces with fury, and roaring in the most fearful manner, rushed at once into the jungle."

A tigress of great beauty, from Bengal, being extremely docile on her passage home from Calcutta, was allowed to run about the vessel, and became exceedingly familiar with the sailors. On her arrival in the Thames, however, her temper became much excited and even dangerous. She was placed in the tower, where she for some time continued to exhibit a sulky and savage disposition. One day, the person who had charge of her on board the ship, visited the tower, and begged permission of the keeper to be allowed to enter her den, to which he at last agreed, though with much reluctance. No sooner did the tigress recognise her old friend, than she fawned upon him, licked and caressed him, exhibiting the most extravagant signs of pleasure; and when he left her, she whined and cried the whole day afterwards.

### THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

CHILD.

"I AM so happy dear mamma,  
I am so full of joy,—  
A great deal happier than when  
You gave me that new toy."

"What is it makes me feel so light?  
My heart doth almost bound;  
It seems as if my little feet  
Will scarcely touch the ground."

"More lovely and more beautiful  
Appeareth every thing;  
The very sun doth brighter shine,  
The birds more sweetly sing."

"The sky is of a deeper blue,  
The fields a brighter green;  
My dear mamma, I'm sure I am  
As happy as the Queen!"

MAMMA.

"My little one, I'll tell you why  
You're now so pleas'd and glad;  
And why it is you sometimes feel  
So different, and sad."

"You've been a duteous child to-day,  
Your conscience therefore's clear;  
Light is your little bounding heart,  
Because you've nought to fear."

"'Tis the reward of being good,  
And ever will be so,  
While sunshine sparkles in the air,  
And pretty flow'rets blow."

"But when you're wayward and perverse,  
You feel you're acting wrong,  
And then you nothing can enjoy,  
Not e'en the linnet's song."

"And then your little heart is sad,  
And nothing bright appears;  
Is it not better to be glad,  
And have no cause for tears?"

"AUNT SARAH."

### STOPPING THE SUPPLIES.

"You have stopped the supplies," said a working-man whom I met in the street. "How?" said I. "Why! you have got my wife, my daughter, and my son, to become abstainers, and I have no one to go for either pipe, tobacco, or dram." "I am glad to hear that," said I; "but what are you going to do?" "Why! I have thrown the pipe into the fire, and I am now an abstainer myself also." P. S.

THE LORD IS GOOD TO ALL:  
AND HIS TENDER MERCIES  
ARE OVER ALL HIS WORKS.

Psalm cxlv. 9.

### ACTS OF LOVE.

"EACH of a thousand acts of love costs very little of itself, and yet when viewed together who can estimate their value? What is it that secures for one the name of a kind neighbour? Not the doing of half-a-dozen favours, but little everyday kindnesses, not one of which seemed of much consequence considered in itself, but their continued repetition throws a sunlight over the whole neighbourhood. It is so too, in the family. The child whose good offices are always ready when wanted—to run up stairs or down—to get chips, or rock the cradle—to run on an errand, and right back—and all with a cheerful look, and pleasant temper, has a reward along with such good duties. If a little girl cannot get her grandfather on her lap as he takes her on his, she can get his slippers or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and whether she thinks of it or not, these little kindnesses that come from a loving heart, are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woful world."



### A KIND-HEARTED BOY.

A KIND heart is shewn by kind actions. One hot day last summer, I was passing down Walbrook, close by the London Mansion House, when I saw a waggon, with horses, waiting opposite the gate of Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald, and Macgregor the well known lithographers. The poor horses were panting from heat and thirst, but there was no water-trough near at which they could get a draught. It was the dinner hour of the work-people, and a number of the printers'-boys in their shirt sleeves were playing about.

One of these, a bright-eyed lad, caught sight of the poor horses, and cried out, "I'll bring you some water." Off he ran, and in a few minutes he reappeared with a pail, and a good supply of Nature's refreshing beverage. It was a pretty sight to see the lad, and pleasant to hear the words of kindness he addressed to the horses whilst drinking. I could not help saying "God bless the kind-hearted boy,"—may he never know the want of a friend ready to help. Oh, that all boys were like the one in Walbrook. S.

IN WHOM WE HAVE RE-  
DEMPTION THROUGH HIS  
BLOOD, EVEN THE FORGIVE-  
NESS OF SINS.—Col. i. 14-20.

### FINGER MARKS.

A MASON was employed to thin-whiten the walls of a chamber. The fluid used was colourless till dried. Being alone in the room, he opened a drawer, examined a pocket-book and handled the papers, but finding no money, placed all things as they were, forgetting that twelve hours' drying would shew the marks of his wet fingers. But these tell-tale finger-marks, which he little thought any one would ever see, exposed his guilt.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and evil deeds. They have all finger-marks which will be revealed at some time. If you disobey your parents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad finger-marks on your character. And so it is with any and all sin. It defiles the character. It betrays those who engage in it by the marks it makes on them. The marks may be almost if not quite colourless at first. But even if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth—which is not at all likely—yet there is a day coming in which all finger-marks or sin-stains on the character will be made manifest.

Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a stain on your character. It is impossible. If you injure another, you, by that very deed, injure your own self. If you disregard the law of God, the injury is sadly your own. Think of it, ever bear it in mind, children, that every sin you commit leaves a sure mark upon yourselves.

Your character should be a coating of pure truth.—Let truthfulness ever be made manifest. Beware of sin—"and be sure your sin will find you out;" for it makes finger-marks which, even should they not be seen by those around you on earth, will yet be seen to your condemnation at the bar of God.

### "AFRAID TO DIE! NO, SIR! NO."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

REVELATIONS xiv. 13.

In one of those neglected districts of the metropolis, where the poor inhabitants are crowded together in small and ill-ventilated houses; and seem to be placed almost beyond the reach of any other influence than that of ignorance and vice, I have several times visited a poor, but pious, blind woman.

She seemed unknown and uncared for, except by her son, a middle-aged man, who lived with her, and who, with an unusual kindness and tenderness, ministered to her wants, and cheered her declining years.

A short time ago I called, and finding her very ill, I expressed my sympathy with her; and a hope that she was not afraid to die. I shall never forget her answer.

"Afraid to die! No, sir! No, sir! Jesus is here; Jesus is with me."

I spoke a few words to her on the faithfulness of God, when she raised herself in bed, and if possible, still more emphatically repeated her testimony to a Saviour's love.

As a violent fit of coughing ensued, I felt that it would be unwise to converse longer with her, and after offering a short prayer, withdrew.

In about a week, on again calling, I found that her body had been committed to the grave, and I doubt not, but her spirit is in the presence of that God, who has said, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. ii. 10.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." HEB. iv. 9. R. T.

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## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

THE esteemed Editor of *The Zoologist* states:—

"A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which—owing to some change in wind or weather—had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no! he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning: 'Give him the end of a rope,' he said; 'that is what he wants.' The rope was thrown—the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore; where a few minutes afterwards boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed safe and undamaged."

Mrs. SWAINSON, in his work on the instincts of animals, says, "My little parlour dog never offers to go with me on a Sunday, although, on other days, he is perfectly wild to accompany me in my walks. In my younger days I had a favourite dog which always accompanied me to church. My mother, seeing that he attracted too much of my attention, ordered the servant to shut him up every Sunday morning. This was done once, but never afterwards; for he concealed himself nearly every Sunday morning, and I was sure to find him either under my seat at church, or else at the church door. That dogs clearly distinguish the return of Sunday cannot be doubted."

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Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row.

## ABSTINENCE SAVINGS.

A WORKING man once brought twenty guineas to the treasurer of a religious society. The treasurer hesitated to receive so large a sum from him. The man said, "Before I knew the grace of our Lord, I was a poor drunkard—I never could save a shilling—my family were in beggary and rags; but since it has pleased God to renew me by His grace, we have been industrious and frugal—we have not spent many idle shillings, and we have been enabled to put something into the bank; and this I freely offer to the blessed cause of our Lord and Saviour." This was the second donation from this individual of the same amount, the result of his abstinence savings.

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

19.—One heavenly strain the angels cannot learn:—give the words.

20.—A monarch, having outshone other kings in royal splendour, is compared to the harbinger of day:—what term is used?

21.—By what very significant term does an ancient writer call the clouds?

FOUR PRIZES, value £11, will be given for the best Answers to the Questions for 1859. Competitors must send in their Answers on the printed form specially provided for the purpose. Conditions of competition, and a copy of the necessary printed form, may be had, by forwarding two postage stamps, with name and address, to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London, N.

All the back numbers for this year, containing questions Nos. 1 to 18, may be had through any bookseller.

## HUMMING BIRDS.

THE beautiful, tiny creature, called the Humming Bird, is found in the warmer regions of America. Though the smallest bird in the world, the beauty of its plumage, the rapidity of its motion, and the singularity of its habits, give it the first place in the list of the birds of America. "It may," says Waterton, "be called the bird of Paradise, and had it existed in the old world, it would have claimed the title, instead of the bird which has now the honour to bear it. See it darting through the air almost as quick as thought! now it is within a yard of your face—in an instant gone—now it flutters from flower to flower to sip the nectar—it is now a ruby—now a topaz—now an emerald—now all burnished gold." Beautiful birds! ye proclaim "the hand that made us is Divine."

## THE MORNING OF LIFE.

No. I.

THE PASTOR OF THE ROCKY VALLEY.

"I WONDER" said a little girl one day, "why every one loves me?" After a short pause she added, "I suppose it is because I love everybody." Yes! that is the right way to obtain love. A selfish child thinking only of what it can get for itself, and of having its own way, is always an unpleasant, and often an unhappy child. Relations and friends must pity such a child, but it is not easy to love what is not loveable.

How sweet it is to see the kind and generous child, giving up some little personal pleasure or luxury, for the good of others. I once knew a little girl who on her weekly half-holiday used to help her good aunt make clothes for the sick poor of a large district. At first it seemed hard to give up the play of that afternoon, but when the little girl went one day with her aunt, to see a poor woman, and carried her a bed-gown of her own making, she felt such a glow in her heart, that was worth all the games of play she had ever enjoyed.

In the ancient town of Strasburg—which you will find in the map of Europe, lies in the north of France, on the borders of Switzerland, there lived a teacher of languages, the father of a large family. They were not rich people, but it was a very happy home, for love was the law of the household.

The mother taught her children to be kind and gentle to all. The only pocket-money they had, they earned as rewards for work done, or special lessons learnt, and these small sums it was not the custom of the children to spend in foolish luxuries; but they bought books, or more frequently relieved their poor neighbours. Many families much richer than they were had nothing to give away; but this household were never so poor but they could help those poorer than themselves. Among the younger children, was one sweet boy named Frederick. He was so affectionate from his infancy, that he never could bear to see any one in trouble. If there was ever a tear on the cheek of his brothers or sisters before little Frederick could speak, he would stretch out his arms, and put up his lip to kiss and comfort the mourner. From the window of the house, as he grew older, he used to watch the poor children, and often had to be removed, crying bitterly, when he saw any of them fighting, or in distress. If money was given him, he never liked it to be spent for toys or cakes—but would say as soon as he could lisp out the words—"Frederick has a good papa and mamma, and wants nothing—give it to the poor little boys and girls who have no papa and mamma, and want all."

This sweet disposition was carefully trained by little Frederick's tender mother. She knew it was God's gift to her child, and whenever there was a suitable opportunity, she would let the



HUMMING BIRDS.





"CHARITY." PAINTED BY W. UNDERHILL. FROM EXHIBITION OF NAT. INST. FINE ARTS.

dear boy have the comfort of relieving distress. Often there would be wandering Savoyard boys come past the house with their simple musical instruments; and while the mother would ask them of their state, and point out a better way of life, or tell them of some employment in the fields or vineyards, little Frederick would give them his savings. So 't often happened that "the blessing of those that were ready to perish" came upon the child even in its infancy.

As he grew in years, he grew in grace, particularly the grace of charity (love). One day during his boyhood he was returning from school, and saw some rude boys attack a poor woman, and break her basket of eggs, at which she seemed in very great distress. Frederick had some money in his savings' box, he ran home and fetched all that he had, and gave it to the

poor woman. At another time, he noticed a decrepid old creature, bargaining in the market-place for an old garment, and unable to buy it, for the want of two more sous (pence). Frederick very quickly put the coppers in the dealer's hand, and told the man to let the poor cripple have the garment without saying anything of the trifle he had given. Even at that early age Frederick did these acts from love to God and his fellow-creatures, and not for praise. He always shrunk from his good deeds being spoken of.

He was brave as well as kind. Once he saw a man in authority, a sort of beadle cruelly beating a friendless boy, and though Frederick was still young, he interfered, and caused the man to be brought before the magistrates and punished.

mechanical trades and manufactures, and made the whole sterile district into a fruitful land.

He established schools for the young, and classes for adults. The infant-school system, now so generally introduced in England, was his plan. He distributed the Bible among all his people, and taught them, not only in his pulpit ministrations, but by going, from house to house, among them. He was so beloved that the inhabitants could not help calling him by the endearing name of father, or in their language, "cher papa" (dear papa), and not only the country of his labours, but all the Christian world reveres the name of the good pastor, Frederick Oberlin.

Literary Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 13, BARNSBURY SQUARE, LONDON. (N.)

How did this youth grow up? What sort of a man did he make? are very natural questions for my young readers to ask. He studied diligently very many branches of knowledge, and at twenty years of age, decided on entering the Church as a minister, and devoting his talents to the service of God. He did not take a parish as a pastor for six years from that period, for he wanted to become "mighty in the Scriptures," "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." At the end of that time he wished to go into a poor district, where he might be made a blessing to a destitute people, and God granted his desire. He was appointed the pastor of the *Ban-de-la-Roche*, (or rocky district), the *German Steinthal*, (or stone valley.) Five villages were scattered among almost inaccessible rocks; and the people were poor neglected creatures, without comfort in this world, or hope of a better.

The pastor was twenty-seven years old when he came into this wild region: he laboured among the people sixty years! and many volumes would not suffice to tell the good he did. He planned roads and bridges, and set the example of working on them himself. He taught farming and gardening, introduced



Number 105.

September 1st, 1859.



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**PETER AND THE STONES;**

OR,

**Many hands make light work.**

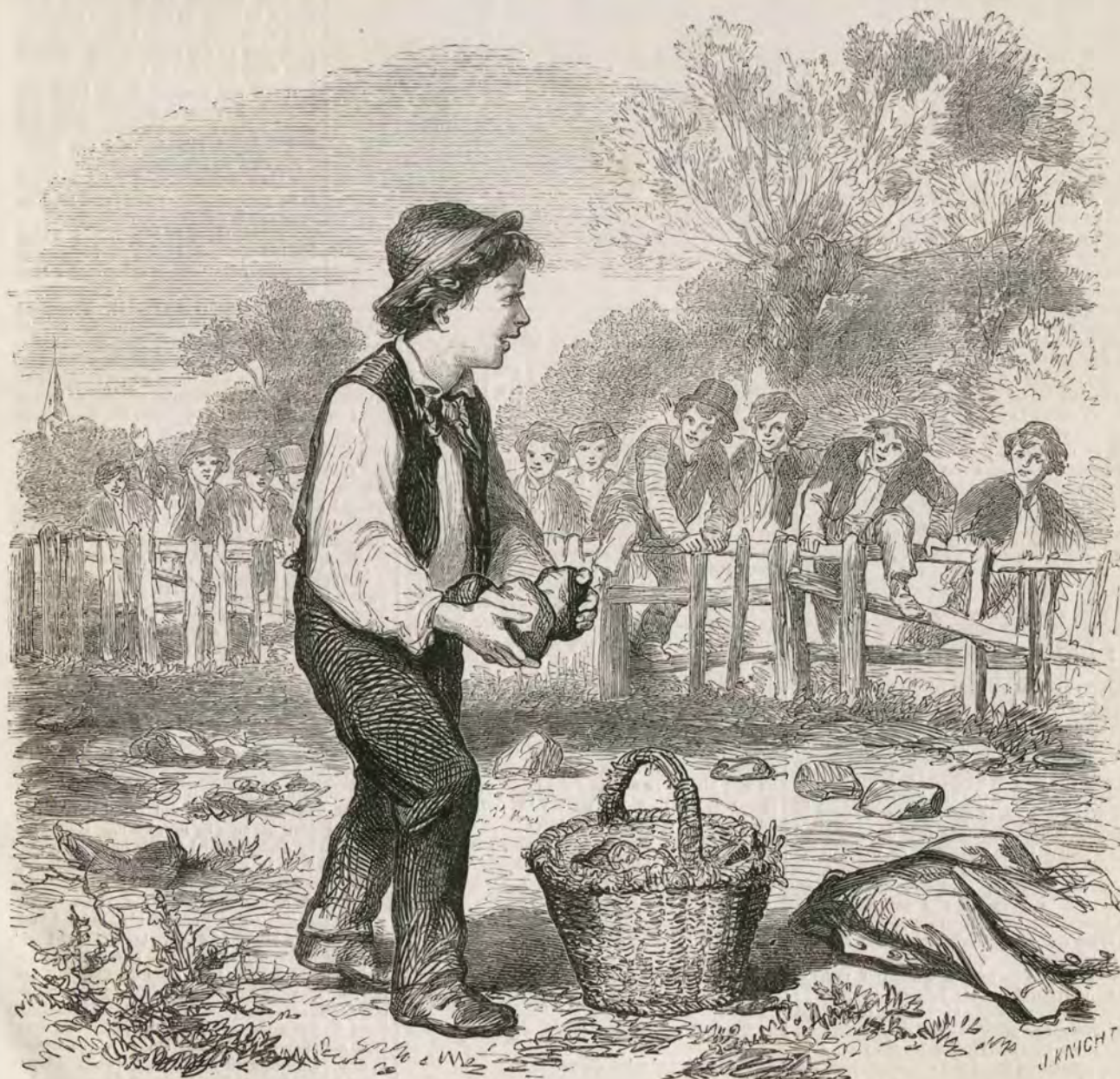
It was a fine sunshiny afternoon when his father said to him, "Peter, my boy, go into that field, and gather up all the large stones."

Peter went, of course, for he was a good lad, and his father was one of those men whom it would be unwise to disobey.

Peter went; but as the birds sang cheerily, the sun shone pleasantly, all nature looked charmingly, it was just possible that Peter might have been quite as pleased if he had been al-

lowed to ramble at his pleasure that afternoon.

However, Peter went to work, stone after stone was put in the basket; yet there was a great deal to do—and the afternoon was so fine! Presently he heard in the adjoining field, the shout of a large number of boys, from the National School,—they had just got a half-holiday



"PETER, PETER WE'VE A HOLIDAY, COME AND HAVE A GAME!"



—and with a whoop and hurrah they had run into the field. They soon saw Peter who was a favourite with them.

"Peter, Peter we've a holiday, come and have a game?"

"No I can't" said Peter, "Father has told me to pick up the stones in this field and I must not leave till the job is finished."

This puzzled them all for a moment, when a noble-hearted boy shouted.

"Shall we go and help Peter?"

The question was at once responded to heartily,—and the boys were soon over the stile into Peter's field—and quickly comprehending the matter, distributed themselves, and by dividing the labour, they were not long in accomplishing it—the field was cleared—Peter released—and the whole of the boys soon returned to their place for play—glad that they had shared in the labour which had released their favourite playfellow; and all the more disposed to enjoy recreation, because they had done something to earn it.

What it would take one long to accomplish, many may speedily do. It only requires a generous heart to be useful—and in such usefulness there is a rich reward. E. C.

**EFFECTS OF INTemperance.**—A father, aged 50, died not long ago at Axbridge, Somersetshire, whose death, according to the medical evidence at the inquest, arose "from excessive drinking," and from a statement of the wife, it appears that the poor man had not gone to bed sober one night for six months. The deceased was an industrious man withal, but still he spent all he earned. No wonder that he left his poor wife and five or six children almost penniless. The coroner was heard to say, that almost nine out of every ten inquests held by him, might be attributed to liquor, directly or indirectly.

**BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.**—Boys, be kind to your sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you; how patient they are with you; how they love you in spite of all your ill-temper or rudeness; how thoughtful they are for your comfort, and be you thoughtful for theirs. Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that lies in your power. Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish, be ready to gratify it if possible. You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing. I never yet knew a happy and respected man who was not in youth kind to his sisters. There is a beautiful hymn which says:

Be kind to your sisters—not many may know  
The depth of true sisterly love;  
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below  
The surface that sparkles above.

A.

### INDUSTRY REWARDED.

SOME years ago, a number of "navvies" were employed in cleansing a water-dam in a village not one hundred miles from Sowerby Bridge, in Yorkshire. One day when the master went to see what progress they were making, he found only one man at work. On learning that the other men were at the beer-house, drinking, he said to the one at work, "Thou seemest to be a steady man, I will find thee another job." The gentleman then took him to work in his dyehouse. The "navvie" that was, has since risen by his industry, sobriety, and ability, and is now foreman in the extensive dye-works belonging to a Member of Parliament, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Many of our readers in the neighbourhood of Halifax will be curious to trace out the respected individual whose interesting case of prosperity we have briefly narrated. We do not feel at liberty, however, to state more than that his Christian name occurs more than once in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel.

Boys! if you desire to prosper in this life, keep on the RIGHT side of the beer-shop and public-house—that is the OUTSIDE.

For our Lord Jesus Christ's sake,

Do all the good you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
To all the people you can,  
In every place you can,  
At all the times you can,  
As long as ever you can.



THE 'LIONS HEAD,' RICHMOND HILL, SURREY.

### WATER FOR THE THIRSTY.

THERE is a fine spring of water close by Lady Russell's school, on the side of the hill going down from Richmond to Petersham at which thousands of pedestrians have desired to drink, but have not been able, except by the wearisome method of catching a few drops in the palm of their hands. Not many months ago, that benevolent Liverpool merchant, John Malcolmson, Esq., rode past this spring, and said, "Oh that some one would put up a ladle for the poor thirsty ones—I'll gladly pay for it." It was the last time that the aged invalid was there, for in a few days he was suddenly called into another world. A friend, however, sent a galvanized ladle to Dr. Ellis of Sudbrook Park, with a request that it might be placed at the Lion's head, in memory of Mr. Malcolmson. We were recently much gratified to learn that during the last few months many thousands of persons have gratefully drank out of the "Malcolmson ladle!" Oh, how much good may sometimes be done, even at the cost of a few shillings! May we venture to ask Dr. Ellis if he will kindly try to get the posts and chains removed, so that the poor VAN HORSES may have a drink out of the trough?

There are many pumps which are almost useless, owing to the want of ladles. Members of the "TRY COMPANY!" Here's work for you.

Confess your faults one  
to another, and PRAY one  
for another, that ye may  
be healed. James v. 16.

### THE LITTLE SUBSTITUTE.

(Translated from the French.)

SEVERAL years ago, when I was teacher in a school at—, I had occasion to reprove a pupil for his inattention and disobedience. My words failing to produce an effect upon him, I was obliged to resort to punishment, and accordingly I called him up, and commanded him to stand for a quarter of an hour in a corner of the school-room.

As he was going there, a little boy, much younger than the guilty one, came to me and requested that I would allow him to take the place of the lad who had offended. This request astonished me a good deal; however, I

was not inclined to put any question to the child, and contented myself with observing to him, that if I granted his request, he should pass the whole of the time in the corner, "and," added I, "a quarter of an hour is very long, when one must spend it in punishment." These words did not shake him. I then pointed out to him the disgrace which attaches to a child who undergoes punishment, telling him that in the eyes of all the visitors who might enter the school, he would appear a naughty and unruly child. Nothing, however, changed his purpose. He still persevered in his resolution. I then allowed him to take his companion's place in the corner.

I was deeply moved, and I silently prayed to the Lord to give me a little of that wisdom which cometh from above, in order to draw from this incident some instruction, which might be profitable to the souls of the children who were confined to me.

When the quarter of an hour was expired, I released the little boy, and asked him if it was his companion who had induced him to take his place. "No, sir," he replied.

"Do you not think that he deserved to be punished?" "Oh," said he, "he deserved it well."

"What, then, is the motive which has led you to bear this punishment in his place?" "Sir, it is because I love him."

What a touching reply! The other children had listened with deep attention to this conversation. I then called the disobedient boy, and ordered him to go in his turn into the corner. At these words there was a clamour of protestations. A multitude of little voices cried out at the same time, "Oh, sir, that would not be right; that would not be right,"—"nor just either," added one of the boldest.

"Why would it not be just?" replied I, thinking to disconcert the boy who had thus expressed himself. "Has not your schoolfellow disobeyed?" "Yes, sir, but you have allowed Joseph to be punished in his place; you should not then, on that account, punish him."

My prayer, thought I, was heard; and I continued in these words: "Does what has just happened, recall any thing to your minds?" "Yes, sir," said several voices; "it reminds us that the Lord Jesus bore the punishment of our sins."

"What name would you give to Joseph now?" "That of substitute."

"What is a substitute?" "One who takes the place of another."

"What place has Jesus taken?" "That of sinners."

"Joseph has told us that he wished to take his schoolfellow's place, and be punished instead of him, because he loved him. Can you tell me why Jesus wished to die in the place of sinners?" "It was also because He loved us."

"Repeat a passage from the Bible which proves that." "The Son of God who loved me, and gave himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

"You told me just now that it would not be right, nor even just, to put the naughty boy in the corner, after having punished Joseph in his place—what instruction may we draw from this fact?" "We learn from it the assurance that God can never punish any sinner who believes in Jesus Christ as his Saviour;" "and," added quite a little boy, "He will never do so; for the Bible tells us, that 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son,' in order



that 'whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" (John iii. 16.)

We talked a long time together on the subject of the grace and love of God. We spoke of Him, who "was wounded for our transgressions, who was bruised for our iniquities, and by whose stripes we are healed." (Isaiah liii. 5.)

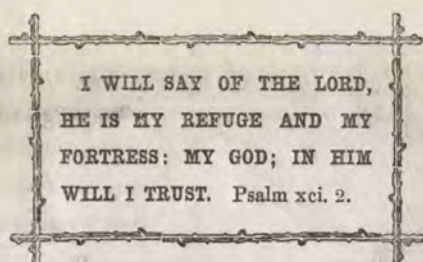
How condescending and how kind,  
Was God's eternal Son!  
Our misery touch'd his Heav'nly mind,  
And pity brought Him down.

He sunk beneath man's heavy woes,  
To raise Him to a throne;  
There's not a gift His hand bestows,  
But cost His heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was His blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Then may we in His love confide,  
And know His pardoning grace:  
The vilest sinner's ne'er denied,  
Who truly seeks His face!

DEAL gently with those who stray. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the fallen than a mine of gold.



#### PITY THE POOR BOYS.

MR. H. K. M. CALLUM of the Reformatory Institution, House of Refuge, Glasgow, in writing to the Pure Literature Society, says:—

"Some time ago, a vote was passed in the respective dormitories, unanimously, that in order to get a copy for each boy of the 'British Workman' or 'Band of Hope,' to himself, he would surrender his biscuit for a day. This arrangement has wrought admirably. The mind *versus* the stomach has gained the day; and though it may not be a great act of self-denial, it shows progress in the right direction. These papers they carefully keep; and, as a reward for good conduct, will be bound for them at the end of the year, at the expense of the Institution." Who will give these boys copies?

#### THE FISHERMAN'S DONKEY.

No wonder the fisherman looks with pride  
On the well-fed donkey that stands at his side,  
For he works, and he lives, as hard as he,  
And a creature more useful there cannot be.

He knows the fisherman's wife and child,  
And he loves to play with that dog so wild;  
And, though sometimes so staid and still,  
He can roll in the meadow with right good will.

He knows the road to the market well,  
Where the fisherman goes, his fish to sell:  
And though it is hilly, and far, and rough,  
Yet he thinks for a donkey it's well enough.

So he trudges along, and little he cares  
How hard he works or how ill he fares,  
Content, when his home appears in sight,  
If his kindly master smiles at night.

No wonder the fisherman looks with pride  
On the well-fed donkey that stands at his side,  
For he works, and he lives, as hard as he,  
And a creature more useful there cannot be.

From No. 9 of Uncle John's "Illustrated Songs and Hymns."

#### NEWS FROM AFAR.

##### SPECIAL PRIZES FOR THE COLONIES.

It has interested us not a little to learn that on the arrival of the English Mail Packet at one of the British Colonies, a number of "runners" hasten through the streets, and speedily dispose of several hundreds of our little periodicals! It is pleasant to know that we hold converse with many young friends in the distant parts of the world. We have recently been deeply inter-



RUNNER.

ested by the receipt of letters from India, Tasmania, New Zealand, Australia, the West Indies and Canada, urgently requesting us to give "more time" to the COLONISTS for sending in their answers to the Bible Questions. One ap-

plication is from a young soldier in one of the camps in Oude, and another from "twelve girls" in Madras! So urgently is the matter pressed upon us, that we have decided to give

#### A SECOND SET OF PRIZES

for the Colonies. Libraries of Books value £5 £3, £2, and £1 will be given for the four best sets of answers to the Bible Questions for 1859, sent by our readers under twenty-one years of age resident in any British Colony, and such answers (from the COLONIES only), we will receive as late as the 1st November, 1860.

N.B. Competitors in the Colonies will not be required to procure the 'printed form,' for their answers, but may use plain paper, provided they write only on one side.

#### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

##### For September.

22.—Give from the Epistle to the Ephesians a passage that may be termed an *epitome* of Jehovah's gracious plan of salvation, and which harmonizes completely with the song of the ransomed above.

23.—The immutability and strength of the Eternal God are presented in vivid imagery by a figure applied to Him by one of the prophets:—give the phrase.

24.—A wall of peculiarly precious character named in Scripture, could neither be breached, penetrated, or destroyed:—where is it spoken of?



#### CHEAP POSTAGE.

THOSE who cannot conveniently order the *Band of Hope Review* through a bookseller, can have packets sent post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, as under—

8 copies for 4d., or for one year, 4s.	Must be
16 " 8d., " 8s.	Paid
24 " 1s. 0d., " 12s.	in
40 " 1s. 8d., " 20s.	advance.

BRITISH COLONIES. A copy of the *Band of Hope Review* sent per post to any address in any British Colony, for one year, for eighteenpence, paid in advance.

Orders to be addressed to Mr. S. W. PARTRIDGE, 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)

\*\* With Five Hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "British Workman," for 1855, 1856, 1857, and 1858, bound in cloth 6s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d. The Four Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price Eighteenpence each.

\*\* The 8 Yearly Parts of the "Band of Hope Review," 1851 to 1858, price One Shilling each.

\*\* The Complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review," for the Eight Years, may also be had, bound in cloth, 8s.; gilt edges, 10s. "The best picture-book we know of."—*Mother's Friend*.

Now Ready, price 6d. each, with numerous Woodcuts, (some of them printed in colours,) Nos. 1 to 9 of "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones." Compiled by Uncle John.

Just Published. Third Edition. Price 1s., post free. "A Voice from the Vintage." By Mrs. Ellis, Authoress of "Women of England," &c.

"Morning Dew Drops; or, the Juvenile Ab-stainer." By Clara Lucas Balfour. Price 3s. 6d., Gilt Edges, 4s. 6d., post free.

#### LESSONS FROM COWS.

How many lessons of love and kindness we may learn from the dumb creation! I was recently in the Country, and observed two cows alternately licking each other's faces. On expressing my wonder as to what they were doing, my farmer friend smiled and said, "Oh, it's a common thing, the poor cows *help one another*—they lick and comfort one another when teased by the flies this hot weather!" Well, thought I, here's a lesson for me. If cows have the good sense to *help one another*, surely man should help his fellow-man.

J. K.

#### "OH, THIS HARD LUMP!"

"HALLOO, friend Jack," the landlord cries,  
"don't pass  
(So cold a morning too) without a glass,  
For Jack, before he signed the Temperance  
pledge, had spent  
Full many a sovereign at "The Good Intent."

"No, thank you, landlord," said the tar, "oh dear!  
I cannot drink, I've such a hard lump here."  
"A lump? No doubt. Now mark, friend,  
what I say,  
Good drink will quickly take your lump away."

If you will cling to your teetotal so,  
Depend upon't your lump will bigger grow,  
Nor should I wonder if I soon descried  
Another lump upon your other side."

"True, true, old boy," the witty sailor cries,  
And chinks a bag of gold before his eyes:  
This is my lump, man; and you truly say  
That if I drink 'twill soon all go away;

But sticking to teetotal, as I've done,  
I shall soon have just such another one.  
No, landlord, no; good bye: I tell you plain,  
You ne'er shall catch me in your net again."

The above verses (with two illustrations) appear in No. 9 of Uncle John's ILLUSTRATED SONGS AND HYMNS, Price 6d.





FAVOURITE DOGS BELONGING TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

## France and England.

WE have recently had a very pressing request to republish our little paper in the French language. It would gladden us not a little were we able to do so, but we cannot incur the pecuniary responsibility. We are most anxious to do what we can to promote feelings of love and kindness between the young of both these great nations, and will endeavour to give occasionally engravings and articles such as will in-

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

MR. ANTHONY HEWES of the Gas Works, Old Kent Road, London, writes us as follows:—

'My friend Mulliss of the 1st regiment of foot, when quartered in 1841, in the barracks at New London, Upper Canada, had a dog, named 'Toss,' which was a very useful friend to the soldiers in the regiment; and if the truth must be told, 'Toss' was the means of preventing many a soldier from suffering the horrors of the 'lash.'

"At stated times the sergeant went round to each sentry-box for the purpose of seeing if the soldier was doing his duty. 'Toss' noticed this, and strange to say, commenced going round regularly a short time before the sergeant, and gave warning of his coming. Sometimes on a cold day a poor soldier would through fatigue be drowsy; but the moment 'Toss' approached the sentry, and saw his perilous position, he would pull the man's coat or trousers, until he awoke him! You may be sure the soldier was very thankful to 'Toss.' No wonder that the faithful creature was a favourite with the regiment; for, long after his death, 'poor old Toss' was spoken of by the soldiers with affectionate remembrance."

SERGEANT HURST, of Wigan, formerly in the Royal African Corps, sends us a very similar case to the above. He states, "Whilst I was stationed at Sierra Leone, between 1825 and 1831, Lieutenant Robinson of our regiment had a fine setter dog named 'Dash.' On the Lieutenant's lamented death, the men of the regiment paid great attention to poor Dash, out of respect to the memory of his esteemed master. After a short time it was noticed that the dog took his station soon after sunset, at the main guard-room door, but was observed to leave his post when the officer or sergeant of the guard went to visit the sentries, or the relief guard went their round. Various were the surmises as to Dash's conduct, but it was very evident that the privates wished to keep the matter a secret."

"I tried to find it out, but always failed until one day when I was sergeant of the main guard, and accidentally overheard one of the privates say to his comrade "if it had not been for 'Dash' I should have been caught asleep at my post by Sergeant Hurst!" It turned out that the dog regularly went round and awoke any of the soldiers who were drowsy! The dog was of course a great favourite in the regiment, and woe to the man that dared to lift a hand against him. There are many still living who can bear testimony to the authenticity of this narrative of 'Dash' the sentry's friend."

LITTLE "TINY" is a clever little dog which we

had the pleasure of seeing when in the North of England a few months ago. He justly deserves to be a great favourite with his young mistress. Tiny sleeps in a little box in a passage leading from the hall to the garden lawn. Sometime

terest our readers on the continent. With this feeling we now introduce the engraving of four of the Emperor's dogs, taken from the beautiful painting exhibited in the Great Parisian Exhibition in 1855. It is a sad thought that during the last 700 years, England and France have spent nearly 300 years in desolating wars with each other! May the children of the present generation prove to be "peacemakers," and thus secure God's blessing on both nations.

"BLESSED are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."—*St. Matthew.*

"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—*Isaiah.*

PEACE is the happy, natural state of man; WAR is corruption, his disgrace—*Thomson.*

SHORT MEMORIES.—"Sir," said a man, addressing a clergyman going home from church one Sabbath afternoon, "did you meet a boy on the road, driving a cart, with rakes and pitchforks in it?"

"I think I did," answered the minister: "a boy with a short memory, was n't he?"

"What made you think he had a short memory, sir?" asked the man, looking much surprised.

"I think he had," answered the minister, "and I think he must belong to a family that have short memories."

"What in the world makes you think so?" asked the man greatly puzzled.

"Because," said the minister in a serious tone, "God has proclaimed from Mount Sinai, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' and that boy has forgotten all about it."



LITTLE TINY AND HIS MISTRESS.

ago, the family were retiring to rest, when Tiny began to bark very much. Although usually a very obedient dog, yet on this occasion, he barked more and more. Anxious to find out the cause, some one came down stairs into the passage. Tiny ran barking to the door leading into the garden, when it was found that the servant had forgotten to put in the shutter! On the door being properly fastened, Tiny went off to his bed as quiet as a lamb! On subsequent occasions, Tiny has given due warning of the house not being properly secured against thieves.

We shall be glad to receive any interesting Anecdotes of Dogs, but in every case the name and address of the sender as well as that of the owner of the dog must be given. We do not require these names for publication (if objected to) but to ensure authenticity.

Illustrated Hand-Bills. Sold in packets, assorted (or not assorted), each containing fifty of the Hand-bills, price Sixpence (post free).

S. W. Partridge, 34, Paternoster Row.





NUMBER 106.

OCTOBER 1, 1859.



Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.



Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.



**THE GOLD MEDAL;  
OR,  
THE BRAVE BOY REWARDED.**

I SHALL never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad, at the Academy in B—. Among my school-fellows were Hartley and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to the latter I looked up as a sort of leader in matters of opinion as well as of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty, and he made himself feared by the bad



habit of turning things into *ridicule*, so that he seemed continually on the look out for matter of derision.

Hartley was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on the way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighbouring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was one not to be lost by Jemson, "Halloa!" he exclaimed, "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns! Boys, if you want to see the



latest Paris style, look at those boots!"

Hartley, waving his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail-fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then, putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school in the afternoon he let out the cow and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of B— Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odour of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartley. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartley bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartley," said Jemson, one day, "I suppose your daddy means to make a milkman of you." "Why not?" asked Hartley. "Oh, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all!" The boys laughed, and Hartley, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk too."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the neighbouring towns were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our Academy, and both Hartley and Jemson received a creditable number: for, in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of *HEROISM*. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said, that, with permission of the company, he would relate a short story. "Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so sadly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries but stayed to render services.

This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now on his back helpless. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the scholar, 'I can drive your cow!' With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted his offer.

But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with, but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh no,' said the old woman; 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.' The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was *doing right*; caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for he was

"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."—Proverbs xvi. 7.

not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the *false pride* that could look down with ridicule on *any useful employment*. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not *true heroism* in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartley, do not slink out of sight behind the blackboard! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartley, and let us see your honest face!"

As Hartley, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartley's feet, seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell you a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears of manly self-rebuke in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartley, making a handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartley, "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for the vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set forth with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!

Boys and Girls! never despise another who may be more plainly clad than yourselves. There is many a noble heart under a well-patched garment. Whenever you are tempted to look scornfully upon one in a poor or plain dress, think of Edward James Hartley,—THE BRAVE BOY, and his GOLD MEDAL. ANON.

#### RALPH BRONT AND THE SINGING BIRDS.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a young evangelist was proclaiming the Gospel of Christ to a crowd of poor inhabitants in the sister island, when, among the multitude who hearkened to the Word of Life, there was an ignorant lad, who was employed by a gentleman of the neighbourhood in his garden. The truth reached the poor lad's conscience, and he felt deeply that he was a sinner, under condemnation, and liable to punishment by God. One night he locked himself in his master's barn, and there long and earnestly pleaded with God,—pleaded till the Sun of Righteousness arose upon him with healing in His wings, dispersing all his gloom and satisfying him of the mercy and love of God in Christ Jesus. The next morning, with light heart and gleeful step, he went to work in the garden of a stranger, but, being full of love to his Father in Heaven, everything presented a gayer and happier aspect to him than before, and the songs of the birds "among the branches," and up in the clear blue firmament, swept again and again the chords of his now altered heart, and woke up fresh melodies there. Ralph could not rest in the *solitary* enjoyment of his new pleasure,

and called out the master of the house to listen to the enchanting music. "Why, my lad," said he, "it's just the same as every day; here's the linnet and the robin, and the thrush and the blackbird, I don't hear more than's common." He knew not that the alteration was *within* the lad. Next day, Ralph was in his master's garden, and here he was as much delighted as in the garden of the stranger, with the rapturous music of the feathered tribes, and his heart danced with exultation to their sweet strains. "Master," said he, "pray come out and hear how the birds are singing!" "Why, Ralph, they sing sweetly enough, but they're only the birds that always sing here; I suspect the change is in yourself. What have you been doing, Ralph?" "I prayed to God, in the barn, sir, and He has taken away my sins." "Ah," said the master—for he was a pious man—"it is as I thought; the change is in you, Ralph, and not in the birds."

Years passed away, and the missionary was in Canada. One day he was in the counting-house of a bookseller, when a gentleman entered the shop, and asked, "Is Dr. H.— here?" "Yes," replied the shopman, "he is in the counting-house with a minister: if you wait awhile, he will be out soon." "I spent the whole of yesterday in seeking for him," said the gentleman, "and I must see him at once," and with that he opened the door of the inner room, and, recognising the minister he sought, shook him cordially by the hand, and said, "Don't you remember me, Dr. H.—?" "I have some recollection of having seen you before, sir." "Why, don't you remember Ralph Bront, and the singing-birds?" "Yes, sure enough, but are you Ralph Bront?" "Yes, blessed be God, I am. I'm Ralph Bront! and now, come, I will introduce you to my lady." At the door stood a handsome carriage and pair, and the doctor was at once introduced to Mrs. Bront, who, with her honoured husband, cordially welcomed him to the hospitalities of their elegant mansion in the suburbs of the city.

See here the power of true religion in forming and raising the character. Likely enough the Irish lad would have remained a poor peasant had not Divine grace changed his heart, and elevated his mind. "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

#### DOINGS OF DRINK.

I WAS walking with a clergyman through his parish in the West of England, not long ago, when I observed a boy of about thirteen years of age, with only one leg, walking with crutches. His pale, miserable look excited my attention, and I made inquiry about him.

"Ah," said my friend, "he is but one of the many illustrations of the evils of intemperance in this parish. That boy was a scholar in our day and Sunday school; but his conduct was so bad, that we had to expel him. Not long after, his father took him to a fair, where both of them got drunk. On returning home in a cart, the lad was told to sit on the shaft. They had not gone far before he fell off, the wheel passed over him, and so seriously crushed his leg, that the doctors had to amputate the limb to save the boy's life." B. H.

A MAN was recently found on Gwaffham Heath, burnt to death. It appears that he was returning home by night from a distance, and that he was intoxicated and smoking. It is conjectured that the sparks from his pipe set fire to him. The cart which he was driving was found five miles distant from the body, nearly burnt to pieces, but the pony was uninjured.—*Christian Times*.

#### CHEAP POSTAGE.

THOSE who cannot conveniently order the *Band of Hope Review* through a bookseller, can have packets sent post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands the Shetland and Orkney Isles, as under—

8 copies for 4d., or for one year, 4s.	Must be
16 " " 8d., " " 8s.	Paid
24 " " 1s. 0d., " " 12s.	in
40 " " 1s. 8d., " " 20s.	advance.

BRITISH COLONIES. A copy of the *Band of Hope Review* sent per post to any address in any British Colony, for one year, for eighteenpence, paid in advance.

Orders to be addressed to Mr. S. W. PARTRIDGE, 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise."

Proverbs xi. 30.





## WIDOW GRAY:

Widow Gray is very poor;  
You would pity them, I'm sure,  
Her, and her poor children four,  
Did you step within her door.

Different it used to be  
Ere poor John was drown'd at sea;  
He was lost, and they were left  
Of all happiness bereft.

Nay, not *all*, for well she knows  
Him who soothes the widow's woes;  
And her children, taught by her,  
Seek, in God, a comforter.

Good, kind children, too, they are,  
Lightening her load of care:  
Jane does everything she can,  
And Richard—wait till he's a man.

Every night, beside her chair,  
Kneeling they unite in prayer:  
May God bless them while they pray,  
And send kind friends to Widow Gray.  
S. W. P.



From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by UNCLE JOHN.  
Now publishing in Shilling Numbers.

Band of Hope Almanac for 1860. With 13 Illustrations. Price One Penny. May be had through all Booksellers; or FOUR copies will be sent by the Publishers, post free, for four stamps.

## A CHANGE.

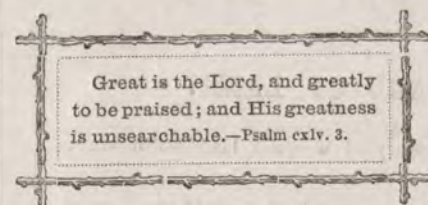
ABOUT the middle of the year 1855, I called upon —, for the first time, to induce him to give up drinking, which I knew he was indulging in to his hurt. Having a good trade and constant work as journeyman, in the employ of a sober, respectable master, I felt interested in his case. He was soon after disposed to sign the pledge, and has kept it. The result is, that now using his wife's words, "It is so good to see him come home sober every night, Saturdays especially. He gives me all his wages."

Besides, the old pieces of furniture have been exchanged for better, good clothes have been also secured and paid for, not only for himself, but for his wife and children. Now he and his family may be seen in a place of worship on the Sabbath-day. But previous to his giving up drinking intoxicating drinks, he preferred sitting in a low beer-house the most of Sunday; or else lying in bed till near mid-day, then lounging away

the rest of the day in idleness, or in sinful games.

Now, what a difference! The star of temperance has lighted up the once forlorn home with beams of joy and gladness. Peace takes the place of strife, and order the place of ruin. May his path be like the path of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day!

From the York Temperance Missionary's Journal.



## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

MANY years ago, a young shepherd boy might be seen in the glens and straths of Sutherlandshire, always accompanied by a favourite dog. Many boys, judging from the rough, shaggy coat, and uncomely figure of the dog, might be disposed to say, that it was unworthy of attention or kindly regard. We are certain, however, that their opinion would undergo an entire change on becoming acquainted with the heroic character and noble qualities of Cappie. Take the following as an instance of his sagacity and courage. His master was one day sitting on a hillside in Slaetiel, looking over the cattle under his care in the hollow below. With alarm he saw the weakest of the herd attacked by an eagle, which, failing to overturn the animal by its first assault, rose again to the sky. The experience of the boy taught him that no time was to be lost, as the eagle would renew the attack, and descend with redoubled force. "Cappie, Cappie," he cried, "the poor beast will be killed,"

at the same time taking the dog and directing his eye to the eagle as it soared aloft. Away darted Cappie from his master, down to the hollow. As soon as he got sight of the eagle,

he took his place beside the trembling animal he was instructed to defend. He had only a few moments to wait, not sufficient for breathing time, when the eagle pounced again upon its victim. With a leap Cappie sprang at the assailant, who, not liking the encounter sought refuge in his airy heights. Cappie's reward was a mouthful of the eagle's feathers, at which, when his master came up, he ruefully looked, as much as to say, "I conquered the foe, but I wish I had made him prisoner."

J. CLARK, of Erringden, Yorkshire, writes:—  
"Having read a very interesting anecdote of a dog in your valuable periodical, will you allow me to mention a very faithful act of my dog."

"Jack is in the habit of going with me regularly to my work. Being a labourer, I have not always a fixed place to go to; but at the time this circumstance took place, which was in the summer season of this year, I was engaged about two miles from home."

I had generally a thin coat to work in, my other coat being put during the day in some place of safety. One evening I forgot my thick coat, and was returning in my thin one.

On my way home, poor Jack continually made a noise, and seemed to be very discontented; but I was at a loss to know what the meaning of this could be. When halfway, he turned back. I tried in vain to prevail on him to go home with me. During the evening, a gentleman living near the place where I left the coat, seeing it lie, thought he would take it in till the morning, but poor Jack refused to let him have it, and the faithful creature actually kept guard over it till my return the following morning!

## DO THEY UNDERSTAND IT?

AN old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman, who came to examine his school, "I believe the children know their Catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it? that is the question," said the clergyman.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said almost in a whisper:—

"Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen



over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw that they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."


The clergyman smiled, and complimented the old schoolmaster for this good practical explanation given by a poor mountain boy; who evidently not only knew, but understood the spirit of the commandment.

\* \* The Complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review," for the Eight Years, may now be had, bound in cloth, 8s.; gilt edges, 10s.

Now Ready, price 6d. each, with numerous Woodcuts (some of them printed in colours), Nos. 1 to 9 of "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones." Compiled by Uncle John.



## ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS, No. 30.

The Illustrate d Hand-bills (issued by the Editor of the "Band of Hope Review") are sold in Sixpenny packets. Each packet contains fifty assorted Hand-bills.



## SWALLOWING A YARD OF LAND!

"DICK, let's have a pint of beer," said a railway navvie to his mate.

"Nay, Jack, I can't afford to drink a square yard of good land, worth sixty POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS an acre."

"What's that you're saying, Dick?"

"Why, every time you spend threepence in beer, you spend what would buy a square yard of good green land. Look here:—

[Dick takes a piece of chalk out of his pocket and begins to make figures on his spade.]

"There are 4840 square yards in an acre: threepence is one-fourth of a shilling: divide 4840 yards by 4, that gives 1210 shillings. Now divide that by 20 (there being 20 shillings to £1), and there you have £60 10s., which is the cost of an acre of good land, at threepence a square yard!"

From the "British Workman."

\* \* \* The above article and engraving have been printed on one side of the "House-to-house Canvassing Bills" for promoting the Circulation of the "British Workman," and we shall be glad to forward a supply to any District Visitor, Sunday School Teacher, Tract Distributor, or other friend who may be willing to canvass a district for new subscribers, or otherwise promote the extended circulation of the publication. Pupil Teachers can render important help. Applications to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. N.

## GRANDFATHER'S ADVICE.

"What would you advise me to do, Grandpa? Jim Blake does every thing he can to vex me. He hides my books to make me miss my lessons, trips me when we run races, and boasts how big he is beside me, and how easily he can take me down; and to-day he broke the handle off the new whip you gave me, and when I ran to tell the teacher he called out 'tell-tale.' I wish I could leave the school, or get him turned out."

All this was said by little Sammy Halsey on his way from the large front gate, where his grandfather had taken him in his little cart on his way to the barn. Imagine his surprise when the white-haired old man, whose quiet temper had always been held up as a model for imitation, turned about and said, "I don't know, Sammy, unless you contrive in some way to break every bone in his body; that is the way my father once conquered an enemy."

"Why, Grandpa, I thought you told me that your father was a minister!"

"So he was, and at the time I refer to was a Christian boy."

Seeing Sammy's wondering, dissatisfied look, Grandpa said, "Take hold and help me to unharness Bill, and while we are at work I will tell you about it."

"When my father, whose name was Robert, was a boy, he and his brother Richard used to have some differences. They loved each other, but still their high temper sometimes led them astray. After a while my father became a Christian, and by his godly example reprov'd many of the wicked and thoughtless practices of his companions. He refused to accompany them when going to rob an orchard, or disobey their parents, and persisted in reproving their conduct on all proper occasions, so that even his brother was for a time turned against him."

"By and by," I have heard my uncle say 'we couldn't stand Robert's pious ways any longer, particularly as he had told father of some of our wrong-doings, and got us punished. So one day I caught him alone in the orchard,

got a horsewhip, and gave him a regular thrashing; and knowing that he would tell my father, and get me whipped in return, I gave him several extra lashes on that account."

"I came in rather slowly when the bell was rung for supper, for I dreaded father's angry looks, and besides, I began to be ashamed of my disgraceful conduct. As Robert had not tried to resist me, but had walked away without speaking, I felt sure that he would make up for it by telling of me as soon as he reached the house. To my surprise no one seemed to know about it, and Robert greeted me as kindly as if nothing had happened, though I knew his back was so sore that he could hardly sit up."

"Just before bedtime, I said in a kind of sneaking way, 'Didn't you tell father of me, Bob?' 'No, Richard, no one but my Father in Heaven, and He has helped me to forgive you.'

"That remark, and the kind look in his face, broke every bone in my body. I begged his forgiveness alone and before the whole family, and from that day was a changed boy. I never again did anything to grieve him, and before long began, I trust, to walk in the straight and narrow path with him. Poor, dear Robert, after many sufferings and toils, he has gone to glory."

Sammy's grandfather added, "I have heard uncle Richard say in a trembling voice, 'That time he broke every bone in my body.'

By this time the horse was turned into the field, the cart-house closed, and Sammy walking by his grandfather's side in a different mood from that in which he had joined his good grandfather."


As Grandpa went into the house he said, "Sammy, don't you think you had better try uncle Robert's way of subduing an enemy? Take my advice, TRY it; 'heap coals of fire upon his head,' and he will almost sure to surrender."

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS,  
For October.

25.—Refer to a most signal miracle that may be termed one of justice as well as mercy.


26.—A most important doctrine of Scripture is recorded by a prophet in seven words:—quote them.

27.—Where may epicures and sensualists read their doom in a very short sentence?

COLONIES. For Information as to the sending in of Answers to the Bible Questions from the Colonies, see last month's Number.



WHAT the "Band of Hope Review" is for the CHILDREN, the "British Workman" (one penny monthly) is intended to be for PARENTS and ADULTS. We are anxious to enlist the help of all our readers in making the "British Workman" more extensively circulated in the cottage homes throughout the land. Our best thanks are due to the many Sunday School Teachers who have occasionally presented copies to the parents of their scholars. We hope this plan will be extensively adopted.

With Five Hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "British Workman" for 1855, 1856, 1857, and 1858, bound in cloth, price 6s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d. The Four Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price Eightpence each.



NUMBER 107.

NOVEMBER 1, 1859.

# BAND OF HOPE REVIV

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, BY S. W. PARTRIDGE, 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

### THE STORM IS COMING.

THE rain is beginning to fall, the sky looks black, and the thunder rumbles in the distance. The miller and man are hastening homewards, and the cattle are turning to their shed as they see

that the storm is coming. The poor old woman with the bundle of sticks on her head, and her little grandchild under her cloak, have gone to the old tree for shelter. They could not have gone to a more dangerous place, as the lightning frequently shatters in pieces the trees in

the fields. Many persons have been killed by standing under the branches of the trees during thunder storms. Dear reader! there are many storms of life that you must encounter. Have you a "place of refuge," a "shelter" to which you can hasten? Amid all the storms and





troubles of life it is the privilege of the Christian to say, "The Lord is my refuge!"

There are too many, who like the old woman, go to the wrong place for shelter; they seek rest where it never can be found—they go anywhere but to Jesus Christ, the only sure refuge.

The storms of affliction and death will soon overtake us all, but let us never forget that those who are God's children have the promise of constant protection. Our blessed Redeemer, the Good Shepherd, has promised to be our "GUIDE" through life, and when we are passing through the "valley and shadow of death" He will never leave us, nor forsake us.

Let us trust in this blessed Saviour—Our REFUGE, not only from the storms of life, but our "hiding place" in the Day of Judgment.

### THE SURE REFUGE.

Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly;  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
Till the storms of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
Just and holy is Thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

### THE SABBATH-KEEPER.

"Them that honour me, I will honour."

A young Englishman in one of the Colonies of Southern Africa opened a store, in a neighbourhood of great moral degradation; and where no regard was paid to the Sabbath. He resolved to carry out the principles in which he had been trained in his fatherland, of never transacting any commercial concerns on that day. Of course, this was a subject of ridicule amongst the ungodly, especially the military; many of whom were stationed in those parts.

Two young officers contrived a stratagem by which they felt sure they should soon put to flight, what appeared to them to be, cant and hypocrisy. On the following Sunday, they knocked at the young man's door, and after apologizing for intruding on that day, and stating that it was quite a case of necessity, begged he would oblige them by letting them have the articles they wanted. To his praise, the young man was firm to his purpose; and told them it was a rule which he could not depart from, that he would never enter into any business transactions on the Sabbath.

"Then," replied they with a haughty air, "since you cannot favour us in such a trifle, we must go to those who will. If you will do this for us now, we have a large order from our regiment for you to-morrow; however if you don't care for your own interest, of course it is no concern of ours, but we hoped to have been able to serve you."

"No," replied the young man, "I cannot," With an air of high offence, the two officers walked away.

The next morning, who should appear at the store, but the very same gentlemen, one of whom, going up to the young man said;

"Well, Mr—, so you stood your ground! You are a brave fellow; and we've brought the order we threatened to withhold from you. Do

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Psalms xvi. 1.

you know, that was a trick we played off, yesterday; just to see what stuff you were made of!"

You may imagine what the feelings of that young man were; and what they would have been had he become the dupe of their unprincipled conduct. I ought to have added that the plan appeared the more likely to succeed, from the circumstance of Mr—, being a stranger in the place, without property, and just entering into life, with a delicate young wife dependent upon him.—From "Not a Minute to Spare."



### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

28.—When did a "house of bread" become a land of famine?

29.—On what occasion were men turned from executioners to prophets?

30.—An old Testament saint intended to prepare a feast for a very distinguished guest—the guest turned it into a sacrifice.—Refer to the occasion.

All the Answers to the Prize Bible Questions (except those from the Colonies), must be sent in next January, on the printed form specially prepared; this may be had by enclosing two postage stamps to the Editor, 15, Barnsbury Square, London, N. All the back numbers for this year (containing the questions 1 to 27), may be had through any bookseller, or, post free, from the publisher, for six postage stamps. In addition to the prizes of £11 originally announced, a second set of prizes will be specially awarded for competitors in the Colonies; see No. for September.

### "I RECOMMEND HIM TO MERCY."

SOME years ago, I knew a young man, a stonemason, whom I shall call George Marks. He came from Hampshire, and at the time I first knew him, worked at some new buildings in the King's Road, Chelsea. He was a good workman, and had been brought up well, by an uncle. But George was very thoughtless, and fond of what he called pleasure, and on coming to London, he left off the good habits of his early years, and neglected the claims of the Sabbath. From his childhood, he had been trained to attend the House of God regularly, but when he came to London, he thought he would have what he called "his liberty." He was not happy in wandering about and neglecting public worship on the Lord's-day. And he left off reading in his Bible, though he valued the book for the sake of his dead mother, to whom it had belonged. There the Holy Volume lay on the mantle-shelf of his room for months unopened. Why did he never look within its pages? Because he knew that Holy Book condemned him.

In the spring of the year, George was sent for suddenly to see his uncle, who was danger-

ously ill. He lost no time in going down to the village near Winchester, where his uncle lived, but though he made all speed, when he reached the house the sick man was so near death, he could scarcely speak. But there was no terror, all was peace and comfort with the dying Christian—all that George could make out of his uncle's words were, "Oh, I have served a good Master—Jesus will never leave nor forsake me." In a few hours the sufferer experienced the wondrous change.

The words "a good Master," somehow kept ringing in George's ears. He meant to stay until the funeral was over, and in the interval went to Winchester, being where the assizes were held. A friend of his was summoned as a witness on a trial there, and he asked George to go to the Court and hear the cases.

When George entered the Court, he saw a youth, of about eighteen, at the bar, who was accused of robbing his master. The lad was apprenticed to an ironmonger at P—, and had formed some bad acquaintances who had led him into habits of smoking and drinking, so that he got into debt. He wanted to alter his evil ways, but the man to whom he was indebted threatened to expose him, and during the master's illness and absence from business, the youth took some bars of solder, and offered them for sale at a marine-store shop. A policeman suspecting the lad, followed, and took him into custody. The foreman had identified the bars, and before the master knew anything of the circumstance, his apprentice was committed to prison to await his trial for the very serious offence of robbery.

The case was clear against the lad—not a link wanting. There he stood at the bar—a well-dressed, well-educated young man. He never looked up—his face was pale as death. He tried to seem unmoved, and never stirred hand or foot. Some said how cold and hardened he seemed. He was paralyzed with shame and despair. He was suffering the consequences of his sin, and it overwhelmed him. It was not repentance that he felt, but sorrow for the misery he had brought upon himself.

The awful word was spoken by the foreman of the jury, "GUILTY!" In a minute after, a feeble-looking gentleman entered the witness-box, and said, "I am the prisoner's master—I recommend him to mercy." Those few words struck like a dart through the culprit. He trembled from head to foot; all his features worked convulsively, and amid choking sobs he gasped out, "Oh my dear master—my good master, do you plead for me!—I can't bear it, my heart will break! Do you forgive me! I can take any punishment, if you forgive me. I know I have wronged a good master." He could speak no more, he felt fainting against the bar, at that moment he felt true penitence. It was not mere sorrow for the trouble that his sin had brought on himself, but grief that he had wronged a good master.

The judge and all the court had felt the scene, and on the master saying he would take the youth again into his employment, a light sentence was passed upon him.

George Marks had found the tears start in his eyes as he saw the lad's penitential anguish. He left the court and walked home alone, saying to himself, as he afterwards told me, "This boy's chief grief was, that he had wronged 'a good master,' and then the uncle's dying words came to George's mind in which he had said, 'I have served, I have served 'a good master.'" "Oh!" said George to himself, "I cannot say I have served—no, I am like that lad, 'I too have wronged a good Master.'" There was a heavy pang in the young man's heart. He had once been a Sabbath-scholar, he knew the truth, "One is your Master even Christ," and that He lived a life of sorrow for sinners—He died for sinners—He pleads for sinners, were the thoughts that came into his mind. The words "I recommend him to mercy," smote on his heart like a blow. "Oh! blessed Jesus," he exclaimed, "hast Thou had such pity on me, and I have forsaken Thee?" There in that road, as I have heard him say many times after, when he became a mature Christian, he prayed the first true prayer he ever offered with strong inward cries, and bitter self-reproach, for now he felt true repentance. Reader, you too have wronged a good Master, go to Him in prayer, for

"Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels mid their songs rejoice,  
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'"

"The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."—Psalms xvi. 11.





## THE LAKE.

THE morning air was  
balmy soft,  
And fragrant sweet  
the flowers,  
Blithe sang the sprightly,  
happy birds  
Among the leafy  
bowers.

I wandered up the  
shady grove,  
Then down the  
tangled brake,  
Till by the margin  
rapt I stood  
Of a sparkling  
pretty lake.

Its surface bright and smooth as glass,  
The wavelets all at rest;  
It seemed just like a child asleep  
Upon its mother's breast.

Two boys had launched their little boat,  
And they in merry glee  
Embarked, with youthful faith and hope,  
To cross the tiny sea.

God grant that on the sea of life,  
When billows would o'erwhelm,  
The young may place their confidence  
In Christ who guides the helm. J. C. G.

From UNCLE JOHN'S "Illustrated Songs and Hymns."

## SAILOR BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

Nor long ago, I heard a letter to the youth of a Sabbath-school read, in which the writer told of a good boy who went to sea—perhaps he was the cabin-boy. One of the counsels which his pious mother gave him when he left home was, "Never drink a drop of rum."

The sailors used strong drink several times every day. When it stormed, they thought they must use it more freely to keep from taking cold. So they offered it to the boy, for the same reason they drank it themselves; but he refused to drink. During a severe storm, when they were all very wet, they urged the lad very hard to drink. They were afraid that he would take cold and die. But he believed that he would not. Finally, one of the sailors, who had never tried his hand at making the little temperance here drink, said that he knew he could make him take a dram. So he went to the brave lad, and did his best to induce him to take a little, but he would not touch a drop. He told the old sailor of his mother's counsel—"Never drink a drop of rum"—and he quoted Scripture to show that he was doing right, for he had been a good Sabbath-school scholar. The sailor never heard

so much of the Bible in his life as the little fellow poured into his ear. All he could reply was, "Your mother never stood watch on deck." He gave it up, however, as a bad job, and went back to his post. On being asked how he succeeded, "O!" said he, "you can't do any thing with him, for he is chuck full of the Bible!"



## THE BEAR &amp; THE TEA KETTLE.

The bears of Kamtschatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. A few years since the fish became scarce. Emboldened by famine and consequent hunger, the bears, instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about, and sometimes entered villages. On a certain occasion, one of them found the outer gate of a house open, and entered in, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-kettle, full of boiling water, in the court. Bruin smelt at it, but it burnt his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the tea-kettle. He folded his arms round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it; but this, of course, only burnt him the more. The horrible growling which the rage and pain forced from the poor beast now brought the neighbours to the spot, and Bruin by a few shots was put out of his misery. To this day, however, when anybody injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village say he is like "the bear with the kettle."

## KNOCK AGAIN!

"I WOULD knock till the door opened," said a little boy of three years old, to his elder sister, who that morning returned from school, because as she said, she had knocked and no one heard her.

May not the seeker of Salvation, learn a lesson from this infant's earnestness, and "knock till the door opens," for God's Word is "They that seek me early, shall find me," and to him that knocketh, the door shall be opened." J. F. S.

## A SWEET SAYING.

"NEVER shall I forget the the thrill of pleasure," says the Rev. S. Kilpin, "which the last words of a dear child made in my mind. They came from his lips as he lay dying on my shoulder. He repeated the words of Christ, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;' and added, 'That is a sweet saying; is it not, uncle?' And then, that moment he died, to know its sweetness. He came from school in good health; he was gathering strawberries in the morning, and was dead in my arms at eleven o'clock the same night."

It is indeed a "sweet saying;" and as it has been written in the Bible for the use of the young, every child should learn it by heart, and try to know what it means.

There is every thing in Jesus to win our hearts. He is meek, lowly, and full of love. He can do us all the good we need, and save us from all the evil we fear. If you are a 'poor child, He can make you rich with the best riches, for He can give you His grace. If you are an ignorant child, He can give you His Holy Spirit to teach you. If you are an orphan child, He can be better to you than father and mother, and all earthly friends. If you are an afflicted child, He can comfort and bless you. One thing is certain, without doubt—you are a sinful child; and if you wish to be saved you must go to Jesus. He will save you from the love and

power of sin, and from its guilt and punishment. He obeyed his Father's law, and died on the cross, that He might save all who believe in Him.

Go, then, to Jesus. He will make you happy while you live, happy when you die, and happy for ever. O! then, do not forget to praise Him for His sweet saying, and believe in Him, love Him, and obey Him.

How beautiful was the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke, to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

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THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE GIVING THE PRIZE TO ANN GRAVES.

## THE BISHOP AND THE PRIZE.

IN the county of Cumberland, there is yearly a very interesting competitive examination of schools, instituted by George Moore, Esq., of London, which promises to do much good, and deserves the attention of those interested in education. In July last, the scholars from twelve schools were assembled at All-hallows, and prizes were awarded to those who gave the best proofs of progress in learning. The examination was conducted by the Rev. G. R. Moncrieff, H. M. Inspector of Schools, and Messrs. Murphy and Musgrave. Prizes were gained as follows:—by the Uldale school, 9. Blennerhassett, 7. All-hallows, 6. Ireby, 4. Aspatria, 3. Blencogo, 2. Bolton-new-houses, 1.

The best prize, a silver watch, was awarded amidst the applause of her schoolfellows, to Ann Graves of the Uldale school.

The Bishop of Carlisle on presenting it said, "I hope it will teach you, Ann Graves, to be punctual at school, and remind you that as time passes away, whether you are young or old, you should be preparing for ETERNITY."

## A SUNDAY-SCHOOL FACT.



several of my schoolfellows who laughed at me then, now fill the DRUNKARD'S GRAVE."

"I thank God," said a young man lately, "on looking back on my past life, that ever I was led, when attending the Sunday-school, to join the Temperance Society, and abjure the use of tobacco."

By God's mercy, it has been like a tower of strength to me, and I have thereby been saved from many

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

A FEW years ago, a lady was travelling for her health, in the South of England, having with her a pretty little black and tan spaniel, with

long curling ears. On one occasion, this lady had apartments in a house, where there was a cat, with one young kitten; but strange to say, this mother neglected her duty so much, that the kitten was left in its basket alone, to take care of itself. The dog (whose name was the "Black Prince,") had never seen a kitten before, and seemed to look at it with much interest. He went up to the basket, smelling it all round, until at length he became so bold as to take the kitten up gently in his mouth. He carried it to his own rug, and laid it down; he then laid down himself, extending his fore paws round it, for protection, and began licking it! just as tenderly as the mother could have done. This scene was repeated continually, until the dog and the kitten became quite friends. They might often be seen asleep together, the dog's paws extended round the kitten, whose little grey head rested on his soft warm shoulder.

As the kitten grew older and became more playful, its sharp claws sometimes annoyed the little dog, who would now and then show, by a gentle growl, that he was not quite pleased; but yet always seeming to understand that his little friend was young and knew no better. One day when the dog was eating his dinner, the poor little kitten, crawled into the middle of Black Prince's plate! This was a piece of impertinence which even a dog could not allow. With perfect coolness and composure, Black Prince took up the little intruder in his mouth, carried it to its own basket, and laid it down with the utmost gentleness. He then returned and finished his meal. All this was done with an air of calm dignity, which implied a perfect consciousness of his own superior power, and the helplessness of his little friend. It showed too, the noble and generous disposition of the little dog, as it occasioned no interruption to the friendship between it and the pussy. H. L. P.

A VERY interesting account has been sent us of a gamekeeper's dog, that has been so well trained that he can be sent from a distant part of an extensive park to the gamekeeper's house, for almost any article that his master requires. A gentleman, who doubted the fact, stayed in the keeper's house one day to watch the dog, who was to be sent a distance of about four miles for his master's "shot-belt No. 1." When the dog arrived at the house, he began to bark so as to gain the attention of his mistress. On being admitted, he looked up at the various articles on the wall, as much as to say, "My master has sent me for one of his belts!" There were several belts hung in a row on the wall, and the keeper's wife took down No. 4; but the dog refused to take it! All the others, except No. 1, were handed down, but the sagacious creature would not touch one of them! The moment, however, "No. 1" was handed down, the noble animal eagerly seized it, and off he scampered as fast as his legs would carry him, and soon laid the required belt at his master's feet. What a power there is in kindness, and how much more service even dogs may render to man, if well treated and carefully trained!

We have received a number of very interesting Anecdotes of Dogs which we cannot insert, from their having been sent *anonymously*. We do not publish names when objected to.



"GO HOME FOR MY SHOT BELT NO. 1."



NUMBER 108.

DECEMBER 1, 1859.



### THE TURNING POINT.

Boys! never be ashamed to pray. Never shrink from acknowledging God. Let not the laugh and the jeer of comrades deter you from the path of duty. You know not what important results depend upon your example. Many years ago, a youth named John was apprenticed in the town of Poole. John had been piously trained by his good parents, but unhappily he yielded to

temptations, — neglected the reading of his Bible, disregarded the Sabbath, and gave up praying. Oh how sad when the child of many prayers refuses to pray for himself! John was gradually declining from bad to worse, when one night a new apprentice arrived. On being pointed to his little bed, the youth put down his luggage, and then in a very silent but solemn manner, knelt down to pray. John, who was busily undressing, saw this, and the sight



"JOHN, WHO WAS BUSILY UNDESSING, SAW THIS, AND WAS TROUBLED."



troubled him. He did not raise a titter as many wicked youths would have done, but he felt abased. Conscience troubled, and God's Holy Spirit strove with him. It was the turning point in John's life! He began again to pray; he felt the burden of his sins to be great; but he sought that Saviour who died for poor sinners; he cast his helpless soul by faith on the atonement made on Calvary, and was enabled at length to rejoice as one of God's forgiven children. A few years afterwards, he began to preach to others. He was encouraged, particularly by good old Dr. Bennett, to devote himself to God's service, and he ultimately became one of the most laborious, successful, and honoured ministers of the Gospel ever known. His writings are to be found in every part of the world, and his name will be had in remembrance probably as long as time shall last. \* \* \* \* \* A few weeks ago, a funeral—such a funeral as is seldom seen—took place in one of our great manufacturing towns. Clergymen, ministers, civic authorities, merchants, and thousands of men of all classes of society were paying honour to the departed. Shops were closed, and the whole town seemed to be wrapped in mourning, as though some "great prince" had fallen. And who was the departed? That good minister, the Rev. JOHN ANGELL JAMES, of BIRMINGHAM—the boy whose "turning point" in life we have briefly described!



### THE BOY AND ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

AN electrical machine was in the window of a scientific instrument maker's shop, and a youth stood looking at it with eager eyes. He was observing every part with intense curiosity. At length, after a long absorbing gaze, a neighbouring clock struck—he started like one awakened from a sleep, and ran with all speed to his master's workshop. The boy was the son of a working-man—a smith, and was intended also for a working-man, but not quite so laborious a trade. Perhaps the boy was not strong enough for his father's manly trade, so he was apprenticed to a bookbinder in Blandford Street, Marylebone. He was a diligent lad, fond of work in hours of business, and fond of a book in hours of leisure. In particular he loved books on scientific subjects. He liked to read about the wonders of chymistry; still more about electricity—that wonderful power that flashes out of the thunder cloud, that dwells unseen in the dew-drop, that at a touch thrills through the startled nerves, and like an invisible but mighty spirit, pervades all things, from the clouds of heaven to the clouds of earth. One day he found out the shop window with the electrical machine, and at every spare moment he haunted that window, taking the shape and measure of every knob, and wire, and wheel, and plate, with earnest eyes. Then he resolved to try and make one for himself. So by the light of the early summer mornings, he was up and working away at his machine. In time he completed it and found it would act. He touched the brass knob, and the shock that went through him was as nothing compared to the joy that throbbed in his heart at seeing his work complete. He shewed it to his master, who, being a kind and sensible man, was pleased and surprised at the ingenuity of the lad. The master was fond

The heart of him that hath  
understanding seeketh know-  
ledge.—Proverbs xv. 14.

of shewing the electrical apparatus of his industrious apprentice to every person likely to be interested in a clever youth. Among them were some Fellows of the Royal Society, who might, perhaps, have an admission ticket to give.

Some few years after, the lad, now a young man, was again gazing with wide open eyes, and laying up all he saw in his mind. This time, it was not through a shop window that he looked. It was from a seat in the Royal Society's lecture room, that he witnessed Sir Humphry Davy making some beautiful chymical experiments. The youth did not know which most to admire, the beautiful apparatus, the wonderful experiments, or the eloquent lecture—all was so new to him, so interesting! But the lecturer himself was above all the rest, the object of his admiration; our youth having been a reader, knew that Sir Humphry Davy was not born of rich parents, though his kindred and his breeding were virtuous and respectable. In the remote town of Penzance, in Cornwall, from the most western extremity in England, the great man had come. He had taught himself nearly all he knew—and now the youth saw him standing before the mighty and the noble of the land. The light of genius in his flashing eyes, the words of wisdom on his eloquent lips. "Oh! if I could but follow the steps of such a master," was the involuntary wish of the youthful hearer. This thought produced action; promptness was a leading part of the young man's character, so he resolved to write to the great chymist, and state that he wished to follow some other trade than that to which he had been apprenticed, that he loved science, and would think himself happy to be employed in any way in the laboratory of so great a man. It was a bold step, but the request, though urgent, was full of the noble humility of real worth. His letter was not neglected—inquiries were made; the good master had no wish to prevent the youth entering on a career for which his talents and studious habits fitted him. The electrical apparatus was another aid to him, so the wish of his heart was granted; he entered the laboratory of the great man, and had ample opportunity to study and to improve. There is no need to say he did not waste his time or neglect his opportunities. Sir Humphry Davy died, leaving a name dear to the philanthropist, as well as the man of science; but his place was not long vacant. Who fills it? He whose youth we have feebly sketched—he, whose lectures at the Royal Institution are listened to by Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales—the celebrated and much beloved PROFESSOR FARADAY.

"Seest thou the man that is diligent in his calling, he shall stand before princes."

[Extracted from the "British Workman," in the hope that it will lead many of our young readers to employ their spare hours profitably.]

### "HASTE TO THE RESCUE."

A VOLUME bearing the above title has just been issued by the worthy wife of a clergyman in Shropshire, which will gladden the hearts of the friends of temperance. The authoress has at length solved the problem which long perplexed her:—"How are men to be drawn away from habits of intemperance?" We rejoice in being able to testify from personal investigation on the spot, that the efforts of the benevolent authoress have been instrumental, by God's blessing, in reclaiming some of the most inveterate drunkards, and bringing them to the foot of the Cross. Every clergyman and Sunday-school teacher should peruse this volume.

\* "Haste to the Rescue," published by Nisbet and Co. 3s. 6d.

"So teach us to number  
our days that we may apply  
our hearts unto wisdom."

### MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

My Sunday-school! my Sunday-school!  
I love the hallowed spot;  
Amid my trifles and my play,  
Thou shalt not be forgot:  
Though idle, thoughtless children spurn  
Its counsels and its care,  
Yet still my willing feet shall turn  
To seek instruction there.

My Sunday-school! my Sunday-school!  
How pleasant is the place  
Where, in God's Holy Book, I learn  
The love of Christ to trace:  
The words that fell from Jesus' tongue,  
His care of blind and dumb,  
And how the Saviour loved the young,  
And bade the children come.

My Sunday-school! my Sunday-school!  
Oh may I so improve,  
That my amendment shall repay  
My teacher's care and love:  
May all the lessons taught me there,  
Be graven on my heart,  
That I, oh Lord, Thy name may fear,  
Nor from Thy ways depart. S. W. P.

### LITTLE HELPERS.

WHEN in the Holloway Road, one morning about eight o'clock, I noticed a little girl carry-



ing a bundle and a can very carefully. She was soon saluted with a hearty welcome by a working-man, who was engaged on some drainage works. In a few moments he was seated beside the palisades, and evidently enjoyed his homely fare. He looked as though he had a grateful heart, and I hope he had one. I overheard a little of their conversation, and it was pleasant to find how deeply the man was interested in what was going on at "home," and how tenderly the "baby" was inquired about. When the meal was finished, the father gave his child a kiss, and told her to "be a good child, to help mother, and be industrious at school."

Many of the little readers of the "Band of Hope Review," are the children of hard-working-men, who leave their homes by five or six o'clock on the dark winter mornings for their work, I want all of them to be "LITTLE HELPERS," not only by cheerfully and carefully carrying father's meals, but in every other possible way. May each of them remember and practise the poor working-man's advice, "Be a good child; help mother, and be industrious at school." K.

### A Good Christmas Present.

Fourth Edition, enlarged. Post free. Price 3s. 6d. gilt, 4s. 6d.

MORNING DEW DROPS; or the Juvenile Abstinence. By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR.

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## SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

How many poor children I see every day  
Who have no one to teach them aright:  
No wonder in vice they should wander astray,  
And in all that is evil delight.

But I, who have not a nice Bible to read,  
And teachers so good and so kind,  
Shall prove myself bad and ungrateful indeed,  
If I still am perversely inclined.

These blessings will rise at God's terrible bar,  
If I do not grow better by them;  
And my Bible, neglected, will also be there,  
And my friends and my teachers condemn.

Then let me attend, and make haste to improve,  
With every fresh season that's given,  
And pray to the Lord of all mercy and love,  
To train me for virtue and heaven.

S. W. P.

From UNCLE JOHN'S "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones."

## A WORD IN SEASON.

A VENERABLE minister of Christ said on an occasion of his daughter being too late for worship.

"My child! take care that you are not too late at the last great day!"

These few words which were uttered with melting tenderness, yet with holy firmness, made a never-to-be-forgotten impression on the daughter's heart, which ended in her seeking to have her name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and give to Christ who redeemed her, the best end of her days.

A flower when offered in the bud  
Is no vain sacrifice.

J. F. S.

## THE MOTHER.

MY DEAR YOUTH! Thy mother is thy best earthly friend. The world may forget you—thy mother never, never; the world may wilfully do you many wrongs—thy mother never; the world may persecute you while living, and when dead, plant the ivy and the nightshade of slander upon your grassless grave—but thy mother will love and cherish you while living, and, if she survives you, will weep for you when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy Mother! Love thy Mother!

## PRAY FOR THE SAILORS.

DURING the last few weeks our coast has been visited with some terrific storms; many noble vessels have been wrecked; and hundreds of our fellow-creatures have found a watery grave. Will our young friends in their prayers remember our SAILORS? The sons of the sea need the sympathy and the supplications of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ.

If we reflect upon the many luxuries of life that are brought to us by Mariners, we shall not forget the "Sailors on the sea" in our prayers.



## AFFECTING OCCURRENCE.

In the spring of the year, a young man was drowned while bathing in the north of England. He was the stay and companion of his widowed mother. There were three of his brothers in Australia, and on hearing the melancholy tidings of their brother's death, they cast lots as to which of the three should return to England to be the future companion of their good old mother. The lot fell upon a fine young man, a sailor, who immediately took his passage in the "Royal Charter," the loss of which on the Welsh coast in October last, cast such a gloom over the entire nation. On the vessel calling at Queenstown, the young man sent a letter by post to his mother to tell her she might expect him in a few days. On the day appointed, the mother, anxious to catch the first glance of her worthy son from that distant country, went up to

the railway to meet the train. What must have been her feelings to hear on entering the station, that a telegram had just arrived, with the startling news, "The Royal Charter is lost with upwards of 400 lives";—and the noble son of the poor widow was among the lost ones!

## PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

31.—The preservation of a certain family (not of the Children of Israel) is promised, and that some of them should ever be found among the worshippers of the true God:—who was their father?

32.—Name two very remarkable dwelling places of Deity.

33.—In three words state the number of persons that united in the rejection of Jeremiah and the message of his Lord.

34.—Four verses in one of the Psalms, by the authority of two inspired Apostles refer to Christ:—name them, and say who were the Apostles.

35.—Bible philosophy explains how vaporous vessels carry oceans through the air:—give the passage.

36.—A message that concerned the life of a great king, and the interests of a whole kingdom, was trusted with a woman:—refer to the occasion.

All the Answers to the Prize Bible Questions (except those from the Colonies), must be sent in not later than the 31st of January next, on the printed form specially prepared; this form may be had by enclosing two postage stamps to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. N. All the numbers for this year (containing the questions 1 to 36), may be had through any bookseller, or, post free, to any place in the United Kingdom, from the publisher, for six postage stamps. In addition to the prizes of £11 originally announced, a second set of prizes will be specially awarded for competitors in the Colonies; see No. for September. Competitors from the Colonies will be allowed until the 1st of November, 1860, for sending their answers, and they can use plain paper.

PRIZES VALUE £20, will be given for the best Answers to the Bible Questions for 1860. Further particulars will be given in next month's No.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

With 700 Engravings. The complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review," for the Nine Years, bound in cloth, 9s.; gilt edges, 10s. 6d. The Nine Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in stiff covers, 1s. each.

The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1859, (with upwards of seventy engravings), in stiff covers, One Shilling; bound in cloth, 2s.

"Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John, now completed in ten Sixpenny Numbers, with numerous Woodcuts, (several in colours), Vol. I., cloth, 5s., gilt edges, 7s. 6d. Vol. II. cloth, 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 6s.

With Six Hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "British Workman," for 1855—1859, bound in cloth, price 7s. 6d., gilt edges, 9s. The Five Yearly Parts in paper covers, Eighteenpence each.

Widow Green and her Three Nieces, by Mrs. Ellis, addressed to her Friends in the Kitchen and the Cottage. Price 1s. A valuable present for domestics.

## CHEAP POSTAGE.

Packets of the Band of Hope Review sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, as under—

8 copies for 4d., or for one year, 4s.			Must be
16	" 8d.,	" 8s.	Paid
24	" 1s. 0d.,	" 12s.	in
40	" 1s. 8d.,	" 20s.	advance.

Orders to be addressed to Mr. S. W. PARTRIDGE, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)



LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. (N.)





MORNING. FROM A PAINTING BY FREDERIC TAYLER.

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

CHARLES CROUCHER, an under-gamekeeper residing at Crowe, on the borders of the New Forest, has a little terrier which is accustomed to travel alone from its master's home to that of another keeper at Bisterne, a distance of about three miles, with a letter attached to its neck; no other means being used than pointing the finger, and adding, "Go to Bisterne," where it remains until a message is ready to be sent to its master, when it immediately obeys the order, "Go to Crowe," and pursues the same course as before. This fact is the more remarkable from the dog being nearly deaf, and blind, which has acquired for it the name of "*The Blind Postman*."

THERE is a large black and white Newfoundland dog, belonging to one of the hotels, on the port at Boulogne, and as you walk along the Quay he will come up to you, and thrusting his nose into your hand, ask you as plainly as he can, in dog language, to give him a sou (French halfpenny); if he succeeds in obtaining one, he carries it in his mouth to the barmaid, and follows her about, wagging his tail till he makes her understand that he wishes to make a purchase of a biscuit. As soon as she fetches him one, he drops the copper at her feet, and returns to you before he eats the biscuit, to show you that he has made a proper use of your money. As the port is a favourite walk, he gets a good many biscuits in the course of the day. He does not forget those who have once befriended him, and he takes good care that they shall not forget him.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

WHILST many of our young friends will be enjoying their Christmas Day with loving parents and kind friends, there will be thousands of poor desolate children, to whom that festive day will bring only sorrow and sighing. Owing to the fearful Drinking Customs of our land, there are more persons intoxicated on this day, than on, perhaps, any other day in the year. Oh, what an unhappy Christmas it will be for the poor children of the drunkards! The readers of our little paper may do something to prevent this sad curse of intemperance being continued. They can ask their parents not to give as Christmas presents, any spirits, wine, or beer; but to give money, books, or clothes instead;—something

that will do good, and not harm. They can also, by the distribution of tracts, &c., seek to persuade people to put their money in the Savings' Bank, instead of wasting it in drink.



THE NEGRO AND THE COOPER.

## A TEMPERANCE MAN.

A MASTER cooper called upon a coloured man in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave timber. He inquired for what purpose he wanted it, and received for an answer, "I have contracted for so many whisky barrels."

"Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale, and want money, but no man shall purchase a stave of me for that purpose."

Mr. Cooper was indignant to meet such stern reproach from a black, and called him a nigger.

"That is very true," mildly replied the other, "it is my misfortune to be a negro; I can't help that; but I can help selling my timber to make whisky barrels, and I mean to do it."

## A CHRISTMAS TEXT.

"Thou shalt call His name  
JESUS: for He shall save His  
people from their sins."

See Matthew 1. 21.

## THE THREE.

AT a recent meeting of the Richmond (Surrey) Temperance Society, held in the Vestry Hall, a Bible was presented by Mr. Freemantle (the oldest member in the Society), to the Rev. A. M. W. Christopher, M.A., as a token of the gratitude felt by the Society for the important help afforded to the cause by the Reverend Gentleman. How very cheering when the three;—the Bible, the Clergyman, and the Temperance Society go hand-in-hand! We hope that Mr. Christopher's removal from Richmond to Oxford will enable him still further to help on the Temperance movement.

A HINT.—Mr. Affleck, the Missionary at Bishop Auckland, writes:—"In order to increase the circulation of the *British Workman*, we have adopted the plan of giving PRIZES to the elder members of the Band of Hope, who obtain the most subscribers for it. The parents and relatives of the children are thus induced to take in the publication by way of encouraging their little ones. So far, we have succeeded well, and we say unto others, "Do likewise." We hope our "Band of Hope" readers will give this hint their consideration. We shall be glad to furnish them with Illustrated House-to-House Canvassing Bills, gratis, to assist the canvassers. The beginning of the new year is peculiarly favourable for an object of this kind. Applications for bills should be addressed to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Sq., London. N.

If you desire to be wiser, think not that you are wise enough.

THEY are only wise who are wise to salvation

## TO OUR READERS.

WILL each of our young friends try and get us one new subscriber to commence the New Year with? Many GIRLS are trying to do this. Will the BOYS do the same? If so we shall begin the year with joy.





# BAND OF HOPE REVIEW

## AND CHILDRENS FRIEND.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co., PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.



### WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

It was a fearful sight! The noble vessel from Australia had safely reached the Irish coast, and was within a few hours' sail of her English port, when a terrific storm arose. The gallant captain with his

brave crew exerted all their skill and efforts to save the vessel from being driven on the rocks, but in vain! They cast out their anchors, but the cables soon broke, and in a few moments the beautiful vessel was

dashed on the rocks, and four hundred and fifty-four of our fellow-creatures found a watery grave! Just before the vessel broke in pieces, a Maltese sailor,—a real hero—seized a rope, and after being twice washed



back to the ship, he succeeded in swimming to the shore.\* With this rope, a thicker one, called a "hawser," was drawn to the land, and there made fast. By sliding down this hawser, about thirty persons were saved.

Oh, how uncertain are all our earthly joys and treasures! In a moment they may be snatched from us. On board the lost vessel were not a few from the goldfields, with their rich treasures. They were returning to their native land intending to spend the remainder of their days in enjoying the fruit of their toil, but within sight of our shores they perished! Let us learn a solemn lesson from this painful event, an event which has called forth a nation's sorrow. Let it teach both young and old, the necessity of being ready for death. None are too young to die. The new year on which we are spared to enter may be the last to many who read these lines. We know not what even a day,—nay, not an hour, may bring forth. The Bible warns us; and every day with its passing events re-echoes the warning, "Be ye also ready!" "Prepare to meet thy God!"

\* A large and beautiful engraving of this noble Maltese sailor, just as he was about to plunge with the rope into the sea, will be given in the *British Workman* for next month.

### CURIOUS FACT.

DR. BUCHANAN, in writing to a little girl, from the foot of Mount Cape Comorin, says: "The birds which build the pendulous (that means hanging) nests, are here numerous. At night each of their little habitations is lighted-up, as if to see company. The sagacious little bird fastens a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then picks up a fire-fly, and sticks it on the clay, to illuminate the dwelling which consists of two rooms; sometimes there are three or four fire-flies, and their blaze of light in the little cell dazzles the eyes of the bats which often kill the young of the birds.

How curious and wonderful is this arrangement of Providence, for the protection of these little birds! Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, and He hears the young ravens when they cry. When travellers camp out at night in the forests where there are beasts of prey, they build a fire around their camp to dazzle the eyes of the wild beasts, and frighten them away: so the instincts of these little birds, lead them to build fires, with the fire-flies, around their dwellings, to protect them and their young from the destroyer! This is indeed wonderful: and it shows the wisdom and the goodness of the great Creator."

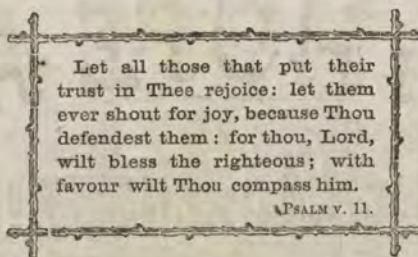
### TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES.

A GENTLEMAN in the city of Boston who was in the habit of using wine, was asked by one of his promising boys, if he might go to one of our meetings. "Yes, my boy, you may go; but you must not sign the pledge." Now in our cold water army, we don't allow the children to sign the pledge without the consent of their parents. We believe the boy's first duty is to obey his father and mother. Well, the boy came: he was a noble little fellow; full of fire, and life. We sang and sang, and the chorus was shouted by the children:—

"Cheer up my lively lads,  
In spite of rum and cider;  
Cheer up my lively lads,  
We've signed the pledge together."

We sung it eight or ten times, and the little fellow I speak of sung it too. As he was walking home, however, the thought struck him that he had been singing what was not true—"We have signed the pledge together;" he had not signed the pledge. When he reached home, he sat down at the table; and on it was a jug of cider. "Jem," says one of his brothers, "will you have some cider?" "No, thank you," was the reply. "Why not—don't you like it?" "Oh, I'm never going to drink any more cider,—nothing more that is intoxicating for me!" "My boy," said his father, "you have not disobeyed me; you have not signed the pledge?" "No, father," said he, sobbing, "I have not signed the pledge, but I've sung it." That father came up to the Temperance Meeting, at which 3000 people were assembled and told the story, and said "I'll not be outdone by my boy,—though I have not sung the pledge I will sign it." He did so, and is at the present day one of the truest and noblest supporters of the cause.

A BARREL of liquor was once being carried up a street, when, by accident, it fell to the ground and the head was driven in. One of the spectators seeing the liquor was spilt, said "Oh dear! oh dear! what a pity!" "Oh no!" said a little boy, who was looking on,— "It is not a pity. The drink will do better on God's earth than in God's image."—J. B. Gough.



Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because Thou defendest them: for thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt Thou compass him.

PSALM V. 11.

### VALUE OF PICTURES.

A SHORT time ago, a little boy five years old, was playing with his toys, but seeing his aunt take up the Bible, he immediately left his play, and ran to her saying,

"Please aunty, do read to me about Daniel in the Lions' Den, and I will be very attentive, and please let me have uncle's Picture-Book, that I may see Daniel."

Of course the request was granted, and it was pleasing to watch the little child examining the picture to see that it corresponded with the account that his aunt was reading from the Bible. He asked many curious questions about the angel and the lions, which if he had not had the picture before him, he might not have thought of. The book referred to is "The Picture Scrap Book," just published by the Religious Tract Society. We recommend it to parents who wish to impress Bible truths on the minds of their little ones. This is one of the best Picture-Books for children ever published.

### BE CONTENT.

If others are wealthy while we are but poor  
We still may be happy as they,  
For moderate desires, not immoderate store,  
Best keep discontentment away.

The noblest and richest have troubles to bear  
Amid their possessions untold,  
Of suffering and sorrow they all have their share  
In spite of their titles and gold.

Our sleep is as sound and our food is as sweet  
As any which they can enjoy,  
And time never passes so pleasant and fleet  
As when spent in useful employ.

'Tis doing our duty, not changing our lot,  
That brings truest pleasures and peace,  
And whether we share in earth's treasures or not,  
We may share in its joys if we please.

If duty be done 'tis a far greater thing  
Than riches or honours to gain:  
With this even a cottage will happiness bring,  
Without it a palace will vain.

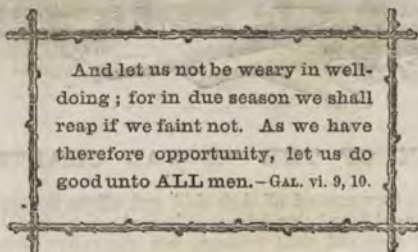
From "Rhymes worth Remembering."

### A NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

"Let it alone this year also."—LUKE xiii. 6 to 9.

DIG a grave: dig a grave: the old year is dead; and we are going to bury it. Heap on the earth: let the snow fall on it: put up a tombstone; and write, "Sacred to the Memory of 1859." But shall we bury what is not dead? The old year is not dead. No: no: the old year is still alive. As it passed us, it saw what we were doing, and it is gone back to the great God to tell Him our last year's history. The old year is gone, and will never come again; but it liveth still.

It is cold, and dark, and dreary now, at six o'clock in the morning; but it was different in summer days. It was one morning in last June, the sun had got up early that morning, and shone beautifully, making the



And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto ALL men.—GAL. vi. 9, 10.

dewdrops look brilliant as pearls. The lark had left his grassy bed, and was soaring and singing, as if he felt the nearer to heaven the better; and the plough-boy was whistling far out in the fields, as much as to say, riches are good, but health is better. Now, while all these things were thus, there was an intelligent youth leaning on his spade, and while looking at a withered rose-tree in his little garden, he said to himself, "What is the use of this tree? I think I shall have it up." Upon this, as the fable goes, the rose-tree replied, "Why disturb me? what harm do I do? Do I bear any poisonous berries? Do I bear any flowers that look ugly or smell badly?" "No," answered the youth, "but then you do not bear roses, and what I want is a rose;" and then to cut the argument short, in went the spade, and up came the withered tree; and in another moment it was thrown over the hedge into a pit at the bottom of the garden. Do you not think that this youth did quite right? Perhaps you do not bear poisonous berries, but then, I want 1860 to be a happy new year to you; and therefore, I want you to bear roses.

Jesus went about doing good. He always did what was right; and He did it from a right motive. Ah! motive is everything. "Dear mamma," said a young lady, "I have bought you for a birthday-present, such a beautiful collar." Mamma was pleased; and within a few days she gave to her daughter a very handsome workbox, worth ten times more than the collar. Now, this was just what the young lady expected,—the very motive which led her to give the collar, was not from love, but from selfishness. Do you not see, that while the act was right, the motive was wrong. Will any of you call this bearing good fruit? Think, think again. The old year is past; and the new year is come. Now, what do you think about your own motives during 1859? Have you attended the Sabbath-school? Have you been regular at the House of God? Have you helped your parents? Have you been kind to your companions? If so, then you have done right things; but what about the motives? Have you done them to please Jesus Christ? Have you said, "Jesus died on the cross for me, and He wishes me to do this sort of thing, and therefore I will do it because it will please Him?"

What a large congregation! How attentive all the people seem! How happy some of them look! But who is that rough-looking man, standing up in that pew, there? How distressed he seems! Don't you know him? That's Tom the drunkard. He is come to the revival prayer-meeting; he is seeking mercy for his soul. Do you see that tear on his cheek? Angels are looking at that: in all the wide-world, the angels see nothing more beautiful than that drunkard's tear. Poor fellow! he little thinks, he is making the angels so happy, but he is; for the tear of penitence, which Tom the Belfast drunkard is shedding, makes the bright angels strike their golden harps, that another sinner is brought to repentance. Have you ever been sorry for your sins? Have the angels ever seen on your face, tears of penitence?

Eighteen hundred and sixty years ago, Jesus was born: and when He was about thirty years old, He began preaching. He only preached about three years and a-half, before He was put to death; but while He was a preacher, He would often tell about a man who had a vineyard, in which there was a fig-tree, that ought to have borne fruit; but, which did not. Year after year he came to this tree; but although he looked on every branch very carefully, and turned over every leaf, yet, he could see no figs. At last he grew tired of coming; and one day he said to his man, cut this tree down: but the man replied, spare it another year, and I'll try to make it bear fruit. If I succeed, well: but if I do not, it can but be cut down then.

On Christmas-day, 1857, there were many young people met together. God came to see if they were like the barren fig-tree. So He looked into their hearts; and when He turned over the leaves and branches, He found, that they had no love for Christ. The next year, which was Christmas, 1858, God came again, seeking fruit; but, although these young persons had heard many sermons, God went away, saying, I see no sorrow for sin, yet. The third year, which was Christmas, 1859, God was looking at their hearts once more; and then He said, "Lo, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" Are you this barren fig-tree? If so, I hope Jesus is saying to God, "Let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." How dreadful to be cut down, and everlastingly perish! But I hope boys and girls, you will all pray for a new heart, for this is the way to make 1860 a "Happy New Year."

ALMANACS for 1860. The *British Workman's Almanac* with Seven Illustrations; and the *Band of Hope Almanac*, with 13 Illustrations, price One Penny each.





### THE HONEST DEPTFORD BOY.

In Miss Marsh's "English Hearts and English Hands," she tells a beautiful story of two "navvies," and a Deptford boy. Miss Marsh had been on board of the "Jura," and amongst the five hundred men who were about to sail, she found two honest "navvies" who had left themselves without warm clothing to protect them from the severe cold, rather than remain in debt. The ship was just about to sail, and Miss Marsh hastened on shore to buy two warm jackets. The shopkeeper had no one that he could spare to take the parcel to the ship. The night was bitterly cold, and not a moment was to be lost. What was to be done? Miss Marsh says:—

"Beneath a lamp in the street stood a group of boys. Its light fell on a face which seemed to introduce the sort of messenger I desired. The story was told him. 'Now, my boy, we are strangers, and I do not want to know your name or where you live, nor any clue to either. You might take these vests and make twenty shillings upon them, or give them away to your father and brothers, if you choose. I should never send the police after you. But my confidence in the honour of English boys, which stands so high now, would be broken down. And those two nobly honest men would suffer, and might take cold and go into a consumption, and die; and their wives and children break their hearts about them.'

"The boy's eyes flashed under the lamp-light, and snatching the parcel, he said, 'Trust me. I'm the boy for it.'

"Eighteenpence happened to be the worldly all we had with us, after paying for the vests. I told him how sorry I was for this; but that it would pay his boat each way, and he would have sixpence and a happy heart to lie down with at night.

"It's a plenty. Father's a waterman. I shall get his boat for nothing. All's right!" and off he ran.

"A note had been enclosed in the parcel to one of the officers with whom I had had some conversation, requesting him to send me one line by post that night or next morning, to say that the parcel had reached its destined owners.

"The next day passed, and the next, but no letter came from the *Jura*. We read in the *Times* that she had sailed on Thursday. The day posts of Saturday arrived, but brought no news of the parcel.

"My trust failed. 'My boy is dishonest,' I said; 'and my confidence in human honour can never be the same again.'

"But by the last post on Saturday evening came a note from the officer alluded to, to say that about seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, a boy had brought a parcel on board, and had requested permission to deliver it to two men, named James P— and John M—, in the presence of the captain of the ship, the chief officer of the Corps, and the medical officer.

"Having discharged his duty, the last sound heard amidst the splashing of his oars, as he left the ship's side, was the shout, 'Tell that ere lady I kept my word, and the jackets was in time.'

ever go hunting after the poor and suffering this cold stormy weather? Do you ever go out to find them out in their cold bare rooms and garrets? and see what they want to eat or to wear? That is the hunting every boy and girl should be skilful in as it yields so much profit.

"Profit! I should think rather what it might cost; because I should have to give something surely."

Ah, yes! but it yields a handsome profit too. I have a friend who is very active in this kind of hunting; before that stormy Sabbath came on, you might have seen her going down this little lane, and that bye-place; entering this low back door, and speaking kind words to the poor widow, perhaps dropping into her lap a warm pair of stockings; going to that sick woman, and whilst she gives something for her body, she reads to her in the Bible and tells her of that great Physician who lives in heaven.

After the Sabbath storm was over, then she put on her bonnet and cloak to look after some other poor family; see her, she hastens down that street, then turns off by that tall house; on she goes, until she ascends the old staircase, and taps at a door.

"Come in," is the reply. "Oh, I am so glad to see you," and a sick woman stretches out her thin hand, while she sits shivering around a coal stove.

"How is it with you?" she kindly asks; "what kind of a Sabbath had you?"

"Oh, such a Sabbath," answers the poor one, "such a terrible Sabbath! My husband was drinking all day. He brought a bottle of liquor home; the children were shivering; and I was sick, we had next to nothing to eat. There was such a noise. I cannot read, my child can't, and we had only a piece of the Bible to read even if we could. I never felt so much that I wanted to hear something good"—and here the speaker wept.

"Have you something nourishing to eat to-day?" asked, my friend.

"Nothing, Ma'am!"

My friend talked and sympathized with her—then went home and made some soup to send the sufferer; a pitcher full went down by afternoon, and she is now trying to get the family comfortably provided for.

I cannot count the families she thus hunts up and befriends. I cannot tell you the souls to whom she has been made a blessing! and the hearts she has warmed by her kindness. The light of many a fire in cold, poor homes, has been kindled through her instrumentality.

"Does it not cost something?" Yes—but she realizes great profit; her bosom is filled with real joy; she has the blessing of all who know her, and friends without number: above all, she must have a greater Friend in Heaven whom she strives to obey, and like Him to go about doing good. He blesses her with the light of His countenance, and makes her happy.

Is not this a delightful kind of hunting? No killing or cruelty here. This is a truly Christian hunting. I hope you will all try and get trained to it, because your Heavenly Father desires that you go out upon it very often in the cold weather. Who of the readers of the *Band of Hope Review* have been out upon little hunting excursions of this kind?

"All honour to the English boy, who sustained my right to trust my brothers, young or old. The world is not so wide, but we shall meet again, I hope; and meet when we may, the trusty and the trusting will be friends."

### HUNTING.

"HUNTING what? Hunting foxes! Hunting hares, with my gun and snow-shoes!" No. "Hunting bears and wolves which come down from the mountains in cold weather to get something to eat?" No. "Hunting buffaloes as the Indians do, with their bow and arrows, and spears?" No. "Hunting after my lost book or hoop?" No.

Do you ever hunt, little readers? I do not mean any of the huntings just named. "Hunting what then," you ask? Why, do you

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS, 1860.

1. When did God make the winds His caterers to fetch in provisions?
2. Who hired a Prophet to frighten a Ruler with the report of his intended murder?
3. On what occasion did a priest, a learned scribe, and honourable courtiers, consult a woman, and attend to hear the will of God from her mouth?

Prizes, value £20, will be awarded for the best Answers to the thirty-six Questions for 1860, as follows:—

No. 1. Three Prizes, value £5, £3, and £2, for the first, second, and third best sets of Answers.

No. 2. Three Prizes, value £5, £3, and £2, for the first, second, and third best sets of Answers. These prizes are open only to competitors resident in any of the British Colonies or Foreign Countries.

### Conditions.

1. Competitors to be under twenty-one years of age.
2. Each Competitor to be prepared to affirm that the answers are his or her own, and also to give reference to a parent or teacher, in proof of the same, if required.
3. The answers to be written neatly and clearly on the printed form specially prepared for this purpose. (None others will be received, except from residents in the Colonies), a copy of which may now be had, post free, by enclosing two postage stamps to the Editor of the *Band of Hope Review*, 13, Barnsbury Square, London, N. (Please write outside the letter of application, "PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.")
4. The answers to be given as concisely as possible, and with direct reference to the question. Chapter and verse always to be stated. It is not necessary to write out the verses in full.
5. All answers (except those in Class No. 2), to be sent in not later than the 31st of January, 1861. Answers from the Colonies and Foreign Countries, may be sent in as late as 1st November, 1861.

### NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, &c.

With the Yearly Part of the *Band of Hope Review*, for 1859, (with upwards of seventy engravings), in stiff covers, price 1s.; ParLOUR Edition, on superior paper, bound in cloth, 2s.

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THE Publishers will forward packets of the "British Workman" to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, POST FREE, on the undermentioned terms:—

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ORDERS to be addressed to Mr. S. W. PARTIDGE, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.



**"WHICH WORKS BEST?"**

A DISTINGUISHED mechanic in a part of the country where the Sabbath was disregarded, had been accustomed to keep his men at work on that day. He was afterwards at work for a man who regarded the Sabbath, and who, on Saturday, was anxious to know what he intended to do; and, therefore, asked, "What do you intend to do to-morrow?" He said, "I expect to stop and keep the Sabbath. I used to work on the Sabbath, and often obtained higher wages than on other days; but I so often lost during the week more than all I could gain on the Sabbath, that I gave it up years ago. I have kept the Sabbath since, and I find it works better in every way."

It does work better; and all who like the mechanic, make the experiment, will in due time find this to be the case.

We know what the world considers to be its Mission,—just to live as happily and as comfortably as they can. And what do many Christians regard as their one and only business in this world? Why, they think their Mission is to take care of the salvation of their own souls, and that when they have secured that, they have done all that is required of them. My friends, that is but the *beginning* of the work, not the end. Endeavour to find out what gifts God has imparted to you, and set yourself to work with them; and whether the door may be wide or narrow, whether it be in your power to benefit many or only few, if you do the work which God in His providence has given you to do, you will, at the last, hear your Divine Master say of you, "He has done what he could."—*Sir E. Burton.* "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.

**ANECDOTES OF DOGS.**

My aunt had once a favourite little dog, and a very pretty little fellow he was, with long curly hair, and two pretty ears, which lapped over his eyes. Dash was not one of those idle, snarling, snappish, over-fed "lap-dogs;" oh, no, but rather what we might call "a useful little pet." Dash was useful in many little ways, but more especially in performing the part of an "errand boy." My aunt would take Dash up in her

qualities. Such as that simple piece commencing—

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,  
Nor crush that helpless worm."

These would be easily understood, and become favourites with children. God who formed man, made every living thing upon the earth; and why should we despise even the meanest of His works?

Fathers! Mothers! teachers! nurses! teach the "little ones" day-by-day to practise kindness to animals.

**SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.**

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—Love your Bible. Search the Scriptures. Lay up a store of sacred knowledge in your youthful days. The present are your "golden days." When you grow older, and the cares of business and domestic life crowd upon you, the texts you have committed to memory in childhood, will cheer and help you. Learn at least *one text* every day, and repeat it to your parents or teachers. Three hundred and sixty-five texts every year will in time become a *great store* of Bible truths. Amongst the first texts that I should like you to learn are the ninth verse of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, and the sixth verse of the third chapter of Proverbs. These texts have been made a great blessing to your sincere friend,  
UNCLE JOHN.

**TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.**

FOR the best piece of Poetry on PRAYER—not to exceed twenty lines—we offer a volume of the value of five shillings. The writers not to exceed twenty years of age. Letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, Islington, London, N., marked outside "Poetry" and to be sent in before the end of the present month.

lap, then pointing to a little basket on the floor, would say, "Pretty Dash, I want you to be so kind as to fetch me one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, &c., from the grocer." As soon as she had said "grocer," Dash would look up in her face and answer, "Bow-wow," meaning of course, "Yes, yes." He would then take the basket in his mouth, scamper down the street, bringing back the articles safe and sound. My young readers must not suppose that Dash really asked for the goods, he only took the basket in which was a slip of paper naming the articles wanted. The grocer generally served Dash as soon as he entered the shop, for this reason; Dash did not like waiting, so that if the grocer did not perceive him, Dash would soon let him know, by setting up barking to the annoyance of other customers. Dash was never found loitering along the street, like too many little boys and girls, when sent on errands. Little boys and girls, and big boys and girls, too, may take a lesson from Dash and always go willingly, quickly, and obediently. They will not only please their parents, but will feel a happy reward in their own breasts. God has promised His blessing to good and obedient children. SAMUEL ADAMSON, Canterbury.

**PRAYING SERVANTS.**

MANY young friends will this month leave the parental roof, and go to their "first place." Begin by asking God's blessing. Be not ashamed to kneel in your room in the presence of the other servants. Remember the interesting "Turning Point" about the Rev. John Angell James, given in our last number. Let it encourage you to acknowledge God in all your ways. Remember those words of sacred Scripture, "Them that honour me, I will honour." Never be ashamed to pray.

**THE "CRY" COMPANY.**

MANY of our young friends are good members of the TRY Company. May their numbers increase. We are, however, sorry to learn that *some* of our readers must be classed as members of the CRY Company! "What, cry to be washed!" Take care little boys and girls, or we may have to tell your names! We shall shortly publish an amusing story of a CRY boy, in the hope that it will be a warning to all those children who *cry to be washed!*

Canvassing Bills for extending the circulation of the "Band of Hope Review," and "British Workman," will be furnished, post free, on application to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London, N.



BAND OF HOPE REVIEW

HOLY BIBLE

AND CHILDRENS FRIEND.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co., PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

**WHO ARE THE HAPPIEST?**

MANY of my young friends in the humbler ranks of life, are perhaps tempted to envy the treasures and pleasures of the rich. When the wealthy, in their beautiful carriages, with servants to attend them, pass along the streets, some little boys and girls are heard to say, "*Oh, how happy THEY must be.*" Not always so, my dear children. It has been my lot in life to know some of the richest men in England, but I have generally found that **WEALTH** and **ANXIETY** go together. The happiest people I have yet met with, have been in pious cottager's homes. "**GODLINESS** with *contentment* is great gain, for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Even the nobleman's son, though he be heir to extensive estates and great wealth, will have great cares and many troubles, and without the heartfelt joys of religion he will never have true happiness. Be not anxious, my young friends, to be rich, but be anxious to be **GOOD**. With the love of God in your hearts you will have more joy, even with a crust of bread, than with all the wealth of California. **UNCLE JOHN.**



**ANECDOTES OF DOGS.**

PERHAPS the following instance of unwearied constancy can hardly be equalled; it was related to me many years ago, by an old inhabitant of the parish in which it occurred; and I have so much dependence on the truthfulness of the gentleman who told it to me, that I can answer for its authenticity:—

In the parish of Saint Olave, Tooley Street, Borough, the churchyard is detached from the church, and surrounded with high buildings, so as to be wholly inaccessible but by one large close gate, and by the windows which look into it. A poor tailor of this parish, dying, left a small cur dog inconsolable for his loss. The little animal would not leave his dead master, not even for food; and whatever he ate, was obliged to be placed in the same room with the corpse. When the body was taken for burial, this faithful attendant followed the coffin. After the funeral, he was driven out of the churchyard by the sexton, who, the next day, again found the animal, who had made his way by some unaccountable means (probably through some cellar window) into the



THE HEIR. FROM A PAINTING BY FREDERIC TAYLER.



enclosure, and had dug himself a bed on the grave of his master. Once more he was hunted out, and again he was found in the same situation the following day. The minister of the parish hearing of the circumstance, had him caught, taken home, and fed, and endeavoured by every means to win his affections; but they were wedded to his late master; and, in consequence, the dog took the first opportunity to escape, and regain his lonely situation. With true benevolence, the worthy clergyman, permitted him to follow the bent of his inclinations; and to soften the rigour of his fate, he built him, upon the grave, a small kennel, which was replenished once a day with food and water. Two years did this example of fidelity and constancy pass in this manner, when death put an end to his griefs; and the extended philanthropy of the good clergyman allowed the remains of the faithful dog to have an asylum in the same grave with his beloved master.—  
*From Blaine's Pathology of the Diseases of Dogs.*

AMONGST the many sorrowful scenes connected with the horrors of the late Italian war, there is a touching case of a dog's fidelity, which is worthy of record. Although months have passed since that horrible battle, a correspondent informs us "a dog of the African breed, which belonged to General Espinasse, still lurks about the spot on the field of Magenta, where his master was killed, and though often taken away, even to some distance, the faithful animal constantly returns."

#### THE PEACEMAKER.

THE late John Dickinson, Esq., of Birmingham, was often called by way of distinction, "The Peacemaker;" and such was his anxiety to keep the bonds of peace from being broken—such was his solicitude to heal the breach when made, that he would stoop to any act but that of meanness—make any sacrifice but that of principle—and endure any mode of treatment, not excepting even insult and reproach. From the high estimate in which his character was held, he was often called upon to act as umpire in cases of arbitration, and it was but rarely, if ever, that the equity of his decisions were impeached. On one occasion, two men were disputing in a public-house about the result of an arbitration, when a third said, "Had John Dickinson anything to do with it?"—"Yes," was the reply. "Then all was right, I am sure," and in this opinion the whole party concurred, and the disputation ceased!

#### A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

A DEAF and dumb boy, thirteen years of age, educated in the Institution at Edinburgh, after an absence of four years, went home to see his mother. When he entered her house, in company with his benefactor, she was sitting in a state of intoxication, which greatly affected him. He took his pencil, and thus attempted to shew her the evil and danger of such conduct, and gave her much good advice. After retiring with his friend, at whose house he went to lodge, his countenance became very sorrowful, and the tears trickled down his cheeks. His friend asked him the occasion of all this, when he wrote, that he was thinking, if he got to heaven, how sorry he should be not to find his mother there.

#### SABBATH-BREAKER RECLAIMED.

AN eminent minister in Wales, hearing of a neighbour who followed his calling on the Lord's day, went and asked him why he broke the Sabbath.

The man replied, that he was driven to it, by finding it hard work to maintain his family.

"Will you attend public worship," said Mr. P., "if I pay you a weekday's wages?"

"Yes, most gladly," said the poor man. He attended constantly, and received his pay. After some time, Mr. P. forgot to send the money; and recollecting it, called upon the man, and said, "I am in your debt."

"No, sir," he replied, "you are not."

"How so? I have not paid you of late."

"True," answered the man, "but I can now trust God, for I have found that He can bless the work of six days for the support of my family, just the same as seven." Ever afterwards he strictly kept the Sabbath, and found that in keeping God's commands, there was not only no loss, but great reward.



#### MISSIONS FOR THE WORLD.

It affords us much pleasure to find that many of our young readers are not only cheerful contributors to the Missionary cause, but also very active collectors. In many families, good mothers are encouraging their children to present their little "weekly offerings," to the cause of Missions. In the Bible we read that "It is MORE BLESSED to give than to receive," and we feel assured that God's blessing will follow the teachings of these good mothers, who early train their "little ones," in the important duty of "giving."

#### THE DUKE AND THE SERGEANT.

WHEN the celebrated Duke of Cumberland commanded in Germany, he was particularly pleased with the ability and valour of a sergeant belonging to his own regiment. Having observed the gallantry of this man, and made several inquiries into his private character, his Royal Highness took occasion, after a great exploit which the sergeant had performed, to give him a commission. Some time afterwards he came to the Duke, and entreated his leave to resign the rank which he held. Surprised at so extraordinary a request, the Duke demanded the reason, and was told by the applicant that he was now separated from his old companions by his elevation, and not admitted into the company of his brother officers, who considered themselves degraded by his appointment. "Oh! is that the case?" said the Duke, "let the matter rest for a day or two, and I will soon find means of putting an end to your disquietude." The next morning his Royal Highness went on the parade, when he was received by a circle of officers, and while he was engaged in conversation, he perceived his old friend, walking at a distance, by himself. On this the Duke said, "Pray, gentlemen, what has that officer done that he should be drummed out of your councils?" and without waiting for an answer, he went up, took the man by the arm, and thus accompanied, went through all the lines. When the parade was over, Lord Ligonier respectfully desired His Royal Highness to honour the mess with his presence, that day.—"With all my heart," replied the Duke, "provided I bring my friend, here, with me." "I hope so," said his Lordship; and from that day the gentleman's company was rather courted than shunned by the highest officer in the service.

#### WHAT TO GIVE.

At the conclusion of a meeting of a religious society connected with Surrey Chapel, a gentleman on the platform arose and said, "I hope every one will give a little." Upon which the venerable Rowland Hill got up, and exclaimed in a voice and manner truly characteristic, "I hope every one will give a deal."

#### HOW TO HELP MISSIONS.

A MINISTER had been pleading the claims of the poor heathen, on the Christian benevolence of his congregation, and strongly urging on them the duty of contributing to the support of missionary exertions. His friends readily contributed according to their several abilities. The next year, when the missionary collection was about to be made, the minister received a one-pound note from a poor labouring man, with a statement to the following effect:—"Sir, when you

preached the Missionary Sermon last year, I was grieved that I had it not in my power to give what I wished. I thought and thought, and consulted my wife, whether there was anything which we could spare without stinting the poor children; but it seemed that we lived as near as possible in every respect, and had nothing but what was absolutely necessary. At last it came into my mind,—'Is that fourpence which goes every week for an ounce of tobacco properly spent?' I thought, as I had been used to it so long, that I could scarcely do without it; however, I resolved to try, and to pray; so, instead of spending the fourpence, I dropped it into a box. The first week I felt it sorely; but the second week it was easier, and, in the course of a few weeks, I felt it a pleasure. When my children found out what I was doing, they wished to contribute also; and, whenever a penny or a halfpenny was given to them for their own

pleasure, it was sure to find its way into the box instead of the cake shop. On opening the box, I had the pleasure to find that our collected pence amounted to one pound, which I now enclose, and pray that the Lord may give His blessing with it. I am thankful that the Lord enabled me to crucify, what I now see was a powerful lust within me, and to break off a dirty and expensive habit; and I may add with truth, that I have enjoyed more health and cheerfulness, since I left off that which I once thought it was impossible for me to do without, than I had previously."

#### "I CANNOT PRAY AND GO."

A LITTLE girl, who had been attending a Juvenile Abstinence Meeting, where an address was delivered on those words of our Lord's prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," on returning home, told her mother as much as she could remember of the address; and then with much emotion exclaimed, as the tears gave relief to her pent-up feelings, "Mother, dear mother! I must either give over saying my prayers at night, or give over going for liquor for my father; for I can't both pray, 'LEAD ME NOT into temptation,' and go to the public-house. I cannot mock my Heavenly Father, by praying that He would 'deliver us from evil,' and I go and bring evil into the house. Mother, dear mother, what shall I do? I don't want to disobey you or father; but how can I obey God and you, if you ask me to do what I am sure is against God's will? for I am sure our kind, good, Heavenly Father, never meant a little girl like me to go to the public-house, and use my Saviour's prayer too." This night salvation came to this house. The simple, earnest statement of the little girl deeply affected her mother, and when the father returned from his occupation, and was informed of the statement of his child, he was so overcome with it, that from that day he gave himself to the Lord. Dear children! you who would not mock God, pray that ye may not be led into temptation, that you may be delivered from evil; and, like this little girl, keep away from the public-house, and from every evil place and thing, and so you will have reason to expect an answer to your prayers.

P. S.

#### TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

WE are much obliged to many of our young friends who have so zealously canvassed, not only their schoolfellows, but also the districts in which they reside, for new subscribers to our little paper, and also to the *British Workman*. Several thousands of new subscribers have recently been secured, chiefly through the kind efforts of the "Canvassing Committees."

If any more of our readers will help to further the circulation in schools, &c., we shall be glad to send a supply of Canvassing Bills, &c. for this purpose.

It will gratify our friends to learn that the *Band of Hope Review* now circulates extensively amongst the children of distant lands. We recently had a letter from the son of a Chief on the western coast of Africa who regularly receives our little paper. How very pleasant to hold converse with our coloured brethren in lands "far away."





PITY THE SWEEP-BOYS!

It is now contrary to law for any of the poor "Climbing-Boys" to be employed in sweeping chimneys. Master sweeps are liable to a heavy penalty every time they send a boy up a flue or chimney. All the chimneys in London are now swept by machines—such as the man in the picture has on his shoulder,—and the two millions of people in the great metropolis, are now free from the charge of encouraging the "white slaves," which has too long been a disgrace to England.

It is believed, however, that there are about 4,000 poor climbing-boys still employed throughout the country, owing to the law in many towns not being properly enforced. Sunday School Teachers should look after these poor children, and protect them from an employment which a humane British parliament has branded as unlawful. If any of our readers desire further information on this subject, we beg to refer them to the "Climbing-Boy's Advocate."

BLIND ANNIE.

"Yes, they are very sweet." The blind child took from her teacher's hand the flowers she had brought; and after passing them affectionately over her lips and cheek, as though she could thus commune with their beauty, laid them gently beside her on the coverlid. Annie had never seen a flower, yet the possession of one gave her rare pleasure, and she would frequently try to fancy how they looked.

"How pleasant it would be to see the flowers just once!" she said—"but perhaps there will be flowers in heaven. How beautiful they must be, for Christ is called a rose and a lily!"

"Are you very sad, Annie, because you cannot see?"

"Not now—but sometimes when I have lain here alone, I have wished so much that I could see to read my Bible. I should like to see all that Christ said, and to read myself about His love. I want to read all the Bible."

"But, dear Annie, you can think of all Christ said; and though you are suffering so much, you know He loves you."

"O, yes—sometimes I am so happy, and so sure that Jesus loves me, that I think I can bear anything. He is so good to me. What should I do if I knew nothing about Jesus? I could not live—and oh, I could not die. I have such sweet times all alone with Him when mother is gone to work; and I think of His love in making me His child: and I try to fancy what Heaven is."

"Does not this illness seem very long to you? and when you are so happy, don't you want to go to Heaven rather than suffer here?"

"Sometimes I long very much to die—but then I pray to God, and He helps me to be patient."

"Would you like me to pray with you?"

"O, yes;" and the hand which grasped mine tightened, as kneeling by her bedside I united with her in prayer and thanksgiving. "Pray for my sisters and brothers," she said: "I want them to love Jesus too." From her own Bible, which she always kept by her—though she could only feel it near—I read of "the resurrection and the life," and then left her.

Annie had been my Sabbath Scholar, and I had learned to love her tenderly. It was very pleasant, to teach one who so eagerly sought to know more of God and her duty toward Him. Her father had died when she was so young that she could scarcely remember him—trusting in his Father to care for his widow and little ones. Her mother, too, was a Christian, and while she was busied about domestic work, Annie

would bring her Bible or Hymn-book, that she might teach her something of Jesus. She was very intelligent, and had thus committed great part of the Bible to memory. When about twelve years old, she became sick—yet she would be brought to the Sabbath school even when so exhausted that she had to go to bed on her return home. One day she did not come; and immediately after school I went to inquire for her. She was not able to rise from her bed, and was fully expecting me. Her lessons had been prepared carefully as ever, and she wanted to talk to me about them. She scarcely rose from her bed after this; for long, long weeks she lay suffering there.

Annie had a sailor brother, of whom she was very fond, and he had brought her a bird from Malta, which sang very sweetly, and had learned to recognize her voice. Her mother was obliged to work very hard to support her family; and frequently Annie's only companions through the day were her Bible and pet bird. Yet not so—Jesus was ever with her, and her sweet voice might often be heard singing the hymns she so much loved—or with clasped hands and upturned face beaming joy and peace, she might be found so earnest in prayer to Him, that friends remained long unnoticed.

Her patience amid great pain endeared her to all who knew her, and her constant cheerful trust in Christ frequently inspired others with like confidence.

"What shall I do without you, Annie, when you are gone?" her mother would say.

"It won't be very long, mother; and perhaps I shall come and fetch you," she replied a day or two before her death, as in the agony of her grief her mother asked the question. "I shall see you then," she continued; "but I shall see Christ first. Oh, shall I not see you too?" she said to her sisters, who stood weeping by her bed. "Charlie, too, and George. Give my Bible to George when he comes home, if I do not live till then, and tell him how I loved him."

"The day before her death she bade me 'good bye.' 'We shall soon be in Heaven together,' she said, as she clasped my hand for the last time.

"Have you any messages for our class?"

"Tell them I am gone to Jesus, and that He loves them too."

I saw her once again when life and death were struggling which should be victor. All stood silently watching for the token that she lived in Heaven.

Annie sees now. Dear children! would you like to meet her?

EMMA.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING SIGHTS IN THE WORLD.

THE Rev. H. Venn once told his children that he would take them to see one of the most interesting sights in the world. He would not tell them what it was, but in the evening led them to a miserable hovel, whose ruinous walls and broken windows showed an extreme degree of poverty and want.

"Now," said he, "my dear children, can any one that lives in such an habitation as this be happy? Yet this is not all: a poor young man lies there on a miserable straw-bed, dying of disease, at the age of nineteen, consumed with fever, and afflicted with nine painful ulcers." "How wretched!" they all exclaimed. He then led them into the cottage, and addressing the young man, said, "Abraham Millwood, I have brought my children here to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of disease, and poverty and want: now tell them if it is not so." The dying youth, with a sweet smile, replied, "O, yes, Sir! I would not change my state with that of the richest person upon earth, who has not those views that I have. Blessed be God; I have a good hope through Christ, of being admitted into those blessed regions where Lazarus now dwells, having long forgotten all his sorrows and miseries. Sir, this is nothing to bear whilst the presence of God cheers my soul, and whilst I can have access to Him by constant prayer, through faith in Jesus. Indeed, Sir, I am truly happy; and I trust to be happy through eternity; and I every hour thank God, who has brought me from a state of darkness into marvellous light, and has given me to enjoy the unsearchable riches of His grace."

"MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO GO."

ALLEN was sent to the city when quite a lad, the new scenes and new objects which met his eye, so unlike the quiet and unchanging life of his native village, filled him with interest and excitement. He never felt tired of looking and walking about, in the time spared from his employment. Amongst other places, of which he had heard much, was the theatre. Some of his associates went, and there was no end to the

wonderful stories of what they saw and heard. Allen felt a rising desire to go too. He manfully resisted it however.

"Come," said one of his companions.

"Go with us to-night."

"No," answered Allen, "not to-night."

"So you always say, 'not to-night;' come decide at once to go."

"No, not this time, not to-night," still replied Allen, walking away.

"You shall have a ticket if you will only come," again urged his companion.

Allen shook his head. "No, no," said he, "keep it yourself, I cannot take it."

"How obstinate," rejoined the other; "why what can be your reason?"

Allen hesitated for a moment. "My mother told me not to go to the theatre, therefore I cannot go," he at length firmly replied. His companion ceased to urge him longer; he beheld in Allen's face a settled purpose to obey, and he left without saying a word more. That was one of his mother's last injunctions—"My son, do not go to the theatre." Under such circumstances, some lads might have said, "Why, I see no harm in the theatre; my mother, I fancy, did not know so much as she thought she did; she away off home cannot tell what is what; besides, other young men of my age go, why should I not go? I see no reason why I cannot." I say, some lads might have reasoned thus, and disobeyed, and gone. Not so with Allen. His mother bade him not go—that was sufficient for him. He trusted to her knowledge, and confided in her judgment, and he meant to obey her; yes, and what was better, he was not afraid to say so. It was a wise decision, and if every youth away from home had moral courage enough to decide doubtful questions in the same way, there would be many better men for it. Allen is now an excellent clergyman. Will you not follow his example, dear young friends? Remember the words of Scripture, "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not." BETA.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1860.

- For particulars of the Prizes (value £20) for the best answers, see last number. Some of the applicants for the printed form, on which the answers are to be given, have sent the stamps but no address!
4. A declaration of Jehovah concerning the seed of Abraham is equally and emphatically true of every lost soul:—quote it.
  5. A very wicked man offered and gave large remuneration for a foolish (if not sinful) pastime. What did he offer?—What did he give?—and what was the pastime?
  6. Give in one verse words which contain a description of real religion, and a commendation of its excellence.



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(From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones." Compiled by UNCLE JOHN.)

### THE ORPHAN.

Oh, happy child, who sittest blest  
Upon thy mother's knee at night,  
Who clingest to thy father's breast,  
As if that place were all thy right.

Thank God on bended knee at even,  
Thank God at morn with folded hand,  
That He a mother's love has given,—  
A tender father's guiding hand.

I pass'd a quiet burial ground,  
By westering sunbeams calmly lit,  
And there, beside a double mound,  
I saw a lonely orphan sit.

The clustering curls that bound her head  
With golden light, must ever miss  
The father's gentle hand outspread,—  
The tender mother's evening kiss.

Never her eyes shall meet again  
Those eyes that gleamed in proud delight;  
Her ears shall long, but long in vain,  
For greeting kind, or fond Good-night.

O God, the orphan's God above,  
Comfort that lonely heart to-night;  
And make us grateful for the love  
That fills our happy homes with light.

C. F. A.

### A DELIGHTED MOTHER.

A MOTHER, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done through the day to *make others happy*, found her young twin daughters silent. One spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother; only, one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother." The other spoke still more timidly: "A little girl, who sat by me on the bench at school, had lost a little brother. I saw that, while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book, and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on

the same book, and wept with her. Then she looked up, and was comforted, and put her arms round my neck; but I do not know why she said that I had done her good." "Come to my arms, my darlings!" said the mother: "to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."—*Moral and Religious Anecdotes.*



### THINK OF THE SAILORS.

A YOUNG Christian friend, in Gloucester, has taken a deep interest in circulating the New Testament amongst the Foreign Sailors who visit that port. He procures a supply of Testaments in the Swedish and other languages from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and sells them amongst the sailors. In one month during last year, *fifty copies* of the New Testament were disposed of by this friend of Foreign seamen. Who will go and "do likewise" in other ports? Many of our *young friends* may have the pleasure of helping on this good work of sending the Sacred Scriptures all over the world?

### BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.

With 700 Engravings. A Complete Edition of the *Band of Hope Review*, for the Nine Years, in cloth, 9s.; gilt edges, 10s. 6d. "The best picture-book we know of."—*Mothers' Friend*. The Nine Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in stiff illustrated paper covers, price One Shilling each.

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### STRENGTHENING THE SIGHT.

IN many trades there is a heavy strain upon the eyesight, which frequently compels men to relinquish the business to which they have been trained.

The simple plan of gently dipping the face in cold water every morning—keeping the eyes open all the time—will be found not only to *strengthen*, but in many cases, *restore* defective sight. We have tried this plan for years, and can recommend it.





# BAND OF HOPE REVUEW

## AND CHILDRENS FRIEND

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co., PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

### DR. GUTHRIE.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, that great and good minister, Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, wrote a little book, called "A Plea for Ragged Schools." This was circulated throughout the country, and read by thousands of the friends of the poor. Dr. Guthrie did not rest in merely *writing*, he began to *work* in good earnest. He opened a "Ragged School," near to the celebrated Edinburgh Castle. It answered well; tidings of success soon spread, and Sunday-school friends in various

cities and towns visited their most destitute districts, and opened schools specially for the poor ragged children whom they found by hundreds. *Now* there are "Ragged Schools" throughout the three kingdoms, numbering not by tens but even by thousands. Let us thank God for having put the thought into the head of Dr. Guthrie to write his "Plea for Ragged Schools." We are sure that our young friends will be glad to see the portrait of the good Doctor. We now desire to call attention to the fact of Dr. Guthrie having sent out a cheap eighteen-penny edition of

his remarkable book, "Our Cities, their Sins and Sorrows," and we would *urge* every lover of his country to read this most affecting work. It should be in every Sunday-school library. We strongly recommend this book to those friends of education who are conducting public "Readings" for the people. If Dr. Guthrie received the thanks of the nation for his "Plea for Ragged Schools," he deserves them tenfold for his masterly work on "Our Cities, their Sins and Sorrows." We believe that it will have a great and noble mission for good.



THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.





### THE CROCODILE.

DR. FLETCHER says:—"The crocodile is the largest of the lizard kind. It has a compressed jagged tail, five toes on the fore-foot, and four on the hind. The crocodile lays eggs the size of those of a goose, to the number of about sixty, which she covers over with sand, leaving them, like the ostrich, to be hatched by the heat of the sun. They are to be met with in the rivers Nile, Niger, and Ganges, and in many other large rivers in the southern parts of Asia, Africa, and America. It is of enormous voracity and strength; is amphibious, swims with amazing fleetness, attacks mankind and the largest animals with the most daring impetuosity; of all monsters it has the largest mouth, and moves both its jaws equally.

"In Scripture, cruel tyrants and conquerors are likened to dragons or crocodiles, on account of their terrible appearance and destructive influence. Psalm lxxiv. 13. 'Thou didst divide the sea by Thy strength; Thou brakest the heads of the dragons (or crocodiles) in the waters.'

### THE BOY WHO CONQUERED.

SOME few years ago, a lad who was left without father or mother, of good natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand-boy or otherwise, till he could command a higher position; but this boy had been in bad company, and acquired the habit of calling for his "bitters" occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant in Pearl-street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there, and made his business known.

"Walk into the office, my lad," said the merchant. "I'll attend to you soon."

When he had waited on his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and he espied a cigar in his hat. This was enough. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking in lads to be connected with various other evil habits, and if I am not mistaken, your breath is evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me."

John—for this was his name—held down his head, and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her death-bed called him to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, said, "Johnny, my dear boy, I'm going to leave you. You know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me before I die that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and people gazed at him as he passed along, and the boys rallied at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon the bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed he made up his mind never to taste a drop of liquor, nor smoke

another cigar as long as he lived. He went straight back to the merchant. Said he, "Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not to do, and have not followed the good advice of my poor mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar; and if you, sir, will only try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years, this lad was a partner in the business, and is now worth two thousand pounds. He has faithfully kept his pledge, to which he owes his elevation.

Boys, think of this circumstance as you enter upon the duties of life, and remember upon what points of character your destiny for good or for evil depends.

### A POOR DONKEY.

ONE afternoon I was sitting alone in a room, the windows of which overlooked a piece of waste ground, where a poor half-starved donkey was trying to find a little grass. Many idle boys had been repeatedly teasing the poor creature throughout the morning, and I was almost tired of taking its part; when several little children, not more than four or five years old, came up. They began to use their little strength in throwing stones at the donkey, and trying to hurt it. I was grieved to see that such young children could be so unkind, and said a few words to them, trying to make them *pity the poor animal*. On looking out again some time afterwards, I saw the donkey very comfortably feeding from a little heap of grass laid just before him; and the children most earnestly engaged in gathering more.

This continued for some time, so long indeed, that one little fellow said his hand was sore with pulling; although he still went on with his work. I told them that they had done enough, and praised them for thus trying to help the donkey; and the little creatures went cheerfully away. How pliable are the minds of young children, and how many opportunities of doing good we all have, when a few words will thus change the whole tone, not only of their present actions, but of the motives from which these spring!—Anon.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1860.

7. A man's religion on one occasion prevented his shewing usual courtesy:—give the passage.

8. Four kings were put to death during the life of one prophet:—name them all.

9. Give the question put to the first missionaries, on returning from their preaching tour, and their reply.

### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A SPEAKER in a recent Sabbath School Conference, related an incident—that of a little girl, seven years of age, who, having been taken sick, was carried to the hospital to die.

"The last night," said the speaker, "nothing was heard to break the silence, but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, as the pendulum swung backward and forward. Then it would strike the hours, e-l-e-v-e-n, t-w-o-l-v-e, o-n-e o'clock, when there came from the couch of the little sufferer, a voice of sweet melody. It was one verse of a Sunday-school hymn—

"Jesus! the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;  
It scatters all our guilty fears,  
And turns our hell to heaven."

Then all was silent again, and nothing was heard but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, until she broke out after a while, in another verse:

"Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but speak His name;  
Preach Him to all, and sing in death  
Behold! behold the Lamb!"

"The nurse then hastened to the bedside of the little sufferer, but she was too late. The angels had been there before her, and carried that little Sabbath-school girl from beholding the Lamb on earth, to His bosom in the sanctuary above.

### A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

"I SHINE in the light of God,  
His likeness stamps my brow,  
Through the shadow of death my feet have trod,  
And I reign in glory now:  
No breaking heart is here,  
No keen and thrilling pain,  
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear  
Hath rolled and left its stain.

"I have found the joy of Heaven,  
I am one of the angel band,  
To my head a crown is given,  
And a harp is in my hand;  
I have learned the song they sing  
Whom Jesus hath made free,  
And the glorious halls of Heaven still ring  
With my new born melody.

"No sin, no grief, no pain—  
Safe in my happy home;  
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,  
My hour of triumph come!  
Oh! friends of my mortal years,  
The trusted and the true;  
Ye're walking still in the valley of tears  
But I wait to welcome you.

"Do I forget? Oh! no;  
For memory's golden chain  
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,  
Till they meet and touch again;  
Each link is strong and bright,  
And love's electric flame  
Flows freely down like a river of light  
To the world from whence I came.

"Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out from the glittering sky?  
Do you weep when the voice of war  
And the rage of conflict die?  
Then why do your tears roll down,  
And your hearts be sorely riven,  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
And another soul in Heaven?"

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—*Mothers' Friend*. The Nine Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in stiff illustrated paper covers, price 1s. each.

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### THE COLLIER-BOY.

A COLLIER-BOY, who works every night in a Durham coal-pit (when most of our readers are in bed), informs us that he suffers great trial from the swearing and bad language of many of the miners. Will our little readers, when they kneel down to pray, during the next month, remember the little collier, and pray that God would be pleased to change the hearts of the swearing and drinking men. There are, we rejoice to believe, thousands of pious miners in the land, and we should pray that their number may be increased.





**"CHEAP JOHN."**

THE progress of the temperance cause in Wales at the present time is very remarkable. Several thousands have recently adopted the practice of abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, through the advocacy of "Cheap John," a well-known travelling cutler. The worthy rector of Neath assures us that, by God's help, "Cheap John" is being made a blessing to thousands of families. We trust that those who give up drinking, will not forget that something more than temperance is needful to gain for them a fitness for heaven. Let us never forget our blessed Redeemer's own words, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Whilst rejoicing at the spread of temperance principles, let us more than ever strive to diffuse the blessings of the Gospel of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ throughout the length and breadth of the land. Life will soon be ended. Let us work whilst it is day.

"My blessed Lord, 'when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously.' That seems the right thing for me to do, though some perhaps would think it better for me to stand up for my rights. But to all the accusations which were brought against Him, our Lord made no reply, 'inasmuch that the governor marvelled greatly.' I delight in that record; and, God helping me, it will be the labour of my life so to act. 'Thou wilt hide me in the secret of Thy presence from the strife of tongues.' Insult an angel before the throne, and what would he care about it? Just such will be my feeling whilst I am hid in the secret of my Redeemer's presence."—Simeon.

**THE OTHER SIDE.**

ONCE, in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said, "Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill; now, mother, who took her on the other side?" "On the other side of what, Alice?" "On the other side of death; who took the baby on the other side, mother; she was so little she could not go alone?" "Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "It is He who took little children in His arms to bless them, and said, 'Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!' He took the baby on the other side."

**THE DROWNING SAILORS.**

TWO boats, some time ago, were sent out from Dover to relieve a vessel in distress. The fury of the tempest overset one of them, which contained three sailors, one of whom sunk. The two remaining sailors were floating on the deep; a rope was thrown to one of them from the other boat, but he refused it, crying out, "Fling it to Tom, he is just ready to go down; I can last some time longer." They did so; Tom was drawn into the boat. The rope was then flung to the generous tar, just in time to save him also from drowning.

**A HAPPY CHANGE.**

WE recently entered a neat little Temperance Hotel in a pretty village in Wales, which until lately was kept by the occupier as a beer-shop. On inquiring "Are you not tired of the change?" the wife replied with a smile, "Oh dear no, sir. We are much happier since we gave up the beer-shop, my husband would be very sorry to have this turned into a beer-shop again!"

Blessed are the poor  
in spirit: for their's is  
the kingdom of Heaven.

HENRY VII. prefaced all his treaties with the following expressive words: 'When Christ came into the world, peace was sung; and when He went out of the world; peace was bequeathed.'



**PAPA'S VISIT TO LONDON.**

PAPA went in the carriage to London;  
He stayed such a long time away!  
I wanted him every morning,  
And wished for him every day.

I played in the nursery with Hannah,  
And sometimes drank tea with Mamma;  
But, though I was always quite happy,  
I longed for my own dear Papa.

Mamma said I should go to the Station,  
Unless it was pouring with rain,  
For she knew that Papa would be glad, too,  
To see his own Robert again.

And what did Papa do in London?  
He thought of his dear little boy;  
And bought him a donkey with panniers—  
A beautiful, beautiful toy.\*

And what shall I give my Papa dear,  
For such a nice present as this?  
I'll give him, I'll give him directly,  
I'll give him a hug and a kiss. C. S. W.

*From Uncle John's "Illustrated Songs and Hymns."*

\* A Lady has designed this ingenious Missionary Collecting Box. At a recent Church missionary meeting, the sum of £6 was found in the panniers of one of these toys!



**HELP! HELP THE SLAVE.**

"SOME are slaves of drunkenness. Of all slavery this is the most helpless, and the most hopeless. Other sins drown conscience, but this reason and conscience too. More, perhaps, than any other vice, this blots out the vestiges of that Divine image in which we were originally formed, and reduces man to the lowest degradation—lower than a beast. Smiting him with the greatest impotency, in such slavery as that of iron to a magnet is the poor besotted drunkard to his cups. He who is a slave to man, may retain his self-respect, cherish his wife, and love his children; and, raising his fettered hands in prayer to heaven, may preserve and present in his very chains the image of God; but yonder wretch, with beggary hung on his back, and dissipation stamped on his bloated face—dead to shame, or, hanging his head, and passing old acquaintances with averted eye—degraded before the world, and expelled from the communion of the church—lying in the gutter—or beating his wife, or cursing his flying children, and in his sober moments cursing himself—ah, he is a slave indeed. What hope for a man who reels up to the bar of judgment, and staggers drunk into his Maker's presence? Let his fate excite your fears as well as pity. I say with the apostle, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Have I not seen many, whose spring budded with the fairest promises, live to be a shame, and sorrow, and deep disgrace? And, though it were revealed from heaven that you yourself should never fall, is there nothing due to others? Does not that bloody cross, with its blessed victim, call upon every Christian to live not to himself, but to think of other's things, as well as of his own? Every man must judge for himself; to his own master he standeth or he falleth. But when I think of all the beggary, and misery, and shame, and crime, and sorrow, of which drunkenness is the prolific mother, of the many hearts it breaks, of the happy homes it curses, of the precious souls it ruins, I do not hesitate to say that the question of abstinence deserves the prayerful consideration of every man; and that, moreover, he appears to me to consult most the glory of God, the honour of Jesus, and the best interests of his fellow-men, who applies to all intoxicating stimulants the Apostolic rule, Touch not, taste not, handle not. In regard to no sin can it be so truly said that our adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour."—From *Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints*. By DR. GUTHRIE.

**AN INTERESTING SIGHT.**

ON Sunday evening February 5th, an interesting service was held at the Cabmen's Club, King's Cross, when The Right Honourable Lord Henry Cholmondeley, addressed upwards of 100 Cabmen and their wives, on the 28th—30th Verses of the 11th Chapter of Matthew, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The simple truths of the Gospel were most plainly and effectively explained. It was a pleasing spectacle, to see an English nobleman, earnestly urging a number of Cabmen to "come to Jesus," and it was equally pleasing to observe the serious attention which was paid to the remarks of the noble speaker. Mr. Shinn, one of the missionaries to the London Cabmen states, "I never saw a more attentive congregation in my life." Let us bless God that in the English peerage there are those to be found, who are caring for the souls of the too-long-forgotten Cabmen.

**Widow Green & her Three Nieces.**  
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### SLY REYNARD.

THE Fox often makes sad havoc amongst the poultry in farm-yards, and is one of the most cunning animals known. In that interesting book, "Anecdotes of Natural History,"\* there are several curious anecdotes of foxes, and amongst them are the following:—

"At the parsonage of Kilmorac, in Inverness-shire, there was a well-built poultry-house, from which the worthy clergyman's family had their daily supply of fine fresh eggs. One morning the servant entered the poultry-house, when to her dismay she found the floor strewn with dead hens, and in the midst a large fox was laid apparently dead. There was no question in the maid's mind as to the fox being lifeless. She concluded that he had so gorged himself with the poultry that he had burst. With a feeling of anger she took up the fox by the tail and swung him with all her might into the dunghole that was near. No sooner, however, did Reynard fall on his soft bed than he darted on his feet and scampered off to his cover in the woods, leaving the servant-maid in a state of extraordinary consternation!"

\* "Anecdotes of Natural History." By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A. Published by Longman & Co. Price 5s.

### VALUE OF ONE LEAF.

THERE was once a caravan crossing, I think, the north of India, and numbering in its company a godly and devout missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labours of the

journey, and sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and kneeling down at his side, when the rest had passed along, whispered into his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with great effort succeeded in answering, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin;" and immediately expired with the effort. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer; and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, he felt assured he had died in Christ. How or where, he thought, could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got this hope. And as he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse, which he succeeded in getting out. What do you suppose was his surprise and delight, when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the first epistle of John, in which these words occur. On that page the man had found the blessings of the Gospel of Peace.

Trust ye in the Lord  
for ever: for in the Lord  
JEHOVAH is everlasting  
strength—Isaiah xxvi. 4.

### JOHN HANSON'S NIGHT WORK.

JOHN HANSON was a smart, active, fearless boy of fifteen; the school-boys thought much of him, and he thought a good deal of them, but he thought too highly of himself. On one occasion his father had business which called him to a distant city, and he left John to help and "take care" of the family. John felt very proud of his trust, and did well for several days, acting under the counsel and advice of his mother, just as he ought to have done. By-and-by he grew impatient, and did many things quite independent of her. The younger children did not like his sayings and doings at all; "He orders us about," they said, "as if he were king." At last he took the entire management of things, and one day acted not only against his mother's wishes, but talked very ill-temperedly to her. Going to bed that night, he could not sleep. His conduct towards his mother troubled him, and he tossed from one side of the bed to the other, trying to get an easy place. He blamed the bed and Bridget who made it, and then he thought he was sick, and fretted for some time, John suspected what the matter really was, only he was too proud to own it. He knew it was his treatment of his mother that troubled him, and for a long time he tried to sleep it off, or think of something else, or excuse himself in one way or another. Happily John did not succeed. Conscience would do its work, and John happily listened to it. The consequence was that, pretty near midnight, for it was as late as that, John got up, stole to his mother's chamber, and with tears in his eyes, and penitence in his heart, begged her to forgive him. "And oh!" he says (now that he is a man), "it was the sweetest moment of my life, when I was forgiven." That hour was the turning-point in that boy's life. If he that night had hardened himself, the next day he would probably have behaved worse than before, and so on and on until the bad boy had become a bad man. But John yielded to the voice of conscience; he confessed his fault, and asked to be forgiven, and experienced the sweets, they are real sweets, of forgiveness.

The next day John's conduct was improved. He was kind and considerate towards his brothers and sisters, and respectful towards his mother; and he was prepared by it afterwards to taste the sweets of God's forgiveness and favour. And his word to every boy now is, "If you have wronged your mother, be sure to own your fault, and ask to be forgiven. Harden not your hearts, boys."

### MY MOTHER.

Of all the names to memory dear,  
One name alone to me is dearest;  
Though many to my heart is near,  
Yet this shall ever be the nearest;  
For on my heart's most sacred place  
'Tis deeper graven than any other;  
Nor nought from thence shall e'er erase  
The loved, the honour'd name of MOTHER.

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# BAND OF HOPE REVIEW

HOLY BIBLE

## AND CHILDRENS FRIEND.

### THE CLEVER BUILDERS.

The time of the year has arrived when the beautiful birds are busy at work, building their pretty

warm nests. The picture which we present to our young friends represents two of those interesting birds, the Long-tailed Titmouse. They seem to have just finished their snug little house, and are

taking a survey of their clever workmanship. The hen-bird will soon lay her smooth little eggs in the nest, and then she will sit upon them, with her warm little breast against them, so carefully. After





a few weeks' time, the eggs will be burst open by the young birds inside. Then there will be such joy and chirping of the parent birds. They will watch over the little ones very, very tenderly, like a kind mother or nurse who cares for the little children in the nursery! These pretty birds do not always build their little nests in trees or bushes. They are, sometimes, fond of choosing very curious places indeed, for their little warm homes.

In Mr. Morris's "Anecdotes of Natural History," he gives an interesting anecdote of two of these curious birds, which occurred in the year 1856. He states as follows:—

"In a box fixed on a post near the garden, at Thorpe Hall, near Bridlington, letters and newspapers are deposited through a slit, for the greater convenience of the post-messenger, as he passes each way daily between Bridlington, the post town, and the receiving-house at Thiercy. The lid is secured by a lock and key, and although the box is opened four times every day in the week, except Sunday; yet a pair of the tiny pet little birds, provincially called Billy-titers (Blue Titmouse), have made the slit a means of ingress and egress, and actually built a nest within, in which the female has already begun to lay her eggs!"

Two of these birds once built their nest in a bottle that was placed on the garden-wall of Mrs. Chorley, of Bolton, in Lancashire, and safely reared their ten little ones therein. They managed in a very wonderful manner to teach the young birds how to fly up through the neck of the long bottle!

Mr. Garrett, in his very interesting book, "Marvels and Mysteries of Instinct," writes:—

"The Titmouse, or Tomtit, has special claims upon our attention, on account of its nest, which is an object of extraordinary beauty and interest; indeed, it is a most magnificent piece of workmanship, and extremely elaborate. Here also, as in the case of the wren, the female bird is the skilful architect. She generally makes choice of a thick bush for the purpose, and the nest is so firmly fixed therein, and so closely woven with the main branch, that, in order to preserve the beautiful fabric entire, it is necessary to cut out the bush with it. It is of an oval form, of considerable length, and its dimensions altogether are disproportionately large for the tiny form that rears it. The aperture for entrance is in front of the upper part. A firm texture of moss and wool forms the exterior framework, which itself is covered with grey lichens, so nicely and so neatly put on, that the whole surface sparkles as if coated with silver; in short, it is exquisitely superb. Then, again, the inside is lined with such a profusion of the softest feathers, that it seems really choked with a superfluous abundance. Altogether it is a surprising and admirable structure, uniting all the purposes of utility with the extreme of beauty. No human hand can imitate it, and no machine produce a rival to it."

Who would rob or injure such clever little creatures as these? What boys or girls who read this paper would like any great cruel giants to come and drag them away, and then pull to pieces the houses in which they now happily live?

Boys and girls! Study the habits of the beautiful birds of the air. You will learn to love them. You will gain many lessons that will be of value to you through life. The wonderful skill of THE LITTLE BUILDERS will impress your minds deeply with the love and wisdom of our Heavenly Father. He, who will not allow even "a sparrow to fall to the ground without His notice."

We have often thanked Mrs. Wright for her very interesting book "WHAT IS A BIRD?" and should like it to have a place in every family and school library. We are not surprised to learn that it has given a check to the robbing of birds' nests in Norfolk, and hope that when it is better known, it will have a similar influence in every other county.

We are very desirous that all our young friends should do what they can to protect the lovely little birds from injury. We love to see little children carefully gathering up the crumbs from the breakfast

\* Published by Messrs. JARROLD and SONS, 47, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Price 3s., Post-free.



table, in the morning, and then putting them in the garden, or on the window-ledge for the birds.

If we could whisper in the ear of every Mother and Teacher in the land, we would say, "Teach your little ones to be kind to the birds!" Kindness to the dumb creation has a powerful influence in promoting brotherly and sisterly love in the domestic circle. There is a magic power in KINDNESS.

### SPRING PRAISES.

The showers are coming,  
For April must bring  
The buds and the flowers  
Of beautiful Spring.  
I don't mind the wetting,  
Because the soft rain  
Will soon make the hedges  
Look lively again.

The celandine peeps from  
The pretty green bank,  
As if the warm sunshine  
And showers to thank;  
And the sweet violets  
Half hidden in green,  
With leaves of geranium  
And daisies are seen.

The lambs look as happy,  
As happy can be,  
And skip on each other,  
And scamper for glee.  
The thrush and the blackbird  
Declare, with one voice,  
That Spring is the time  
When we ought to rejoice.

But if I would know  
What true happiness is,  
The Lord must my God be,  
And I must be His;  
And then in sweet concert  
I'll sing with the birds,  
For my heart will then praise Him,  
As well as my words.

F. F.

### WHAT "PLEASE" WILL DO!

KATE, our good, kind Kate, was one day making sugar-candy. How patiently she stood over the hot fire, stirring, stirring, and that, too, after she had been washing the whole day. Young Master Willie had come, I don't know how many times, holding spoon and saucer, for "just a little, Kate, to try." And now he comes again.

"Give me some more now," in a lordly tone.

"No," says Kate, firmly; "No more—run away."

"Ah, please do," said the little fellow, in a tone so beseeching, and with a look so importunate; surely Kate was 'nt the girl to resist such pleading; and again she poured some candy into Willie's saucer.

"Please will get almost anything for us, won't it, Kate?" asked the child, exulting in the success it won for himself.

"It certainly gets a great deal more, and that a great deal sooner, than 'shall' and 'must' do," replied the good-natured girl.

Willie took, both the candy and the lesson, with a high degree of satisfaction. Well is it, indeed, when all children have learned that, to say "please," is better than to command.

### "YOUR GOLDEN DAYS."

WHEN I was a boy at school, I was not so industrious as I ought to have been. It was often very hard work to give up my "play" in the evenings to attend

to my "lessons." Sometimes, when I appeared before the schoolmaster, I could not repeat either my "geography," or "grammar." Very kindly did the master remonstrate with me, but the kind and gentle reproof of my good mother had the deepest effect upon me. Between a quarter and half a century have passed since she said to me, "Thomas, these are your GOLDEN DAYS, you will never have such opportunities as now." Thank God for a good mother! I still seem to feel her gentle hand, and I hear her sweet voice. Her words have followed me all along the journey of life. They have been a blessing to me, and I, therefore, rerepeat them for the good of others. Boys! love your Mothers. They had many sleepless nights whilst nursing you when you were helpless babes. Support and comfort them in their declining years. T.

### THE WIDOW REPROVED.

Ebenezer Adams, an eminent member of the Society of Friends, on visiting a lady of rank, whom he found, six months after the death of her husband, on a sofa covered with black cloth, and in all the dignity of woe, approached her with great solemnity, and gently taking her by the hand, thus addressed her:—"So, friend, I see then thou hast not yet forgiven God Almighty." This reproof had so great an effect on the lady that she immediately laid aside the symbols of grief, and again entered on the important duties of life.

### "SAVE HIM FIRST."

An accident once occurred in a coal-pit near Bitterton, in Gloucestershire, when six lives were lost. At the moment when the iron handle of the cart, in which the unfortunate men were, snapped asunder, a man and a boy, who were hanging on the rope above, made a sudden spring, and most providentially laid hold of a chain which is always hanging at the side of the pit as a guide. As soon as possible, after the accident was known at the top of the pit, and it was ascertained that some one was clinging to the side, a man was sent down with a rope and noose to render assistance. He came first in his descent, to a boy named Daniel Harding; and on his reaching him, the noble-minded lad instantly cried out, "Don't mind me; I can still hold on a little, but Josh Bawn, who is a little lower down is nearly exhausted; save him first." The person went on, and found Joseph Bawn, as described by his companion; and, after bringing him safely up, again descended, and succeeded in restoring the gallant boy to light and safety. When we state that the time which elapsed from the moment of the accident till the boy was brought up was from fifteen to twenty minutes, his fortitude and heroism will be duly appreciated.

"O CHARLOTTE," said a little child on seeing his nursemaid shake the table-cloth into the fireplace, "don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows! The Bible says so; and will He not be displeased at your wasting as many crumbs as would have served the sparrows for breakfast?"

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Morning Dew-Drops. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s. 6d. This is one of the most valuable contributions to the cause of Temperance yet issued.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ  
said, "Blessed are the merciful:  
for they shall obtain mercy."—See Matt. v. 7.

My son, keep thy father's  
commandment, and forsake  
not the law of thy mother.—See Prov. vi. 20.





PRAYER IN AN AFRICAN'S FAMILY.

### FAMILY PRAYER.

THE converted Negroes in Africa and the West Indies are very strict in their observance of family prayer. It is a lovely scene to witness one of these family gatherings, of our coloured brethren, at the throne of Grace. In many an African's hut, the prayer to Heaven is offered for a blessing on "England, the friend of the slave," and on "Victoria, our great mother, er, whose ships save poor blacks from slavery."

### WHAT HEATHENS THINK.

(From the Memoir of the Rev. Mr. Weitbrecht.)

In February, 1845, the overseer of the coal-mines visited Ed Burdwan, and related to Mr. Weitbrecht a remarkable fact, on which he based a request for a school to be established in that neighbourhood.

"Some time since," said he, "an accident, such as mines are subject to, occurred on a Sunday; and as a sad loss of life was the consequence, the poor miners had a painful remembrance of it. A few months subsequently, a similar occurrence took place, also on the Sunday, upon which these poor ignorant people declared that nothing should compel them to work again on that day, which the God their masters worshipped had commanded to be kept holy. They said He was angry at the breaking of His command, and therefore He visited them with His judgments."

"These poor people keep firm to their resolution," said the gentleman, "so Sunday is a day of rest for fourteen hundred colliers."

May we not professing Christians learn a lesson of wisdom, from Indian idolaters?

### THE PIPE AND CHURCH.

"I CAN'T go to church—I haven't got clothes," said a man taking his pipe out of his mouth, and puffing the smoke almost in my face, as he replied to my question, if he ever went to a place of worship. "How much do you spend on your pipe in a week?" "Oh! I just smoke about a pennyworth a-day." "Well," said I, "if you'll put the sevenpence a-week into my hands, I'll give you a suit of clothes to-morrow, so, that you may appear in the house of God on Sabbath first; and if you are not satisfied with your bargain, in, tell me." The bargain was immediately concluded; and that reclaimed smoker is now, it is said, in circumstances to make a similar bargain, with any one who is in the same bondage as that from which he has escaped.

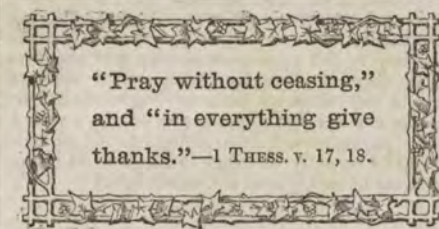
P. S.

### "PLEASE, DON'T GO IN."

A LITTLE boy, seeing a man sauntering about a public-house door, counting some money he held in his hand, and evidently intending to go into the public-house, stepped up to him and said, "Please, don't go in there." The man put his hand with the money in his pocket, thanked the little boy for his advice, and did not go in.

Widow Green and Her Three Nieces. By Mrs. Ellis (As Authoress of the "Women of England," &c.), addressed to her Fair Friends in the Cottage and the Kitchen. Cloth, 1s.

"AVOID flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak. They are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and, which is worse, if you believe them you cheat yourself most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who asking the Lord 'who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell upon Thy holy hill?' answers, 'he that walketh uprightly, and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes the vile person is condemned, but honoureth them who fear the Lord.'—From the writings of William Penn.



### A SIMPLE CURE.

A MAN who was suffering from intoxicating liquor, said to an abstainer,

"I would give anything to be cured of the habit of taking intoxicating liquors."

"It is as easy as to open your hand," said the abstainer.

"Convince me of that," replied the drinker, "and I will persevere in the experiment."

"When you take the glass in your hand," replied the abstainer, "before you lift the liquor to your lips, open your hand, and keep it open, and then you will be cured; or, better still, never touch it at all."

### BOOKS.

In former times a kind of reed was used to write upon. That reed was called *papyrus*. It is from this name that we speak of our *paper*. In former times, also, they wrote upon the leaves of trees; it is from this cause that we talk of the leaves of a book.

The Romans call a book *liber*. This word made us call a room where books are kept, a *library*.

In those old times, when skins were written upon, they were rolled up. This roll was called *volumen*. This old word has been kept up by us as near as may be. We call a single book a *volume*.

The inner bark of trees was used for writing upon. The people who lived in England many hundred years ago used to write upon the bark of the beech tree; they called this bark *boc*. We have not changed the word much; we still talk of a *book*.

### VALUE OF OLD ROPE.

AMONG the numerous worn-out, and often considered worthless, materials which the ingenuity of man has discovered means of re-manufacturing and rendering of equal value with the original substance, are old tarred ropes, which have long been in use at coal-pits. Our readers will be surprised when we inform them that out of this dirty and apparently unbleachable substance, is produced a tissue paper of the most beautiful fabric, evenness of surface, and delicacy of colour, a ream of which, with wrappers and strings, weighs two and a half pounds. It is principally used in the potteries for transferring the various patterns to the earthenware, and is found superior to any other substance yet known for that purpose. It is so tenacious that a sheet, if twisted by the hand in form of a rope, will support upwards of one hundred weight. Truly we live in an age of invention.

### PRIZE POEM ON PRAYER.

THE number of manuscripts which we have received is nearly 500. We have gone through the whole without deciding upon one for publication. We shall give them another perusal, and intimate our decision next month. Our young friends have considerably increased our trouble in looking through their manuscripts, by writing long letters—nothing more was required than the age and address; and not a few have requested our opinion on their productions, which we cannot undertake to give. We regret that any should have misunderstood our proposal by sending *copied* instead of *original* verses.

### BIRD-SORROW—CAUSE IT NOT.

UPON a tree just in front of my house, a robin built her nest, laid her eggs, and hatched her young. She seemed to claim the protection of man, by the location chosen for her nest. Her guileless heart trusted at least, that no harm would be offered her or her little ones. But alas! she thought not of the peculiar dangers to which the location of her nest would expose her young. Evil boys, who seemed to be searching for just such a treasure, found the nest, and watching their opportunity, when none of our household were noticing them, laid hold of the nest, and carried off the little robins, who were unable to use their wings in self-protection.

A week has passed by since the young birds were taken; but not a day has passed since, nor scarcely an hour, without my hearing the parent bird, from the now nestless branch, sending forth her mournful "twee-twee," in anxious calls for the little ones of whom she has been bereaved. It is a sad sound to my ears, for it tells of sorrow, and though it be but bird-sorrow—it is sorrow still! It is the sorrow of a mother from whom "little darlings" fondly loved, have been suddenly, wickedly snatched away.

I cannot but think, that if the boys who took those little nestlings from their mother's care and love, were only compelled to sit at my open window for an hour just now, and hear the mournful "twee-twee" of the parent robin, they would repent them of their evil, and return, if possible, the little stolen ones.

Boys! never rob a bird of her young. God, who entrusted you in your infancy and childhood to the care of fond parents (parents, who in bitter grief would mourn their loss, should you be stolen from them and carried captive away), entrusts the young robins of the nests to the parent birds, who alone can rightly supply their wants. And over every bird's nest, God seems to me to have written the solemn language of the eighth commandment, "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!" This language ought to rise to the mind of every boy who stretches forth his hand to rob a nest. Our blessed Saviour has said, that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Heavenly Father's notice." And as this is so, surely not a little bird can be stolen from its nest, without the knowledge of Him who sitteth in the heavens, and whose eyes "are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." E. J. F.



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(From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns.")

**NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.**

JESUS! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man asham'd of Thee?  
Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star:  
He sheds the beams of light divine,  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,  
Bright morning Star! bids darkness flee.

Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!  
And oh! may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

**AN INCIDENT.**

A TOUCHING case was presented lately to the consideration and charity of one of the good Samaritans who now take care of the sick, relieve the destitute, and feed the starving. A little boy was discovered one morning lying on the grass, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had the feelings of kindness strongly developed, went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," said he. "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of fever. "God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to His home, up in the sky; and mother told

me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything; and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said He would. He will come, won't He? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion; "He has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he most innocently said, "Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you've been so long on the way."

What a lesson of trust, and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with idle tales! As the poor mother expected, when she told her son "God would take care of him," He did, by touching the heart of this benevolent man with compassion and love to the poor little stranger.

ROWLAND HILL in once addressing the people at Wotton, exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast; but I am not. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, I saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help, so loud that I was heard in the town below at the distance of a mile; help came and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast in so doing now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing; I call on thee aloud to fly instantly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the blessed Gospel of CHRIST JESUS."

**ANECDOTES OF DOGS.**

MR. RAY, in his "Synopsis of Quadrupeds," informs us of a blind beggar who was thus led through the streets of Rome by a middle-sized dog. This dog, besides leading him in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, had learned to distinguish both the streets and houses where he was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a-week; whenever the animal came to any one of these streets, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the beggar began to ask alms, the dog lay down to rest, but the man was no sooner served or refused, than the dog rose spontaneously and without either order or sign proceeded to the other houses where the beggar generally received some gratuity. "I observed," says he, "not without pleasure and surprise, that when a halfpenny was thrown from a window, such was the attention and sagacity of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, took it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into the blind man's hat; even when bread was

thrown down, the animal would not taste it, unless he received it from the hands of his master." On behalf of the poor dogs generally, and particularly those who are such valuable guides to the blind, we wish to plead for the erection of more WATER TROUGHS in the public streets. Whilst rejoicing at



the erection of Drinking Fountains, let us not forget that the poor panting dogs also want water.

A touching scene occurred in Regent Street, London, last summer. A blind man was slowly peeping along, led by his dog. The day was hot, and the little animal was evidently parched with thirst. When opposite one of the fine shops, a servant accidentally spilt some water on the stones. The poor dog darted towards the moistened pavement, and began to lap a few drops from the ground. Scarcely, however, had the animal's tongue touched the wet stone, before the blind man, thinking that his companion was not attending to his duty, gave the string a sudden jerk, and pulled the dog away. A most piteous yell was uttered by the poor distracted creature, as it left the dirty, though much coveted, drops of water. A friend, who witnessed the occurrence, states that it was "a most touching scene."

**PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1860.**

10. What fruit is as certain to ripen with us as with the people to whom it was promised in God's displeasure?

11. One of the prophets speaks of a sin that he handled and saw: what did he do with it?

12. What incident in the life of a patriarch illustrates Proverbs xxiii. 3?

**TAKE WARNING!**

THERE are thousands of youths in our land who have cause to thank God for the valuable admonitory writings of Mrs. Balfour. We therefore hail with

pleasure her forthcoming book, "Scrub; or, the Workhouse Boy's Start in Life." We believe that it will have a wide mission of usefulness. We have seldom read a more remarkable instance of the value of Temperance than that given in the history of this workhouse boy. The annexed engraving illustrates one of the scenes in the youthful life of "Scrub," when he rescues a young shopmate, who in a fit of drunkenness was nearly burnt to death—a solemn warning to young men. This little book will prove a useful present to apprentice boys when commencing their "start in life." We earnestly recommend it to the notice of parents and teachers.



"SCRUB" RESCUES YOUNG PAMPERFIELD FROM THE FLAMES.





### THE BUSY BIRDS.

LAST month we called the attention of our young friends to the "Clever Builders,"—the pretty BIRDS. We now desire to remind our readers that during the merry month of May, there will be millions of beautiful eggs of all sizes and colours laid in the nests that the birds have made. These eggs are the rightful property of the "Clever Builders," and we trust that no "Band of Hope" boy or girl will be

so cruel as to rob the poor birds. We also hope that our young friends will do all they can to dissuade other

boys and girls from stealing. Let us each and all try as much as we can to make this "a happy MAY month" to the lovely birds. The feathered tribes, whose sweet warblings enliven the face of nature, have sensibilities of pleasure and pain very similar to human beings. In proof of this, we purpose giving in our next Number, a very affecting anecdote, which has been sent us, of a poor nightingale, whose young ones were killed by a dog. It will cause some of our readers to weep.



FOR ANECDOTES OF DOGS. (See next page.)



## THE BIRD'S-NEST.

Now the sun rises bright and soars high in the air,  
The hedge-rows in blossoms are drest;  
The sweet little birds to the meadows repair,  
And pick up the moss and the lambs' wool and hair,  
To weave each her beautiful nest.

High up in some tree, far away from the town,  
Where they think naughty boys cannot creep,  
They build it with twigs, and they line it with down,  
And lay their neat eggs, speckled over with brown,  
And sit till the little ones peep.

Then come, little boy, shall we go to the wood,  
And climb up yon very tall tree:  
And while the old birds are gone out to get food,  
Take down the warm nest and the chirruping brood,  
And divide them betwixt you and me?

Oh, no; I am sure 't would be cruel and bad,  
To take their poor nestlings away;  
And after the toil and the trouble they've had,  
When they think themselves safe, and are singing so glad,  
To spoil all their work for our play.

Suppose some great creature, a dozen yards high,  
Should stalk up at night to your bed,  
And out of the window away with you fly,  
Nor stop while you bid your dear parents good-bye,  
Nor care for a word that you said:

And take you, not one of your friends could tell where,  
And fasten you down with a chain:  
And feed you with victuals you never could bear,  
And hardly allow you to breathe the fresh air,  
Nor ever to come back again:

Oh! how for your dearest mamma would you sigh,  
And long to her bosom to run;  
And try to break out of your prison, and cry,  
And dread the huge monster, so cruel and sly,  
Who carried you off for his fun!

Then say, little boy, shall we climb the tall tree?  
Ah! no—but remember instead,  
'T would almost as cruel and terrible be,  
As if such a monster to-night you should see,  
To snatch you away from your bed!

Then sleep, little innocents, sleep in your nest,  
To steal you I know would be wrong;  
And when the next summer in green shall be drest,  
And your merry music shall join with the rest,  
You'll pay us for all with a song.

Away to the woodlands we'll merrily hie,  
And sit by yon very tall tree;  
And rejoice, as we hear your sweet carols on high,  
With silken wings soaring amid the blue sky,  
That we left you to sing and be free.

From "Original Poems." By JANE TAYLOR.

## A GOOD TEST.

A TRADESMAN once advertised for a boy to assist in the work of a shop, and to go errands. A few hours after the morning's papers announced that such a boy was wanted, the shop was thronged with applicants for the situation. Boys of every grade came in hope of a situation.

The Shopkeeper, at a loss to decide among so many, determined to dismiss them all, and adopt a plan which he thought might lessen the number, and aid him in the difficult decision.

On the morning following, an advertisement appeared in the papers to this effect:

**WANTED!**  
A Boy who obeys his Mother.

Now, my little friends, how many boys, think you, come to inquire for the situation after this advertisement appeared? If I am rightly informed, among all the lads of the city who were wanting the means of earning a living or getting a knowledge of business, there were but two who could fearlessly come forward and say, "I obey my mother."

OVER all the moments of life, religion scatters her favours, but reserves her best and choicest blessings for the last hour.

If thy conscience blame thee, though ever so little, despise it not, nor neglect the secret check; 'tis a message from heaven, sent to summon thee to thy duty.

Where envying and  
strife is, there is confusion  
and every evil work.

James iii. 16.

HAPPY are they who, observing the ways of their Heavenly Father, diligently watch their own hearts and lives, "continue instant in prayer," and find in its blessed exercises, an ever-flowing spring of life, and strength, and never-failing consolation.



## THE PLOVER.

"Oh, I love to see the plovers," said a little boy.

"Why? my child," inquired a friend.

"Because, sir, I read in my book on Natural History, that the plovers are so very clever in protecting their young ones from men and boys who try to rob them. The old birds pretend to be lame, or unable to fly, and will tumble over in the air, and thus endeavour to draw attention away from the nest. The nests are usually built in marshy lands, and the female bird when she wishes to leave the nest for a short time, will take the precaution to run a considerable distance on the ground before flying away!"

## THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A FEW evenings since we heard a young gentleman deliver an eloquent address in which he related the following thrilling incident. A young friend of his had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great mental powers, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks he remonstrated with him, but in vain; and as often, in turn, would his friend urge him to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion, he agreed to yield to him, and they walked up to the bar together. The bar-keeper said, "Gentlemen, what will you have?" "Wine, sir," was the reply. The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed friendship, when he paused, and said to his intemperate friend,—

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said, "Set down that glass." It was set down, and we walked away without saying a word.

O, the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's becoming a drunkard. If the question were put to every dealer as he asks for his license, and pays his money—"Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" how many would say, if the love of money did not overrule their judgment, "Take back the license."—Rev. John Marsh.

To him that knoweth  
to do good, and doeth it  
not, to him it is sin.

James iv. 17.

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

It was a pretty picture, worthy of an artist's pencil, that I saw one fine summer's day. A noble dog was guarding his kind mistress. The place was lonely, but the lady evidently had no fear, whilst her brave protector was near. The sight recalled to my memory some of the remarkable instances in which dogs have providentially saved the lives of females. One of them is well-known. A pious lady was returning one evening to her home, a few miles from a manufacturing town, when a large dog closely followed her. She attempted to drive him away, but he persisted in accompanying her. At length, they came to a very narrow and dark lane, when a robber rushed out of the hedge towards the lady. At the same moment, the dog darted forward like lightning and seized the villain. The man now cried for help, but the lady, greatly terrified, ran towards her home as fast as she could. She had not gone very far before her faithful friend came capering up to her, and accompanied her safely to her home. The lady wanted the noble creature to go inside, in order that she might reward him with a good meal, but, strange to say, he at once darted back towards the town he had left, and, notwithstanding every effort was made by the lady to discover the dog, or its owner, she never succeeded. The dog had never been seen by her before, and never after this eventful night! S.

In the life of that honoured minister, SAMUEL DREW, there is an account of his father, in one of his journeys being attacked by robbers near Looe, and in a note it states, "After the good man had been thus in jeopardy, he at the recommendation of his family, procured a Newfoundland dog, to be the companion of his journeys; for arms he would not carry. Of this dog, and a smaller one that had been bred in the house, Mr. Drew used to relate the following singular story. The circumstance occurred while he was living at Polperro, and was witnessed by himself.

"Our dairy was under a room which was used occasionally as a barn and apple-chamber, into which the fowls sometimes found their way, and, in scratching among the chaff, scattered the dust on the pans of milk below, to the great annoyance of my mother-in-law. In this, a favourite cock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day, in harvest, she went into the dairy, followed by the little dog; and finding dust again thrown on her milk-pans, she exclaimed, 'I wish that cock were dead!' Not long after, she being with us in the harvest-field, we observed the little dog dragging along the cock, just killed, which with an air of triumph, he laid at my mother-in-law's feet. She was dreadfully exasperated at the literal fulfilment of her hastily uttered wish, and, snatching a stick from the hedge, attempted to give the luckless dog a beating. The dog, seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, where he expected marks of approbation, left the bird and ran off; she brandishing her stick, and saying in a loud angry tone, 'I'll pay thee for this by-and-by!' In the evening, she was about to put her threat into execution, when she found the little dog established in a corner of the room, and the large dog standing before it. Endeavouring to fulfil her intention, by first driving off the large dog, he gave her plainly to understand that he was not at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then sought to get at the small dog behind the other; but the threatening gesture and fierce growl of the large one sufficiently indicated that the attempt would not be a little perilous. The result was that she abandoned her design. In killing the cock, I can scarcely think that the dog understood the precise import of my stepmother's wish, as his immediate execution of it would seem to imply. The cock was a more recent favourite, and had received some attentions which had been previously bestowed upon himself. This, I think, had led him to entertain a feeling of hostility to the bird, which he did not presume to indulge, until my mother's tone and manner indicated that the cock was no longer under her protection. In the power of communicating with each other, which these dogs evidently possessed, and which in some instances, has been displayed by other species of animals, a faculty seems to be developed, of which we know very little. On the whole, I never remember to have met with a case in which, to human appearance, there was a nearer approach to moral perception, than in that of my father's two dogs."

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THE GAY HEDGES.



ently dead, may well remind us of that more wonderful "resurrection," when "the dead shall be raised" from their graves. For that day let us prepare.

TWO WAYS TO DO GOOD.

"MOTHER, there is a poor boy in the lane, who has no shoes on his feet; may I give him a pair of mine?"

"I do not know, Charles; we must learn how it is that he has no shoes. What did he say to you?"

"OO, he said he had no shoes; and if I had an old pair he should be glad of them."

"WWell, my dear, I do not think you had better give him shoes, for I am not sure that it would be a good thing for him; it would perhaps make him idle, and like to beg rather than work, which would be a bad thing, you know. But I will tell you what you shall do. Our man, John, wants a boy to help in the garden, so if this boy likes to work, John may try him, and he can then soon earn enough to buy a pair of shoes."

"But how can he work in the garden without shoes?" said Charles. He will hurt his feet."

"I do not think it will hurt his feet any more to work in the garden than to walk in the road, Charles; and if we can teach this boy to work for what he wants, instead of begging for it, we shall do him much more good than if we were to give him ten pairs of shoes, and a coat and hat into the bargain."

"Then may I go and speak to John about it?" said Charles.

"You are not sure the boy will like to work, Charles."

"O, I, he will be sure to like it, mother, when I tell him that he will get money to buy shoes and all he wants besides."

So away ran Charles and spoke to the boy, who said he was quite willing to work in the garden; and then Charles went to John and told him all about it. John was a kind man, and was very fond of Charles, and was glad to do anything to please him. So he soon set the boy to work, and told him that if he was a good lad he might come there to work for two or three months, and that he would be paid five shillings a-week, and have his dinner besides.

Dan (that was the name of the boy), had no father or mother, and he lived with an old man who did not take care of him, but let him run about with bare feet and ragged clothes; so that, although he was not a bad boy, he got into idle habits, and would beg for bread and meat, or for old clothes or money, and now and then he would get a sixpence for holding a horse, or running on some errand, but that was not often. He had been so used to this idle way of life, that he soon got tired of work, and thought it was more pleasant to sive on a gate, or lie down under a hedge; but he did not think, foolish boy! how he was to live when he grew up to be a man.

The first day and the next he did very well; but the third day he began to be careless, and as he leaned lazily against the wheel-barrow, he told John he thought it very hard to have to come at six o'clock in the morning and not leave till six at night; and he did not think he should come there many more days.

Now it was a happy thing for Dan that John was such a kind man as he was, for some men would have sent him away, and have had no more to do with him; but John said to himself,

"This boy has been badly brought up. He has had no one to put him in the right way; and if he goes back to his old mode of life, he will never do any good. It would be a pity that he should go to ruin for want of a little good advice."

Then he talked a great deal to him, and told him what a sad thing it would be if he grew up to be a beggar all his life, which would surely be the case if he did not learn to like work.

"You a do not know the comfort," said he, "of being able to get an honest living; but when you do,

I am sure you will not wish to live an idle life. If you do not learn to work now, while you are young, what is to become of you by and by, do you think? How do you expect to get food to eat, clothes to wear, or a bed to lie upon? Come, my lad, take heart, and work with a good will."

John spoke so kindly, that the boy thought he would try a little longer; so he went on to the end of the week and was paid five shillings. He had never had so much money in his life, nor had he ever felt so proud and happy as when he went into a shop with the five shillings he had earned with his own hands, to buy a pair of shoes. "I see it is a good thing to work," said he. "If I go on, I shall soon get enough to buy a coat and hat to go to church in."

And so he did, and when the winter came, and there was no more work to do in the garden, John spoke to a friend of his, a blacksmith in the village, about Dan, and the blacksmith said he might come to his shop and he would see what he could do with him. So he went there and made himself so useful, that the blacksmith was glad to keep him, and he became one of the best workmen for miles around.

At last, the blacksmith died, and then Dan took the shop and set up for himself, and got on so well, that he was able to take a good house to live in; and then married the daughter of his old friend John. Charles also was grown up and married too, and often used to go and have a chat with the blacksmith, and send his horses there to be shod; and he would sometimes say to himself, "It was, indeed, much better to find him work than to give him my old shoes."



BE CIVIL, BOYS!

Boys! do you want to make your way in the world? Then take a friend's advice, and always be civil and obliging to others. I knew a cabman who grumbled, even when paid more than his right fare! A friend of mine who was desirous of frequently employing him, became so grieved with him, that at length he looked out for a driver with "a civil tongue," and the grumbler lost many a half-crown. The "civil" man prospered, and became proprietor of his own cab!

A gentleman recently wanted a youth to attend on customers at the counter. Several were recommended to him, but one of them had an excellent character, and in addition was "very civil and obliging." This youth immediately got the good situation, and he is likely to prosper in life.

A wealthy Liverpool merchant, who died some years ago, and who started in life as a poor boy, was once asked, "How is it that you have been so successful?" "By one word," replied the great merchant—"By CIVILITY."

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

"CONTEMPLATE when the sun declines,  
Thy death, with deep reflection!  
And when again he rising shines,  
The day of resurrection!"

PRIZE POEM ON PRAYER.

FROM the productions of upwards of five hundred competitors we have selected three, which being of equal merit, we purpose awarding a prize to each:—

MARTHA PRICE, Lower Tulse Hill, Norwood, Surrey.  
M. G. S., Queenboro', Leicestershire.  
M. W., Brixton, Surrey.

[We insert the above initials by request.]

We scarcely think they possess sufficient merit for publication, but we recommend our young friends to cultivate their gift for poetical composition.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

IN the Highlands of Scotland, there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width, and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in the crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland boy a handsome gift if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little basket full of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor, but when he gazed at the yawning chasm, he shuddered, shrunk back, and declined. But filial love was strong within him, and after another glance at the gift, and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew strong, and his eye flashed, and he said:

"I will go if my FATHER will hold the rope."

And then, with unshrinking nerves, and heart firmly strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the wild abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the strength of his father's arm, and the love of his father's heart gave him courage and power to perform it.

THE DRUNKARD'S BOY

Oh, chide him not, nor cast a shade  
Of sorrow o'er his brow,  
Nor break, by unkind words, the spell  
Which hangs around him now,  
For why disturb his innocence  
With tales of wild despair,  
And quench within his soul the joys  
Which sparkle brightly there?

Oh, true it is the heart will sigh  
To think that coming years  
Will blast his hopes and strew his path  
With bitter, scalding tears;  
And when he hears his playmates tell  
Each of their father's fame,  
How sad to think that he must bear  
A drunken father's shame.

Then chide him not—too soon, alas!  
The bitter truth he'll know,  
Too soon his heart will bow beneath  
The helplessness of woe;  
Then chide him not, nor seek to check  
The current of his joy,  
Too soon the world will let him know  
He is a drunkard's boy.

F. J.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1860.

For Conditions, &c. of the Prizes (value £20) for the best answers, see number for last January. Some of the applicants for the printed form (on which the answers must be given), have sent stamps but no address!!

13. Which of the prophets accounted for a state of things which grieved him from the poverty of the people?
14. Two noted sinners resided in a celebrated city,—both were saved:—name their deliverers, the city, and the sinners.
15. A description given of Moses is equally applicable to one of the apostles:—give it in six words, and the apostle's name.

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AFRICANS JUMPING FOR JOY.

## THE JOYFUL NEGROES.



ALL our readers who are interested in the cause of Missions to coloured tribes of Africa, will be pleased to see the above engraving, which we are enabled to insert, through the kindness of the Church Missionary Society. Perhaps we cannot do better than extract the very words that appear in the

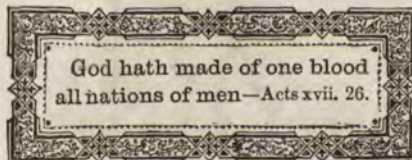
interesting "Quarterly Token," for April:—

"AFRICANS JUMPING FOR JOY. And what is the cause of their joy? They seem highly delighted with something: what is it? Nothing more than the appearance of the new Numbers of the 'British Workman' and the 'Band of Hope Review,' which have just arrived by the steam-packet from England; and the negroes are charmed with the pictures, and looking forward with intense pleasure to reading the tales. A friend, who has recently returned from Sierra Leone, declares that on these occasions he has seen both old and young actually jumping for joy.

Books and tracts are not so plentiful in Africa as they are in England, and the arrival of fresh supplies may well cause delight to those who prize knowledge."

In confirmation of the above extract, we may state that we have a very interesting letter before us, from Mrs. Hinderer, written in Africa, in which she states:—"The pictures in the copies of the *Band of Hope Review* and *British Workman*, which you kindly gave us, have been very helpful. The sight of the pictures has caused the natives to be anxious to read about them." A missionary at Sierra Leone also writes imploringly for

"any old or soiled copies, as they are so very acceptable among the emancipated negroes." Another missionary in Kaffir-land, to whom we sent a small parcel as a present, writes:—"Your packet was like a drop of water to a parched traveller in a desert land."



## THE CONVERTED NEGRESS.

SOME few years since, a minister was preaching at Plymouth, when a request was sent to the pulpit, to this effect:—"The thanksgiving of this congregation is desired to Almighty God, by the captain, passengers, and crew of the—West Indiaman, for their merciful deliverance from shipwreck during the late tempest."

The following day, the minister went on board, and entered into conversation with the passengers, when a lady thus addressed him:—"O, Sir, what an invaluable blessing must personal religion be! Never did I see it more exemplified than in my poor negress, Ellen, during the storm. When we expected every wave to entomb us all, my mind was in a horrible state—I was afraid to die—Ellen would come to me and

say, with all possible composure, 'Never mind, Missee: look to Jesus Christ. He made—He rule de sea.' And when, Sir, we neared the shore, and were at a loss to know where we were, fearing every minute to strike on the rocks, poor Ellen said, with the same composure as before, 'Don't be fear, Missee; look to Jesus Christ—He de Rock: no shipwreck on dat Rock; He save to de utmost. Don't be fear, Missee; look to Jesus Christ!'"

Of course (continued the minister) I wished to see this poor, though rich, African. She was called, and, in the presence of the sailors, the following conversation took place:—

Minister.—"Well, Ellen, I am glad to find you know something of Jesus Christ."

## THE OUTCAST.

I SAW an unhappy woman, crouched on the steps of a mansion. There was something about her which betokened "better days," as having once been her portion.



On inquiry, I was told that she had once been a happy inmate of that beautiful dwelling, but through habits of drinking, she had fallen step by step in vice, until she had become a "poor outcast," with no home except the Poor-house, or the Police-cell. Girls! avoid the intoxicating cup. FROM A FRIEND.



"Don't be fear, Missee; look to Jesus Christ!"

THE  
**BRITISH  
WORKMAN**

For May, contains an account  
OF THE  
**IRISH DUNCE**  
WHO  
**BECAME THE  
LEARNED  
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# BAND OF HOPE REVUEW

## AND CHILDRENS FRIEND

### WHITE FEATHER OF PEACE.

A FAMILY of 'Friends' from Pennsylvania, settled at a remote place in the west, then exposed to savage

incursions. They had not been there long, before a party of Indians, panting for blood, started on one of their terrible excursions against the whites, and passed in the direction of the 'Friend's' abode ; but,

though disposed at first to assail him and his family as enemies, they were received with such open-hearted confidence, and treated with such cordiality and kindness, as completely disarmed them of their purpose.



"ONE OF THE INDIANS TOOK A WHITE FEATHER AND STUCK IT OVER THE DOOR."



They came forth not against such persons, but against their enemies. They thirsted for the blood of those who had injured them; but these children of peace, unarmed and entirely defenceless, met them only with accents of love, and deeds of kindness. It was not in the heart even of a savage to harm them; and on leaving the 'Friend's' house, one of the Indians took a white feather, and stuck it over the door, to designate the place as a sanctuary not to be harmed by their brethren in arms. Nor was it harmed. The war raged all around it; the forest echoed often to the Indian's yell, and many a white man's hearth was drenched in his own blood; but over the 'Friend's' humble abode gently waved the white feather of peace, and beneath it his family slept without harm or fear.

#### A LESSON FROM INDIANS.

THERE are important lessons for even Englishmen to learn from Indians. One of the North American Indian Chiefs, who is anxious to prevent Intemperance amongst his tribe, has addressed the following remarkable letter to the Queen's representative:—

"I, SHA-SHUGARNE, hold or possess these lands on behalf of myself and tribe. Let not any of these, our lands, be ever taken from us. I wish to place all my own Indians on these our lands. I never wish to have any thing bad brought on them. He who gave us these lands gave them to us to use in a right way. In order that we may live well on them let them remain as they are (unoccupied by the whites). I and my Indians have just made our doors. The doors that we have made let it be that *fire-water* be never taken through them. To prevent all evil from coming into our lands, is the reason for which I prohibited the *fire-water* from being taken in through our doors. I wish to give you the right to secure us the things above stated, and to say more after we shall know what are the intentions of the whites."

#### PACIFIC POLICY OF PENN.

THE case of William Penn is perhaps the fullest and fairest illustration of pacific principles in their bearing on the intercourse of nations. His colony, though an appendage to England, was to the Indians an independent State. They knew no power above or beyond that of Penn himself; and they treated his colony as another tribe or nation. The king had himself expressly abandoned Penn and his followers entirely to their own resources.

"What!" said King Charles II. to William Penn on the eve of his departure, "venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you, that you will not be in your war-kettle within two hours after setting your foot on their shores?"

"The best security in the world," replied the man of peace.

"I doubt that, friend William," replied King Charles. "I have no idea of any security against those cannibals but a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets; and I tell you beforehand that, with all my good-will to you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers: I depend on something better," said Penn.

"Better! on what?" inquired the king.

"On the Indians themselves; on their moral sense, and the promised protection of God."

Such was the course of William Penn; and what was the result? In the midst of the most warlike tribes on that continent, the "Friends" lived in safety, while all the other colonies, acting on the war policy of armed defence, were involved almost incessantly in bloody conflicts with the Indians. Shall we ascribe this to the personal tact of William Penn? Shrewd he doubtless was; but the success of his policy was owing mainly, if not entirely, to its pacific character. Penn was only an embodiment of his principles, and the efficacy of these is strikingly exhibited in the fact, that Pennsylvania, during all the seventy years of her peace policy, remained without harm from the Indians, but as soon as she changed that policy, she then suffered the same calamities as the other colonies.—*From Arvine's Anecdotes.*

#### "YOU MUS' SEE WHIP HIM!"

WE have been much pleased to learn the following fact from a mother, who has more than once thanked us



for the contents of our little Paper. She states, that she recently took her little girl, about three years of age, for a treat to Epping Forest, and as a reward for good conduct, gave her a ride on a donkey. No sooner was the child on the saddle, than the driver gave the patient ass a thrust with his stick, which made the poor creature suddenly shrink. The little child seemed immediately to suspect what had been done. Raising her hand, and looking seriously at the driver, she said, "You mus' see hurt him—me wont let 'u whip him!" The dear little child resolutely refused to let the donkey be whipped whilst she was on its back! If all our readers will thus act, and do what they can to PREVENT cruelty to animals, they may lessen the sufferings of the dumb creation not a little.

#### GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

You know, my child, in that blest pray'r  
Which by our Lord was giv'n,  
That we, our Father, term our God,  
And say, He dwells in Heav'n.

Heav'n is, indeed, the blessed place  
On which He most bestows  
His brightest presence, and, unveil'd,  
His perfect glory shows.

But not the highest Heav'ns that are,  
Are able to contain  
The mighty Ruler of the world,  
In His unbounded reign;

He fills all Nature's endless space,  
And never let us dare,  
Where'er we are, to think of ill,  
For God is everywhere. MARY ELLIOTT.

#### THE "BRITISH WORKMAN."

WILL those of our readers who are the children of working-men, please tell their fathers that we publish, monthly, a penny Illustrated Paper on purpose for them. In the number for this month, there is an interesting narrative called "THE LOGIC OF THE LIFE,"



which we should like to be read aloud in every working-man's home throughout the land.

#### THE GOOD FIGHT.

PERHAPS my young readers may think this a strange title for a Children's Paper; but I hope to prove that there is one sort of warfare in which we all may, — nay, all ought to engage.

Now, let us see if we can find anything in the Bible on the subject. St. Paul, in his Epistle to Timothy, charges him to "war a good warfare," to "fight the good fight of faith," and to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He also speaks of the "armour of light," and the "armour of righteousness." There is, therefore, a warfare in which we are commanded to engage; but in what is our armour to consist, and what are to be our weapons? St. Paul will tell us. He says, "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, and put on the whole armour of God, girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, taking the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." These, dear children, are weapons out of God's own armoury; but against whom are they to be employed? Again St. Paul will tell us. He bids the Ephesians "put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." St. Peter, also, warns us of the same enemy. "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil walketh about seeking whom he may devour, whom resist, steadfast in the faith." And St. John speaks of another foe, when he says, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." They are no weak enemies against whom we have to struggle; and unless Christ is the Captain of our salvation, we shall be overcome. But though Satan is strong, He that is on our side is stronger; and if we fight the good fight, looking to God for strength, we shall be "more than conquerors, through Him that loved us." I do not tell you this warfare is easy. Do you think the soldier's lot is easy, who is aspiring only to earthly fame and glory? Often he is weary with long marching, and the burning sun shines on his aching head; or he is parching for want of water; or at night the cold ground is his only bed. But he endures it all cheerfully; and why? Because he looks beyond the present times, to the praise and honour of men, which he hopes one day to obtain. And it is the hope set before him which encourages the Christian soldier to struggle onward. Though, at times, it may be hard work, he remembers that promise of God, which shall never fail, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."

I hope, dear children, you understand the meaning of all this. If you wish to reach heaven, you must fight your way there; and the earlier you begin, the easier you will find it. Whenever an angry word rises to your lips, and, instead of speaking it, you are silent; when an envious or unkind thought comes into your minds, and you drive it away; when you feel inclined to be idle, but instead, take your book and study diligently; when you are tempted to do wrong, and say, "No;" when you do what you know to be your duty, though you would very much rather leave it undone; in all these cases, you have gained a victory, and the enemy you have conquered is sin. Do not think these are trifles. The wisest of men did not, when he said, "He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." Sometimes, notwithstanding all your good resolutions and endeavours, you will fail; your evil tempers and inclinations will conquer. Do not, then, say, "It is of no use trying." It is of use; and you must try, and try again, remembering that you are called to be soldiers of Christ; and is it not a shame for a soldier to be downhearted? I am anxious you should learn, young as you are, that your life ought to be a warfare; that you must not seek to gratify every inclination, but find out what is right and what is wrong, and manfully do the one and leave the other alone, always remembering that it is God's grace alone can enable you to do either.

Perhaps you think that the way to be happy is to do and have exactly what you please; but you would soon find out your mistake. Let us suppose a mother going out one day, and leaving two little girls at home. Lucy determines she will do just what she likes, without paying any regard to her mother's wishes;

Be not overcome of  
evil, but overcome evil  
with good.

Romans xii. 21.

This is the victory that  
overcometh the world,  
even our faith.

1 John v. 4.





but Emily acts as though her mother were still at home. Lucy gets into all manner of mischief; but Emily passes the day as usefully and happily as usual. When those two little girls hear their mother's returning footsteps, which of them do you think, feels the happiest, and runs forward the most joyfully to meet her? I am sure you know it is Emily. Now, can you tell what could have caused the two little girls to act so differently? Lucy loved herself, and only cared to please herself: Emily loved her mother, and therefore felt far greater happiness in obeying her wishes, than Lucy did in following her own inclinations. It is just the same with us as Christians. If we really love God, we shall love also to do His will; and as His will must often be quite opposed to our own, then there will be a struggle—a battle. Will you not ask God to give you hearts to love Him, and grace to fight and conquer in this holy warfare.

Now, let us consider, for a moment, what will be the end of this warfare. The last enemy to be conquered is death, and then comes the reward. Hear how St. Paul speaks of it. He, who urged Timothy to "wage a good warfare," could say of himself, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." When your course is also ended, may you, dear children, be able to say, with the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." So shall you be amongst the happy number of those, who, having endured unto the end, shall receive "a crown of glory that fadeth not away,"

IRENE.

AA LORD MAYOR'S OPINION.

A CONSTABLE on searching a lad who had taken a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket, found two boxes and a tobacco-pipe. At the close of the investigation which took place before a late Lord Mayor of London, he very humanely said he did not wish to destroy the character of the boy, "but," to his mother he said, "if you feel an interest in your boy, to take away his pipe and tobacco-box, otherwise they will bring him into mischief. It would be quite bad enough that he should use such things when he gets older. If any boy came to me to be hired as a clerk, and I found in his pocket a pipe and tobacco-box, I would not engage him."—[From the *Anti-Tobacco Journal*; an excellent monthly penny magazine, which well deserves a wide circulation.]

\* Published by Messrs. Houlston and Wright.

SLAVERY OF INTemperance.

When a man surrenders himself to the love of strong drink, he surrenders his liberty, and becomes a slave. "What has become of your old servant, Robert; you have not, surely, parted with him?" said a friend to an aged gentleman, at the door of one of the metropolitan clubs. "Yes, indeed, I have." Why? has he not been with you for fifteen years?" "Yes; but it was full time we should part; and I will tell you why. In the first five years, he was an admirable servant; for the next five, he was a very pleasant companion; but during the last five, he has been a most insufferable tyrant."

So it is with strong drink; at first it is a servant, and

may be parted with at pleasure. But afterwards, when the victim of intemperance wishes to part with it, he finds that he is bound in fetters. It is true, he is a willing slave, but not the less a slave for that. He is a captive, led about just as the publican pleases. When the youthful Alexander the Great had conquered the world, he was enslaved by his own appetite. He was in chains to his own lusts. He indulged, and perished, but did not feel free. He felt like a slave to his own passion.—*Denton's Anecdotes.*

"One of the most hardened offenders in Newgate when she was brought to the feet of Jesus, in her right mind, declared that it was Mrs. Fry's look of love that first led her to hope that she might be saved." How strong is the power of kindness.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

The Editor has received 1072 sets of Answers to the Bible Questions for 1859, and with much pleasure



awards the FIRST PRIZE to an old competitor, whose perseverance from year to year has at length obtained for him its well-earned reward. It is a gratifying fact that the greater number of his young friends express to the Editor their thankfulness for the interesting and profitable occupation they find in studying these Bible Questions. Not a few declare that searching for the answers has been the means of leading them to seek Christ, of whom the Scriptures "testify." One competitor can write only with the left hand;—several are on couches of suffering;—several are inmates of workhouses, too poor even to buy the little publication themselves, but who receive it month by month through the kindness of the master;—and one little girl says she has searched out her answers while tending her widowed mother's cow by the road-side, at the same time nursing her little brother;—these have all found pleasure in joining with others, more favoured than themselves, to explore the

"— Mine of wealth unknown, where hidden glory lies."

Some have read through the whole Bible several times, and it is worthy of note that those who confine their attention to the Scriptures only, have answered better than many who say they have used a Concordance. As in previous years, every question has been well answered again and again, though no one Competitor has answered the whole of them correctly. May both successful and unsuccessful Competitors, ever keep in view the GLORIOUS PRIZE OF EVERLASTING LIFE, and adopt the motto of Paul—"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for THE PRIZE of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

First Prize, £5.  
JOSEPH T. APPLEYARD, aged 17,  
34, Morleston Street, Derby.

Second Prize, £3.  
CHRISTINA KIRKWOOD, aged 15,  
Dumbarney Manse, Bridge of Earn, N.B.

Third Prize, £2.  
MARGARET ALCOCK, aged 19,  
16, Lower Sherrard Street, Dublin.

Fourth Prize, £1.  
RACHEL DOVE WILCOX, aged 17,  
18, Egerton Terrace, Birkenhead.

The Prizes for the Colonies cannot be awarded before the end of the year. (See *Band of Hope Review* for Sept. 1859.) We cannot, therefore, publish the correct answers.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1860.

For Conditions, &c., of the Prizes (value £20) for the best answers, see number for last January, which may still be had through any Bookseller. No answers will be received, except such as are sent in on the PRINTED FORM, specially prepared for this purpose. A copy will be sent, post-free, by the Editor, on the receipt of two postage stamps, addressed to No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Some of the applicants for the printed form have sent stamps but no address; whilst others have sent the address but no stamps! The addresses should be VERY PLAINLY written.

16. An immense number of labourers had placed over them 3600 overseers, to set them to work:—state the number of men, and their occupation?

17. In one verse, point out a short and easy way of subduing opponents?

18. What incident in the life of a good man may serve to the end of time as a warning not to rely on connection with any Church, not to trust in any privileges?

THE ROYAL DRUNKARD.

It is a fact worthy of our particular notice, that the only King of Israel charged with the crime of drunkenness came to a shameful end. We are told by the sacred historian, that Elah, King of Israel, was slain by his servant, Zimri, as he was drinking himself drunk in the house of his steward.—1 Kings, xvi. 9, 10.

The religion of Jesus is a religion of peace. The angels, sang, *Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men*, when they announced to the wondering shepherds the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth. Wherever the power of the Gospel is felt, there joy and peace reign: *the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose: it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.*

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

"JACK," THE POLICEMAN'S DOG.



OR some years past there has been at the principal Police Station in Bristol, a dog bearing the name of "Jack," who accompanies the officers (we believe he has his favourites), on their beats, and is remarkable for his sagacity. Should "Jack" be at the station-house when there is a report brought in of a fire, so soon as he hears the information given he goes through the different bedrooms, barking loudly, and waking up the men, who immediately know what is the matter.

When the police fire-engine is got ready, and all the men are in marching order, "Jack" places himself in front, and marches at their head through the various streets to the spot where the fire is raging. Should he, however, be absent with any officer on patrol and hear the rattle—which in the police force is sounded as an alarm in case of fire—or should another officer pass the word to the one "Jack" is accompanying, he will immediately make his way to the station to perform his usual duties. "Jack" is about the middle size, and is evidently well-fed. He has several houses of call. A gentleman in Broad Street, for sometime provided him a dinner every day, but "Jack" having had the misfortune to get one of his ears injured, this friend essayed to cure it, which so offended him, that he has since ceased to pay his usual visits, not even the good fare provided, will tempt him to run the risk of another operation!

But "Jack" did not leave one friend without being sure of another. He is on intimate terms with the host of the White Lion Hotel, who liberally orders his servants regularly to supply him with a dinner, and he is generally found very punctual in partaking of his daily meal. Some of the constables have provided their canine assistant with a collar, on which is engraved—"Jack, The Policeman's Dog," and he may be daily seen with this badge of office, taking his rounds through the ancient city of Bristol. We hope that "Jack's" friends may long live to supply his wants, and we trust, that when he is too old for duty the City authorities will put him on the "superannuated list," and make him a suitable allowance in old age, for his distinguished services to the public!





### THE POOR NIGHTINGALE.

HENRY W. DIXON, Esq., of the *Mark Lane Express*, has sent us the following remarkable and affecting incident. He writes:—

"I went, on agricultural business last May (1859), to visit Mr. Jonas Webb, of Babraham, a large sheep-farmer in Cambridgeshire. Whilst at dinner, I heard the 'jug-jug' of a nightingale, close outside the window. On asking about it, they said—'Poor thing, she's only taunting the house-dog.' It seems that the large dog (a Newfoundland, I think,) had been following its master down the drive, past a laurel bush, where the nightingale had built her nest; he snapped at it, and, just missing the old bird as she flew off, devoured all the young ones. From that moment the bird never left the dog. She followed it when he walked, and sat, either upon his kennel-top, or on a bush hard by, with its plaintive note, asking for its young ones. Actually, if the dog followed his master into the house, the bird would accompany him to the very door-step, and wait till he came out, just like an avenging spirit. I was told that the poor bird had done this for *three weeks*, at the time I was there."

By the courtesy of Mrs. Webb, we are enabled fully to confirm the above affecting incident. She states, "Our sympathy was deeply called forth, and we earnestly desired that it were in our power to replace the nest and little ones, and restore comfort to the disconsolate mourner. Our surprise was great that the poor bird could keep up her mournful song so long. It seemed as if her little throat *must* be sore through her screaming for hours together. So long as "Pilot" was in sight she continued upbraiding him night and day. Sometimes "Pilot" was allowed to join us when we took our work or tea on the lawn. He would ascend the front steps and seat himself by the door in the hall. Even then the poor bird would come and actually hop on the steps after the dog. The young persons would sometimes walk close to the bird and see if it would not fly away, but no, the bird would still hop after the destroyer of her little brood. For three weeks or a month, we could always tell whereabouts "Pilot" was, by the wearisome wail of the poor bird. At length the sorrowful note ceased to be heard, and we concluded that the bird was gone, but suddenly it was again

heard. My husband looked out, and there was our poor bird on a high birch tree across the lawn, and almost at the same moment "Pilot" was seen, passing under the tree! As it is believed that birds which migrate, return again to the same locality, we look forward with much interest to watch if we shall hear any more of the one in question, and whether "Pilot" will be remembered."

We trust that this narrative will teach a lesson to all our young readers, and prevent them from ever robbing or tormenting a poor bird. The thoughtless "Pilot" was not aware that he was doing any wrong—he knew no better. Boys and girls do know better. They are taught by kind teachers, and by the pages of the blessed Bible to be "merciful" and "tender-hearted." If "Pilot" could speak, perhaps he would express his sorrow for what he has done. When Mr. Weir, the great artist, and lover of animals, read Mr. Dixon's letter he took his pencil and gave us the annexed sketch in which he has placed a tear on the dog's face!

### OUR YOUNG MEN.

THE boys who now read our little monthly paper will, in a few years, if spared, be amongst the YOUNG MEN of our Country. Thousands of them will come to our great metropolis, to gain knowledge of trade and commerce; and we recommend all such to become members of the Young Men's Christian Association, 165, Aldersgate Street, E.C., an institution which has been "a harbour of refuge" to thousands amidst the snares of sin in London. It is a great treat to witness on a Sunday afternoon the large gathering of Young Men at the Bible Class, which is



Mr. W. E. SHIPTON, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, 165, Aldersgate Street, London. E.C.

most ably conducted by our friend, Mr. SHIPTON. Long may the worthy Secretary of this valuable institution be spared in his great and good work.



### 'SCRUB,' THE WORKHOUSE BOY.

WE again call attention to the interesting narrative of this poor boy, by Mrs. BALFOUR.\* We feel assured that it will be hailed, not only by the friends of temperance, but also by Sunday School Teachers generally. We recommend Senior-class Teachers to present copies to their Scholars.

\* "SCRUB; or the Workhouse Boy's First Start in Life." Published by S. W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row. Price Sixpence. Sent post free, on receipt of six stamps.

### TRUE BRAVERY.



OYS! there is true bravery in forgiving one who has injured you. There is no true bravery in beating or bruising him. There was once a young man in a great rage in consequence of something that had been said about him by a comrade. He determined to be *revenge* the first time he met him. "It's *manly* to fight," said he. "Yes," replied a Christian friend, who was near, "it may be *manly* to revenge; but it is GOD-LIKE to *forgive*." "He that conquers his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city!"

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Notice.—All the back numbers of the "*Band of Hope Review*" have been reprinted, and may now be had through any Bookseller, or post free, from the Publisher, by remitting the amount in stamps with an extra stamp to cover postage.

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# BAND OF HOPE REVUEW

## AND CHILDRENS FRIEND

### THE SWEARERS RECLAIMED;

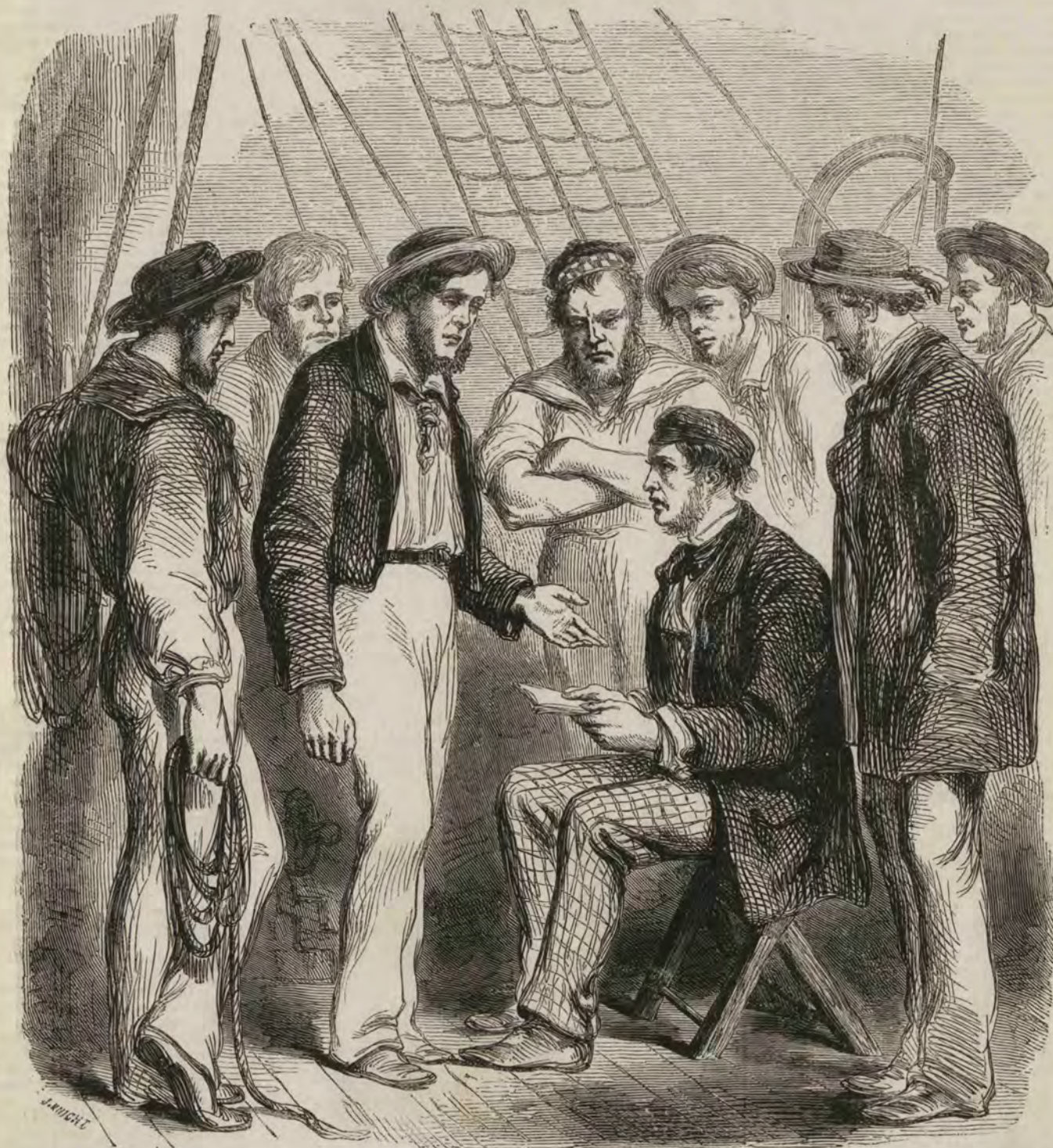
Or, the Value of a Tract.

SOME years ago, a gentleman residing in Liverpool, presented a parcel of tracts to the steward of a merchant vessel, then about to sail for the Mediterranean. The happy results, which under God's blessing,

flowed from this little act of kindness, cannot be better stated than in the steward's own words:—

"You recollect, on my taking leave of you, you placed in my hand a small parcel of tracts, and I promised to read them; this I have done. On leaving this port, we had a favourable wind through the Channel; the wind then chopped round direct in our teeth. We had to contend, with light contrary winds

till we entered the Gut of Gibraltar. During this part of our voyage I had little or no opportunity to read the tracts: I did, on the first Sabbath, turn them over, and put a few into my pocket; and occasionally taking one out, gave it a sneering glance, and then handed it to one of the boys or men with a smile of ridicule. On passing the Gut, we had a tedious though pleasant voyage to Smyrna. Having much





time upon my hands, I now and then looked at a tract to pass time away. One evening I was looking over the ship's side, viewing the calm and peaceful close of another day. This brought to my recollection the scenery and calmness of the evening when I took my last farewell of my friends at home. It was at sunset, on a lovely evening in July. Missing thus of home, I just then put my hand into my jacket pocket, and feeling a paper, took it out, and it proved to be a tract, "THE SWEARER'S PRAYER." I read it aloud, in the hearing of the whole crew, and, I suppose, much of my feelings was mixed with my tone of voice. When I had read it, a curious kind of silence ensued; not one of us felt inclined to raise his eyes from what they were fixed on, fearing to meet the look of another, and knowing

that, to a man, we were all shockingly guilty of swearing. At length we looked at each other in a side-long kind of way, and one man said, 'Mr. William, I never heard or thought of this before; this kind of reading has made me feel very strange; I'm all over trembling. I don't think I shall like to swear again: shall you, Jack?' turning short to a seaman alongside of him, who looked him full in the face, and burst into tears. The shedding of tears ran like a contagion through the whole of us, even to the boy across the gun. After weeping in silence, with our faces hid with our hands, one man said, 'Jack, suppose we hand up a prayer to God for forgiveness: Mr. William, you have had more learning than we, you can make a prayer.' 'Alas! I had never prayed; I could only sigh: I really thought my heart would burst. Oh, how dreadful did sin appear! One of the men then broke the silence of grief; with his arms across his breast, and the tears of penitential sorrow rolling down his face, he cried out, 'O God, who made our souls, have mercy, and pardon the miserable and wicked crew on this deck.' Not a heart but what responded 'Lord, hear this prayer, and forgive.' But, not to enter too long into detail, a change took place in the whole ship's company. One circumstance I must not forget to mention. The captain, a drunken, swearing character, thought his men bewitched. On the following morning he came on deck, and, as usual, was giving his orders, mixed with fearful oaths, when one of the men, in a most respectful manner, begged he would not swear at them; they would obey his orders with more comfort to themselves without it. Indeed, the captain remarked to a person on his return, that he was himself obliged to refrain from swearing, it began to appear so singular on board!"

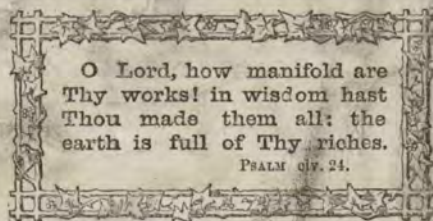
#### MR. J. B. GOUGH.

THIS great advocate of Temperance is about to leave this country for his home in America. For three years he has been zealously labouring throughout the United Kingdom, seeking to lessen the evil of our national vice—Intemperance. God has been pleased to bless his labours with much success. Thousands of men, women, and children thank God that they ever heard the voice of Mr. Gough. It is not in the homes of the intemperate alone that the results of Mr. Gough have been apparent. His powerful assaults on the DRINKING CUSTOMS of Society—which lead to intemperance—have been crowned with results hitherto unknown in the history of the temperance movement. Strong drink in its various forms of spirits, wine, ale and beer, has been entirely banished from the tables of not a few. The Christian spirit and tone of Mr. Gough's addresses have deeply influenced the religious classes; and we believe that his labours will be like bread cast upon the waters "found after many days hence." May his useful life be long spared to "bless and be blessed!"



#### ADDRESS TO A BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,  
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light,  
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,  
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold:  
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,  
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy:  
Yet wert thou once a worm—a thing that crept  
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.  
And such is man!—soon from his cell of clay  
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.—ROGERS.



O Lord, how manifold are  
Thy works! in wisdom hast  
Thou made them all: the  
earth is full of Thy riches.

PSALM CIV. 24.

#### A STRIKING NARRATIVE.

AN old woman who showed the House and Pictures at Towcester, expressed herself in these remarkable words: "That is Sir Robert Farmer, he lived in the country, took care of his estate, built this house, and paid for it; managed well, saved money, and died rich. That is his son. He was made a Lord, took a place at court, spent his estate and died a beggar!"

What a very brief but striking narrative.

#### MARY AND THE RAIN.

A FEW years ago, in one of the Agricultural Districts of England, there was a great drought; for want of rain, crops were burnt up by the sun, and

the poor sheep and cows died of thirst. Some good farmers, who knew how rain depended on God's goodness, agreed to meet together, with their families, to lay their wants before their Heavenly Father, and particularly to pray for rain. It was a bright hot sunny morning, when they were to meet for the first time. As one of them went on his way, he met a little girl making her way along, quite overburdened with the weight of a large old family umbrella.

"Well, my child," said he, "where are you going?" "To the prayer meeting for rain," she answered.

"And why do you burden yourself with such a large umbrella such a fine morning as this? You are not likely to want it to-day."

"Why, sir, you know," said she, looking up simply into his

face, "I thought that, as we were going to pray for rain, we should be sure to want the umbrella." The man smiled on her, and soon after the service began.

While they were praying the wind got up, the sun was hid behind dark and heavy clouds; the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the rain began to drop, and by-and-by a heavy storm deluged the fields far and wide.

Amongst all the people assembled to pray for rain, there was but one umbrella, and that was Mary's. Most of them who could not wait, got drenched through and through before they could reach their home, while Mary and her friend walked home nice and dry under the old family umbrella.

Mary's was simple, child-like faith; she expected that God would answer prayer, and she prepared accordingly.—REV. DR. SPENCER.

#### THE INEXHAUSTIBLE MINE.

Is it not strange that many an owner of an old lead mine, or copper mine, or coal mine, has set to work, body and soul, with money, miners, pickaxes, shovels, steam-engines, ropes, railways, and other things, in search of an uncertain profit; while his old Bible, a mine of a thousand times more value, has been altogether neglected, though he might have wrought in it by his own fireside without running a risk, or employing workmen, or paying wages; securing to himself certain profit and laying up treasures that would endure for ever. This is being "diligent in business," but it is not being "fervent in spirit."

#### SOPHY AND JANE.

In Lincolnshire there are numerous friends of Missions, and we are glad to believe that many of our young readers in this county are active members of some of the "working parties" for making clothes to be sent out to India, and other parts of the great mission field.

Several boxes of clothing have been sent from this country during the last few years to Madras for two little Indian girls—Sophy and Jane. The history of these two twin-sisters is a striking illustration of the value of Christian Missions to India. When they were very "little ones," they were taken by their heathen father to Mrs. Bilderdock, the good Missionary's wife. He said to her, "Will you take them—I don't want them any more? If you don't take them I shall throw them away."

Mrs. Bilderdock's heart was touched, and she felt that she must rescue the poor children from a cruel death. They are now supported at school by the liberality of English friends, and we are glad to state that they can now read their Bibles in both the English and Tamil languages!

We hope that, by their good conduct and Christian lives, Sophy and Jane will amply repay our Lincolnshire friends for their labour of love.



SOPHY AND JANE (from a photograph).





Drinking Fountain, in City Road, London, the Gift of HENRY FORD BARCLAY, Esq.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.



I have much pleasure in recording the continued spread of the Drinking Fountain movement. Henry Ford Barclay, Esq., of Walthamstow, has kindly provided the funds wherewith the "Drinking Fountains' Association" are to erect four fountains in the locality of Wharf-Road, City Road, London. Two have already been erected

in the greatt thoroughfare of City Road. We frequently pass these "wells by the way," and generally find some; "thirsty pedestrian" gratefully quaffing the cooling; beeverage. Many other gentlemen are preparing to erect fountains in the localities where they hold property; and we rejoice to learn from all parts oof the country, that landed proprietors and manufacturers are warmly espousing this great and good movement. It is well worthy of the liberal support of all classes of society. Every parish in the lanad should have its Drinking Fountain.

MISCHIEVOUS SPORT.

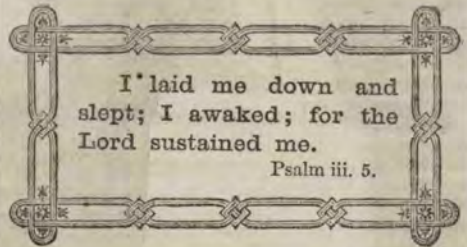
THERE is no fault more common among boys than the love of mischievous sport. If the instances that daily occur of terrible accidents arising from wanton folly were written down, they would make such a list, att which we should shudder! The writer feels constrained to relate a very sad accident that occurred on Tuesday the 29th of May, in this year. The Haarrow Road, as most of our London readers know, exstends from the Edgware Road to Harrow. Just beoffore it reaches the bridge over the canal, called "The Lock Bridge," there is a short steep hill. On the evening of the day named, a baker's cart was standing at the door of a house on the hill. The horse was very quiet, and of course was used to his driver alighting to deliver bread to his customers. A boy of about nine years old was sauntering along the pavement on the opposite side of the way, with a stone in his hand. Most likly this boy had a habit of picking up stones and "shying" them, as he called it, at any object that he passed. Suddenly, it seemed a mischievous thought came into his head, and he threw the stone at the horse, striking it a sharp blow on the eye. The poor animal took fright, instantly turned short round, and ran off at full speed down the hill. Just as the boy threw the stone, a woman, with a child in her arms, was crossing the road, and before she could see her danger, the sudden turn of the horse knocked her down, its hind foot

kicking her heavily on the temple, while the wheel of the cart went over her chest. The child rolled out of her arms to some distance, and was picked up stunned, but not much hurt. The terrified by-standers rushed to the assistance of the poor woman, they carried her into a neighbouring doctor's shop, but she never spoke or gave any signs of animation, except a few gasps, and almost immediately breathed her last.

Now let every boy who reads this try to think of all the consequences that followed the throwing of that stone. The poor woman had left her home well in health, little dreaming that in a few minutes she would perish by a dreadful death. Her family and friends, how terrible would be their grief?—they were injured as a family for life—though after such a calamity all else seems trifling; there was also the damage to the horse, which was much injured—the cart nearly destroyed—and all through a wicked urchin throwing a stone!

Many good boys who read this will think, "What must be the state of mind of that mischievous boy?" Will not his conscience tell him that his wanton folly caused the death of a fellow-creature? Can he ever be happy any more? There is no good

boy but would far rather have died himself, than have been the cause of such a calamity. Throwing stones, even in the fields, or on the sea-shore, is not a safe sport, and on no account ought such a habit to be permitted near houses, or in a public thoroughfare. If any of my readers feel tempted to throw stones, let them remember the death of the woman in the Harrow Road, and avoid such cruel sport. C. L. B.



STRONG DRINK A MURDERER!

Strong drink slowly murders the body by weakening the brain, heating the blood, corrupting the flesh, and relaxing the muscles. The drunkard breaks the command, "Do thyself no harm." He is a self-murderer. Strong drink murders the soul. "No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God."

Strong drink murders the innocent. A drunken husband or father has often murdered his wife or child; nearly every newspaper tells of such cases. A drunken guard or driver on a railway may, by his drunkenness, kill or maim hundreds of people. "Thou shalt do no murder."

EARLY MORNING.

'Tis pleasant, in the country,  
Betimes to leave one's bed,  
Before the fierce and glaring sun  
Shines scorching overhead.

The labourer is singing,  
While thrashing out the corn;  
He seems to love his work the more  
Because 'tis early morn.

The lark on high is soaring  
Above the fragrant hay;  
And sparkling in the sunlight, winds  
The river, far away.

The fragrant herbs and flowers  
Are dripping with the dew;  
The garden seems to wake from sleep,  
And charm with beauties new.

How many a healthful pleasure  
They lose, who love their bed,  
And slumber till the glaring sun  
Shines scorching overhead! S. W. P.

EFFECTS OF THE MAINE-LAW.

PROFESSOR E. POND, of Bangor Theological Seminary, in answer to the question, "What effect has the Maine-Law already produced?" says:—

"It has put an end to rum-selling for drinking purposes, except in the lowest places, and in the most private, sneaking, contemptible way. It has greatly diminished drunkenness. I have not seen a drunken man in our streets for the last six months. At this season of the year, with all our lumber-men from the woods, our Irish and Indians, I have not seen one intoxicated. The law has made our streets quiet through the night, very few, comparatively, get into the watch-house. The house of correction has been, at times, almost empty; I know not but it is so now. The expense of paupers is greatly diminished; also the expense of litigation. Hundreds of thousands throughout the state, who, but for the law, had been miserable drunkards, and whose homes were once the abodes of the extremest wretchedness, are now industrious, sober citizens, and their families are living in comparative comfort."

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Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones. Compiled by Uncle John, with numerous Woodcuts. Nos. 1 to 10, may now be had, post free, Sixpence each.

A NOBLE-HEARTED NEGRO.

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." MATTHEW v. 44.



THE following is an affecting instance of the fulfilment of this command. Many years ago, when slavery existed in the West Indies, there was in Jamaica a master, who, in his dealings with his poor slaves, forgot they were human like himself. He treated them even more cruelly than his beasts. One day after severely

punishing one of them, he kicked the poor man down a flight of steps and maimed him for life.

After awhile, the Emancipation came, and the negro was a free man. Maimed as he was, he set about getting an honest living for himself—for he was a Christian—as a boatman on the coast; by which means he was not only enabled to meet present wants, but to lay aside a little for those of the future.

The day of retribution, too, came upon the miserable and hard-hearted master. Cast down from his once wealthy position, he was driven into abject poverty, and reduced to beggary and want. But to whom could he appeal? Let the sequel be written in letters of gold! The poor maimed Negro, whom he once kicked down the steps, had a heart to pity and to help him. He not only gave him instant relief, but to the present time, that Legree of a master is a pensioner upon the bounty of the maimed, but truly Christian negro! H. A.



### "OUR QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER!"

CAN any of the Eighty Thousand Sunday Scholars who were present when Queen Victoria visited Peel Park, Manchester, on the 10th of October, 1851, ever forget that most memorable day?

Our beloved Queen has seen many great and grand sights, but we doubt whether she, or any other monarch, ever saw such a sight before as was presented in Peel Park, when eighty thousand youthful voices joined in singing the National Anthem! The effect was most magical! When "England's Queen" reached the centre of that wondrous assembly, the enthusiasm of the youthful spirits became unbounded, and instead of the last lines of the stanza, a loud and joyful burst of youthful cheering ran, like a peal of thunder, through the Park. Such a cheer we venture to say Queen Victoria never heard before! In no part of her Majesty's dominions has she ever received more expressive tokens of the loyalty of her subjects than during her visit to Lancashire. We are glad that the event has been commemorated by the erection of a beautiful monument in Peel Park. We trust that it will serve to remind our Manchester friends, not only of the royal visit of Queen Victoria, but also of that much more impressive sight,\* when we shall behold Him, who is exalted "far above all principalities and powers."—The King of kings and Lord of lords. For that meeting let us all prepare.

\* Read Rev. i. 7. 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

ON Whit-Tuesday last, the Nottingham Sunday School Union celebrated its jubilee, on which occasion a BIBLE was presented to each of the eight thousand Sunday Scholars then assembled. It gladdens our heart to hear of such broadcast sowing of the good seed. Well may we say, "Happy children of England!" and well may they be thankful that they belong to "Old England," which owes its greatness, amongst the nations of the earth, to the BIBLE. Who can foretell the glorious harvest resulting from this generous act of the friends of Sunday-schools at Nottingham? A better national festive-gift could not be than the presentation of a copy of the Sacred Scriptures, to every child in the land. God grant that Britannia and the Bible may never be separated!



It was a noble and beautiful answer that our Queen gave to an African Prince, who sent an embassy with costly presents, and asked her to tell him the secret of England's greatness. Our beloved Queen sent him—not the number of her fleet, not the number of her armaments, not the account of her boundless merchandise, not the details of her inexhaustible wealth. She did not, like Hezekiah, in an evil hour, show the ambassador her diamonds, and her costly jewels, and her rich ornaments, but handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said, "Tell the Prince that THIS IS THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS."

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

IN offering Prizes to the amount of Twenty Pounds for the Best Answers to the Thirty-six Bible Questions, for 1860, we wish to remind our readers that no answers will be received, except such as are forwarded in conformity with the conditions given in our number for January last (No. 109), copies of which may still be had. The PRINTED FORM, on which the answers are to be sent in, may be had post free, by sending two stamps to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C. We are sorry to state that some of the applicants have sent the stamps, but no address! Others have given such imperfect addresses, that the packets have been returned from the post-office, "Cannot be found," whilst some have sent the address but have not enclosed any stamps!

The following are three Questions for July:—

19. Of one distinguished servant of God it may be said that his miracles did not cease with his life: explain this.

20. Name the Prophet, who, acting as a physician, gave a recipe for recovery, and assurance of it.

21. The heaviest blow inflicted on the posterity of Abraham is set forth in one verse as a fulfilment of prophecy:—give the words.

OUR JACK TARS. Many of our readers will, doubtless, remember the pictures of "Jack and his hard lump," which appeared in our number for September, 1854. They will be glad to learn that we have received some very pleasing and grateful letters from sailors thanking us for the interest we have taken in promoting habits of temperance on shipboard. One sailor states that the above pictures have led him to abandon his drinking ways, and that he has now got a hard lump at his side, and is anxious that all his brother seamen should have hard lumps too! We have also a letter from an officer on board one of Her Majesty's ships, in which he states that one of the worst characters in the crew has become 'a changed man,' through God's blessing, on the perusal of our little papers. At the earnest request of several friends we are preparing a little illustrated book especially for sailors, and we trust that a blessing will accompany its circulation.







**"MERCY" AT THE GATE.**

THIS beautiful engraving, from the much admired water-colour drawing by Henry Anelay, Esq., is intended to illustrate a paragraph in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." We are anxious that all our young



friends should be readers of that remarkable book, the production of the Bedfordshire tinker. We therefore offer a Prize of a gilt-edged volume of the *Band of Hope Review* (containing 700 engravings) to any person, under twenty-one years of age, who shall send us the *best written copy* of the paragraph referred to. We can give no further information as to where it is to be found, but leave our readers to search it out, from the "Pilgrim's Progress." Competitors must send to us not later than the 1st of September.

### THE RIGHT WAY TO BEGIN.

A LITTLE girl once said, "O, mother, how very hard it is to do right! I don't believe I shall ever be able."  
"Have you really tried, my dear?" "O, yes; I try every day. When I awake, before I get up, I say to myself, 'I will be good all the day. I will be gentle and kind. I will obey my parents and teachers. I will not quarrel. I will always tell the truth.' But then, mother, I don't know how it is, I do so often forget. Then when evening comes, I have to say, 'There now! what is the use of trying? I have been in a passion. I have been disobedient;' and once or twice, mother, you know, I have said what was not true!" The dear child seemed very much ashamed while saying this: so her mother looked kindly at her, and only said, "My dear, I do not think you have begun right." The little girl looked up wonderingly; and her parent went on: "The first thing is to have a new heart: have you asked for this?" "No mother; I am afraid not." "Then, my child, do so at once. Good fruit, you know, can only come from a good tree. If your heart is wrong, your conduct will be wrong. You cannot make it right yourself, with all your good resolutions. But ask God for Christ's sake, to help you. He will give you His Holy Spirit, and you will not find it any longer impossible to do right." I am glad to say that the child took her mother's advice. That very day she asked God, earnestly, to change her heart, and help her to do right. She prayed, she watched, she strove hard against her sins, and was able, by God's grace, to lead the life of a lovely young Christian.

### "COS MOTHER'S DRUNK."

At one of the magic-lantern exhibitions in the district of "Hester," the Bloomsbury Bible-woman, a drunken woman made her entrance, followed by her little boy, seven years of age, who urged, "I must come in 'cos mother's drunk, and I must take care of her." Alas, poor child! how early hast thou to suffer from that curse of thy country,—Intemperance! Oh, that a second ELIZABETH FRY were raised up to plead the cause of the thousands of poor children who know not the joy of a sober mother's care.

\* See "The Book and its Missions," for July, 1860.

### SIMPLE FAITH.

A MISSIONARY in Africa asked a little boy if he was a sinner. The boy said, "Yes, we are all sinners." The Missionary then asked him, who could save him from his sins. He replied, "Jesus Christ." "What has Jesus Christ done to save sinners?" "He has died on the cross." "Do you believe Jesus Christ will save you?" "Yes." "Why do you believe it?" "I feel it; and would He send His servants the Missionaries from such a far country to tell us about salvation, and, after all, cast out a sinner?" Not so, indeed, with respect to all that come to Him in faith; for He has said, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

### ANGER IS MURDER.

A LITTLE boy, who is now dead, once told a clergyman, that he was sorry for his sin in breaking the sixth commandment. "Thou shalt do no murder." How do you know," replied the minister, "that you have committed murder?" "O, sir," said he, "I was angry with my brother; and I read in the Bible, that *Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer.*"—1 John iii. 15.

**Morning Dew-Drops.** By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s. 6d. This is one of the most valuable contributions to the cause of Temperance yet issued.

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"Godliness with contentment is great gain."

### BE CONTENT.

THERE was a boy who only wanted a marble. When he had the marble, he only wanted a ball; when he had the ball, he only wanted a top; when he had a top, he only wanted a kite; and when he had marble, ball, top, and kite, he was not happy.

There was a man who only wanted money; when he had money, he only wanted a house; when he had a house, he only wanted land; when he had land, he only wanted a coach; and when he had money, house, land, and a coach, he wanted more than ever.

Be content with little, for much will have more.

### MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

"MOTHER, how still the baby lies!  
I cannot hear his breath;  
I cannot see his laughing eyes—  
They tell me this is death."

My little work I thought to bring,  
And sat down by his bed;  
And pleasantly I tried to sing—  
They hushed me—he is dead!

They say that he again will rise,  
More beautiful than now;  
That God will bless him in the skies—  
Oh, mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,  
The cold, dark thing you brought,  
And laid upon the casement here,—  
A withered worm, you thought?"

I told you that Almighty power  
Could break that withered shell,  
And show you, in a future hour,  
Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love,—  
An empty shell it lies;  
Now raise your wond'ring glance above,  
To where you insect flies!"

"Oh, yes, mamma! how very gay  
Its wings of starry gold!  
And see! it lightly flies away  
Beyond my gentle hold."

Oh, mother, now I know full well,  
If God that worm can change,  
And draw it from this broken cell,  
On golden wings to range,—

How beautiful will brother be,  
When God shall give him wings,  
Above this dying world to flee,  
And live with heavenly things!"

JANE GILMAN.

THE Bible-women of London are engaged in a great and noble work. Interesting reports of their labours are given in "The Book and its Missions," published monthly by Kent and Co. Price 3d. This most valuable periodical ought to be circulated amongst the teachers of every Sunday School in the land.

But  
the end of all  
things is at hand:  
be ye therefore sober,  
and watch unto  
PRAYER.

1 Peter iv. 7.

### A SAD STORY.

ANOTHER story of grief was a peculiar one. Mrs. \* \* \* is the wife of a respectable coachman in the country. He has sent her 14s. weekly to support herself and their three children; but she, having acquired habits of intemperance, spent all the money on drink, and parting gradually with all her clothes and her bed, brought herself to the lowest condition. Her husband came up, unawares, to see how they were getting on, and is said to have burst into tears at the sight of his dirty and almost naked children, when he found not a morsel of bread in the cupboard, or a coal in the grate. He did not, like many, beat his wife, but told her that he would give her one fortnight to consider her ways; and if, at the expiration of that time, he did not find her in a very different condition, he should remove his children to the workhouse, pay for them, and leave her to her own ruin. This threat produced the desired effect. The next day, at our Mothers' Meeting, in came Mrs. \* \* \*, and put herself into the darkest corner. Our subject was 2 Pet. iii.; and, in dwelling on "the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men," we did not fail to refer to the words of St. Paul—"Know ye not that the drunkard," etc., "shall not inherit the kingdom of God." It was long before the full meeting was dispersed, and still this woman lingered. "Well, Mrs. \* \* \*," I said, "I trust you are going to keep the good resolutions made yesterday." "Yes, ma'am," she replied, "I will, indeed, if you'll let me take the pledges with you." This I declined, as two women had taken it a fortnight before, and one broke it in two days. Mrs. \* \* \*, however, would take no denial, and a respectable woman living in her house joined her entreaties; and, unwilling to incur the responsibility of refusing this help, I at last acceded, after we had knelt and prayed that she might have grace to keep her vow.

But now how were her three poor children to be kept until the next allowance was received? But for the Domestic Mission they could not have lived, for no one will give credit to a notorious drunkard. We trusted her again with work, though once she had not returned it; and this time each article was brought back as soon as it could be made, and I felt it but right to allow the children a two-pound loaf daily to save them from starving. Their home was now scoured every day, and already we saw amendment. Pay-day came, and, at Mrs. \* \* \*'s request, Hester accompanied her to receive the money, which this time was only 10s. Small debts were instantly paid, and as much as could be spared was expended in procuring a few tidy clothes for herself and her children.

The day for her husband's second visit arrived, and found her sober, and the children comparatively tidy to welcome their father, though as yet the bedstead is minus a bed, or any sort of covering. Should she, however, persevere, by God's grace, in keeping her pledge, her home will by degrees become what it should be. But it is still a case for much anxious care.—From "Book and its Missions" for June.

### BIRDS' NESTS.

I AM always sorry to see bird's nests taken, when I think how many miles the poor creatures have flown to procure the materials, and how hard they must have worked, with no other tools but their beaks and claws to build with. We should not like to be turned out of a house ourselves. The farmers indeed sometimes find themselves under the necessity of destroying some kinds of birds for eating the corn, and hundreds are killed on that account; besides, there are great birds, such as hawks and kites, which devour a great many, so they have enemies enough without little boys, who take them for no other purpose but only idle sport.—Mrs. Trimmer.

### A DYING CHILD.

A BEAUTIFUL little girl, between two and three years of age, the only child of a Missionary in the East Indies, was attacked by the jungle fever, and in a few days the physician pronounced her case to be hopeless. Having been taught from very early infancy to repeat a short prayer every evening, as her strength ebbed rapidly away, and her eye-sight grew dim, she naturally supposed that the hour of rest grew nigh. Claspings her tiny hands, in a faint, but earnest tone, she began—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

and gently breathed forth her spirit into the keeping of Him who has declared "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."





### THE LOOK-OUT AT MAST-HEAD.

THE steamer Asia had a narrow escape on one of her summer trips, from a huge iceberg on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Going at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, "she had just entered one of the heavy clouds which lie on the surface of the ocean, indicating the presence of a berg, when the look-out at the fore-topmast-head sung out at the top of his voice, 'Iceberg! hard a-starboard!' Quick as thought the helm obeyed the warning, and the ship took a short sheer to port. Instantly the towering mountain of ice with its cloud-piercing turrets loomed in terrific grandeur over the ship's starboard bow. 'Meet her,' roared the captain, and 'port went the helm.' The counter motion barely cleared the wheel-house and stern of the ship from the iceberg, and the danger was past. A united scream from the timid rung through the ship. The stout-hearted stood motionless and awe-stricken; and even the ship herself almost seemed to be sensible of the Providence which saved her and her freight of living hundreds from destruction, for her motion ceased and she stood as if paralyzed by the fright. Had the eyes of the look-out been diverted a single moment, had he hesitated to give the alarm but for a minute, or had the ship been less obedient to her helm, nothing could have saved a soul on board, and the fate of the Asia would have been as profound a mystery as that of the President."

Few can read this thrilling account without emotion. What, under God, saved this noble steamer? The quick eye, the instant warning, the obedient helm. These were the instrumentalities of safety. And as we dwell upon the circumstances, the mind instinctively turns to those moral icebergs that are sweeping down the currents of society, clouding the atmosphere, and crushing many a noble spirit by their terrible might.

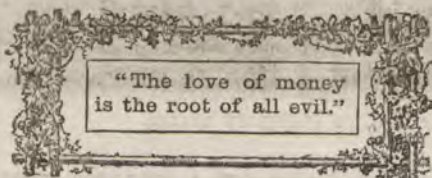
A young man is steaming on his way in prosperous business. Everything looks safe. But has he a look-out at the fore-topmast-head? Clouds gather round. Danger is on his track. Hark! a voice from the mast-head: "Useless expenses! failure! fraud! hard a-starboard!" Quick as thought does the young man obey the warning? As ruin looms in terrific grandeur over his starboard bow, does he make a short sheer to port?

A young man has left his early home, and with strong and buoyant spirit, is dashing over the ocean of life. Sunshine is overhead. Favouring winds swell his sails. But has he a look-out at the mast-head? He enters the heavy clouds which sometimes lie on the bosom of life's troubled waters. Are there not tokens of hidden peril? Hark! a voice at the mast-head: "Profligate companions! drinking, dissoluteness, death! hard a-starboard!" Quick as thought does the young man obey the warning? And as vice looms in terrific wildness over his starboard bow, does he make a short sheer to port?

A young man has embarked on life's sea freighted with eternal hopes. The Word of God seems to be his chart, faith his compass, and the obedient will at the helm. The prayers of pious friends go with him. God's people watch his course with grateful joy. The Sun of Righteousness seems to illumine his path by day, the Star of Bethlehem by night: all seems well with him. But has he a look-out at the mast-head? There is a change in the spiritual atmosphere. A chill and cloud envelop his way. Unseen danger lurks on his track. Hark! the voice of warning: "Prayerless days, broken vows, profaned Sabbaths! hard a-starboard!" Quick as thought does he obey the warning? And as "lost character" looms in terrific boldness over his starboard bow, does he make a short sheer to port? If the eye is diverted, if there is hesitation in giving the alarm, if there is less obedience at the helm, nothing but a miracle of grace can save that soul from shipwrecked hopes and a lost eternity. Young man, have you a good look-out at your mast-head? H. C. K.

### NOTHING FINISHED.

I ONCE had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half-done; there was, however, no prospect of its ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love," but what she loved was left for me to conjecture. Beneath the Bible lid, I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand just about the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear." I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box, I found not a single article complete; and, mute as they were, those half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child—always doing, but never accomplishing her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance. Remember, my dear little friends, that it matters but little what great thing we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody cares for what we mean to do; but people will open their eyes by and by to see what men, women, and children have done.—ANON.



### MIND THE P-'S.

TWENTY years ago, a young man called upon a minister, and said,

"I am going out as a commercial man, sir,—what advice would you give me?"

"Mind the P-'s," was the reply.

"Please explain yourself, sir," said the young man.

"P. Piety. P. Patience. P. Politeness. P. Punctuality, and P. Perseverance. These five P-'s will make a man of you," said the minister.

The young man went forth, and the minister did not see him again for seven years. One day, the minister travelled some distance to preach a special sermon, when a well-dressed man accosted him, "Do you know me, sir? Do you remember the P-'s? I have minded them, and now I am married, have got a good business, and hold offices in the Church—and as you are coming to preach in this town, I shall be glad to have you for my guest."

Some put the first P last—this young man kept it in its right place, the first. Reader, hast thou? If not, begin now, and resolve to mind through life

THE FIVE P-'S.

J. H. N.

### THE BIBLE.

THIS book the wondrous history shows,  
How the wide world from nothing rose;—  
How from confusion, tenfold night,  
Sun, moon, and stars shot forth their light.

Here is revealed creation's plan,  
How earth received her tenant man;  
How bright he rose, how soon he fell,—  
And, made for heaven, was doomed to hell.

But this blest book my peace secures,—  
And whilst it wounds, it also cures—  
Far above men, and angels' thought,  
I see my great salvation wrought.

For God's own Son from heaven came down  
To purchase my immortal crown;—  
With mingled joy and grief I see  
How Jesus lived and died for me.

MONTGOMERY.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

22. By what very singular name does Moses call Isaac's God?

23. Name two first-born sons, the one saved from death by God's hand, the other given up to death by his Father's will.

24. Universal and undying fame is predicted of one whose name is not recorded: give the words.

### MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

My Sunday-school! my Sunday-school!

I love the hallowed spot;  
Amid my trifles and my play,  
Thou shalt not be forgot:  
Though idle, thoughtless children spurn  
Its counsels and its care,  
Yet still my willing feet shall turn  
To seek instruction there.

My Sunday-school! my Sunday-school!

How pleasant is the place  
Where, in God's Holy Book, I learn  
The love of Christ to trace:  
The words that fell from Jesus' tongue,  
His care of blind and dumb,  
And how the Saviour loved the young,  
And bade the children come.

My Sunday-school! my Sunday-school!

Oh may I so improve,  
That my amendment shall repay  
My teacher's care and love:  
May all the lessons taught me there  
Be graven on my heart,  
That I, O Lord, Thy name may fear,  
Nor from Thy ways depart. S. W. P.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad if our friends will notice the change in our Publisher's address. All orders should now be addressed to Mr. S. W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

We return our best thanks to the numerous friends who are so actively engaged in extending our circulation. As there are tens of thousands of homes where the *Band of Hope Review* has not yet been seen, we hope that our warm-hearted friends will kindly persevere in their efforts. We shall be glad to send (post free) a supply of the House-to-House Canvassing Bills, on application.

We are desirous of sending a specimen number to every Sunday School in the land. Will our readers kindly help us by sending the names and addresses of Superintendents; stating the denomination of each School?

### AN UNRULY SPIRIT SUBDUED.



NE kind word;  
one act of kindness  
will often effect  
what blows and  
bruises never can  
accomplish.

"While one of the visitors was at the Ragged School at —, a short time ago, a boy of about thirteen was seen to be extremely violent and refractory, and a teacher endeavoured to lead him to the bottom of the class for inattention. He obstinately resisted and stamped with rage. The master, observing the conflict, patted him gently on the head and cheek, and begged him to be a good boy. In a minute, after the master had quieted him, it came again to his turn to be asked by the teacher one of the arithmetical questions of the lesson, when he cheerfully and promptly cried out '48,' the proper answer. The crimson flush of anger had left his face; his countenance was as bright and placid as if the last few moments had not witnessed the storm that agitated his passions, and he became at once quiet and docile. The visitor asked the master about him. He replied, 'That boy is the most unmanageable one in the school; he is clever, but very passionate; he has kicked my legs (happily for me he has no shoes), he has pelted me with mud in the streets. I have dismissed him from the school, but allowed him to come again on his earnest entreaty and promise of good conduct. If I had struck that lad when he was so irritated, or spoken harshly to him, his fury would have been ungovernable, but HE CAN'T STAND A WORD OF KINDNESS.'—Report of the Bristol Ragged Schools.





FROM A PAINTING, BY FREDERICK TAYLER.

## THE CLEAR SPRING.

THERE it runs, gushing up from the cold earth, so fresh and so sparkling! Through night and day, summer and winter, it never stops and is never tired, and the cool fresh stream makes all things glad around it. The little birds, the goats and kids, come every morning to drink; flowers bless its sweetness, and rosy boys and girls bring vessels to take away the pure water.

What a good thing it would be if some people who never think about any one but themselves, would learn a lesson from the clear spring. And, perhaps, some boys and girls who are selfish and greedy might learn something also worth knowing. It gives and gives, and is always giving, it seems to find its delight in pouring out its treasure for all who will come. It fears not that its source will be dried up, and hoards not its gifts, but acts like God, who opens His hand and supplies the wants of every living thing. Let us not be greedy and selfish, but learn a lesson from the clear spring.

## IS CHRIST IN THE HOUSE?

THE Rev. Dr. Nettleton, while passing the residence of a gentleman, in one of his walks, went up to the door and knocked. A young woman came to the door, of whom he inquired, "If Jesus dwelt there?" Quite astonished, she made no reply. Again he asked, "Does Jesus Christ dwell in this house?"

"No, sir," said she, and she invited him to come in. "O no," said he very sadly; "if Christ is not here, I can't come in," and then turned and went away.

The next time he preached, a young woman met him as he was leaving the church, and with tears in her eyes, asked if he remembered inquiring at a house if Christ dwelt there.

"Yes," said he, "I do."

"I am that person," said she, "of whom you inquired, and your inquiry has been blessed to my soul."

REPROOF BY A CHILD.—About the close of the last war, an English officer, on returning home from camp life, went to visit a relation; and like some others who imitate their associates, he indulged in profane language. A little girl walked out with him to his horse; and as he was talking to her in great glee, she gently said, "I don't like to hear my cousin swear." He replied, "I know, my dear, it is wrong." In the same mild tone, she rejoined, "Well, then, if you know it is wrong, why do you do it?" The captain confessed to me, on relating the story, that he had never felt a reproof so much as the one given by that little child.

D. S.

## ANECDOTE OF A POLITE BOY.

A CLERGYMAN recently related the following interesting fact:—Soon after I was settled in the ministry, I was appointed a member of the school-committee of the place. In my frequent visits to one of the schools, I took notice of a boy whose clothing was very coarse, and showed many patches, but still was clean and neat throughout. His habits were remarkably quiet and orderly, and his manners very correct. His disposition was evidently generous and



kind, and his temper mild and cheerful, as he mingled with his schoolmates at play, or joined their company on the road. When last I saw him in his native place, he was on his way to school. His appearance still bespoke the condition of his poor widowed mother, and his hat was but a poor protection against either sun or rain; but, as I passed him, he lifted it with an easy but respectful action, a pleasant smile, and a cheerful "good morning, Sir!" which, unconsciously to himself, made the noble boy a perfect model of genuine good manners. His bow, his smile, and his words, all came straight from his true, kind heart. When next I saw him, thirty years had passed, and I was on a visit to a distant city. The boy had become a distinguished judge and statesman; but his bow, and his smile, and his kind greeting, were just the same as those of the barefoot boy with his shocking bad hat. Boys! be polite.

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

A SHORT time ago, a circumstance occurred at Abrook Farm, Secaynes Hill, Lindfield, Sussex, occupied by Mr. Head, which shows in a remarkable degree, the extraordinary instinct of the canine species. Mr. Head has a very vicious house-dog, which is chained up. He has also another dog of a very docile character, a sort of a shepherd's dog, which regularly brings home the cows or sheep when required. Having performed his usual duty one evening, he quietly laid himself down, not far from the house-dog's kennel. Almost at the same moment, a little girl passed by, when the house-dog flew at her most furiously, and in doing so snapped his chain in two. Just as the savage creature was in the act of seizing the poor child, the shepherd's dog rushed upon him, and with extraordinary tact, held him down to the ground, until the frightened child had time to escape. This is a fact which can be vouched for by an eye-witness.

M. A. C. W., Forest Row.

A SURGEON of Leeds,

of that town, found a little spaniel, who had been lamed. This dog, which probably had its name originally from Spain, belongs to a different species from the coach-dog. The surgeon carried the poor little lame animal home, bandaged up his leg, and, after two or three days, turned him out. The dog, however, returned to the surgeon's house every morning, until his leg was perfectly well. At the end of several months, the spaniel again came in company with another dog, that was lame; and these little creature intimated, as well as piteous and intelligent looks could intimate, that he desired the same kind assistance to be rendered to his friend, as had been bestowed on himself."

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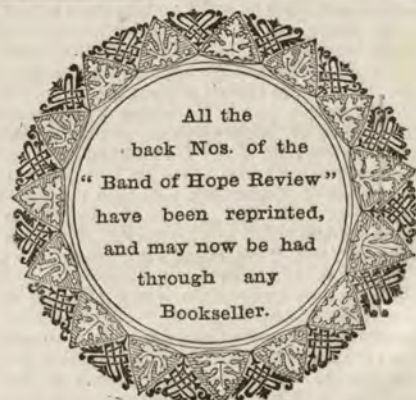
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# BAND OF HOPE REVIEW

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE "GOLDEN VALLEY" GLEANER.  
The ingenuity, the diligence, and the self-denial

described in the following letter from the Rev. R. S. Short, (taken from the Bible Society's Monthly Extracts) are as worthy of imitation as of admiration.

How much might be effected for supplying the Scriptures to the world if all our young readers laboured as earnestly as the little blind gleaner!





"On the 30th September last it was my privilege to attend the Annual Meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary at Peterchurch, in Herefordshire. Among the contributions announced was the sum of £1 10s. 6d. collected by a little girl, who is quite blind. Being very anxious to increase the amount in hand, so as to exceed that collected by her during the preceding year, ingeniously adopted the following plan. When the gleaners went into the fields last harvest, she persuaded another child to lead her also into the fields. There she groped about from day to day until she obtained a considerable quantity of wheat, which she succeeded in selling for ten shillings. By making a separate bargain of the straw, she obtained another sixpence. She also collected ten shillings, making altogether one pound ten shillings and sixpence. Peterchurch is situated in a beautiful district called 'The Golden Valley.' The scenery around is very lovely. The reapers laboured busily, the gleaners gathered thriftily, and the birds chirped merrily; but the little Bible Collector could look upon none of these things, for she was blind; yet was she not among the least cheerful in the harvest scene, for her mind was intent upon lending her little aid to the great Society in accomplishing its noble work! Her countenance brightened up with a pleasant smile as her contribution was announced to the Meeting. It was truly a touching sight, and suggested profitable reflections. Finding what she could do, that she set about with all her might. May all who hear of it do likewise!"

### SPEAKING GOD'S TRUTH BOLDLY.

THE Clergyman of Hanwell, Dr. Harris, during the civil wars, was sometimes obliged to receive military officers into his house. He found that they often used bad language, and once, when he knew many soldiers would be present, he preached from the words, "Above all things, my brethren, swear not." The enraged soldiers thinking the reproof was meant for them, swore they would shoot him, if he preached on that subject again. The faithful minister was not to be intimidated, for the next Sabbath, he preached from "Swear not at all," and still more strongly denounced the habit. A soldier levelled his carbine at him, but Dr. Harris went on to the conclusion of his sermon, without the slightest fear or hesitation, while the cowardly ruffian who threatened him, owned afterwards, that he felt as if a weight paralyzed his arm, and kept him from pulling the trigger.

### FOUR SENSES.

SOMETIME ago, the Rev. James Armstrong preached at Harmony, near the Wabash, when a doctor of that place, a professed deist, or infidel, called on his associates to accompany him while he attacked the Methodists, as he said. At first, he asked Mr. Armstrong:—"If he followed preaching to save souls?" He answered in the affirmative. He then asked Mr. Armstrong:—"If he ever saw a soul?" "No." "If he ever heard a soul?" "No." "If he ever tasted a soul?" "No." "If he ever smelled a soul?" "No." "If he ever felt a soul?" "Yes, thank God," said Mr. Armstrong. "Well," said the doctor, "there are four senses against one that there is no soul." Mr. Armstrong then asked the gentleman if he was a doctor of medicine, and he also answered in the affirmative. He then asked the doctor, "If he ever saw a pain?" "No." "If he ever heard a pain?" "No." "If he ever tasted a pain?" "No." "If he ever smelled a pain?" "No." "If he ever felt a pain?" "Yes," said Mr. Armstrong then said, "There are also four senses against one that there is no pain; yet, sir, you know that there is a pain, and I know that there is a soul." The doctor appeared confounded, and walked off."

### THE TRUE STANDARD.

DR. WATTS, though in person below the ordinary stature, yet had a certain dignity in his countenance, and such a piercing expression in his eyes, as commanded attention and awe. Being once in a coffee-room with some friends, he overheard a gentleman asking, rather contemptuously, "What? is that the great Dr. Watts?" and turning round suddenly, and in good humour, he repeated a stanza from his Lyric Poems, which produced silent admiration:—

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with a span,  
I must be measured by my soul—  
The mind's the standard of the man."



### "HUNGRY, AND YE FED ME."

"MOTHER! has father got a butcher's shop?" inquired the child of a reclaimed drunkard. The astonished child had never seen such a piece of meat in his mother's hands before.

"Father has signed the temperance pledge, and now he brings his money home to buy food and clothes and pay rent," was the mother's thankful reply.

Let us rejoice that the temperance movement is giving food to many once hungry children.

### LITTLE BIRD! LITTLE BIRD!

"LITTLE bird, little bird, come to me;  
I have a new cage ready for thee;  
I'll bring thee flowers, both red and blue,  
And fresh ripe cherries all wet with dew."

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,  
But I dearly love the clear cool air,  
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree;"

"Little bird, little bird, stay with me."

"Nay, little damsel; away I'll fly  
To greener fields and a warmer sky;  
When spring returns, with pattering rain,  
You will hear my merry voice again."

"Little bird, little bird, who'll guide thee  
Over the hills, and over the sea?  
Foolish one, come, and with me stay;  
I'm sure you'll never find your way."

"Ah, no little maiden; God guides me  
Over the hills, and over the sea;  
I will be as free as the clear bright air,  
Chasing the sunlight everywhere."

### THE BALANCES.

IN the reign of King Charles I., the goldsmiths of London had a custom of weighing several sorts of their precious metals before the privy council. On this occasion, they made use of scales, poised with such exquisite nicety, that the beam would turn, the master of the company affirmed, at the two hundredth part of a grain. Now, the famous attorney-general, replied, "I shall be loath, then, to have all my actions weighed in these scales." "With whom I heartily concur," says the pious Hervey, "in relation to myself; and since the balances of the Sanctuary, the balances in God's hand, are infinitely exact, O! what need have we of the merit and righteousness of Christ, to make us acceptable in His sight, and passable in His esteem?"

### SHOOTING FOR SPORT.

MR. LINDLEY MURRAY was in early life fond of shooting; but after some years he became dissatisfied with it from a conviction, not only that it consumes too much precious time, but also that it is improper to take life for the sake of amusement. He believed that of the birds which were shot at, many more are wounded than are actually killed and obtained, and, consequently, they gradually pine away and die through pain and want of food. He had seen birds so much hurt as to be incapable of performing their natural functions, and he had reason to believe that instances of this kind are very numerous. These reflections made such an impression on his mind, that he determined never again to indulge himself in a sport which produced so much distress to the objects of his amusement.

### "THEN IT WAS WELL WITH ME."

SOME years ago, there lived in a street at the back of Portman Market, a manufacturer of lozenges, and dry sugar goods. He was an industrious man. His wife and family were orderly and happy. They all regularly attended their Place of Worship, and the children were very punctual at the Sunday-school, and all seemed well with them.

At length, the man, whom we will call Mr. Henry, desiring to improve his circumstances, took a large retail shop in a bustling thoroughfare. He was warned that Sabbath-trading was very common in the neighbourhood, but he said he would not fall into the sin of Sabbath-breaking. But in a few weeks after entering on his shop, he yielded to temptation, and opened it on Sundays, saying, "I must do as my neighbours do."

What was the consequence?

The House of God was of course neglected. An old Divine says: "Praying will make people leave off sinning,—or sinning will make people leave off praying." The two cannot go on together.

The children neglected their Sabbath-school—became breakers of God's holy law: and the shop was a terrible temptation to the children of the district. Many a pious Sabbath-school teacher, and worthy father and mother, were grieved at this shop being an enticement to their children to sin.

In a little time, oh, what a change! Instead of the orderly family, there were quarrelling, dissolute boys and girls. The wife and mother became a cross, ill-tempered woman; and the father, within six months of opening his shop, was so over-worked and over-excited by the cares of business, that he lost his reason, and was placed in the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. He never recovered. Ruin settled down on that unfortunate family. God's broken law was terribly avenged. Once a Sabbath-school teacher spoke to the widow, and tried to induce her to return to the good old ways—but she seemed to have no resolution—her only reply was the admission, speaking of former happy times, "Ah, THEN it was well with me." B.

### "MY FATHER'S DAY."

"I CAN'T have you come on Tuesday, William, but you can come any Sunday you like, and we'll go up the river—but not on Tuesday."

"Why are you so particular about Tuesday?"

"Because on that day I go to see my father; you know he lives with my married brother, and I've a friend who drives over to Leeds market, and gives me a lift there and back on Tuesdays. I wouldn't let anything prevent me going to see my father on that day."

"Well, it's quite right of you, James, to go to see your father; but I suppose it hinders you very much?"

"Oh, I don't mind that, my master lets me make up the time at over-hours on other days."

"Well, but why don't you go on a Sunday?"

"Oh, because my brother is very strict; he disapproves of Sunday travelling, and as he keeps my poor sick father, I don't want to offend him. But as I said, you can come to see me any Sunday, for a row on the river."

A sudden thought came into William's mind, and he answered, "Sunday is my Father's day. I go to see Him in His house on that day. I wouldn't miss on any account, and so never ask me to go pleasuring on that day. I'm willing to work extra hours on other days, that I may have the day that I go to see my Father."

"Dear me, how you put it," said James, looking very confused, "I never thought before about what you say—but I see you are right, Sunday is our HEAVENLY FATHER'S day."

"Yes, and as He gives us all our days, we may, surely, give Him our homage and public worship one day in seven." CC. L. B.

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### A ROYAL GIFT.



HORTLY before the death of the beloved Princess Charlotte, as she was walking with her husband, Prince Leopold, in the pleasure grounds at Claremont, she addressed the gardener; and among many other questions, asked him if he could read, "Yes, Madam," was the reply (for she never suffered her domestics to address her with any higher title). "Have you a Bible?" "No, Madam." "Then," said the Princess, "I'll give you one." She immediately went to the house, and returned with a Bible, which she presented to the delighted gardener, having written his name in it, adding these words, "From his friend, CHARLOTTE."

### A GOOD PORTRAIT.

THE late Mr. Reynolds, of Bristol, being importuned by a friend to sit for his portrait, at last consented. "How would you like to be painted?" "Sitting among books." "Any book in particular?" "The Bible." "Open at any part?" "At the 5th chapter of Romans; the 1st verse to be legible: 'Therefore being justified by Faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

### "WHICH TURN WILL HE TAKE?"

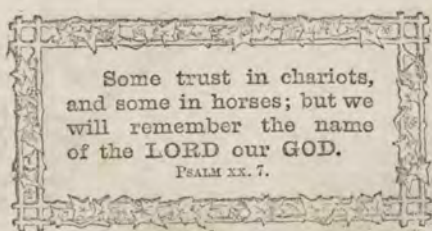
"WHEN you see a dog following two men," says Mr. Ralalph Erskine, in one of his sermons, "you know not to which of them he belongs while they walk together; but let them come to a parting road, and one go one way, and the other another way, then you will know which is the dog's master. So at times, religion and the world go hand in hand. While a man may have the world and a religious profession too, we cannot tell which is the man's master, God, or the world; but stay till the man come to a parting road. God calls him this way, and the world calls him that way. Well, if God be his master, he follows religion, and lets the world go; but if the world be his master, then he follows the world and the lust thereof, and lets God, and conscience, and religion go."

### THE WARRIOR'S PLEASURE.

ADMIRAL EDWARD PELLEW, (Lord Exmouth) in a private letter, which he desired might not be published during his life, thus states an incident that gave him the greatest pleasure he ever felt:—

"Susan (Lady Exmouth) and I were driving to a dinner-party at Plymouth, when we saw crowds running to the Hoe, and learning it was a wreck (of the *Dutton*), I left the carriage, and joined the crowd. I saw the loss of the whole five or six hundred was inevitable, without somebody to direct them; for the last officer was pulled ashore as I reached the surf. I urged the officers to return, but they refused. Upon which, I had a rope made fast to myself, and was hauled through the surf on board; established order, and did not leave her until every one was saved but the boatswain, who would not go before me. "I got safe, and so did he, and then the ship went to pieces. But I was laid in bed a week, by getting under the mainmast, which had fallen towards shore."

"No more have I to say, except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms, a dear little infant, only three weeks old, than I ever felt in my whole life! And both were saved. The struggle she had to entrust me with the bantling, I cannot describe." This victory, in which life was saved, cheered the great Naval Commander to his dying day.



Some trust in chariots,  
and some in horses; but we  
will remember the name  
of the LORD our GOD.

PSALM XX. 7.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

25. Give a fine set of images in poetry (contained in two verses) with reference to an animal, all drawn from the same source, yet enlivened with great variety.

26. A little child had two names—one given by his father, the other by his mother; every child is one or other of these names:—explain this.

To answer this question the significance of the names must be given.

27. A very singular reason was once given for sparing man, which according to justice should have been a reason for destroying him. Name it.

### LESSONS FROM FLOWERS.

A GENTLEMAN being invited by an honourable personage to see a stately building erected by Sir Christopher Hatton, he desired to be excused. Looking on a flower, which he held in his hand, he said, "For I see more of God in this flower, than in all the beautiful edifices in the world."



### OUR NATIONAL CURSE.

THE withering influence of drunkenness is continually leading to quarrels, blows, and murders. Scarcely a week passes over, but the newspapers record cases of manslaughter or death arising from drink. A number of wise and influential landowners are refusing to allow any houses on their estates to be used for the sale of intoxicating liquors. We visited one of the most beautiful villages in England sometime ago, which has no public-house. On inquiring if the policeman had much to do there, a villager smilingly replied, "There is nothing for him to do here, sir; they have one in the next village, but they have a beer-shop there; if we had a beer-shop, we should soon want a policeman, too!"

### THE LATE JOSEPH STURGE.

WE are glad to find that a large and highly influential Committee has been formed, of which LORD BROUGHAM is the Chairman, and the Mayor of Birmingham the Treasurer, for the purpose of doing honour to the memory of this great and good man. The Committee unanimously recommend the erection of a handsome statue of Mr. Sturge, with a public drinking fountain at the foot of the pedestal. Like the noble Chairman of this Committee, Mr. Sturge was not only the great champion of liberty for our oppressed coloured brethren, but the warm friend of every movement calculated to benefit his fellow-creatures. He was one of England's greatest Philanthropists—our modern HOWARD. The Committee are anxious to receive "Sunday School Collections" towards the intended memorial, and have issued an "Address to Sunday School Teachers," copies of which may be had for distribution, on application to Mr. J. A. Cooper, Hon. Sec., 193, Aston Road, Birmingham, by whom Contributions will also be thankfully received. The Committee do not ask for large Contributions, but desire rather to have peace from the many, than pounds from the few.

### PETER PARLEY'S LESSONS.

#### Advice.

1. Who steals a pin  
Commits a sin.
2. Who tells a lie  
Has cause to sigh.
3. When ask'd to go  
And sin, say, "No!"
4. The guilty breast  
Is ne'er at rest.
5. You must not sin  
A world to win.
6. Why should you go  
The way to woe?

The lesson to be learnt from my advice is this, that you are not to steal, to lie, or to commit sin, for if you do any of these things you will have no peace.

Questions.—1. What should you say when asked to commit a sin? 2. What is it that knows no rest?

#### The Star.

1. TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.
2. When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
3. Then the trav'ler in the dark,  
Thanks you for your tiny spark:  
He could not see which way to go,  
If you did not twinkle so.
4. In the dark blue sky you keep,  
And often through my curtains peep,  
For you never shut your eye  
Till the sun is in the sky.
5. As your bright and tiny spark  
Lights the trav'ler in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR.

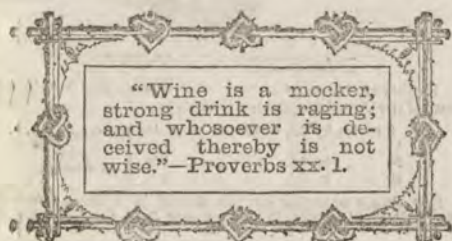
I never yet met with a child who did not like these verses. Often and often are they repeated at night, when the stars are in the sky. If Peter Parley were to try for a week, he could not write prettier verses about a star.

Questions.—1.—What is a star like? 2. What does it do all night? 3. Who thanks the star for the light it gives?

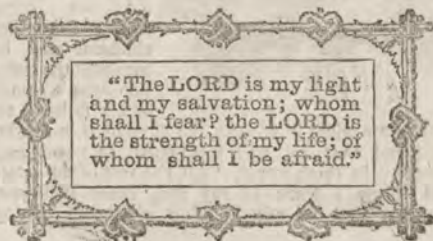
#### How to get Knowledge.

1. How should we get knowledge? Why just in the same way as the chickens eat their food. They pick it up a little at a time.
2. First, we should learn our letters, A, B, C, and all the alphabet; then we should learn to spell, and then to read. Little books that are easy must be read first, and bigger books which are harder must be read after.
3. If you want a posy of field-flowers, you pick up one flower at a time, and very soon you have a handful. So if you want knowledge, learn a little at a time, and you will soon have a handful.
4. The gardener in digging takes up one spadeful at a time. The traveller in walking takes one step at a time. The ploughman in ploughing, ploughs one furrow at a time; thus the garden is dug, the field is ploughed, and the traveller finishes his journey.
5. Have a good heart when your lesson is before you, for by learning a little at a time, the hardest lesson will soon become easy.

Questions.—1. How does the gardener dig the garden? 2. How does the ploughman plough the field? 3. How does the traveller proceed on his journey? 4. How should a little boy learn his lesson?



"Wine is a mocker,  
strong drink is raging;  
and whosoever is de-  
ceived thereby is not  
wise."—Proverbs XX. 1.



"The LORD is my light  
and my salvation; whom  
shall I fear? The LORD is  
the strength of my life; of  
whom shall I be afraid."



"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."



GENERAL OGLETHORPE AND HIS SERVANT

THE Rev. JOHN WESLEY, in the course of his voyage to America, hearing an unusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe, the governor of Georgia, with whom he sailed, stepped in to inquire the cause of it. The general addressed him, "Mr. W., you must excuse me, I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine; I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain Grimaldi," (his foreign servant, who was present, and almost dead with fear,) "has drunk up the whole of it; but I will be revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "you never sin." The general was quite subdued by the reproof; and putting his hand into his pocket, took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, "There," said he, "take my keys, and behave better for the future."

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."—See ST. MATTHEW, chap. vi. Verses 14, 15.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."



SHOE-BLACK AND DOG.

WE were much pleased sometime ago, to see once of the London shoe-blacks sharing a portion of his humble dinner with a little dog. On inquiring, "Is that *your* dog, my boy?" the generous-hearted lad replied, "No, Sir, I don't know whose dog it is, but he comes too me every day at dinner-time, and is sure to find me out, for he knows ALL the shoe-black stations, Sir!"



A VOICE FROM THE VINTAGE.

At the present time, when the productions of the pens of Mrs. Wightman and Mrs. Bayly are, by God's blessing, doing such a great work in the land, we wish that all MOTHERS and FEMALE Sunday-school teachers would give Mrs. Ellis's valuable work "A Voice from the Vintage" (Price one shilling, post free), their thoughtful perusal. We believe that if the sentiments of this little book were deeply impressed on the hearts of mothers and teachers, one of the greatest curses of humanity would in the course of the next generation, be wellnigh swept away from our land.

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#### THE PRODIGAL REFORMED.



sentment against him. At the close of it, however, he found that he was mentioned, as "residuary legatee," in these words, "All the rest of my estate and effects I leave to my son, Peere Williams, knowing that he will spend it all." On hearing

this, the prodigal immediately burst into tears. "My father," said he, "has touched the right string, and his reproach shall not be thrown away." His conduct from that time was altered; he became 'a new creature,' an honour to the Christian profession.

Our friends can now complete their sets, all the back numbers of the "Band of Hope Review" having been reprinted. All the back numbers of the "British Workman," may also be had. Orders can be given through any Bookseller.

For this is the love of  
GOD, that we keep His  
commandments.

1 JOHN v. 3.



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# BAND OF HOPE REVEALED

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

### WATER,—A BEAUTIFUL EMBLEM.

GOD is the author of all our blessings. There is no truth, perhaps, which we are more ready to admit

than this; and yet a great many people seem to act as if they did not believe it, or at least, as if they were, day by day, prone to forget it.

A traveller stopped at a fountain, and letting the

rein he held in his hand fall upon the neck of his horse, he permitted the thirsty animal to drink of the cooling water that came pouring down from a rocky hill, and spread itself out in a basin below. While





the weary horse refreshed itself, the traveller looked at the bright stream that was sparkling in the sunlight, and said to himself, "What a blessing is water? How it refreshes, strengthens and purifies? And how bountifully it is given? This good gift of our Heavenly Father flows everywhere, and it is as free as the air to man and beast." While he thus mused, a child came to the fountain. She had a vessel, in her hand, and she stooped to fill it with water.

"Will you give me a drink, my little girl," said the traveller.

With a smiling face the child reached her pitcher to the gentleman, who still sat on his horse.

"Who made this water?" said the traveller, as he handed the vessel back to the happy-looking child. "God made it, sir," was her quick reply, "And do you know of anything that bright water is like?" asked the kind-hearted traveller.

"Oh yes, sir!" replied the smiling child, "Father says water is like the Truth."

"Does your good father say so, my little girl?"

"Yes, sir—He says water is like the Truth, because it purifies the mind as water does the body."

"That is wisely said," returned the traveller.

The little girl smiled, and taking up her pitcher, went back to her home.

"Yes, water represents truth," said the traveller as he rode thoughtfully away. "The child was right. It purifies and refreshes us, and is spread out like truth on every hand free for those who will take it. Whenever I look upon water again I will think of it as representing truth; and then I will remember that it is as important to the mind's health and purity to have truth as it is for the body to have water."

Thus from a simple fountain, as it leaped out from the side of a hill, and from a simple village child who told what had been told her, the traveller gained a lesson of wisdom. Just so, as we pass through the world, we may find, in almost every natural object that exists, something that will turn our minds to higher and better thoughts. Every tree and flower, every green thing that grows, and every beast of the field, and bird of the air, have in them a signification—if we could but learn it. They speak to us in a spiritual language, and figure forth to our natural senses the higher, more beautiful, and more enduring things of the mind. And little children may understand, and remember, and repeat the lessons taught by outward images, so that even a child may thus be a minister of truth.

### A CHILD'S FAITH.

An intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten summers sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly-embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the young mind. His father approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book.

"George, what have you there?"

The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the author of his dangerous companion. The father gently remonstrated, and pointed out to him the dangers of reading such books; and having some confidence in the effect of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light in an adjoining room, and on inquiring the cause, it was ascertained that the little fellow had consigned the pernicious book to the flames.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burned that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because, papa, I believed you knew better than I what was for my good."

"But would it not have been better to save the leaves for other purposes, rather than destroy them?"

"Papa, might not others have read and been injured by them?"

Here was a *striking act of faith*,—a trust in his father's word, evincing love and obedience, and care for the good of others. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parent, how much more should we, like little children, exercise a simple, true-hearted, implicit faith in our Heavenly Father, who has said, "He that believeth shall be saved."



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

### LESSONS FROM WINDOWS.

WHAT impressive lessons we may learn from the windows in many of our cathedrals and old churches! What records they are of generations that have passed away! In the chanter's aisle in Lincoln Cathedral is a stained-glass window, containing all the names of the Chancellors, from 1092 to 1728! When our Lincolnshire readers gaze upon this remarkable historical window, let them remember the words of Scripture, "Man dieth and wasteth away."

### THE LITTLE LAMB.

A GIDDY lamb one afternoon

Had from the fold departed:

The tender shepherd missed it soon,

And sought it, broken-hearted.

Not all the flock that shared his love,

Could from the search delay him,

Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,

Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way

In sorrow till he found it;

And when he saw it fainting lie,

He clasped his arms around it.

Then, safely folded to his breast,

From every ill to save it,

He brought it to his home of rest,

And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive

The little ones who fear Him:

Their pains remove, their sins forgive,

And draw them gently near Him.

Bless while they live, and when they die,

When flesh and spirit sever,

Conduct them to His throne on high,

To dwell with Him for ever.

### A RUFFIAN CONQUERED.

THE REV. MR. FLETCHER, of Madeley, in Shropshire, was one of the holiest men that ever lived. He was of foreign extraction, and among his continental relations was a nephew, a very wild and profligate young man, who had been in the Sardinian Army, and had in all respects lived a bad life. This young man had an uncle—General de Gous—and one day the profligate nephew took a loaded pistol and putting it to his uncle's (the General) breast, threatened to shoot him unless he gave him five hundred crowns. General de Gous knowing what a desperate ruffian his nephew was, gave him a draft for the money.

Shortly after, the profligate thought he would try the same plan with his Uncle Fletcher, and not having changed the draft he had so wickedly obtained from the General, he called and asking to see the good clergyman, showed him the draft. Mr. Fletcher took the paper and looked at it with surprise, and then

very quietly put it in his pocket, saying, "It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note in some wrong manner, and in consequence I cannot return it to you without your Uncle de Gous' permission."

The nephew's pistol was out in an instant, and at Mr. Fletcher's breast. "My life," said the heroic uncle calmly, "is secure in the protection of an Almighty power, nor will He suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and your rashness." "What," said the nephew, "are you less afraid of death than my Uncle de Gous, an old soldier?"

"Afraid of death," replied Mr. Fletcher. "Do you think I have been twenty-five years the minister of the Lord of Life, to be afraid of death now? No, sir, it is for you to be afraid of death. You are a gamester and a cheat, and I yet call yourself a gentleman. You are the betrayer of female innocence, and style yourself a man of honour. Look there, sir, pointing to the heavens, the broad eye of Heaven is fixed on us. Tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can, in a moment, kill your body and for ever punish your soul in hell!"

The profligate turned pale with rage and fear. He continued to point his weapon at his uncle, who made no attempt to escape or call for help. In a few minutes the hand of the nephew fell powerless—he was subdued. Mr. Fletcher gave him words of advice—and finally promised him some assistance, if he left his evil ways. And the two parted with words of forgiveness from the uncle, and promises of amendment from the nephew.

### THE ANGRY THREAT ANSWERED.

A GOOD man, named William Grey, who lived in a small town in Hampshire, had a horse that sometimes strayed from the common. A drunken farmer who disliked Grey for being a religious man, put the strayed horse in the pound, and on being remonstrated with, said, "and if I meet him again on the road, I'll do it again!"

"Neighbour," replied Grey, "not long since I looked from my window and saw some of your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out, and did not leave them until I shut them safely in your yard, and if I find them again there, I'll do it again!"

The man was so struck with the reply, that he paid the charge of Grey's horse being in the pound, and became a better neighbour ever after.

### HOLY COURAGE.

JOHN ELLIOT, the Missionary, who introduced Christianity among the North American Indians so successfully, that he has been called the "Apostle of the Indians," was often threatened with a vengeance by chiefs who disliked the doctrines of Christianity. On one occasion, in the wilderness, he was molested by these savage men, who lifting their tomahawks, threatened to scalp him, when Elliot with the utmost calmness said, "I am about the work of the Great God, and my God is with me; so that I fear neither you nor all the chiefs in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare."

They heard him and immediately slunk away.

### WATCHING IDLE BOYS.

PERHAPS the following little anecdote, by a quaint writer, may suggest to some, that if they are sufficiently watchful over their own conduct, they will not find leisure to judge censoriously the errors of others.

"When I was a boy, we had a schoolmaster who had odd ways of catching idle boys. One day he called out, 'Boys, I must have closer attention to books; the first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like, I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed,' said he, 'how do you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' was my reply. 'You did! and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."

"Have faith in God."





FLOWERS.

We wish all our young readers to cultivate a love of flowers. If any of them complain that they have "no garden-ground," we should like them to read in No. 68 of the "British Workman" about a poor young cripple, who, with some old blacking bottles for garden pots, reared some beautiful flowers in one of the garrets of a crowded court, in London. Our young friends will learn many useful lessons by rising early in the morning to "garden." Sir Joseph Paxton, whose name and wonderful works are known throughout the world, has risen to his present eminent position in life by learning lessons from flowers, plants, and trees!

THE TWO PLEDGES.

"LITTLE DENNIE" was the only son of a clergyman, who, some years since, lived on the shore of a lovely lake. This was before the commencement of the temperance reformation, when every family kept intoxicating liquors constantly on hand, and used them as an occasional, if not as a daily beverage. Taught by the example of the father and his guests, the little boy contracted a love for strong drinks, that gave his parents most painful apprehensions on his account, and was the subject of their frequent but unavailing remonstrance. At length, at a festive gathering, which he had been permitted to attend, and where he had free access to a decanter of liquor, he became dead drunk, and was laid upon a board under a tree. The rest of the story we copy in the language of the author:—

"About four o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him, he eagerly inquired for his child; they pointed him to the place where he lay. With a heart full of sorrow, he carried him home to his mother and sisters. Together, his parents watched by his bed during the tedious night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful stupor would result in his death; but fully resolved, if he lived, not to leave untried any effort that might promise to save him.

"It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to perfect consciousness. His parents thought it best not to speak to him of the cause of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do him much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the least symptom of remorse or consciousness that he had done wrong.

"About a week after the event just related, his father invited him one pleasant morning to take a walk. Their road lay along the shore of the lake, and was lined with stately trees on either side. For a time they walked on in silence.

"Dennie," said he, "do you know what it was made you sick the other day?"

"Why, father, I suppose I drank too much rum," he artlessly replied.

"Well, my son, do you know that I think you are in a danger of becoming a drunkard?"

"Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I am not afraid of it. You drink rum, father, every day, and you are not a drunkard; and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me to drink, then I can keep from being drunk too."

"They both seated themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance, then taking a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had long desired to call his own, he said, 'Dennie, if you will promise me that you will never drink any more rum, I will give you this gold watch. Will you do it?'"

"Rising from his seat, and looking his father full in the face, he replied, 'If it is wrong for me to drink rum, I scorn to be hired not to drink it. But I will tell you, father, what I will do. If it is wrong for me to drink, it is wrong for you, and if you stop drinking, I will.'"

"Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them, his father would not have been more startled. 'How could he preach or perform the laborious duties of a pastor without his daily glass? How could he get up in a cold winter's night, and go to pray by the bed of some dying parishioner, without a glass of something to prevent him taking cold? How could he attend the various ecclesiastical meetings of the church without something to help him to bear the fatigues of the journey?' The sacrifice was indeed great, but the welfare of his child demanded it. And summoning all his resolution, with a faltering voice he replied—'I will do it, my son.' And thus they pledged themselves there.

"The lake, the trees, and the pure blue sky, being their only witnesses, save only that Holy Being who is everywhere. As they retraced their steps, his father, taking the little watch from his pocket, gave it to Dennie, and said, 'My son, you have long wished that I would give you this watch. It is now yours as long as you keep your promise. Should that ever be broken, I shall expect you to return it to me; till then, let it be a token to you of this promise we have now made.'

"Years have passed, and the same little Dennie is now a distinguished clergyman in a populous city. Four bright little boys call him father. The same little gold watch decorates his parlour wall, and often does he point to it and tell of his danger and his escape from the whirlpool of intemperance."

THE CHILD'S LAST WILL.

"DEAR mother, sit beside my bed,  
Gently my pillow raise,  
The curtain draw aside, that I  
May on your features gaze:  
While yet I objects dear can view,  
My mother, let me look on you?"

"Mother—I do not fear to die;  
I trust in Jesus' blood;  
'I know in whom I have believed,'  
An ever faithful God;  
Who will those little ones receive,  
That in His promises believe.

"Oh speak to little Catherine,  
When I am dead, and say,  
Emma's last words to her were these,—  
'Seek God without delay;  
A dying bed is not the place  
To learn to seek the God of grace.'

"Tell her to read that pretty hymn,  
You know I dearly prize,—  
'When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies:'  
Tell her I read my title clear,  
And know my final home is there.

"Go to my teacher, mother dear;  
My Holy Bible take,  
And ask her to receive the gift,  
And keep it for my sake:  
She taught me how to find the road  
That leads a little child to God.

"And now, dear mother, cease to weep,  
And, brother, cease to sigh;  
I love my Saviour, and He says,  
'Fear not, for I am nigh.'"

And truly He was with her then—  
She smiled, but never spoke again.



PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

28. In five words give the gospel warrant to the atoning sacrifice of Christ.

29. A good man's pride was rent from him by a sharp stroke that cut off seventy thousand lives:—refer to the occasion.

30. A picture of Christ given by the prophet Isaiah was EVERY DAY exhibited to ancient Israel:—explain this.

RICH, THOUGH POOR!

The late Joseph John Gurney had much intercourse with the poor, and observed the practical power of the Gospel, when received in living faith.

One day at Earlham a poor man in the servants' hall, attracted his attention, he was old and blind. Mr. Gurney addressed him with the voice of sympathy, but he seemed to be more alive to his blessings than his privations. "It is true," said he, "I have not much of this world's goods, and my sight has almost failed me; but I have food and clothing, and everything I need during my earthly pilgrimage, and then, I am heir to a kingdom, think of that!" Mr. Gurney was greatly affected by the faithful and contented spirit of the good old man; and turning away, he observed to one of his sisters, "Who would not exchange the wealth and honours of this world for the simple faith of this poor old man,—that it is his 'Father's good pleasure to give him the kingdom.'"

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The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review" for 1859 (with seventy engravings), in stiff covers, price 1s.; PARLOUR EDITION, superior paper, gilt, cloth, 2s.

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Booksellers.—We wish to send a Packet of Posting Bills to every Bookseller in the three Kingdoms. If our correspondents, when writing, will kindly furnish us with the names and addresses of as many Booksellers as possible, we shall be thankful.





ROBINS IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

It affords us peculiar pleasure to do honour to some of the "Staffordshire boys" by the publication of the following interesting and well-authenticated fact:—

"A remarkable circumstance in natural history has lately occurred in Miss Sparrow's schools, in the village of Colwich, Staffordshire. During the holidays in Easter-week, one of the windows of the boys' school being open, a robin flew in and built her nest between two parcels of books on a shelf, which any of the boys could reach. On the re-assembling of the school, the nest was shown to the boys, and it was put to their good-feeling that the bird should be allowed to lay her eggs and hatch them in peace; and for this purpose the window by which she entered was still left open, so that she might come and go as she pleased. There are more than one hundred boys on the books, and nearly that number in daily attendance, so that the fate of the poor bird seemed to hang upon a very slender thread, as one mischievous hand would have been enough to destroy all her hopes. To the great credit, however, of the boys, not one has been found untrue to the pledge which they all virtually gave, and she has been allowed for five weeks to fly in and out unmolested—to lay her eggs, and hatch her young, and at last to take them all off in safety. It has been throughout a very wholesome act of self-discipline to the school, and a very interesting lesson in natural history. Whilst the boys have been at work or at play, or even when singing at morning prayers, the bird has been going in and out, apparently quite unconcerned, fetching worms for her chicks, or sometimes sitting at the open window watching the scholars, if not joining in their song. Her mate, seldom

if ever, ventured into the room, but constantly brought insects to the window, or to a neighbouring tree, which she fetched away to her brood, as fast as he supplied them. Monday, (May 21st, 1860) being strong enough on the wing to be safely trusted out (though not able to fly up to the high window at which the dam entered), the young birds were caught

and allowed to fly into the neighbouring bushes. It then it had not been observed that there were more than four of them, but after four had been caught and sent out, the mother still kept flying in and about the room as if in search of something. At length a chirp was heard on the floor, and there a fifth chick was found, which was caught and put through the window to the rest, to the great and unmistakable delight of the mother who flew to welcome it with joy, apparently proving beyond a doubt that the anxious parent could count her flock and miss one if absent. Since then she has returned to the room no more. It will be a matter of interest to see whether another year she will seek again the quarters where she has met with such hospitable treatment."—Extracted from the *Staffordshire Advertiser*.

"The above is strictly true."

EDW. HARLAND, Vicar of Colwich.  
WILLIAM NORTON, Schoolmaster.

June 22nd 1860.

"By the courtesy of the esteemed Vicar of Colwich, we are enabled to give an engraving of the schoolroom.

The above deeply-interesting fact does credit to the benevolence and heart of Mr. Norton, the schoolmaster, as well as to all his pupils. Several friends have written to us on the subject, and a lady in Ipswich has commissioned us to present a copy of this Number to every one of the scholars, and we have great pleasure in forwarding a volume of the "British Workman" to Mr. Norton, as a token of our regard for his good teaching.

"We return our best thanks to the numerous friends who are so actively engaged in extending our circulation. As there are tens of thousands of homes where the *Band of Hope Review* has not yet been seen, we hope that our friends will kindly persevere in their efforts. We shall be glad to send, post free, a supply of House-to-House Canvassing Bills, on application.



All the back numbers of the "*British Workman*," and "*Band of Hope Review*," have been reprinted, and may now be had.



BAND OF HOPE REVUEW

HOLY BIBLE

AND CHILDRENS FRIEND.

**THE 'CRY' BOY;**  
**"OR, MOTHER KNOWS BEST."**

"I doesn't want to be washed, mamma"—said little Thomas. "Don't wash me, mamma—don't, don't," and Thomas began to cry, as was his usual custom

every time that very necessary service of washing was performed. This, in a boy of six or seven years of age, was, as you may think, my little readers, not very pleasing to his good mother. She resolved to cure this naughty and silly trick of Tommy's. She had thought a good deal about the best way to do it,

and had made up her mind how to proceed. So she said to him, as soon as he began to fret and cry.

"Just as you like, Thomas; if you don't wish to be clean, I am not going to trouble myself to wash you. It is no pleasure to me to wash a boy that is screaming and troublesome all the time. And now,



THE 'CRY' BOY.



if you don't think mother knows best, have your own way, and take the consequences."

"I am clean enough—I don't want to be washed," persisted Tommy.

"Well, then, you may go," said his mother, and be as dirty as you please; and recollect, Thomas, I shall not wash you again till you ask me, and are convinced that *mother knows best*."

Away ran Tommy to his play, thinking how nicely he had escaped a washing, and very certain in his own mind that he should never ask to be washed. He never wanted to be washed again; so mother would find out, he guessed. He played all the morning, and thought he enjoyed himself, though he could not help thinking of what his mother had said, and how he had troubled her; but he was a naughty, stubborn boy, and bent on having his own way.

Dinner-time came, and in ran Tommy from his play in the dirt, very hungry and very smutty. But for the latter he didn't care at all.

"Come, Tommy, and eat your dinner," said his mother, as she took his plateful and carried it away into a back-building, close to the pig-sty. "The pigs



never wish to be washed or to be clean, and as you are very much like them in that respect, I will have you eat with them, or as near them as convenient: for clean people can't have boys at the table that look like pigs, any more than pigs themselves!"

Thomas hung down his head and followed his mother, feeling very much ashamed, for he saw that his father understood the case, and looked at him very much displeased.

"I don't want to eat my dinner here," whined Tommy; "I don't want to stay with the pigs."

"Well, I am sorry you don't like their company," said his mother. "I presume they would like yours extremely well; but for my part, I don't like the company of dirty boys at my table."

Tommy thought of crying as he took his dinner alone and in disgrace, but he knew it was all his own fault, and he was not sorry enough yet to confess it. So he hurried down his food with his dirty hands, and ran off to play again.

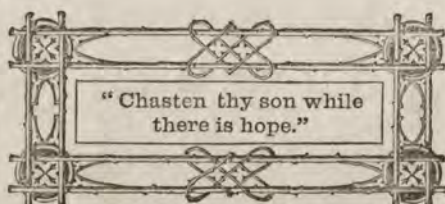
Very soon he saw his father's chaise at the door, and thinking his mother might be going to ride, he scampered into the house hoping to go with her, as she was kind enough frequently to allow him and little Henry to do.

"Mamma, are you going? May I go, mamma? I want to go and ride; do let me," he said in a breath, as he caught hold of his mother's dress.

"I am not going this time, Thomas," she replied; "and if I were, do you think I should take such a dirty-looking child as you are with me? Your father is going alone, however, to Mr. C.'s beautiful garden, and I heard him say he would take Tommy if he were clean enough; but he couldn't think of having such a dirty boy with him."

"O mother, do let me go," screamed Tommy, "I'll be ready in a minute—may I go, papa?"

"You might if you been willing to be made clean like other children," said his father; but it will take you so long to get all that mud off your hands and face, and to arrange your clothes (for you couldn't of course wish for a clean frock any more than a clean face), I cannot wait. You see, therefore, what you have lost by your behaviour this morning. I hope you will be convinced before long that *mother knows best*."



His father then stepped into the chaise and drove off. Tommy burst into a flood of angry tears. "I told you, my son," said his mother, "that you must take the consequences of your conduct, and this is no more than I expected."

Tommy still felt sullen and stubborn, and, looked at his mother as cross as he dared, saying plainly in his naughty face that he meant to brave it out; but she took no notice of his sour looks, and he moped back to his play, thinking more about the pleasure he had lost, than the fault by which he lost it. But he did not enjoy his play as usual. He could not help feeling that he was a bad boy, and after a while he went and sat down, considering if it would not be the wisest way to go and tell his mother he was sorry for his misconduct, and ask to be washed! But no, he was not quite ready; he hated to give up his own way, and acknowledge that his mother knew best.

In the midst of these reflections, his uncle George's new carriage, drawn by two white ponies, rattled up to the front door, and he saw his uncle and three little cousins alight and go into the parlour. His first thought was to run in and see them; but when he saw how nice and neat they were, and then looked at his own hands and clothes, he was very properly ashamed to be seen, and ran and hid in his mother's bedroom. Presently he heard the voices of his cousins Nathan and Benjamin about the house and garden, calling "Tommy, Tommy, where are you?" But he did not answer nor show himself, and in a few minutes he heard the carriage drive away. As he crept out of his hiding place he met his mother; but what was his surprise when she told him that his kind uncle had called in great haste, to take him with his cousins to see an exhibition of lions and tigers in a neighbouring town! Poor Tommy was overcome with grief and mortification. His mother pitied him too, for she saw that he was no longer sullen and perverse.

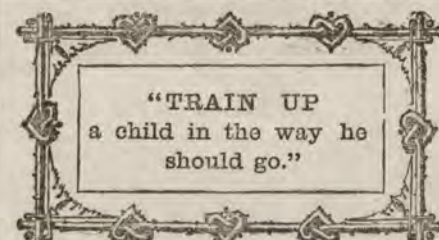
"My dear boy," said she, "I hope this will be a lesson which you will never forget. It has been painful to me to see you deprived of one gratification after another, because you chose to be naughty. I hope you will never need another lesson like it."



"O, mamma, forgive me," sobbed Tommy, and he put his arms around his dear mother's neck, and added, "Please, mamma, wash me, and I will never be a bad boy when you wash me again."

His mother told him how happy she was to see him sorry for his fault. She would most readily forgive him all the trouble and difficulty he had given her; but he must remember that when children sin against their parents, they displease God, because He has told them to be good, and obedient, and kind; and that he must ask God, in his prayers, to forgive him, and make him a good and dutiful child.

Tommy kept his resolution. He was ever after a good, obedient child, and not only felt grateful to be washed, but was convinced that in other cases besides washing, his mother knew best what was for his good. B.



## SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANECDOTES.

We recently heard the following interesting fact related by Mr. Dickson, of Tarporley, a gentleman of colour:—"When in Sydney, I one day observed one of the convicts reading a little tattered hymn-book, and afterwards place it in his canvass jacket in so careful a manner as to evince that he prized the little book. On entering into conversation with him, I found that he had been a Sunday-scholar in Yorkshire up to the age of sixteen. He then left home as an apprentice. During his apprenticeship he was unhappily led into sin by going with *bad companions*. From one evil way to another, step by step, he fell, until he got connected with a party of thieves. At the very first burglary he attempted he was caught, tried and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. At the time of our interview he had passed about eight years of his penal-servitude. On conversing with him on spiritual matters I was thankful to find that through the operations of the Holy Spirit upon his mind, he had been led to seek for mercy at the feet of the Redeemer. He said, 'Oh, sir, when I began to pray, the recollection of the advice of my Sunday-school teacher, in England, flashed vividly across my mind, that it seemed as though I had just been listening to my teacher. Although so many years had passed away, my teacher's prayers, in the 'little room' to which he used to retire with his class, seemed to be sounding afresh in my ears. Thank God! I sought Him earnestly by prayer, and was at length enabled, by simple faith, to lay hold on the hope set before me. Christ revealed Himself to my poor oppressed and sinful heart, and although I am still bound by the fetters of my country, I can rejoice as a free man in Christ Jesus.'"

## A VOICE FROM A MURDERER.

The man Twigg, who is now in Stafford gaol awaiting his trial for the wilful murder of his wife at Bilton, in that county, has written two letters to his relatives, who have now the charge of his children, in which he refers with poignant feelings to the cause to which his crime is traceable. He tells his children "never to look at drink and liquors, to knock off bad company, and to prepare to meet God, for their wicked, drunken father's sake." To his wife's brother he writes:—"I hope when your family and mine see liquor and drink they will take it to be a sting as a serpent, for my sake." In the second letter, he four times refers to the "drink and liquors" as having influenced him to murder his wife, whom he calls his "tender bosom friend." Again, "for his sake," he urges his "butty" workmen never to look at drink nor liquors;" and concludes by saying, "God knows I little thought I should have been snatched away like this, through drunkenness."

## JUVENILE SMOKING.

RESOLVED:—"That this Conference views with serious apprehension the growing habit of tobacco smoking, especially amongst the young, and it advises the friends of temperance to use all legitimate influence in discountenancing the same."

We are thankful to find that at the Annual Conference of the British Temperance League recently held in the Town Hall, Leeds, the above resolution was passed. The subject really claims the earnest attention of every friend of temperance and humanity. If Sir Benjamin Brodie's testimony is to be received, there is too much reason to believe that every juvenile smoker is sowing the seeds not only of his own degeneracy, but that of his posterity.

We hope that parents and Sunday-school teachers will peruse Sir Benjamin Brodie's invaluable address,\* which has been published in pamphlet form.

\* Hints for Smokers. With illustrations, price 4d., (post free). S. W. PARTRIDGE, No. 9, Paternoster Row.

## PACKETS BY POST.

Packets of the *Band of Hope Review* sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, as under:—

8 copies for 4d. or for one year, 4s.	
16 " 8d.	8s.
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Must be paid in advance.

Any of the back numbers may also be had, of a Bookseller, or, post free, provided not less than four-pennyworth be remitted for in stamps.

NOTICE the change in the Publishing Office. Orders should be addressed to Mr. Samuel William Partridge, at the Office of the '*Band of Hope Review*,' No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.L.C.





THE YOUNG OUTCAST.

"MAY I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you give me,—cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage stood by itself on a bleak moor, or what at in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loath to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features, would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But the woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome, grey eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the Goodman comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold;" and she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the boy from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the "goodman" presented himself, wearied with labour.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself; he too scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he despatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow;" so the good couple concluded that as long as he was so good, and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day in the middle of winter, a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily.

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes, do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar evasively.

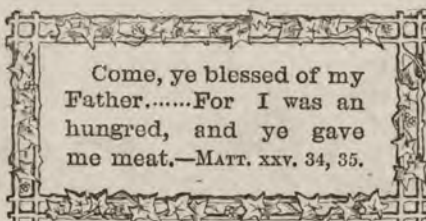
"And where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jailbird!" and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—'ten months.' You'd'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word jail, the poor woman trembled; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the poor boy hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted upon his forehead, as if the word were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as



Come, ye blessed of my Father.....For I was an hungry, and ye gave me meat.—MATT. XXV. 34, 35.

if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use in my trying to do better—everybody hates me—nobody cares about me—I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, "how came you, so young, to go to that dreadful place? Where was your mother, where?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold. "Oh! I hain't no mother! Oh! I had no mother since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange-looking grey eyes, "I wouldn't ha' been bound out, and kicked, and cuff'd. I wouldn't ha' been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother—I hain't got no mother—I hain't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the "jailbird?"

No, no, she had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head; to tell him to look up, and from henceforth to find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart, sweet, womanly words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night; how soft her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken, the strongest bands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning, but striving mortal.

Did the boy leave her?

Never! He is with her still, a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The unfavourable cast of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead, his good foster-mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

(Communicated by the Rev. Josh. Kingsmill, M.A., late Chaplain to the Government Model Prison.)

#### WATER.

I CAME in creation of beauty and life,  
A boon of the Maker's own giving;  
I'm as old as Eve, the first man's wife,  
Yet as fresh as anything living.

I attended the Moon at the time of her birth,  
May a friendship so old never fail;  
And oft when her Highness looks down on the earth  
I am shrouding her face like a veil.

I wander about the livelong day,  
On the tops of the highest mountains;  
Then down in the valleys I find my way,  
And play in the rills and fountains.

I can sing very well, though I'm getting so old,  
And am frequently seen to weep;  
And though I am chilly, and shrink from the cold,  
In a glacier I ever sleep.

A beautiful mantle I weave for the earth,  
And I wrap it around in its fold;  
I can shine like pearls of priceless worth,  
And the Sun makes me glitter like gold.

Ah! would I were prized as my merit deserves,  
And my virtues were more in repute;  
The ladies would find I should strengthen their nerves,  
And man be less often a brute. E. HAWSON.

#### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

31. Describe a sinner's awful condition by naming three things of which he is destitute.

32. When did unbelievers ask the most absurd questions as to God's power?

33. An ancient patriarch describes in very few words how God fixed the earth:—give the passage.

#### PETER PARLEY'S LESSONS.

NO. II.

##### "God is love."

1. What does the BIBLE say? Why it says that God is love. Well, then, it must be true that God is love, for the Bible is God's Book, and cannot lie. His giving us the Bible is a proof of His love.

2. What do the HEAVENS say? They say that God is love, for the sun and the moon and the stars of heaven are hung up to light us, and the clouds of heaven defend us from too much heat, and give us rain.

3. What do the SEASONS say? They say that God is love, for God gave the green leaves to Spring, the flowers to Summer, the grain and fruit to Autumn, and the healthy frost and snow to Winter.

4. What does the EARTH say? It says that God is love, for He has clothed it with beauty, and made it fruitful. He has watered it with rivers, made it fair with hills and valleys, and woods and falls of water, and enriched it with coal, iron, copper, silver, and gold.

5. What does the SEA say? It says that God is love, for God has filled it with life, and made it useful to man, and adorned it with goodly shells, and coral and pearls.

6. What do the BEASTS and BIRDS and FISHES say? They say that God is love. He has given the bird wings, the fish fins, and the beast strength and swiftness. Did you never see the lamb skip about in the field; the honey-bee and the butterfly roving from flower to flower, and the gnat sporting in the sun? You have seen them all, and they all say that God is love.

7. Let us all, then, say the same thing with our tongues and our hearts. God is love! and let us love Him and obey Him for ever.

Questions.—1. What says the Bible? 2. What say the Heavens? 3. The Seasons? 4. What says the earth? 5. The Sea? 6. What say the Beasts, the Birds, and the Fishes? 7. What, then, ought we to say? And what ought we to do?

##### Quarrels.



Two Boys one day,  
Fell out at play,  
At last they came to blows.  
Tom got, O fie!  
A coal-black eye,  
And Bill a bloody nose.

If such poor gains,  
Reward the pains,  
When quarrels rage around;  
Let us be wise,  
That nose and eyes  
May both be safe and sound.

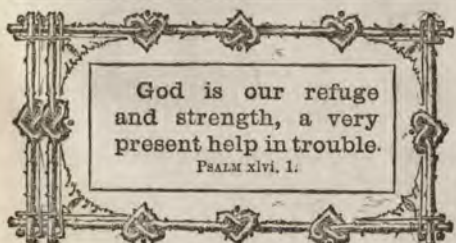
This is the common end of quarrels; no good is got by either winner or loser. One good-natured deed is more likely to make young people happy than getting the better in twenty quarrels. I never quarrelled with any one yet, without feeling ashamed of myself afterwards.

Questions.—1. What did Tom get by quarrelling? 2. What did Bill get? 3. Are these things worth getting? 4. Is it not wiser, then, not to quarrel?

##### How to prevent trouble.

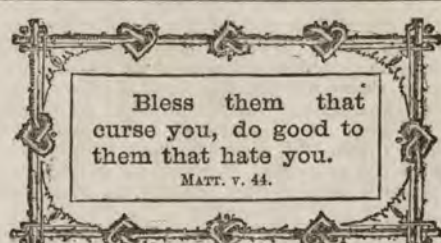
1. How is a child to prevent trouble?
2. By doing as he is bid,
3. By remembering what he is told.
4. By keeping his clothes and person clean.
5. By scraping his dirty shoes at the door.
6. By putting his books and playthings in their proper places.
7. By never making a litter.
8. By keeping out of mischief.
9. By getting up in the morning when he is called.
10. By being thoughtful.
11. By giving his mind to his lessons.

There are many other ways to prevent trouble beside these, and a careful child will be sure to find them out. We may give trouble, or prevent trouble every hour of our lives. PETER PARLEY.



God is our refuge  
and strength, a very  
present help in trouble.

PSALM XLVI. 1.



Bless them that  
curse you, do good to  
them that hate you.

MATT. V. 44.





ONE OF THE 'LITTLE GIRLS' SEWING SOCIETY' MEETINGS.

**LITTLE GIRLS' SEWING SOCIETY.**

THERE is a Society in a pretty little town, of which I am going to tell you, in the hope that some who have not attempted anything of the kind, may be encouraged to try a similar way of doing good.

The Society is called, "The Little Girls' Sewing Society." The Members have adopted the following RESOLUTION:—

"Although we are young, we think we can do some good; and we have agreed to form a Society in which we can make our little fingers useful, by sewing for the poor heathen children; and we hope thus, to grow wiser and better as we grow older; more benevolent to our fellow-creatures, and more pleasing to God."

There are thirteen members, all under fourteen years of age. They meet, once in two weeks, on Saturday afternoon. Although the snow is sometimes deep, and the weather very cold, only two or three I believe have ever been absent. The time for meeting is joyfully welcomed, and glad faces always greet the young ladies who take charge of the Society.

The meetings are opened by reading an interesting passage of Scripture; about which the members are questioned. They then engage in their work of making a bed-quilt to send to some of the destitute little girls among the heathen. While they sew, one of the ladies, or one of the members, reads or relates Missionary narratives, by which they are pleased and instructed.

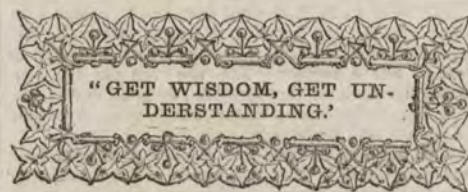
There are many Societies like this, in operation, and we hope that many more will be formed this winter.

**THE VICTIM.**

PARENTS, guardians, and teachers of the young, cannot be too anxious to caution their youthful charges against the seductive influences of the drinking and dancing saloons, now, alas! so common in our great cities. Mrs. Balfour's recently issued little book "THE VICTIM; or, an Evening's Amusement at the Vulture Tavern,"\* is one of the most fearful warnings we have ever read. Few mothers will be able to peruse it without tears, mingled, we trust, with

\* The VICTIM; or, an Evening's Amusement at the Vulture Tavern. S. W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row. 6d, post free.

prayers, for God's protection over their daughters, when entering on the eventful duties of life. We trust that the circulation of this truthful and affecting narrative will be the means of preventing many from coming within the withering influence of a gin-palace.

**WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT?**

I HOPE my young readers are thinkers. Some

children are always thinking of folly. If you asked little Tom, or Mary, or Eliza what they were thinking about, perhaps one would say, "about his top or kite," and the other "about her doll," and the third would say, "I was thinking about nothing." Now, if you are to grow up wise and good, you must think about wise and good things. Your lessons at school will be of no use unless you think about them; and the advice of parents and friends will never be remembered and acted on unless it is thought about. Some very young people have had thoughts come into their minds, that have been afterwards of the utmost benefit to them and to the world. Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist, and inventor of the "Safety-lamp," was fond of being alone when a youth, and spent his lonely hours in thinking and making experiments on heat and light, in order to discover how to make a lamp that should give light without the flame causing the foul-air in the mine to explode. From his early boyhood he was thinking of this. His young heart beat with pity for the poor miners in coal-

pits, hundreds of whom were killed every year. He earnestly desired to be enabled to invent a lamp that would give them light without danger. And here we see him in the little back yard of his Cornish cottage watching the light that he had put between two convex mirrors, and thinking how the flame was to be fed and confined. The studious boy was permitted to realize his hopes, and to benefit the world by discoveries that have saved thousands of lives. So, dear readers, try to think about good and useful things.

**What are Bands of Hope, and How to Form them?**—A new edition of this little illustrated book has just been published by Mr. Tweedie, of 337, Strand, W.C. Price One Penny. Post free for two stamps. Many of our correspondents ask for information as to the management of these Juvenile Societies. We have pleasure in referring them to this cheap publication.

**NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

"**MERCY AT THE GATE.**"—We have received specimens from two thousand one hundred competitors! The examination is a serious task. We hope to give the award next month.

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS.**—We shall be glad to forward a supply of Circulars and Canvassing Bills to any Sunday School Superintendent or Teacher, who may be desirous of extending the circulation, either of this paper, or of the paper for parents, the "British Workman." Applications to be addressed to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E. C.

**BOOKSELLERS.**—We shall be glad to receive the cards of country Booksellers, with the address of their London Agent written thereon, in order that we may forward a packet of posting-bills and circulars, prior to the new year.

On December 1st, will be ready, the YEARLY PART of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1860. Price 1s. Also the VOLUME, containing the Complete Edition from the commencement. Price 10s.; gilt edges 12s.

**HUMPHRY DAVY, THE YOUNG THINKER**



# BAND OF HOPE REVIEW

## AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

### THE CHILD COLPORTEUR.

"PLEASE, mother, may I be a *real* colporteur? may I, mother, please?" asked a little boy, looking earnestly into his mother's face.

"A real colporteur, Eben," what do you mean?"

"Why, the other day, mother, when I stayed at home sick, I played at colporteur; shall I show you how, mother? Just suppose, mother, that you are a poor woman in a cottage, and I will come in."

Eben went out, his mother sewed on, when, by and by, a knock at the door was heard. "Come in," said

she. The door was opened, and in walked the little fellow, with his old great-coat on, and a bag of books slung over his shoulders.

"Would you please to like a good Christian book, ma'am?" said the little colporteur; "one that would do your heart good?"



"Would you please to like a good Christian book, ma'am?"



"I do not know; what books have you got, my little man?"

"Oh, I'll tell you about them, then you'll be very thankful I've come." He took down his bag, and opened it. "Here is 'Little Henry and his Bearer.' Little Henry was a white heathen; he did not know about God: he was very naughty. Neither his father nor mother told him about Jesus. He was left to his poor heathen bearer, who taught him to worship idols. By and by, a young lady from England, told him of the love of Jesus in coming down from heaven to die for sinners, and then little Henry told his bearer. He told him how Jesus loved the poor heathen, and died to save them. Then his bearer became a Christian too. Then he was happy: he was not happy before. I think you had better take this book, ma'am."

"But suppose I am too poor to buy!"

"Then you shall have it for nothing. Please take it for nothing."

"There, mother," Eben exclaimed, taking off his cap, "cannot I be a real colporteur? Why, mother," he went on to say, while a deep seriousness overspread his face, "there are a great many very wicked people about this street. The little children swear awfully. I asked them if they had any good books, and they said, 'No.' Is not this a good place for a colporteur, mother? and ought we not to do something for them? Could I not be a colporteur, mother? I am not too young, am I?"

"Where you get books and papers, Eben?" asked his mother.

"I have got some of my own, Jane and Susan will give me a few, and perhaps you and father will help. Don't you think, mother, that we can spare some of our books? we have read them through and through; and *ought* we not to try and do good with them?" The mother was very much pleased with the plan, and when her little boy begged to begin next Saturday afternoon, she gave her consent. How interested was Eben collecting and assorting his little books; "this would do best," and "that had the ten commandments in it," and another was about lying; he looked them all over, and could tell what each was about. When Saturday afternoon came, his mother thought he might forget it, for his brothers loved play, and always wanted Eben to go with them; but no, Eben took no interest in bat and ball upon the common; he had another plan which he liked better; so he packed up his little books, and set forth.

"Good-bye, Mr. Colporteur," exclaimed Jane. His mother took a tender interest in all his proceedings; she did not hinder him, for she thought haply the Lord had sent him, and when she watched him going out, looking so much in earnest, she bade him 'God-speed,' and prayed that God's blessing might rest on her child, and bless these humble attempts at doing good.

Eben was gone a long time, and when at last he returned, he had many things to tell. "Why, mother," said he, "all the mothers were as glad as could be; and some of the little children that could not read, I read to them. There was one big boy, who swore, mother," said the child, fixing his large eyes upon her; "I told him about the third commandment. I told him God would punish swearers, I told him I would bring him a book about it."

Was not this mission of a child-colporteur a beautiful one? I have thought how many nurseries and bookcases there are in Christian homes piled up with books, read and re-read for the last time, laid aside, which might be threading their way to the alleys of ignorance and sin; and I have wondered if children, dear Christian children, in their simplicity and earnestness, might not go forth to the poor homes of their neighbourhood, and carry the bread and water of life.

Ah, children, do you not often abuse books? Is not a cover gone from one, and have you not torn up the stray leaf of another! Stop a moment, and think if these books may not be of some use still; you have read and loved them, are there not many others who would love to read them too? On some bright Wednesday afternoon, can you not forsake your play, and gather up your little store of neglected books and tracts for the destitute corners and alleys of your neighbourhood. Can you not become a child colporteur? O, it would be a beautiful and blessed mission for the boys and girls of Old England. *Abridged from the Child's Paper.*



### THE ASP.

THE asp is a dangerous reptile whose bite speedily causes death. Dr. Fletcher writes:—"In Scripture, wicked men are compared to asps, on account of their subtlety, their malignity, and their gradual, but certain, murdering of themselves and others, with the cruel venom of sin. 'The poison of asps is under their lips.'—ROMANS iii. 13.

### THE BIBLE ON INTEMPERANCE.

"WINE is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine inflame them! woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine; and men of drink to mingle strong drink!"

"Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh, for the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty."

### EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

DR. ADAM CLARKE, in his last days wrote thus:—"The prayers of my childhood are yet precious to me, and the simple hymns I sung when a child, I still remember with delight."

"Thus when the young cherish these sacred influences, they

"Sow seeds,  
To blossom in their manhood, and bear fruit  
When they are old!"

### BEN LATOUR.

BY ANNIE E. BEECHER.

SOME years since I listened to a lecture upon the Evils of Intemperance, and from it gathered the substance of the following tale:—

#### CHAPTER I.

Ben Latour was my father.

I remember myself as a slight, fair-haired, blue-eyed, trembling little boy, watching him from divers hiding-places, as he raved and stormed as a thin, pale-faced, weeping creature, whom I called 'mother.'

She was pure, soft, gentle; and oh, how affectionate! I have seen her lay her thin cheek against his

rough, bloated face, and be so grateful, if he would permit it to remain for a few moments.

I have seen her place her worn hands upon his forehead, and droop tears upon his coarse, matted hair.

I was young, but I could see that my mother was servile and humble; crouching like a dog, if her husband would but bestow upon her, in his intervals of sobriety, the most trifling token of kindness.

As soon as I was tall enough to be seen over a counter, I was apprenticed to a grocer in the village. When I could earn an extra fourpence to take home to my poor mother, I was happier than a king. O! the long nights that I spent puzzling my young brain as to the ways and means of earning a little money. Boy as I was, I understood that my grief-worn mother would soon be in a state of actual want, and what a prospect for her—for all of us indeed! Well, we got through with it, and there was one more child—a dear little girl—ushered into this sorrowful world. How I loved that

baby note! Bitter winds raged without and within, the winter she was born; but she was a hardy blossom, and flourished like a flower in a wilderness. When I returned from my labours, there she would be in her rough cradle, laughing, cooing, and clapping her tiny fat hands in paroxysms of delight at nothing—a perfect beam of sunshine amid darkness and desolation.

I worked like a dog to obtain a rattle and a string of beads for her to play with. At last I got them, and a proud boy I was when I presented them before her astonished baby eyes, and saw her reach forth her little dumpy hands and curl her mites of fingers among the beads, shaking them hilariously in these glancing sunlight.

She was in the full enjoyment of them when my father came home drunk! Oh you must n't nudge me, nor tell me to say 'intoxicated.' I tell you he was drunk! drunk!

He came reeling into the house, with his rolling blood-shot eyes. I saw him look at the girl baby, at the rattle, at the beads, and at me.

I knew what he suspected, and shouted out in terror that I had 'purchased the toys with money a neighbour had given me for running errands.'

I might as well have explained to the winds. He struck at me fiercely—madly; and my poor mother, who was occupied with her ironing in one corner of the room, came forward, iron in hand, to save me if possible. O that she had but remained at her post! He thrust her rudely backward with the whole force of his giant frame, and she fell! As she fell the iron flew from her hand, and—and—in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye, my little, joyous sister was speeding along the lonely and shadowy passage that leads to the unknown world!

#### CHAPTER II.

When I awoke to consciousness I was lying on my truckle-bed in the farthest corner of our only room.

There was a mountain weight upon my breast, and a dim darkness upon all objects around me. I could not tell if I had been asleep a week, a day, or an hour; but I could hear our old clock ticking away to the same dull tune, and could make out that there was a *white bundle* on the table, and that my father and mother were sitting by the fireside.

I thought that some neighbour had left it for me to take to its destination, and wondered if it were heavy, and if I might not get ninepence instead of fourpence, if it were.—And how many fourpences would it take to buy my little sister a blue Thibet dress, like one I had seen upon a child in the neighbourhood; and if it and the blue beads would not set off her pure complexion.

Suddenly there came a loud knock at the door, and—I didn't know why—every drop of blood in my body leaped and bounded and rushed through me like a torrent. I saw my mother's arm stiffen as with a spasm, as my father arose to open the door. I comprehended all now. I remembered the awful scene of yesterday, and knew that the white bundle on the table was my dead baby-sister, and that her coffin was at the door. I shuddered, but did not shriek. Something in my mother's face prevented me. My father took the small coffin in and laid it on a chair, and again seated himself by the fire—

When pride cometh, then cometh shame.

PROVERBS xi. 2.





ROYAL EXCHANGE AND CORNHILL, IN OLDEN TIMES.

side, gazing furtively upon his wife, as she sat there with a look in her eyes he had never seen before. After awhile she got up, opened one of the shutters a little way, then went to a chest of drawers and took out a long white veil. I had seen it a thousand times. It was her mother's bridal veil—an old-fashioned blond. It looked quite yellow and very soft, and as she shook it out the folds I saw that her thin hands trembled, that she closed her eyes heavily; so heavily that I feared she would never open them again.

At last she raised her lids, and oh! how dry and tearless as they looked as she passed to her child's coffin, opened it and laid within the bridal-veil of her mother's! Softly she smoothed and patted it down against the rough sides of the little pine coffin, shedding no tears, but trembling all over like an autumn leaf beset and torn by a bitter and bleak wind.

She passed to the body of her murdered babe, and slowly drew the covering from its gentle face. There was a cruel mark upon the snowy forehead, and my mother covered it with her hand as she lifted the child to her bosom, and carried it lovingly to its little bed. The small and dimpled hands were folded meekly upon the unconscious breast. And as my poor mother lifted a corner of the rich veil and tried to hide the dark wound on the baby's forehead, something in the action broke up the half-frozen feelings of my heart, and I sobbed aloud in all the agony of a broken and childish spirit.

I gathered the rude quilt of my little bed in my hands and held it to my mouth to stifle the cries that I felt—even then in my extremity of anguish—to be cutting and stabbing at my mother's lacerated breast, like the repeated blows of a sharp, relentless knife. I realized perfectly that her heart was broken, and that my longings and aspirations after manhood, for her sake, had been—all in vain.

She was passing away. The last star that shone upon my black and solitary life was going out, and I should be left in utter—terrible darkness.

Well, then, the day for the funeral came, and we followed the baby's corpse to its resting-place in the old churchyard, and left her there—for a brief space—alone.

Why should I linger over my mother's rapid descent to the side of her child? She died—and by the side of her humble, stoneless grave, I knelt, and beseeched Almighty God to spare my miserable life and feeble frame. What for? Why, to devote it to the *Temperance Cause*! My breath, my energies, my time, my money, I vowed solemnly, should be spent in efforts to blast this Hydra-headed monster.

I have kept my vow.

**WARNING TO SMOKERS.**

SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, the Queen's physician, states:—"From cases which have fallen under my own observation, and from a consideration of all the circumstances, I cannot entertain a doubt that, if we could obtain accurate statistics on the subject, we should find that the value of life in inveterate smokers is considerably below the average."

Boys! this statement is made by one of the most celebrated medical men in the world. Do not forget it. If you desire to prolong your life, never smoke.

**LONDON IN OLDEN TIMES.**

WHAT changes time has made in the appearance of the streets of London. Those of our readers who

have walked down busy Cornhill, which is thronged with vehicles and by passengers, will be surprised to learn that our little engraving presents a view of what Cornhill was about 200 years ago. The tall building represents the ancient Royal Exchange. The tower-like erection in the centre of the street is the Conduit, or reservoir, from which the inhabitants had to fetch their supply of water. There were no Water Works' Companies then as there are now. Several bequests made to the Corporation of London for the repair of these conduits are now, we believe, about to be applied to the erection of Drinking Fountains in the City.

**"AND THEN?"**

**A Thought for the Close of the Old Year.**

A VERY good and pious man, was living at one of the Italian universities, when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, came to him with a face full of delight, and told him what he had been long wishing above all things in the world was at length fulfilled, his parents had given him leave to study the law; and that he had come to the law school in the university on account of its great fame, and meant to spare no pains of labour in getting through his studies as quickly and as well as possible. In this way he talked for a long time, and at last came to a stop; the good man who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said, "Well! and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?"

"Then I shall take my Doctor's degree," answered the young man.

"And then?" asked the good man again.

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage, and shall gain public notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my learning, and gain a great reputation."

"And then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then!" replied the youth, "why then, there can't be a question, I shall be promoted to some high office or other in the state; besides, I shall make money and grow rich."

"And then?" repeated the aged friend.

"And then," pursued the young lawyer, "then I shall live comfortably and honourably, in health and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age."

"And then?" asked the good man.

"And then," said the youth—"and then—and then—I shall die."

Here the aged friend again lifted up his voice, and again said—"And then?" Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. This last, "and then?" had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get rid of it. Soon after he forsook the study of the law, and spent the remainder of his days as an earnest minister of the Gospel of Christ.

My dear friends, the question which the aged Christian put to the young lawyer, I would put to all of you. I would urge you to put it frequently to yourselves. When you have done all that you are doing, all that you aim at doing, all that you dream of doing, even supposing that all your dreams are accomplished, that every wish of your heart is fulfilled—still, I would ask you—what will you do, what will you be then? Whenever you cast your thoughts forward, never let them stop short on this side of the grave; let them not stop short at the grave itself; but when you have followed yourselves thither, and have seen yourselves laid therein, still ask yourselves the searching question—"AND THEN?"

**Fifty Engravings. A Complete Edition of the Illustrated Band Bills (compiled by the Editor of the British Workman), bound in cloth, price One Shilling. An attractive little present for Servants and Workpeople.**

**PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.**

34. In one of the Psalms there is a statement made (a paradox) having reference to angels, which was reversed in a patriarchal scene described by Moses:—give the two passages.

35. Give words from one of the *Epistles* which seem to make direct allusion to one of Noah's sacrifices.

36. By whom was the stupendous question which fixes the destiny of every child of Adam, regarded as a vain superstition?

For particulars of Competition refer to the No. for Jan. last.

**Award to the Colonial Competitors,**  
For Answers to the Questions for 1859.

*First Prize of £5.*  
THOMAS EDWARD BRIDGEWATER, aged 17, Nevis, West Indies.

*Second Prize of £3.*  
ANNE HARRIMAN, aged 19, Military Female Orphan Asylum, Madras.

*Third Prize of £2.*  
EMILY HAINES, (age not stated) Berea Sabbath School, Hobart Town, Tasmania.

*Prize £1.*  
WILLIAM RICHARD PHILLIPS, aged 19, St. Ann's Bay, Jamaica.  
EMILY PRICE, aged 14, Ellerslie, Kingstown, Jamaica.  
LOLOTTE PRICE, aged 12, Ellerslie, Kingstown, Jamaica.  
ELIZA CAY ADAMS, aged 15, Newry, Longford, Tasmania.

The four last are equal in merit, and therefore the Prize is divided between them. The gainer of the first prize is a youth of African descent, well spoken of by his Pastor.

**£20 Prizes.**—Special Prizes for the best Answers to the Questions, for 1861, will be announced in our next Number.

**PRIZES FOR GOOD WRITING.**

In the "Band of Hope Review," for August last, a Prize was offered for the best written copy of the paragraph in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, referring to "Mercy at the Gate." As stated in our last issue no fewer than Two Thousand One Hundred Specimens were forwarded in competition. These we have divided into four classes:—

1. Excellent. 2. Highly creditable. 3. Good. 4. Indifferent.

It was a comparatively easy, though laborious task, to divide the specimens into these four classes—but we were really puzzled—as to which one in Class I. was entitled to the prize, so equal were they in merit. Only one way of solving the difficulty appeared, which was to award TEN prizes instead of ONE. This we have done, and each of the following Competitors has received a gilt-edged Volume of the "BAND OF HOPE REVIEW."

ELIZA A. EASTON, of Edinburgh, aged 17.  
MARCELLA PRINDIVILLE, of Cullinstown, Dublin, aged 16.  
WILHELMINA ANNE PERCY, Dublin, aged 14.  
JOHN HUNTER, of Lankar, aged 20.  
J. WM. HETHERINGTON, Everton, near Liverpool.  
JOSEPH CHERRY, Glasgow, aged 15.  
EDWARD RICHARDSON, Sheffield, aged 20.  
J. S. GARLAND, Tewkesbury, aged 18.  
JAMES JOSEPH OVENDEN, Devonport, aged 16.  
WILLIAM CUDLIFF, Netley, near Southampton, aged 17.

Some of the Specimens possess special interest. A little girl in Cornwall writes:—"I have written this by my own self, being afflicted, being born without hands. I hold my pen between the two wrists."

A father writes:—"My Willy (nine years old) is very anxious to become a competitor for the prize for finding and writing the paragraph 'Mercy at the Gate.' I knew nothing of his intentions until after he had searched and found it. He came dancing to my bedside at five o'clock one morning, exclaiming, that he had found it. His exclamations awoke me, and then I found what he had been doing."

A young man writes:—"I believe I may sincerely say that your little periodical has done me good, and by God's Grace, prepared me to resist smoking, drinking, and other evil ways. I can give a reason now for abstaining."

Several specimens, written in German text, old English, and other ornamental hands; also two pencil and pen and ink copies of the engraving of "Mercy at the Gate," are highly creditable. We have been somewhat surprised and delighted at the large number of specimens sent from Ireland. Oh that every reader of our little paper may be a successful competitor for that better prize, which all who perseveringly strive for through faith in our blessed Redeemer Jesus Christ, will assuredly gain, that "Crown of Righteousness which fadeth not away."

**BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.**

**Band of Hope Review, monthly, Halfpenny.**  
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ORDERS to be addressed to Mr. SAMUEL W. PARTRIDGE, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.



## THE TOWN CLERK OF EPHESUS.

"I HAVE heard one say," observes Dr. Mather, "that there was a gentleman mentioned in the 19th chapter of Acts, to whom he was more indebted than to *any other man* in the world! This was he whom our translation calls the TOWN-CLERK OF EPHESUS, whose counsel it was to do "*nothing rashly*." Upon any proposal of consequence it was usual for him to say, "We will first advise with the town-clerk of Ephesus."

"O think before you act,  
And nothing rashly do;  
One thoughtless deed your peace might break,  
And plunge you into woe."

## "FEED MY LAMBS."

A CELEBRATED divine was in the habit of preaching so as to be rather beyond the comprehension of his hearers. A lady of his parish met him one day, and asked him what the duty of a shepherd was. "To feed his flock, of course," was the reply. "Ought he then to place the hay so high that but few of the sheep can reach it?" A similar story is told of a Christian negro in America. "Well, Uncle Sam, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "Well, Massa Tom, the truth of the business is jist this; when I goes to church, I loves to see the preacher take the bread of life, and break it up in little pieces, and then put these pieces on different shelves. Some high, and some low, so that the smallest child in Christ can get his piece, and the highest man of God get his. Now, when the Doctor preaches, he takes the whole loaf, and puts way up yonder, where nobody can get it but himself, and some few as smart as he is."

MR. TENNANT, when in Virginia, met with a pious negro, whom he read to perplex as to the truth of the Bible. "You ask me, Massa," said the negro, "how I know the Bible is God's book—I know it by its effects on my own heart—I feel it here, Massa!" As the old man said these words, he placed his hand on his heart. Mr. Tennant acknowledged that he was deeply impressed by the genuine piety of the poor old slave.



## THE CAST-AWAY PIPE.

A YOUTH was recently walking in Camden Town, disgracing both himself and his sister, who was with him, and also annoying the passers by, with puffing a dirty pipe. "I should be ashamed to walk with him," said a lady who was passing. The young man heard the remark. He took the pipe from his mouth and dashed it to the ground, no doubt determining to be a slave to it no longer. His sister looked up affectionately into his face, and apparently said, "Thank you, brother—I love you all the better." Thousands alas, are enslaved by the pipe, and cannot cast it away!

## LIFE'S CLOSING SCENE.

ONLY an hour or two before good Dr. Beecham died, he said to his faithful old servant—who had seen her mistress and her young master both depart—"Sarah, turn me over." She did so, "and," said the servant,

"he fixed his eyes exactly as I saw my mistress fix her eyes before she died." "Did you not see them?" said he, "I said, who?" "Did you not see them all bright? They are waiting for me, the shining ones. There is a thorny bridge to pass over, but it will soon be all right." The servant went out of the room, and brought in her young mistress, who said to him, "Father, do you feel worse?" "No," said he, "I feel better." The doctor was presently by his side, and he said, "Do you feel as if you were dying?" "No," he replied. "I do not." "But it is my duty," said the doctor, "to tell you that you are;" and he received the communication with an expression of extreme joy. He asked the doctor and his daughter to read and pray with him. They did so; and then they said, "It is all calm, is it not?" "Oh! yes," he replied, "it is all right, I love," addressing his daughter; he said, "perfect peace!" and with these words he passed away to the world of spirits.

Young friends! if you would have peace in life's closing hours, be sure that *all is right* for a better world. Let not the year 1860 pass away without giving your hearts to the Lord.

Honour thy Father  
and thy mother: that  
thy days may be long  
upon the land which  
the LORD thy God  
giveth thee.—Ex. xx. 12.

As we fear that some of our readers are forgetting the above Divine command, we put it in large type to help them to remember it.

All the back numbers of the "Band of Hope Review" have been reprinted, and may now be had. Packets of not less than four-pennyworth, sent post free, direct from the Publishing Office, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. 1 JOHN iv. 9.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST; OR, THE SAILOR BOY'S RETURN. This interesting tract (one of the series of "ILLUSTRATED TRACTS," price 3d. each, or, post free for 4d.) we recommend to the notice of our Sunday-school friends, and other readers.





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VOLUME OF THE FIRST SERIES

OF THE

“BAND OF HOPE REVIEW,”

From the commencement in 1851, to the end of 1860.

 Please note that the figures refer to the numbers, and not the pages, in this volume.

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